

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR 117 MEN OF 104TH INFANTRY

Regimental Colors Also Decorated After Impressive Ceremonies

CORPORAL DIED GALLANTLY

Passed Grenades to Comrade, Saying, "Hurl These at the Enemy"

CHAPLAINS GIVEN CROSSES

Lieutenant Who "Fell Gloriously at the Head of His Men" Honored in Citation

ON THE FIELD OF HONOR

HENRY F. CARON, Corporal.—Courage and devotion in the combat in the 10th of April. At the end, mortally wounded, he passed the remainder of his grenades to a comrade, saying: "I cannot use these; you hurl them at the enemy."

HENRY R. KNIGHT, Lieutenant.—Remarkable coolness, judgment and valor in the 10th of April. He led his section through a barrage to reinforce our first lines during the attack of April 12. He fell gloriously at the head of his men he was leading to the counter-attack.

On a high plateau within a few kilometers of the German lines, with the sun just smiling through the mist, like a mother through her proud tears, a French Army Corps commander decorated 117 members of the 104th Infantry, Massachusetts, with the Croix de Guerre on Sunday afternoon, April 28. The regimental colors of the 104th also were decorated.

The 104th Infantry is the first American regiment in any war to be so honored. The award was made for the gallant and brave the 104th Infantry, Massachusetts, who were in the front lines during the attack of April 12 and during which a bitter onslaught of the Germans was repulsed with great enemy losses. The regiment, heavily bombarded and attacked by superior numbers, checked the Hun advance and retook the trenches from which it had fallen back, capturing several prisoners in its brave stand.

Regiment Passes in Review — Except for the sound of the German guns reverberating through the lowlands, the plateau where the decorations were made might almost have been Boston Common. The men were the same kind of men who, one April day one hundred and forty-three years ago, at Lexington and Concord, fought for the same ideals of world honor and democracy.

As the regiment arrived at the reviewing ground, it was formed in line and prepared to pass in review. At the reviewing stand were the regimental colors and the soldiers who had been decorated. These faced the regiment, and stood about six paces in the rear of the reviewing officers. Led by the regimental band, the entire regiment, in column of companies, passed in review. And as the regiment, stately and unshaken, marched by their commanding general and the French commander, it was an effort for the onlooker to restrain a cheer; it was impossible, by any effort to keep the lump out of the throat; and the eyes of many French and Americans watching the inspiring sight clouded up with pardonable tears.

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NATIONAL CAPITAL OVERFLOWS BOUNDS Maryland and Virginia Aid in Housing Horde of Workers

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—Since America entered the war, Washington has rapidly become not merely the nominal and political capital of the United States, but the business and financial capital as well, with the result that it is not big enough to hold its daily crowd. Already the city has overflowed the District of Columbia and is spreading into Maryland and Virginia.

Time was, except at inaugurations, when it was easy enough to get rooms in any Washington hotel, without reserving them in advance. Now it is impossible even to reserve them. They are not to be had at any price, and wealthy visitors have been driven to the expedient of engaging motor cars, driving them up a side street and spending the night curled up in the tonneau.

NO JERSEY PEACHES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—A nipping Teutonic frost has killed New Jersey's peaches—but not the kind of peach that wears the striped hose on beaches. It's blighted all the tender shoots and doomed them all to failure, resisting nitrogen and such, and even sulphur spray-lure.

OVERALLS FOR NEWPORT

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The greatest stronghold of loafing de luxe fell with a crash when the name of Rhode Island was added this week to the list of States that have passed Bills to make idling in war time a misdemeanor. For Newport is in Rhode Island.

SUCCESS OF LOAN EASILY ASSURED; HOW MUCH OVER?

West Continues to Show East How to Boost Liberty Figures

NEW YORK FAR DOWN LIST City Hasn't Done So Poorly, However, With \$539,000,000 Already Subscribed

STATES IN THRILLING RACE

Iowa, Arkansas, Kentucky, North Dakota, Montana and Minnesota Exceed Their Quotas

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—We have been so busy with the Liberty Loan the past week, from end to end of the country, that we have left the battle news from the Western front, important as it was, wholly to our journalistic military experts.

These inspired strategists and seers, undismayed by four years of colossal misadventures in prophecy, filled the aching void voluminously, and have produced geographical and military wisdom exciting in wonder even their past efforts.

In the meantime, the rest of us have worked on the naive idea that the best we could do was to boost the loan and let you do your job over there in your own way, while we satisfied our strategic craving by making tactical calls on the reserves in the American pants pockets.

West Wallops East

These American pants have done quite well, and the sex lacking that important garment have done equally well by exploring—by exploring—on whatever they keep money in.

The feature of the campaign is the hot contest between the different sections of the country, and the joyous way in which the West is putting it over the East. It took the East some time to believe it could be true, but it now realizes it and answers with a roar of mingled wrath and hurt pride.

The daily reports published throughout the country give the comparative standings of the rival sections, and the winning ones fly honor flags and otherwise exult selfishly at the expense of the tailenders.

When the third week of the campaign closed, with seven days more to go, the Kansas City, St. Louis and Minneapolis federate resorts districts had oversubscribed their quotas and Chicago had drawn ahead of San Francisco by a head in a neck and neck race for fourth honor place. Dallas, Boston, Philadelphia and Cleveland followed in the order named, and Poor Old New York remained tenth after a gruelling but vain attempt to get a grip on Cleveland's coat-tails.

Passionate New Yorkers were hoping vindictively that the Tenderloin City would prove to have a big surprise up.

"SOLDIER'S MAIL" NOW OUT OF DATE

Upper Right-Hand Corner of Envelope to Be Left Blank

It is no longer necessary to write "Soldier's Letter," "Soldier's Mail," "Officer's Letter" or "Officer's Mail" in the upper right-hand corner of the envelope when you post a letter in the A.E.F. Those expressions are now obsolete and need not appear on the envelope at all.

Normally, that upper right-hand corner will be left vacant. There are two exceptions. Whenever your letter is addressed to some one in France and is destined to pass ultimately through the French postal service, you must put "F.M." in that corner, for "F.M." means French mail.

The other exception applies only to the letters which your letter is addressed to some one in France and is destined to pass ultimately through the French postal service, you must put "F.M." in that corner, for "F.M." means French mail.

If you forget and leave that marking off, your letter will have to stand aside and wait till all the hundreds of thousands of Mothers' Letters have been handled and hurried on their way.

"MOTHER'S LETTER" PLAN GIVES EVERY MAN IN A. E. F. SPECIAL OPPORTUNITY FOR OBSERVING MOTHER'S DAY



"MOTHER'S LETTER"

You know what Mother's letters mean to you. You know how much she puts into them, how much you can read between the lines of her longing for you, of her prayers for you, of her hopes for your safety and uprightness and well-being.

But you've no idea what your letters mean to Mother. You've no idea how many times she reads them over, how much she treasures them, how much she gets out of them—how much they buoy her up when times seem dark and work seems hard and you seem Oh! so far away. For every time that you re-read one letter of hers, she re-reads one of yours three times, easily.

Your letter, and the hope of the next one, are the only things she cares about these days, the only things she really lives for. She asks no more than to know that you are well. She knows—without your writing it or anybody else's writing it—that you are her son; and that, being her son, you cannot be anything but what is good and straight and clean and true and loyal.

She gets few enough letters from you as it is—at least, they seem few when one thinks of the distance and the irregularity of delivery and all—but she doesn't complain. She knows you are busy and working hard at work that she would have you do—she has brought herself to see the need, the bitter need for it and for much more of it—and she will forgive you if you cannot, because of your preoccupation in the task of making the world safer and better for all mothers and their sons, find time to scribble more than a few lines on a scummed-up piece of paper and put it in an envelope.

But you will never forgive yourself if you begrudge the time to write to her—even if it's only to tell her you're well and to send her love in just those brief words—on the day of all days in the year that is pre-eminently hers and hers alone—Mother's Day.

NO SICK IRISHMEN—CHAPLAIN'S ORDERS

Don't Catch Diseases You Could Just as Well Have Had at Home

If you're Irish, don't get sick. Because, if you do, you'll get hell. And you'll get it from one of your own chaplains, too.

A certain chaplain in the A.E.F., who is of Irish extraction and proud of it, is down on sick lists. He thinks there's no place at all for the names of the Murphys and Callahans and Boyles and O'Learys and Costellos and O'Neills and McCaffertys to be showing up at all, at all, as if it were the list of box holders at a St. Patrick's eve ball or the seating plan at the annual dinner of the Michael Davitt Club. This is what he had to say on the subject in his own language, a little while ago:

"I was lookin' at the sick list this mornin' and ohone! I saw on it the names of a dozen good boys be th' pr-rented titles of Clancy, Reilly, Flannigan, and the like. I don't want to see that agin'!"

"Your country and your mothers didn't send you over here to die of disease. If you're going to get killed, get killed entirely—killed while you're going over the top. And when you do it, make sure that you take a couple of Boche along with you!"

"The Government hasn't time to waste in curing you of silly little diseases that you had all the time in the world and all the chance to get when you were back in the States without you coming over here to get them. You arn't childer any longer, nor yet is it byes ye arre. 'Tis men ye arre, by the token of th' uniform ye wear! And bein' men, what license have the likes of you to go and catch up with the ailments of childer, such as the whoopin' cough, the measles, the chicken pox, the croup and the colic?"

"Ye belong to a fightin' race, so ye do. If you're got to collect any ailments, I want you to come by them honest-like, in the course of the fightin' fer which ye came over. And I don't want to see a one of you on the sick list agin'!"

SAILOR NINE DISBANDED

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The Boston Naval Reserve nine, composed of many former big league baseball stars, has disbanded because the cruel Navy prefers cannon ball pitching for them. Included in the list of stars is Jack Barry, former Red Sox manager.

IT'S THE STEEL STETSON

They're calling them the "steel Stetsons" now. Since the Stetson itself has gone the way of all flesh, there is no danger of confusion, and the "tin hat," the "Carnegie derby," or "Charley-schwab bowler," as it has hitherto been variously known, has in consequence acquired a new name.

Trye, the steel variety—except in the case of the specially light officers' issue—doesn't fit as snugly as did the Stetson of blessed memory, because this headband doesn't sweat up and wrap the hat along with it to the contour of the human dome. But it's a lot safer than the average Stetson for wear in the northernmost regions of France where the sky is just full of a number of things, all day and all night.

So "steel Stetsons" they are until somebody else can think up something better.

ARMY'S SMOKE FANS FALL DOWN ON PLUG

16,000,000 Boxes of Cigarettes a Month Used by A.E.F.

You smoke every month enough cigarettes to reach from where you are to where you come from, be it Salem, Mass., or Salem, Ore. You smoke, to give an average figure for the A.E.F. that may be exceeded some months and not quite reached in others, 16,000,000 boxes of the pills; you also find time in that period to dispose of 3,000,000 cigars, 500 tons of cookies and crackers, 433 tons of bar chocolate, 350,000 cans of jam, jelly and confiture and 20,000,000 sticks of chewing gum.

You fall down terribly on one item, however. You chew, in a month, only 60,000 pounds of plug.

The Y.M.C.A. in announcing these figures this week, explains that such quantities are not always to be had, especially when the goods in question or the raw material has to be imported from America. The totals are the quantities desired, and these quantities are usually, but not always, available. Chewing gum, for instance, has to be imported ready for use. We are the only people on earth who make it or use it. Flour and sugar for cakes and chocolate is also imported and made into the finished product here.

GENERAL McANDREW NEW CHIEF OF STAFF

Gen. Harbord Given Field Command in Accordance With A.E.F. Policy

Announcement was made Wednesday of this week of the appointment of Major-General James W. McAndrew as Chief of Staff of the American Expeditionary Forces, taking effect immediately. Brig-Gen. James G. Harbord, who has been Chief of Staff since the arrival of the first contingent of overseas troops, has been given a field command and goes to troops this week.

The assignment is in line with the policy announced some time ago by the Commander-in-Chief under which the officers of the General Staff are constantly subject to change of duties, sending them to the field and replacing them with officers fresh from the field, thus being able to understand from recent personal experience the field problems which are conducted in accordance with policies directed by the General Staff. This policy serves the additional purpose of assuring General Staff officers their opportunity for later duty with troops. From both view points it is calculated to energize the activities of the A.E.F.

In further pursuit of this policy, there have been a number of other changes in the General Staff assigning one section chief as a divisional chief of staff and others of similar rank to new duties with troops. There has been created the post of Deputy Chief of Staff at G.H.Q. to give the Chief of Staff greater freedom of action and closer touch with combat troops.

LIGHT ON MAIL DELAY

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The first gun has been fired in Congress in the inquiry into the mail delays.

Every one in America has been loudly asking why it takes such an exorbitantly long time for letters to travel to and from between the States and the A.E.F. Now Congress has taken the matter up, and to judge from the preliminary skirmishes, it looks very much as if the Post Office Department were about to pass the buck to some one in France.

Every Bit of Army and Government Postal Machinery Will Help to Speed Your May 12th Message Home If You Follow the Rules

MAGIC WORDS WILL INSURE IT RIGHT OF WAY

Company Censors Will Work Overtime, Y.M.C.A. Will Provide Plenty of Paper, We Shall Remind You of Date, So Go to It

Sunday, May 12, is Mother's Day. Let the A.E.F. celebrate it by having every soldier, young and old, high and low, write home to his mother on that day. Over the cable will go the news that these letters are coming, the tidings will be spread in every home town newspaper in America, and the dawn of Mother's Day will bring to every mother of the A.E.F. the promise that, before the day is done, a letter for her will have started on its way from France.

That is the scheme which THE STARS AND STRIPES has conceived and hereby presents to you.

G.H.Q. has heard and approved and is helping along; the Post Office is rising to the occasion; the Y.M.C.A. has promised that on that day its huts will be stocked with an inexhaustible supply of writing paper.

All the powers that be—including even the company censors—will move Heaven and Earth to speed those particular letters on their way as never before. The tracks are to be cleared for the precious bags laden with the envelopes marked "Mother's Letter." It is up to you to write them.

If you have suffered the greatest loss that can come to a man, if you have no mother to write to, then send your greeting to the one who is nearest and dearest to you in all the world and who has done the most to take her place. Write, if you will, to your bunkie's mother, telling her how he is fairly bursting with health, telling her what a lot all the men in his squad think of him, warming her heart with the news of his progress he himself was too shy to write.

Write "Mother's Letter" on the Envelope Write home. Pack the page with love and good cheer. Fill it to the brim with reassurance, for you know how mothers worry. Then—and this is every important—up in the right-hand corner of the envelope, where, according to an order no longer in force, you have been accustomed to writing "Soldier's Mail," write instead "MOTHER'S LETTER."

Forget that mark, and you will have forgotten the password by which those letters will have the right of way over all others mailed throughout the A.E.F. on May 12. Leave it off, and your letter will have to wait till all the others have been censored, sorted and passed by.

Those two words will have precisely the same effect as though the highest postal official in America had, with his own hand, written "rush" across the envelope. They will act like magic. They will make your letter cover in record time the distance between the door of your billet or your front line dug-out and the door of your home in the States.

For you can count on this—that the watchword "Make way for the Mothers' Letters" will keep its power even after the boat delivers them to the postal authorities in New York. G.H.Q. has cabled to Washington, announcing that every letter written May 12 and marked "Mother's Letter" is to be rushed along the lines on this side of the Atlantic and asking that they be treated in America as if every separate envelope had been stamped with a special delivery stamp. That means the post office, the post office clerks and the thousands upon thousands of special delivery messengers bicycling through the streets of America to hundreds of thousands of homes.

Speed Assured on This Side, Too John Clark, as head of the postal system of the A.E.F., has promised that every facility will be strained on this side of the ocean to hurry the Mothers' Letters on their way, from the moment they are dropped, bag after bag of them, in an Army post office till the moment the sorted mail is stowed away in some home-bound ship.

Between you and that post office stands the postal censor. THE STARS AND STRIPES, in the name of all the Army, hereby asks the company and other unit censors to tackle those letters the moment they are put in the mail box, to put aside all other business (except killing Germans) and all other mail except the envelopes marked "Mother's Letter." They are asked to work all day—and all night—if needed be.

If the flood of these letters swamps them, let them call on the C.O. for assistants. Let them do anything and everything rather than have one of these letters linger a needless moment on its way. Your own newspaper hereby makes the request, with the full approval of G.H.Q., in behalf of all the mothers of the A.E.F.

Regimental mail orderlies are warned that a fearful calamity will overtake them if they let the grass grow under their feet when that Sunday comes, and they must share in the job of speeding these letters as A.E.F. letters have never been speeded before.

May 12—Don't Forget the Date

Remember the date—May 12. Make a memorandum of it on whatever you write memoranda on, now that your cuffs are no good for the purpose. We will remind you of the date next week. We hope—and hereby ask—that every chaplain will speak of it on the two Sundays, May 5 and May 12, that every bulletin board in the A.E.F. will, from some hand, acquire a reminder, that a final word on the subject will be said at every reveille on the morning of Mother's Day.

The Y.M.C.A. will help. The promise has been made at headquarters in Paris that news of the scheme will go out to every Y.M.C.A. hut in France, and that no soldier need fail to write his mother on that day for lack of paper.

It is not too early to get your paper now and stow it away where you will be sure to find it, for you cannot tell how near a hut you will be or how near a barracks bus when to morning of the 12th day.

So every one is going to help these letters along. You can do your part, too. Be sure that no military information strays carelessly into what you write. In the first place, it is up to you to give the censors just as little needless work as possible on that day's mail, and, in the second place, Mother isn't in the least interested in military information. She does not want to know about the Army and what it is doing. She wants to know about you and how you are feeling.

Therefore, plan the best letter you ever wrote in your life. Remember you have a Sunday to write it. Write it from the bottom of your heart, and the boat that carries the Mothers' Letters to America will be a boat laden with as rich a freight as ever erit bore from shore to shore.

"FIRST SHOT" GUN TO BE SENT HOME

Veteran 75 Will Probably Be Set Up at West Point

The 75 millimeter gun that fired the first American shot of the war on October 23 probably will be sent to the States and set up as a trophy at West Point.

This famous piece of armament has been withdrawn from the front and taken to a repair shop, having done worthy service.

Since its debut it has fired some 12,000 shots at the Germans. It participated in the barrage that prepared for a raid in which Americans had a share. Its barrel is grooved by German shell fragments, and the spokes of one wheel have been cracked by an exploding Boche munition.

But it has been a good luck gun. Not a single member of its crew has been killed or seriously wounded, and it has been fired by more efficient gunners than any other American gun. The chivalric legend, "First shot at Huns," which it bears, has already been done over in more enduring paint.

FUNNY SECTIONS FORCED TO QUIT

Hooligan and Lady Bountiful Unite in Paper-Saving Campaign

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—The War Industries Board has become a sort of Foxy Grandpa. Nay, it has become, in the eyes of the artists whose work appears in Sunday supplements, a sort of gigantic Mommer Katzenjammer, with the artists themselves across her knees in the suppliant roles of Hans and Fritz. For the War Industries Board has decided that, in order to keep conserving the white paper supply of the country, the comic supplements of our palladiums of liberty had better go by the board.

The board's Hawkshaw's have looked the situation all over and have come to the conclusion that, in order to keep the Congressional Record, the Sears-Robuck catalogue, the telephone book, the bank-statement, the Standard dictionary, and all the new little, bright little war books safe for democracy, white paper has got to be saved somehow, somewhere. Consequently, the comic supplement designers have all hurried overnight from Happy Hooligans into Gloomy Gusses.

"I never thought of that," you may hear one "artist" saying to another, in the correct Goldberglan manner. One of the President's Order of the Little Pet Peep. And as they look toward Washington, where the War Industries Board has its sittings and from whence it derives its authority, they mutter, all together: "Crepe-hunger!"

WOULD SLASH RED TAPE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—Washington prophets tell us that all signs point to an early passage of the Overman Bill, which, when it becomes a law, will empower the President to cut through red tape as never red tape was slashed in Washington before.

With its provisions in force, he would be able to reorganize Government departments for greater war activity without ceremony and without delay.

COLLEGE BASEBALL

Harvard 8, Princeton 7. Annapolis 11, Johns Hopkins 0. West Virginia 2, West Point 1. Yale 4, Cornell 1. Lafayette 8, Lehigh 4. Wesleyan 9, Amherst 0.

CROIX DE GUERRE FOR 117 MEN OF 104th INFANTRY

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 ciation and congratulation, every man in the regiment and every other man who witnessed it knew that the general was the spokesman of the whole United States, here and at home. The nation, great and grateful, was thinking, through the general, these men for their part in keeping it great.

Croix de Guerre on Colors
 As the regimental band played the first few bars of "The Star Spangled Banner," and merged into "La Marseillaise," the French general, expressing his pride at decorating the colors of a regiment that had shown such bravery, walked to the regimental colors and tied to the top of the staff the red and green ribbon, the bronze Croix de Guerre hanging therefrom.

"This regiment," said the general, "in the battle of April 10th, 12th, and 13th showed the greatest courage and a fine spirit of sacrifice. Subjected to violent bombardments and attacks by great German forces, it succeeded in withstanding a dangerous advance, and it retook at the point of the bayonet, with vigorous energy and the capture of prisoners, the demolished trenches from which it had fallen back at the first onslaught."

Then the general decorated the regiment's commander, Col. George H. Shelton, and 116 officers and men of the 104th. Their names, with their citations, follow:

Chaplain's Devotion
FATHER JOHN B. DESVALES, Chaplain.—Extraordinary heroism and devotion to his duty. Under unintermitted fire of the enemy at the constant risk of his life, he never ceased from aiding the wounded and encouraging the men weakened by hard fighting.

GEORGE A. ROBERTS, Captain.—He showed his high military qualities in the command of his battalion during violent and continuous bombardment, furnishing to all a fine example of courage and coolness.

EDWARD J. CONNELLY, Captain.—He showed the finest qualities of coolness, courage and judgment in commanding Company G under fire the 12th and 13th of April. He led his men in counter-attacks with great valor, and forced the enemy to retire into his own lines.

WILLIAM E. BARNETT, 2nd Lieut.—He showed his high military qualities in the command of his company during the 12th and 13th of April. He led his men in counter-attacks with great valor, and forced the enemy to retire into his own lines.

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JOHN H. MURPHY, Private.—All telephone communications being out, he volunteered to carry a message across an open zone violently bombarded. He showed the greatest courage and devotion to duty in the execution of his mission, and, after having accomplished his object, returned to his post, once more exposing the bombarded zone. Volunteered the 10th of April.

JAMES G. RIVERS, Lieutenant.—He showed great calmness and courage in the course of violent bombardment of his section on the night of April 11, by crossing repeatedly the shell-battered ground before him, in order to inspect and to deploy his section.

Fell at His Post
JOSEPH R. BLAIR, Private.—Exceptional courage and devotion. He refused to take shelter in a dugout during the bombardment, but remained at his post, exposed, and waited for the enemy's attack. Killed at his post.

WILLIAM R. DAVIS, Private.—Exceptional courage and devotion in combat. Seriously wounded the 12th of April, he remained at his post and continued to fire and throw grenades upon the enemy.

JOSEPH J. GANNON, Private.—Exceptional courage and devotion in combat. April 12. Volunteered to accompany the course of an attack, a comrade to an advance post. He held off the enemy with an automatic rifle and prevented his advance up to the trench that his comrade was killed and he himself seriously wounded.

FRANK A. HOYT, Corporal.—Exceptional courage in combat. April 12. Volunteered to accompany, in the course of an attack, a comrade to an advance post where he kept the enemy from advancing, with an automatic rifle, up to the time that he was killed at his post.

EDWARD H. PHILLIPS, Lieutenant.—Exceptional coolness, courage, and judgment in the execution of the attack of the 12th and 13th of April. He held intact the line of trench of his company, in spite of the repeated attacks of the enemy, penetrating the line to his left, menaced his flank and rear.

ELMER L. LANE, Private.—Coolness and valor in the parapet of the trench, in order to get a better view of the enemy advancing through the mist, he continued to throw grenades in spite of enemy bombardment, until he had been severely wounded. He prevented the enemy from penetrating our lines in the vicinity of his post.

FRANCIS T. GUNTHER, Corporal.—Coolness, courage, and judgment in the command of his fighting men in the combat of April 12. Refused to take shelter, he carried wounded comrades to safety, to carry wounded comrades to shelter. Carried a wounded comrade more than 50 meters under a violent bombardment.

HOWARD E. FERRARI, Private.—Showed calmness, courage, and the spirit of sacrifice in the battle of April 10. Under violent bombardment, he rescued a comrade lying on the ground, and carried to this task until he himself was mortally wounded.

LIEUTENANT J. JACQUES, Sergeant.—Constantly showed his coolness and self-sacrifice. Volunteered to cross a shell-torn zone in the course of the combat of April 10, in order to bring to shelter a wounded comrade. Carried a wounded comrade more than 100 meters through a violent bombardment.

Cared for Wounded
ALFRED P. LEE, Private.—Constantly showed calm, courageous, and self-sacrificing. Volunteered to cross a shell-torn zone on April 10 to carry in wounded comrades. Carried a wounded comrade more than 50 meters under violent bombardment.

CHARLES MARINE, Private.—Showed calmness, courage and the spirit of self-sacrifice on April 10. Volunteered to carry a wounded comrade to a first aid station, and accomplished this task across a shell-battered area.

JAMES M. SHARP, Private.—Courage, cool, and valorous in his duties as runner on April 10. Carried a message from the front to the battalion commander across an area covered by artillery fire; fell many times by the explosion of shells, continued on, accomplished his mission, and fell unconscious at the feet of the battalion commander. Afterwards volunteered to cross a shell-battered zone in search of letters to carry to the wounded to the rear.

CRAWFORD J. FERGUSON, 2nd Lieut.—Gave evidence of coolness, judgment, and courage in the command of a section of

counter-attack given to a neighboring detachment, he led it and killed two Germans at the point of the bayonet.

JOSEPH HOLUB, Private.—Courage and devotion in the battle of April 12. On a ration detail and after a violent bombardment, he continued his way through the barrage and brought rations and coffee to the front line trenches.

OLIVIER HUNQON, Private.—Calm and courageous in the execution of munition supply work on April 12. Accomplished his work with success under a violent bombardment, later serving as guide to a reinforcement unit, and led it with success to its position under heavy fire.

WALTER J. LANNON, Private.—Exceptional courage and judgment in his duty as machine-gunner, firing the batteries of April 12 and 13. Gave up his position wounded non-com during these battles under a violent bombardment.

Took Command of Unit
CHARLES F. O'FLARY, Sergeant.—Exceptional courage and judgment. Assumed command of the 104th on April 12, after the evacuation of the commander; maintained the morale of his men, and continued his work despite a wound.

JAMES A. O'NEILL, Private.—Calm and courageous in the battle of April 12. Volunteered for a counter-attack which brought back German prisoners.

OLIVER J. SHANNON, 2nd Lieutenant.—Calm and courageous in the preparation of counter-attack during the battle of April 12, a successful operation which resulted in the capture of several prisoners.

JOHN G. CHANTRAP, Sergeant.—Courage and remarkable judgment during the battle of April 12, directing a squad of grenadiers during the counter-attack with such ability that he captured materially to the capture of several prisoners.

LUKE V. MORAN, Private.—Exceptionally noteworthy service and devotedness to duty. Volunteered for the carrying, identification, and withdrawal of dead during the battles of April 10, 12, and 13.

ARTHUR R. ROBERTS, Sergeant.—Showed his high military qualities and judgment in the execution of a counter-attack against an enemy detachment which had gained a footing in our trenches in the night of April 12.

GEORGE T. YOUNG, Sergeant.—Showed remarkable courage in the battle of April 12; remaining at his observation post under violent bombardment, he succeeded in warning comrades in dugouts at the proper time to take their post in the battle. Led a squad of grenadiers with exceptional courage and judgment in the capture of prisoners.

EDWARD BRITTON, Private.—Calmness and courage in the battle of April 12, particularly during a counter-attack carried out by his company, during which they were wounded.

Musician Aided Wounded
RALPH N. DAVIES, Chief Musician.—Showed the highest courage, valor and devotion in the command of stretcher bearers of the regiment on the 10th, 12th, and 13th of April. Was constantly exposed to the enemy fire, running the front line trenches and working in search of wounded. He himself acted as bearer, replacing exhausted men; encouraged the men to renewed efforts by word and example; remained at his post continuously for 24 hours after the relief.

WILLIAM R. CONNORLEY, Sergeant.—Gave evidence of courage, strength of character and judgment in commanding a detachment of stretcher bearers in the combats of April 10, 12 and 13. He continuously risked his life in order to insure the evacuation of the wounded. He encouraged his detail by words and example.

WILLIAM HOUSTON, Tannmaster.—Showed his high military qualities and courage and force of character and judgment in the command of a detachment of stretcher bearers in the combats of April 10, 12 and 13. Continually risked his life in order to insure the rapid evacuation of the dead and wounded from the front line trenches, and encouraged their men by words and example.

ROBERT E. TWISS, Musician 1st Class.—Showed his high military qualities and courage and force of character and judgment in the command of a detachment of stretcher bearers in the combats of April 10, 12 and 13. Continually risked his life in order to insure the rapid evacuation of the dead and wounded; encouraged their men by words and example.

WILLIAM E. WRIGHT, Musician 2nd Class.—Showed courage and strength of character in the service of stretcher bearers April 10, 12 and 13; exposed their lives in the front lines to assist in the evacuation of the dead and wounded; encouraged their men by words and example.

JAMES W. CORBIN, Sergeant.—Proved courageous and strong in the command of a section of the communications of the 104th during the combats of the 10th and 13th of April, continually exposing his life in the open ground, stormed by artillery, in order to assist in keeping up the communication.

Kept Lines Working
RAY D. JACKSON, Sergeant.—Proved his courage, judgment and strength of character in the command of the communications of the 104th during the combats of April 2nd to 10th, and especially during the combat of the 10th. Constantly exposed his life under violent bombardment in the order to insure the maintenance of the telephonic lines. Constantly encouraged his detachment to renewed efforts by word and example.

EDWARD M. HULL, Corporal.—Proved their courage, character, and endurance in the service as runners of the 2nd Battalion during the combat of April 12. Continually exposed their lives under violent bombardment in the repair of the telephone lines, constantly out of order. Constantly encouraged their men by word and example.

WALLACE C. DAY, 2nd Lieut.—Showed courage, coolness, and devotion during the combat of April 10. Under a violent bombardment, when one of his machine guns had been buried by an enemy shell, he came out of his dugout with three comrades, dug up the gun, carried it to another emplacement, and put it into condition to fire again.

EARL E. HOBSON, Private.—Proved his courage, coolness and judgment in the command of his squad in the combat of April 10. When a gun of his section had been buried by the explosion of an enemy shell, he aided the chief of the section to dig it up, to carry it to another position, and there to place it in service again.

Encouraged His Comrades
EDWARD H. FOSTER, Private 1st Class.—Great valor and untiring devotion during the combats of the 10th, 12th, and 13th of April. In the aid given to the wounded and necessary treatment in the line, he repeatedly risked his life under bombardment, he repeatedly went through the front lines in search of wounded, gave them first aid and assured their evacuation. He inspired his exhausted men by precept and example.

CHARLES M. BOGUE, Private 1st Class.—Particular valor and devotion at the first aid station of the 3rd Battalion during the combat of the 10th of April. Without waiting to be asked, they voluntarily went through 200 meters of open ground with comrades to the assistance of an officer, mortally wounded by a shell, and carried him to shelter, running the gravest personal danger.

WALTER J. McCANN, Private, 1st Class.—Particular valor in the service of first aid at the first aid station of the 3rd Battalion during the combat of the 10th of April. Voluntarily left the shelter and went 50 meters over open ground under violent bombardment to carry in a wounded comrade and brought him in without any assistance, risking thereby the greatest personal danger.

EARL T. LOVE, Lieutenant.—Proved his courage, coolness and judgment in establishing his position at the point of advance of the enemy in the battle of April 12. Carried with success a first and second wounded comrade from his section; was wounded the night of April 12-13.

Fell at Head of His Men
HENRY R. KNIGHT, Lieutenant.—Remarkable coolness, judgment and valor in the conduct of his section through a barrage to reinforce our first lines during the attack of April 12. He fell gloriously at the head of his men he was leading to the counter-attack.

WALTON S. DANKER, Chaplain, Captain.—Showed during the attack particularly meritorious devotion and spirit of self-sacrifice. He treated the sick and wounded, gathered the dead and caused them to be carried in, in the face of the enemy, from the 10th to the 14th of April, continuing regularly during the combat of the 10th, 12th and 13th of April. Stayed with the first lines to uphold the morale of the combatants.

ALEXANDER K. DEXTER, 2nd Lieut.—Showed remarkable courage and entire devotion in service as scout during the combat of April 12 and 13. Constantly exposed himself to a violent bombardment in the search for information, he remained on duty for 24 hours after having been wounded by a shell, until the moment he was relieved to the rear.

AVEN J. BLUNDEN, Private.—Coolness and courage in the battle of April 12. Volunteered for a counter-attack which brought back German prisoners.

ROY L. BOYCE, Corporal.—Showed courage and unusual devotion in the combat of April 12. Refused to take shelter, he continued his guard duty, ready for the enemy, until mortally wounded by shell fire.

JAMES B. CASEY, Sergeant; **GEORGE W. DAY**, Private; **IRVING L. NEVELLS**, Corporal.—Calm and courageous in the battle of April 12. Volunteered for a counter-attack which brought back German prisoners.

ARLINGTON G. COLLEN, Private.—Showed exceptional courage and devotedness in the battle of April 10. Remained at his post until relieved, though wounded by shrapnel.

GLEN HILL, Private.—Showed calmness and courage in the battles of April 12 and 13. Hardly had he arrived in his company when, learning of the order to

counter-attack given to a neighboring detachment, he led it and killed two Germans at the point of the bayonet.

JOSEPH HOLUB, Private.—Courage and devotion in the battle of April 12. On a ration detail and after a violent bombardment, he continued his way through the barrage and brought rations and coffee to the front line trenches.

OLIVIER HUNQON, Private.—Calm and courageous in the execution of munition supply work on April 12. Accomplished his work with success under a violent bombardment, later serving as guide to a reinforcement unit, and led it with success to its position under heavy fire.

WALTER J. LANNON, Private.—Exceptional courage and judgment in his duty as machine-gunner, firing the batteries of April 12 and 13. Gave up his position wounded non-com during these battles under a violent bombardment.

Took Command of Unit
CHARLES F. O'FLARY, Sergeant.—Exceptional courage and judgment. Assumed command of the 104th on April 12, after the evacuation of the commander; maintained the morale of his men, and continued his work despite a wound.

JAMES A. O'NEILL, Private.—Calm and courageous in the battle of April 12. Volunteered for a counter-attack which brought back German prisoners.

OLIVER J. SHANNON, 2nd Lieutenant.—Calm and courageous in the preparation of counter-attack during the battle of April 12, a successful operation which resulted in the capture of several prisoners.

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EDWARD BRITTON, Private.—Calmness and courage in the battle of April 12, particularly during a counter-attack carried out by their company, during which they were wounded.

Disarmed Wounded German
ALFRED G. CHAMPAGNE, Private.—Showed remarkable courage in disarming a wounded German prisoner who attempted to remove his revolver from his holster, during the battle of April 12. Took part in a combat which proved a real advance by the enemy on his position.

NATHAN W. EATON, Jr., Corporal.—Remarkable courage and ability in aid given to his comrades under violent bombardment during the battle of April 12.

ROSWELL KING, Lieutenant.—Remarkable courage and untiring devotedness in the command of a section during the battles of April 12 and 13, under heavy shelling.

MAX LEVINE, Private.—Remarkable coolness and courage in the battle of April 12, principally during a counter-attack by his company, during which he was wounded.

HAYDORN B. MELENDY—Remarkable coolness and courage in aid rendered a wounded comrade and exposed to enemy artillery fire, during the battle of April 12. Continued to march on the parapet of his trench under enemy fire, so as to be in better position for a counter-attack.

WILLIAM H. MURPHY, 2nd Lieutenant.—Remarkable coolness and courage in the direction of his unit in two counter-attacks carried out during the night of April 12.

Squad Leader's Courage
HARRY NELSON, Corporal.—Remarkable coolness and courage in the command of his squad under violent fire; was mortally wounded on April 13.

WILLIAM PENN, 2nd Lieutenant.—Remarkable courage and untiring devotedness in the command of ration details during the battles of April 12 and 13 under heavy shelling.

IGNAS PEREDNEA, Private.—Showed remarkable courage and bravery during the battle of April 12. Continued to fight with his squad, though severely wounded, and remained at his post until relieved.

BERTHAM C. RAYNER, Private; **JOHN STEFANICK**, Private; **CARL ZOMMELT**, Private.—Remarkable courage and courage in the battle of April 12, principally during a counter-attack by his company, during which he was wounded.

WILLIAM SCALFO, Sergeant.—Remarkable courage and judgment in the command of his detachment during the exploitation of positions which the enemy had taken during the night of April 12.

FRANK R. AMARAL, Corporal.—Remarkable calmness and courage in the command of his squad. Maintained the morale of his men until killed in the battle of April 13.

FRED D. CHRISTIANSEN, Corporal.—Remarkable courage and judgment in the command of his squad after the murder of his men had been killed. Kept his men at their posts during a violent attack on April 13.

Crossed Dangerous Areas
BERT A. FORSBERG, Corporal.—Remarkable courage, character and endurance in the command of a supply detachment in the front line trenches on April 12 and 13. Voluntarily and untiringly crossed the most dangerous areas.

MARCEL LEVENS, Private; **DAVID STAMBLER**, Private.—Remarkable courage and endurance. Remained at their post, all their comrades having been killed or wounded by enemy fire, during the battle of April 12.

FRANK E. DALEY, Corporal.—Remarkable courage and endurance in the battle of April 10. On the rear defense positions went to the P.C. post under violent bombardments, to assure the munition supply.

EARL H. HANSON, Private.—Remarkable courage and devotedness, volunteered on April 10, aided in the supply of munitions, under heavy bombardment, from the P.C. of his company to the front lines.

EGISTE DONNISONI, Private; **STANLEY GIEZAWAZ**, Private.—Remarkable calmness, judgment and courage in the battle of April 12. With a single comrade, broke up an enemy raid on their post with grenades.

Repulsed Enemy in Dark
EARL F. HOWE, Private.—Particular bravery in the battle of April 12. With a few comrades, kept out of a dugout in the face of an enemy detachment seeking to take his post, repulsed the enemy in the darkness with grenades and automatic revolver. Was killed.

THOMAS MEILLIONE, Sergeant.—Particular bravery in the battle of April 10. With a few comrades, kept out of a dugout in the face of an enemy detachment attempting to take his post, repulsing the enemy in the darkness with grenades and revolver.

JOHN J. GALVIN, 2nd Lieutenant.—Remarkable bravery in the battle of April 10. Leaped from his dugout alone and repulsed three enemy attacks which threatened to penetrate his trench. Was killed by shell fire during the same day.

MARLAND G. HOUBBS, 2nd Lieutenant.—Remarkable calmness, judgment and courage in his resistance to an enemy detachment in the battle of April 10. Commanded and maintained his unit in good order during the attack and repulsed at his post the firs of several men by attacking and killing one of the enemy who had penetrated into our lines. Was wounded during the battle.

EDWARD H. HOUGHTON, Private.—Showed remarkable courage carrying mes-

sages through violent bombardments, constantly risking his life during the battle of April 10.

RICHARD S. HULL, Private.—Remarkable calmness and courage during the battle of April 10. Meeting an enemy detachment which had penetrated our lines, immediately opened fire, dispersed it, and captured a few prisoners. By his fine example he encouraged all those around him.

GEORGE S. IRWIN, Private.—Remarkable courage in the battle of April 10. A.E.F.—just as there ought to be—but it has been left for one of them to go out after real big company. Battling Schroeder of Base Hospital— is so anxious to get a bout with Georges Carpenter, French heavyweight champion, that efforts are being made to secure the match through the French Army authorities, as Carpenter is in the service. Schroeder is from Pittsburgh. He is the star pugilist among the Americans in the vicinity of the hospital, who are now staging two bouts a month.

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"I Cannot Use These"
HENRY F. CARON, Corporal.—Courage and devotion remarkable in the combat of the 10th of April. At the end, mortally wounded, he passed the remainder of his strength to a comrade, saying "I cannot use these; you hurl them at the enemy."

HARRY B. ROCHE, Sergeant Bugler.—Services exceptionally meritorious. Volunteered to aid in the gathering, identification and interment of the dead in the course of the combat of the 10th of April.

LEONARD WILSON, 2nd Lieut.—Calmness and courage remarkable in the combat of the 12th of April. Volunteering to accompany a detachment in attack after the relief of his unit, he contributed to the capture of several prisoners.

OSCAR A. DUDLEY, Captain.—Great valor and untiring devotion during and after the combats of the 12th and 13th of April. He successfully saved first aid to the wounded and directed the work in the first aid post under a violent bombardment; he encouraged the workers and the wounded to new efforts by his words and his example.

Runner Between Posts
RICHARD M. WEISER, Private.—Courage, endurance, and devotion remarkable. He gave first aid to wounded comrades in the combats of the 12th and the 13th of April. He gave assistance to the advanced first aid post, and served as a runner between the posts across the zones swept by artillery fire.

MARK F. COSGROVE, Corporal.—Gave proof of calmness, courage, and judgment during his service in the first line and aided in the capture of a German prisoner isolated from the patrol of which he was part.

GEORGE W. NELSON, Private.—Gave proof of calmness, courage, and judgment during his service in the first line and aided in the capture of a German prisoner isolated from the patrol of which he was part.

FRENCH CYCLIST KILLED
 Louis Darragon, noted French cyclist, was killed in an accident at the Parc d'Avron on Sunday when a pedal on his bike broke, throwing him off the track. Darragon, who was 34 years old, established the world's record for 10 kilometers in 1902. He also won the world's championship for 100 kilometers.

FRENCH WAR POSTERS
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 The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

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PARIS
 All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for all possible services of any kind will be rendered free of charge.

YANK SEEKS BOUT WITH CARPENTIER

Pittsburgh Boy Would Try Conclusions With French Champion
 There are fighters and fighters in the A.E.F.—just as there ought to be—but it has been left for one of them to go out after real big company. Battling Schroeder of Base Hospital— is so anxious to get a bout with Georges Carpenter, French heavyweight champion, that efforts are being made to secure the match through the French Army authorities, as Carpenter is in the service. Schroeder is from Pittsburgh. He is the star pugilist among the Americans in the vicinity of the hospital, who are now staging two bouts a month.

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MODEST BUCK PRIVATE TAKES FRENCH ORPHAN

"Parrain" Who Provides Mascot With Year's 'Care Doesn't Want Names Mentioned— Total Now Stands at 85

Eighty-five. That is the total of "mascots" adopted by units and individuals of the A.E.F.—of French children bereft of home or parents by the war who now, through the generosity of the American soldiers in France, are assured of food, clothing and comfort for a year.

Funds for the support of 19 children were received this week by the War Orphan Bureau of THE STARS AND STRIPES. At this rate the total of adoptions will pass the 100 mark next week.

The Air Service was again in the foreground in adoptions, leading, by a narrow margin, the Infantry, the Engineers and the Medical Corps. The first private to make a personal adoption sent in his 500 francs for a six-year-old girl, at the same time modestly forbidding mention of his name, and the Y.M.C.A. hut at Base Hospital No. 8 gained the distinction of being the first unit to raise a fund for the care of a STARS AND STRIPES war orphan.

The week also brought the first expressions of gratitude from the children adopted and, in some instances, from their mothers. These letters tell a tale of thankfulness that is almost pathetic. Five hundred francs isn't much to a company or the average detachment, but it will provide a monthly payment of 50 francs to bring to a French mother with a family, or to a child who has lost home and parents, means the solving of a vital problem that appears insoluble. The letter received from the mother of little Marie Louise Patriarche, adopted by the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES is typical of those at hand.

What Marie's Mother Says "How will I ever be able to thank you enough for having adopted my dear little Marie Louise in your fine generosity? How can I express my gratitude and joy?" she writes.

"As with all good mothers who see the future of their children made safe, the words which I would be able to say would not sufficiently express my thankfulness, but be sure, gentlemen, that my gratitude is infinite. It is a genuine good fortune to me, who, in my continual sickness have only this one thought: Suppose that I should not be able to work any more, who would take care of my dearest?"

"It is a great thanks from the bottom of my heart which I send you because I cannot tell it to you with my own lips. I am going to have little Marie Louise write a letter while I guide her hand. It will be only a little scribble, but I hope it will please her dear parrains. I will always be glad to give you news of my little dear, for she is ever so pretty and good."

Madame Patriarche and her daughter are refugees from the invaded district. The father and husband was killed at the front. The mother worked for 25 francs a month to support her child until she was taken ill. The Red Cross reports that her sickness was caused by overwork and that she probably never will be able to work again.

Like Thousands of Others The Patriarche case is no sadder than thousands of others. It is not so sad as many, but it serves as an example of the small sum of money which can be gathered from a group of soldiers and do a service entirely out of proportion to its value from our viewpoint.

G.H.Q. A.E.F. responded to the call again this week when the officers and crews of the Administrative Section asked for a boy seven years old. They started to raise the 500 francs for the adoption and became so enthusiastic that they oversubscribed that amount 550 francs. The second 500 francs has been set aside for a second year's maintenance of the child and the godfathers specially requested that the odd 50 francs be used to purchase their "mascot" such clothing and other necessities as he may be immediately in need of.

The Y.M.C.A. at Base Hospital No. 8 made a systematic campaign to raise the first 250 francs for the adoption of a child.

"We started the fund by taking a collection in both the morning and evening meetings and also had a box for offer-

ings on the counter," wrote W. I. Kelsey, the secretary. "We have a poster on the wall representing a thermometer. A movable red hand indicates from time to time the increase in contributions.

"We will leave to you the selection of a child. We hope soon to have the various units here working for separate orphans. This is only a beginning. Your idea is a fine one. It gives the men an intelligent way of expressing their good will."

Aero Squadron Takes Its Fourth The Aero Squadron, which had previously adopted three children, sent in an additional 500 francs for a fourth child, a brother of one of those they already had taken.

The Aero Squadron sent 1000 francs, and wrote: "We desire to adopt two orphans, one child to be a boy and the other a girl, both to be about six years of age, and preferably of the same family. This money was voluntarily donated by the members of the Aero Squadron and it is sincerely hoped that at some future date we will be able to make another adoption."

The Aero Repair Squadron asked for "one little French girl seven years of age whose daddy was killed in the guerre." An Aero Construction Squadron sent in 1500 francs for three orphans.

ONE GAME AFTER ANOTHER



[Photo by S.C. A.E.F.]

PARIS OR LONDON—HOW COULD HE TELL?

You Might Get Mixed Up, Too, if You Were on Courier Service

RIGHT OF WAY ALWAYS HIS

So Far This Marine Sergeant Has Crossed Channel Only Forty-Three Times

By GEORGE T. BYE London Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, May 2.—A marine sergeant—therefore a stiff, spruce guy with a jaw like a cow-catcher—was walking along ahead of me, and behaving very queerly for a marine.

NAMES OF 50 MEN ON VISIT TO STATES

A.E.F. Soldiers Who Made Good Here Tell Home Folks About It

There were 50 of them, you remember—50 members of the A.E.F. who had made good with such a bang that they were going back to the States to tell everyone about it. THE STARS AND STRIPES printed the story of their selection and departure two weeks ago.

THE INFANTRYMAN

"The artillery conquers; the infantry occupies." He gets no rides in parlor cars. In coaches or Sedans. And yet his work is just as big as any other man's.

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HOSPITAL BARBER SHINES AS SALOME

Musical Show Makes Great Hit at Mackay-Roosevelt Post

The Mackay-Roosevelt Hospital Unit, on duty in the A.E.F., is just recovering from a severe attack of amateur dramatics and the hero of the outfit is the barber.

Vincent Rizzo, who, from the unit's arrival in France, had been hiding his light under a shaving mug, stood revealed on the night of the show as a sensational, barefoot dancer of Hindoo measures. Aided and abetted by several other enlisted men, he had the hardihood to present himself as Salome in the famous Dance of the Seven Veils.

Veils were borrowed from seven nurses and when the great climax was reached and Salome must expire at the bite of a coiling serpent, it was found that an untrained piece of fire hose made a great personal hit as the serpent.

The barber was presented, afterwards, with a large bouquet of Bermuda onions, a joke that always goes big in small time houses.

The show was a musical comedy given on the stage of the Y hut where the boards had already known the stately tread of E. H. Sothern and the sprightly prance of Elsie. It produced an unexpected number of amateur Julian Eltinges who had been camouflaged in olive drab.

The hit scored was so emphatic that the C.O. says the troupe can go wherever the Y.M.C.A. wants to bill it. The boys immediately suggested an extended engagement at the Astor Theater in Times Square, and this being coldly vetoed, are now looking over the map of France for suggestions.

YOU CAN'T ALWAYS TELL

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 2.—A New Jersey Draft Board was hopelessly stunned the other day when a man being examined before it became suddenly stubborn on the point of nationality and flatly refused to say what country he had come from.

"He might have been a Russian or French or Turk or Prussian, but he would not commit himself on the subject. Finally, one exasperated official banged on the table and demanded with heavy sarcasm: 'Well, you're a human being, ain't you?'"

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SUCCESS OF LOAN EASILY ASSURED

Continued from Page 1 its sleeve, or rather in its pocket, and with due regard to the perils of prophecy, your correspondent ventures the prediction that the big drive will have press something will have happened here to bust things wide open, for at present only the Richmond and Atlanta districts are lower in quota than New York, and this city can't afford to leave the ring with a black eye which no beefsteak can remove.

Full Subscription Certain New York's showing in actual money is not so bad as its standing in the pennant race indicates. It has raised \$23,000,000 against \$35,000,000 of Chicago, its next competitor, on the amount of money.

There is no doubt whatever that the full loan will be subscribed before the end of the campaign. The only question is, how far beyond will we go? There is every indication that the big punch will come toward the end from the canny strategists.

The States are racing one another, as well as the Federal Reserve Sections. Iowa, Arkansas, Kentucky, North Dakota, Montana, and Minnesota all exceeded their quotas early in the week. Northern Wisconsin has heavily oversubscribed its quota. The San Francisco district reported early that every State within its jurisdiction had filled its quota. Arizona, Washington, Oregon, Utah, Idaho and Nevada all went over the top early in the third week.

The Agricultural States have all reached out their money in excess of their quotas as their answer to the hectic Eastern pessimists who have been proclaiming for the past few months that the farmers are not awake to the war. The rural districts of most of these States have beaten the big cities in percentages. In fact, McLeod County, Minnesota, oversubscribed by 33 per cent.

The Cleveland reserve district has 592 honor communities. The city of Cleveland alone has taken \$26,000,000. Detroit has oversubscribed its quota by 42 per cent; Des Moines by 39 per cent; Sioux City by 39 per cent. Many communities in Wisconsin and Michigan, where a big proportion of the population is of German descent, have gone heavily over their quotas. The Minneapolis banks report subscriptions from farmers that are astounding.

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THE ARMY'S POETS

THE HILL BACK HOME

I will be the gladdest thing under the sun; I will touch a hundred flowers, and not pick one. I will look at cliffs and clouds with quiet eyes...

THE QUEST

To bid a fond adieu To your native shore, With one great aim in view— To learn the arts of war; To spend long, weary hours In dull routine of drill; To use your latent powers Towards gaining martial skill; To steel your heart and nerve, Against the day of wrath, Nor for an instant swerve From Duty's shining path; To face the hour of strife, With ardent, eager zest— This is the soldier's life— This is his golden quest.

BRIGUET BRILLIANCE

I had a little briguet As usual, made of brass; The thing was awfully tricky, Sometimes quite short of gas. At other times the flint stone Was worn beyond a chance, But when the thing worked right I'd matches in my pants.

TO THE SUBWAY

I used to ride you every night At five or maybe six; And every night I used to say I'd rather ride the Styx. I was shoved and pushed and stepped on, I was elbowed, jostled and jammed; It used to take a chunk off me Each time that side door slammed.

MY DOG

I found him in a shell hole, With a gas mask on his head, Crouching down beside his master, Who he must have known was dead. Hell was popping all about us, So we stayed there through the fight, Got to sort of like each other Through the misery of that night.

PAY DAY

What is the call we like to hear, Which always brings a lusty cheer, Of all the calls the one most dear? Pay Day! The day that sick old blows in vain, With ne'er a single soul in pain— They even stand out in the rain? Pay Day! What is the day that dawns so fair, Which drives away that look of care, And makes us each a millionaire? Pay Day! The day in every foreign land Which makes the tradesmen smile so bland And grasp the Kankoes by the hand? Pay Day!

IT'S A GREAT LIFE IF YOU DON'T WEAKEN

We all left home As happy as could be, For ahead of us Adventures we did see. We stood all knocks And hardships that came, For we all knew The Kaiser was to blame. Then we had prospects Of meeting this old man, And we'd have a chance To show him where we stand.

MY GIRL OVER THERE

I remember you, dear friend, When homework I did wend My way, with you, through overhanging trees; And I don't forget the talks We had on those homeward walks, Even though I am far off across the seas. And on many of those nights, As we passed beneath the lights, I would glance at you, and I could plainly see— But I couldn't quite get started, Before at last we parted, To speak more plainly, dear, of you and me. This much I'll tell to you— And believe me, it is true— That life is not worth living out—unless You have something, or someone, To protect from sun to sun, And to fight for ere you gain your happiness. That is what I'm doing now, And it makes me feel, somehow, As if all I love is measured by the Hun: For it's just such girls as you Who will make us stick it through, And keep it up until the fight is won.

THE THREE DUSKETEERS



[Photograph by S.C., A.E.F.]

We ain't no Saimmies, boss. We's de Saimbos, da's what we is—de Saimbos. We's done come awn ovah yere f'om ovah yonder awn er laivee, to walk awn dese yere docks an' sech. Oh, we larks it all rait, we does,—on't dey's a lot of nigrahs ovah yere wearin' dem l'l' rait hats what's been ovah so long dey done forgot dere own langwush. But we's gettin' educatified, somehov, too. We's learnt haow to say "pull!"

NEVER LEND A SOU UNLESS YOU WANT TO

If You're Uninsured and Unallotted and Uncourt-Martialed, You'll Be Popular—and Furthermore You'll Be Broke

Never lend money to no one in the Army. I tried it, and I know. No sir; never lend no one no money in no army what you're in. You never got it back. If you're a millionaire, and ain't got no more sense than to let your money follow you round in the army, give it away, if you gotter. But lend it? There ain't no such thing as lending! Lookit what happened to me. I thought I was in luck. I ain't got no folks nor no home nor no nothing, so I didn't have to make no allotment. Not having no folks nor no home nor no nothing, I didn't feel as how I had to put up for no insurance for nobody, because if I was heaved by a bomb nobody would care except the supply sergeant, who had wasted a lot of clothes on me, and he wouldn't care much because he don't have to pay for the clothes. And it was just my luck I was on K.P. the day the whole company was held up for Liberty Bonds and they didn't get down to the cookshack, so I got out of that all right.

Not a Tightwad I had a summary a long time ago, but when they pulled me up, the court officer didn't turn up, so I wasn't bothered no more for that. So when you come down to it, I found I was about the only guy in the company what was drawin' the 20 bucks a month, with the 10 per cent more for foreign service pay, what they promise you on them posters when they invite you to join the Army and see the world and your country needs you and learn a trade. Now, I ain't no tightwad nor no hard-boiled egg nor nothing, but they is wise advertisin' and foolish advertisin' and I don't believe in advertisin' nohow. So I keep my trap shut about what I was drawin' savin' it up as it come along for that leave to Paris what I took and which didn't cost me much because I didn't stay as long as I intended to because it was all old stuff there, and doin' my own washin' and not spendin' much of anything except for smokes now and then. Of course, I chipped in for a STARS AND STRIPES orphint because I was a orphint myself. But secrets will out, whether you tell 'em to women or not. One pay day we was passin' through the new barracks, single file, to get oars. The paymaster's clerk, who was a guy what I could have licked, hollers out my name. "Check!" says the paymaster. "If it's just the same to you, sir," sezzi, "I'd rather have it in east. It's easier to count."

Like a Train Announcer But the paymaster didn't pay no attention, and his clerk, a guy what I could have licked, didn't pay no attention either. The clerk, he hollers out like he was announcin' trains in the Pennsy station. "No allotments! No Liberty Bonds!" "Sh!" sezzi, "Ain't you got no respect for privacy?" But I might just as well of talked to a wooden Indian. He hollers out: "No insurance! No forfeited pay! No stoppages! Nothing due the United States! A hundred and eighty-eight francs and ten centimes!" I took it, s'luted, and says "Thanks." It was no time to ask questions. But that fool clerk, by tryin' to exercise his voice—he must of been a extra singer or somethin' before he joined—had let the whole company in on it. They was whistlin' and sayin' "—" and pretendin' they was fainthin' all the time I was goin' out the door.

Silver and a Cackler But there it was, all in good notes of the Bank des France, with some silver and one cackler to make up the odd change. I was just about goin' to put it in my belt when up comes Bud Hoban, what bunked with me on the boat comin' over. "Say, guy," sezzi, "you pulled down a lot o' kate, didn't you?" "No more than I deserved," sezzi. "No," sezzi, "that's right; but lookit where I get off. Hell, I'm married, and they make me assign half my pay to the missus, and I just had to take out insurance what with her readin' in the papers about it as how it could be did, an' I got a dock for tellin' the Skipper what I thought of him when he ast me to, an' I got a load o' laundry in hock

THE BLEAT OF A BANTAM

There's a lady to my liking, tall and lissome, dark and striking, Like the saints upon the tapestries at Exeter; As an angel by Rossetti so appears my stately Betty That the boys along the Mall all crane their necks at her. But my love for this bright vision is the object of derision, For I'm five feet four, while she is five feet ten; So when'er I voice my passion, I am jeered in horrid fashion By my mess-mates in the outfit—cruel men! They offer to put weights upon my toes To lengthen me; perhaps 'twould help—who knows?

But let that be, it's perfectly plain to see That such a match would never, never do; For her cheeks are as the roses, and patrician-like her nose is, While I'm freckled, and my hair is all askew. The artists who designed us in a sorry plight now find us, All at variance with Nature's lovely plan— So goodbye lackadaydee! To my fair Burne-Jones lady, For I'm nothing but a Reuben Goldberg man!

Though I plow the mud of Flanders under sharp and stern commanders And accumulate renown beyond conjecture; Though I win as many medals as a corner fair peddler. They will weigh me down, and dwarf my architecture. If I'm wounded, you can betcher, as they lay me on the stretcher, I will tell the grinning Medic, "Have a care! If you amputate, deal kindly, for I love a tall girl blindly. And I can't afford to lose a single hair! When sawing, saw me lengthwise, not across, And if I shrink, I'll sue you for the loss!"

But let that be, it's perfectly plain to see That such a match would never, never do; For her features are angelic; as for mine, they call 'em hell-foe— I'm a mongrel, while her blood is highbrow blue. So chant the croaking chorus, for the cross-roads are before us, And unto my numb'd affection tie the can; So goodbye lackadaydee! To my fair Burne-Jones lady, For I'm nothing but a Reuben Goldberg man!

time havin' a franc shortage, he was a good guy. went in and saw him. After askin' about the gang and all the rest, he says, sorter mournful like: "Say, that order for commushion of rations never did come through, ho, they put us on our heels and give us tickets what we could turn in at messes for meals on the road, but half the time we was late for messes and the cooks wouldn't give us nothing because they didn't have nothing left to give us and you know what cooks is anyway. So I just had to buy meals out that hundred you slipped me." "Thass all right, Lem," sezzi, not wantin' to hurt a hurted guy's feelins. But that wasn't how I felt. Just then I happened to look down at the chart on the table beside Lem's bed. On it was where it says, "Condition at time of entrance," and nurse had wrote in: "RUDDY AND WELL NOURISHED."

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ON THE CASUALTY LIST

He had been waiting, waiting and waiting for mail. Finally they brought him a letter—minus half the envelope, and held together with string. "I see," he said, addressing the lettered missive. "They sent you to the head letter office, first and then they found you had only been slightly wounded and discharged you."

Ready for the Hike I might just as well of kissed that ten francs good by and wished it long voyage and bun chance right there, but I didn't know nothing. Before I was back to our billet to get into my heavies for a practice hike that afternoon, Jim Maynor touches me up. "I was a damn fool," sezzi. "I knew Bill" (he's the Q.M. sergeant) "wouldn't get in no heavy drawers before summer and the ones he had tacked me so I went and bought some on my own and some puts, too. And I owed half this pay we got today because we was playin' pay-day poker over in our dump last night and I got reamed. Can you spare me suthin' to see me through till the next one? It ought to be comin' good and regin' from now on. It's about time."

WHAT IS A DIGGER?

A Digger is the name by which one Aussie hails another. Just as one Tommy salutes another with "Cheero, Mate," just as a doughboy either says "Hello, Old timer" or "Ah, there, Buddy," so your soldier from under the Southern Cross has recently taken up the custom of greetin' every fellow Australian by "Ay, Digger." It used to be "Ay, Cobber," but fashion change in these things. "Digger," which sounds like an aspersion on the lowly task of trench warfare, is really an echo of the days when their forefathers made their fortunes digging for gold on the other side of the world.

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Back in the Billet

By the time I got back to the billet all the rest of the gang was there and when I come in they all begins to yell, "Lookit, here comes John F. Rockenfeller! Who's the I. Bismarck Morgan of our little family? Whaddaya goin' do with it? Buy Long Island or re-store Belgium or go into business by yourself?" "Nix," sezzi, knowin' what was comin' soon as they got me alone. "Sure enough; that night Lem, my mate, sneaks a ride in a bread truck down to the big town and comes it after taps. Next mornin', as I was sneakin' my first smoke in bed before first call, he whispers over: "Say, can you lemme somethin' to last out the month on? I went down to town, I did, and I got busted. I must of been overcharge or somethin'. I dunno." "Well, what's a feller goin' to do? I dug down in my belt and forked him over a 20. He's a damn good scout, even if he ain't got no head for money."

One Way to Save Lem behaved fine for a while, borrowin' my Bill to roll his'n and savin' my money on buyin' smokes of his own that way. Then one day about noon he comes into the billet and he says: "Say, whaddaya know? I been ordered off to Blabia on detach service—motor-bike ridin' I guess. Ain't it fine? The only thing is I will need some money to start me off, but won't need it long. I hear they pay them motor-bike guys two bucks a day for commushion of rations, and I oughta be able to save money on that after I get started and pay you back all what I owe you."

News from Lem One day one of the motor-bike guys driv up to our headquarters and got off, I ast him if he knew anything about Lem. "Yes," sezzi, "he got throwed off'n his bike down the line and got pretty bad gummied up. He's in a hospital 'bout two miles from here—Saint something, they call 'em burg. Says he'd like to see some of his old gang if they get off."

The coming Sunday I begged off a wood detail and hiked it over to this hospital. I wasn't going to hold up no sick man for my money, but I wanted to see how Lem was. Even if he was all the

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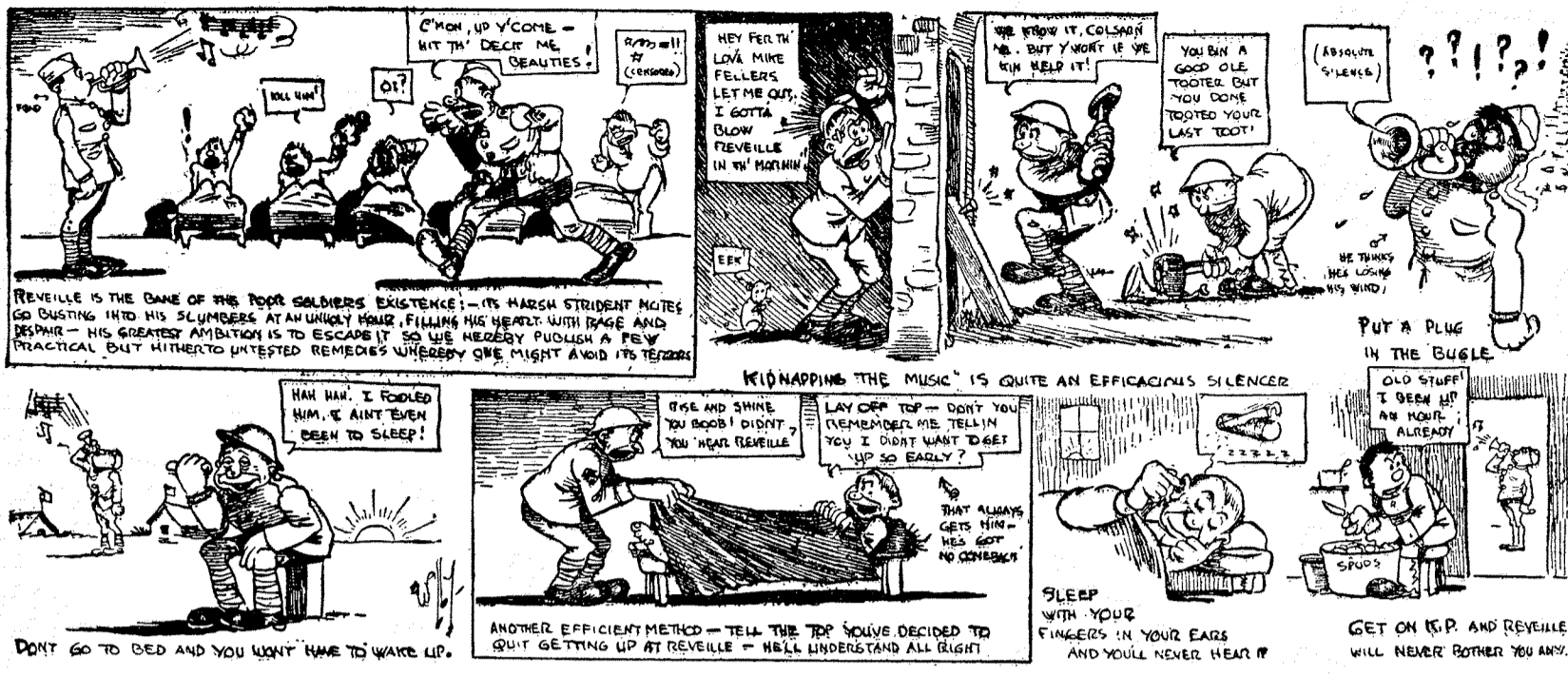
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HOW THE LINES LOOK FROM A FRENCH PLANE

Trip Across No Man's Land Has Its Thrills Even At a Height of 6,500 Feet—American Batteries' Havoc

By HENRY G. WALES
Correspondent of the International News Service with the A. E. F.

I have been two miles inside the German lines—at a height of 6,500 feet. I flew over the American lines on the Toul front, crossed No Man's Land, and penetrated as far as the enemy second line defense. I saw some of the destruction inflicted by bursts of gunfire from American batteries, and even while over the German positions I saw American shells drop there and silently explode, spouting a dusty upheaval of brown dirt mixed with smoke.

I made the flight, which is the first taken over the actual fighting lines by a civilian, was correspondent or other, since the war began. In one of the British two-seater Sopwith observation biplanes used by American observers in regulating American artillery fire, and piloted by a French sub-lieutenant who usually takes up with him an American observer. The only difference was that the twin machine guns were not put in place for my trip, as they are when the combination observer-machine gunner goes up.

It was just after four o'clock sunlight and excellently clear for observation. A group of mechanics strapped me to the bucket seat deep down in the fuselage, so that only my head showed and I looked squarely at the pilot's cranium, just showing in front of me.

Mile a Minute on the Ground

We raced down the field and picked up a mile a minute gait, then rose so softly that before I realized we were off the ground the hangars and buildings seemed to be dropping below. We circled over the field a while, banking steeply on the turn to make our height, as the fields are near the front, and an aeroplane must fly high to cross the lines, otherwise it is dangerous business.

Mounting to 6,000 feet, we started toward the front, traversing roads and villages I knew well from passing through them daily in an automobile. As we gained height, with our speed exceeding two miles a minute and the wind pressure becoming greater, it seemed as though we were standing stock still.

As I gazed through the floor glass of the plane, objects below made it seem as if we were barely creeping along, just making headway against some raging gale, though in reality there was scarcely any breeze. But gradually we passed landmark after landmark that I knew, and I realized we were really moving fast.

Then, far to the right, I saw another French machine at about the same level, also apparently stationary, although in reality moving as fast as we were. We were far above the earth's surface, that one lost all sense of movement save that of the air rushing past and filling the lungs with great gusts of oxygen.

War Zone Creeps In

Scrutinizing the landscape below I passed the rearmost American Army zone, out of danger except for long-range guns, then gradually the war zone crept in almost imperceptibly. I first noticed the telltale shadows invariably cast by the most skillful camouflage. Then I saw how mere man-made camouflage cannot mimic nature exactly, no matter how hard he is trying to copy the landscape.

Soon we saw the beginning of the communication trenches. Sinuous, winding, irregular, they told devious ways like moles' tunnels seen on a moist morning at home. Then, instead of villages, I could see merely clumps of ruined, shell-torn stone houses, and out from the clumps stretched the wonderful French highways—clear, clean-cut and ribbon-like under the eye, so that I could tell exactly where was by their congregation from the pilot's map I carried.

It was the roads that told us first that we were approaching the actual fighting zone—that stretch close up to the front line trenches which is daily and nightly ploughed up by shells. There the highways widened, lost perceptibly, and vanished like a ribbon fraying in tiny strands at the ends.

Where the Road Ends

The thoroughfares gradually lost themselves in the yellowish-brown strip marking No Man's Land. Through powerful binoculars I looked down upon the maze of American trenches, inter-windings, inter-locking, seaming the earth to a considerable depth behind a tiny hair-like line marking the advanced fire trench. All this was so shell-battered that it resembled nothing so much as the footprints of thousands of dogs on the seaside sands, at some places blurred and blended into millions of tiny undulations where the rain had washed down and softened shell crater marks.

The lane of No Man's Land, as far as the eye could see, was a barren, empty, torn up, yet still with certain marks left, such as a shell-battered

EARLY MORNING SMOKES

They can talk about their plays, 'Bout their movies and their dances, 'Bout the Gall-Curl craze—Not a single one entrances Me, for I'm content, you bet, With one luxuriant day; Smoking just one cigarette In the dawn, ere reveille!

Back at home I never did Puff before my morning meal—Father would have put the lid On it, and with anguished squeal Mother would have thought me gone Plumb—well, plumb to you-know-where; But it wasn't cold at dawn, Damp and dismal over there.

Over here, though, mornings are Things to court the soothing weal—Lack of maktin's well may mar All one's first-call dressing speed. With a fag stuck in your face, You can hustle with the best, Puff, and struggle with each lace, Get for breakfast chow a zest.

Cigarettes at break of day Sweeter are than any others, Driving clouds of night away, Cutting fog that well-nigh smothers; Soft their perfume, mild their taste, Who'll gainsay the joy they bring? So—be careful not to waste 'Baccy—'tis a precious thing!

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

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E.T.—Yes, always keep your girl's picture with you whenever you move. Not only keep it with you, but write to her and tell her that you do. Nothing gets along without advertising these days, you know.

W.M.—You say that you inadvertently left the locket, with her picture in it, open while you were taking your last month's bath, and that the water made the darn thing run and spoiled her looks? Serves you right for taking a bath! I wouldn't blame her a bit for refusing to send you another picture.

Z.O.—No, the line "Am in the hospital; having a lovely time," never makes a bit with the girl back home. She knows there are attractive nurses in hospitals just as well as you do, and will smell a rat right off. Tell her all about your troubles and she may decide to come over and do a little nursing here herself—if she's got bean enough to pass the examinations.

F.D.—No, shining up to her brother, who is in your outfit, won't do you a bit of good. Brothers are always brutes, and his good opinion of you—even if he should take the trouble to write it home, which he won't—wouldn't get you anything. Treat him kindly, to be sure, but don't let him capitalize your affection for his sister by borrowing from you too heavily. Remember that if all goes well, you'll have him on your hands, off and on, for the rest of your life; so don't begin too soon to keep him.

R.E.A.—Don't, when you write about the discomforts of trench life, forget to hint, gently, oh so gently, that you're going through all of it for her. Never fail to capitalize on what you go through and to impress her with it. There's nothing untruthful about it, so don't be afraid to play it up. They all like it.

T.O.—If she hasn't written to you for a long time, and you can prove it by checking up on the dates of her letters, you have to keep the envelopes for that, as women never date their letters quite a why, don't write to her for quite a while. Don't spoil her by starting out, "Dearest, your letter got in here just this evening, and in reply to same I am writing right away." Keep her in suspense for while, discipline her. Then, when you do write, try to appear a little detached, a bit cold. They play the same game on you; why in the name of time shouldn't you resort to reprisals?

Polli (to newly arrived Yank): Vous êtes engagé?

Yank: Omgazbay—ong—oh, engaged!

Heli, no, I'm married.

WOMEN'S HOSPITAL GETS EARLY CHANCE

Unit of American Pioneers Proves Worth During German Offensive

Volunteer Workers Have Their Own Plumber, Electrician and Chauffeur, Too

Hats off—no, we don't take our hats off in the army; we salute.

A salute, then, for the Women's Overseas Hospital, U.S.A., the first unit of which is in France and doing business. It comprises the first group of women physicians and surgeons from the United States to see service in Europe, and it distinguishes itself before it had been here a month by operating a hospital in the field so close to the firing line that the members were within sight and sound of bursting shells.

This pioneer unit of the Women's Overseas Hospitals was formed under the auspices of the National American Woman Suffrage Association by four women physicians and surgeons of the staff of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children—Drs. Carolina S. Finley, Alice Gregory, Mary Lee Edwards and Anna-von Sholly.

The women volunteered for service with the American Army, but their offer was rejected. They then offered themselves to the French Government and were accepted. It was agreed that they were to operate a hospital for the French civil population which, upon 48 hours' notice, was to be turned into a military hospital. The American Red Cross agreed to furnish the equipment and supplies.

NOT A MAN ON ITS STAFF

Site for Hospital Found

Dr. Finley came to France two months ago and selected a site for the hospital. She chose a village in the Department of the Aisne, the population of which was in need of medical aid because all the French practitioners had left for service with the army. Before this hospital was fully established, however, came the German drive, and the site which they had chosen fell into Boche hands. The unit withdrew.

The wounded began to come back from the fighting lines and the women, not to be idle, asked French army officials for immediate duty in the field. They were assigned to Temporary Hospital No. 11, which they operated for the benefit of the fighting and still are operating. They have treated scores of French and British soldiers, administered anesthetics, set bones, dressed wounds and performed minor and major operations.

During the first few days, the Germans got so close that they dropped shells within a mile or two of the hospital, but the women although they thought they were actually within reach of the Boche guns, worked without interruption.

The unit includes six physicians and surgeons and numbers 31. Its boast is that it is independent of man, that it can take over a hospital, or convert into

CHANCE TO LIVE IT DOWN

An American Red Cross worker behind the British front, after a recent battle, tarried to hear a British major, mounted on a wagon tongue, addressing the men of his battalion.

The men had finished a night's rest after three days of the hardest kind of fighting, recounts the Red Cross man, and the major was announcing that they were "going in" again that day.

"There will be no withdrawal. We are not going to give an inch," declared the major. "I want to see you fight harder than you ever fought before. I don't want to see you hang back like you did the last time.

"Why, dammit, men," shouted the major, "in the last fight you only got eight to one. You know you ought to have done better than that!"

WILSON

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DO NOT FORGET TO WRITE

It may not be inappropriate for a house whose chief business is making letter-paper to suggest to you who read this that you cannot write home too often. A letter from a soldier at the front somewhere in France is prized by every family who receives it. The letters you write now about your actual experiences in war will be a valuable possession to you when you come back and read them over.

We cannot urge you to use our writing papers in writing because we do not know how you would get them in France, but we hope that you will receive lots of letters written upon them.

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No Stropping—No Honing

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UNITED STATES War Service Regulations Require a Shaving Outfit—and the soldier and sailor must provide his own Razor. The new Gillette U.S. Service Set is the Shaving Outfit that fulfils every need of Uncle Sam's Boys.

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BATH HOUSE ANNEX HAS REGULAR TUBS

French and American Officers Dedicate Popular Institution

IN HONOR OF LAFAYETTE

Paint Makes Quadrangle of Adrian Barracks Look Like Swiss Chateau

In a little city somewhere back of the Lorraine line, a club of French and American officers dedicated not long ago to the memory of General Lafayette six shiny new porcelain bath tubs and two showers.

Officers came from 50 kilometers to attend," he relates. "By train and motor car." On foot! On muleback! And by aeroplane!

It is literally true that one French officer did arrive by aeroplane—and, of course, no one doubts the rest of the barber's story.

Where Paint Works Wonders

The club already is a fairly attractive place. No one would believe that a quadrangle of Adrian barracks could look so much like a Swiss chateau.

An American is given credit for conceiving the idea. He was adjutant to a Yankee general billeted in the little city. He was a mixer, strong on the social instinct.

Lafayette Idea Takes

The French got to talking about him; then about his Lafayette idea. A lieutenant of French cavalry enlisted himself with the American and put in a requisition upon the division for an extra Adrian barracks to be used as a rendezvous for Franco-Americans.

At first, the club was little more than an officers' café. Its equipment was a few tables and chairs and a chiffonier with some bottles on it.

The idea was quickly popular, and did so much to bring the allies together that in a few more weeks it was extended. An army architect was told to set to planning a dining room.

Nucleus for Real Hotel

Today the dominos form a quadrangle—cloak room and lavatory, café with an orchestra, dining room, kitchen, servants' quarters, reading and writing rooms, bath house, barber shop, and a modest beginning of a hotel—four small bed rooms.

The club has its own electric light plant, for the city is too small to possess such luxuries.

Literally, the membership is, as the barber boasts, drawn from 50 kilometers around. Nearly 800 names are on the club rolls.

Here the commander of a French group of armies has dined with General Pershing. Here a famous divisional farewell banquet was held.

Besides having created many friendships between American and French officers, the co-operative scheme has saved its members many a franc in vitualling bills.

A WASTED DAY

"Hell!" exclaimed Jimmy, lurching into the billet and throwing himself down on his bunk. "And hell again!"

"What's up?" chorused Al and Bill and Joe together.

"Hell!" reiterated Jimmy. "I was out here in the road when a regiment of Jocks went by, with their big tall bandmaster up ahead swinging his old baton like one of these magicians guys in vaudeville, throwing it up in the air and catching it behind his ear and everything. Then they stopped, and as they were resting a little Jock got out and took up a stick and started in to imitate the bandmaster."

CHOWING EN ROUTE TO THE LINE



Photograph by S. G., A.E.F.

SMITH GIRL DRIVER TURNS TRAFFIC COP

Student Takes Full Charge of Road and Straightens Out Tangle

CHAUFFEURS OBEY ORDERS

Self-Appointed M.P. Quits Post Only When Properly Relieved

The spectacle of a Smith college girl, standing in the center of a mass of jumbled traffic, waving motor lorries, camions, camionettes, staff cars and just plain Red Cross and Army fliers to the right and left, keeping the road to the front open for the supply trucks on one side and for the cars rescuing the young and old from the invaded Somme district on the other, was one of the most striking of the many exhibited during the withdrawal in the face of the German offensive.

For several hours she stood there, turning confusion into orderliness, and quit her post only when she had exacted a promise from some officers that they would keep a man permanently at that cross-roads. Then she went back to her work of rescue.

The way it happened was this: The Smith College Relief Unit, which had its headquarters at Gisors, a little south of Nesle, got its personnel out of the threatened town during a night and a morning, and reported with its entire staff and all its motor cars for service in getting people out of the villages along the route of the withdrawal. Day and night the young girls of the unit drove their cars over roads swept by shells, getting civilians and wounded soldiers out of harm's way.

Tangled in Two Convoys

At a cross-roads, one of their cars got tangled in two confused convoys, one of which was going forward with ammunition and supplies, the other coming down with wounded and refugees, and containing empty cars going back to be refilled. The Smith camionette was right in the center of the mixup, unable to make headway.

The girl chauffeur in charge of the camionette fretted under the delay. Traffic was at a standstill and time was precious. Finally, taking the law into her own hands, she plucked the American flag from the side of her car, hopped down from the driver's seat, and took her stand in the middle of the road.

In true traffic cop style she waved her "Go-go" and "Stop-stop" signals, halting the cars as they came upon her, demanding their mission, and giving their directions. Within a few minutes the two lines of convoys were straightened out and on their respective ways again.

The chauffeurs didn't have time to be amused by the unusualness of the spectacle; they were brought up short and told just what to do. The girl held her own with her flag waving, and turned what had seemed to be a hopeless ballup into an orderly, double-track proceeding.

MATCHES—AND MATCHES

It is violating no confidence to state that there are no good matches left in France. The sulphurous stinker, indigenous to the country, was never any good to begin with, except "for revenue only." Whenever you use it, you get a taste of hell half way up your smoke, and by the time you get beyond the half-way mark on your cigarette you're so all-fired mad you don't enjoy the non-sulphurized portion of it—no, not for a cent. Consequently you never buy the stinkers unless there positively isn't anything else in sight—or rather, in smell.

When you have your back to the wall and simply have to buy the damned thing, you hold one at arm's length, after lighting it, let the blue flame die out, then dig your cigarette into it, drop the match quickly, hold your nose and exhale through the mouth. If you can do this without burning your palate out, you are assured a fairly comfortable smoke, and may take in the next drag through your nose, if you are wicked enough to inhale. Most of the casualties resulting from the use of stinkers come from the victims being too eager to get a light, and plunging the cigarette into the blue flame. There is no sure way to save Fritz trouble in the matter of being gassed.

THE SPELL OF NICOTINE

There are more brands of spelling in the American E.P. than there are nationalities and temperaments. This was proved quite conclusively a short while ago when a certain Y.M.C.A. hut bulletin board bore a notice somewhat along this line:

"If the men will kindly state their preferences as to brands of cigarettes, the Y. will try to keep a supply on hand."

A blank space for the names of the brands was left below. It was not left long, for it was soon filled with:

- "Fat Emmas." "Lord Sauls Bury." "Turkish Atrocities." "Between the Ax." "Retews." "Metradas." "Lucky Strika." "Crepe de Chien." "Flora de Cabagellos." "Camels Hair." "Bulls Durhams." "Runs."

ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Investigated Manners By BRAN MASH

With the number of investigators now at large in the fair land of France, the cultured and refined doughboy should deal discreetly. He should remember that nothing is more disconcerting than the truth, and should tell it accordingly whenever questioned. As this is the last thing that a good many of the investigators want, it usually throws them off their guard the first thing, leaving the doughboy to pursue the even tenor of his way.

Since the investigators have become so numerous, and since their questions all tend in the same direction, a code of etiquette in the answering of them has grown up. Below are appended a few sample questions, with the appropriate answers—each one of the latter guaranteed for a knockout.

- Q.—Do you smoke many cigarettes? A.—Nope; there ain't that many in France. Q.—Does your colonel drink? A.—He never asked me to. Q.—Do you find the work hard? A.—Nope; it's awful easy to find it. They just wish it on to you. Q.—Weren't you thrilled when you went up to the trenches? A.—Yep, I borrowed half a rum ration off'n a Tommy. Q.—Do you know what you're fighting for? A.—Dumhupin! To lick Germans. Q.—Is that all you're fighting for? A.—Nope; I'm fighting for three squares a day and \$33 a month—but I rather lost out on the last part of it. Q.—What do you think about the most? A.—What's coming next.

THOSE EDIBLE MATTRESSES

First Missouri Mule: They tell me you had Corporal Crapshoot's last month's bed for supper yesterday. How was it? Second M.M.: Tasted fine, but all last night I dreamed I heard someone yell "Baby needs a pair of shoes!"

Standard-Bearers of America!

You have come to the Home of



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

DRINK IT TO-DAY

PARIS, 36bis Boulevard Haussmann

WILLIAM ROSS LEIGH PAYS HIS RESPECTS

Regiment Finds Out Where Its Fresh Magazines Come From

Last August a certain A.E.F. regiment began to receive copies of mazzettes from America—not "Golden Days" from June 4, 1878, to April 7, 1882, but fresh, readable numbers of current publications, sent to France as soon as they were published and made available for the Regiment as quick as the boat would bring them.

They were sent by one William Ross Leigh, of Mount Vernon, N. Y., and the Loys were so grateful for them that Chaplain H. R. Talbot wrote a letter to William Ross Leigh thanking him for his kind work.

And who did William Ross Leigh prove to be? President of the Mount Vernon National Bank? Superintendent of the Mount Vernon Street Railway Company? A kindly old gentleman with so big a wad in the bank or the street railway company that sending fresh magazines was as easy as buying a box of matches on pay day?

No, he didn't. William Ross Leigh turned out to be a school boy of 13, a very bright school boy, judging by his letters.

"I received your letter yesterday morning," he writes the chaplain. "I am not flattering you, but you are a very nice looking man." The chaplain did not delete this, so it must be so.

William Ross Leigh is too young to fight, but that is obviously all that is keeping him out of it.

"I am spending all my money on thrift stamps," he says. "I have two five dollar War Saving Stamps and have a third book with six thrift stamps in it. I got ten dollars for an Easter present and I am going to spend most of it on thrift stamps."

"We all know that you're going to win," says William Ross Leigh.

Military and Civil Tailors KRIEGCK & CO. 23 Rue Royale.

THE GIRL I'VE LEFT BEHIND

Jeaney, when the stars of evening dot the distant skies of France, I sit by my camp fire longing For one more lust glorious dance.

And, Lucile, you were so lovely When I said my sad farewell, That I dreamed of your blue eyes, dear. As I felt the ocean's swell, Diane, do you, too, remember How we motored up the bank Of the Hudson ere I started To yell "Front" or "Rear" or "Plank?"

Though at times the States seem distant, And my folks 'most out of mind, I'm still true as tempered steel, Nan, To the girl I've left behind. A. L. G., 1st Lt. O.D.U.S.R.

HOW COULD THEY?

Private Simple: I've got a dandy idea—a machine gun that can shoot a thousand rounds a minute.

Corporal Brightguy: What good would it be? As soon as the Germans captured one, they'd build a million like it.

Private Simple: No, they couldn't. I'd get it patented.

WHERE'S THIS BAGGAGE?

If you have seen in your travels a quantity of baggage consisting of two locker trunks, one bedding-roll inside a tan colored duffle bag, one Q.M. chest and one field desk, the lockers and bag marked Walter McBeth, M.R.C., you are in a fair way to earning \$25. Captain McBeth, who is at A.D.C. 731, will pay that amount, or its equivalent in France, to the finder. "I want the baggage," he writes. "The money will be yours." The baggage was loaded by mistake with that of another organization which left at the same time that Captain McBeth did.

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