

"WE SOLEMNLY PURPOSE A DECISIVE VICTORY OF ARMS"—PRESIDENT WILSON

—From Statement Made After Signing the New Man-Power Bill

BARGE TRANSPORT FOR OUR WOUNDED TO PREVENT JARS

Canals of France Will Be Utilized by Hospital Service

OPERATIONS IN TRANSIT

Patients Could Be Carried to States in Beds They Were Placed on in Heart of Country

American soldiers with shell and bullet wounds in the chest and abdomen and doughboys whose long leg bones have been broken or cracked into jagged, splintered pieces are to be transported out of the border zone of shell fire to the farthest base hospitals as gently as a mother carries a sleeping child.

Those dangerously wounded men, for whom the slightest jar or motion may mean a fatal bleeding in the upper body cavities, or a hemorrhage from the big artery of the leg due to the shifting of raw or knife-like fracture edges, are to be carried down the canals and rivers of France on hospital barges.

The Chief Surgeon's office has just completed arrangements for the hospital barge system, which in every detail is designed to transport the seriously wounded with as little movement as possible.

Whole String of Barges

Where the hospital operating barge is used it will be moored to a landing, with a string of hospital barges connected to the side of the canal or river opposite the landing. The wounded will be placed on a cot at the landing and lowered on lifts to the operating section, where they will receive the attention necessary to fit them for the journey to a base hospital.

New base hospitals located at or near the water's edge will receive the wounded from the hospital barges. All through the winding journey by canal and river the wounded will be given as careful attention as if they were in a hospital ward on land. The barges will have all the usual hospital equipment, and in the case of the hospital operating barge this will mean the usual surgery fitted with tables, X-ray instruments and machines for anesthesia.

It is estimated that of all men wounded in battle, 80 per cent will be able to return to the front within 40 days. The experience of other armies has shown that of the wounded who live long enough to be carried down to the field ambulances, 90 per cent recover; of those who reach the casualty clearing stations 95 per cent recover, and of those who reach base hospitals 98 per cent recover.

The possibilities of the hospital barge system are emphasized by the extent of the canal system of France. A canal map of the country shows an intricate network of waterways, binding rivers and cities, from the coast of Belgium in the Mediterranean.

From Paris as a center, it is possible to reach the coast and almost any part of France by the all-barge route. In fact, medical officers say that it would be possible to transport wounded men direct to the United States on the same bed in which they are placed at the landing ready for the hospital barge near the front without using automobile or railway.

AIR SERVICE DRESS MUST BE REGULATION

Split Backs, Roll Collars and Bellows Pockets Are Banned

Air Service officers must wear regulation dress or become subject to disciplinary action.

When a squadron commander recently lined up all his flyers for an unexpected and unheralded inspection, a lot of them looked nice, but were not garbed as it is written in the Manual for Mess Sergeants of the World Almanac.

ALL STAR NINE IN OLIVE DRAB MAY TOUR A. E. F.

One Wears D.S.C., Each Knows War-Game as Well as Ball

FIVE BOX ARTISTS PICKED

Players Will Be Released on Detached Service if G.H.Q. Sanctions K. of C. Plan

There won't be any hand-picked team of professional but civilian big leaguers coming over here to the island of Europe to play ball for the A.E.F. Any big leaguers who want to play for and with the A.E.F. have first got to hold up their throats and swear to defend the United States against all enemies whatsoever, just like all the rest of us, and don the uniform of Uncle Samuel's team.

But there is every likelihood of a team of ex-professional, now A.E.F. players, going the rounds within about a month from now and taking on all the local talent of divisional teams, hospital staff teams, and the rest, "for the benefit of the service." And this is its probable lineup:

Catchers—Color Sergeant Hank Gowdy, or Eagan, ex-Cincinnati.

First Base—Dots Miller, Pirates.

Second Base—Johnnie Evers, K. of C. late of Philly.

Third Base—Cy Bates, Athletics.

Outfield—Menoskey and Rice of Washington and Miller of Cleveland.

Some little lineup, eh? And Miller, late of Cleveland, by the way, wears a D.S.C. over the place where he used to sport the name of the Sixth City. He's been wounded twice, but reckon he can wing 'em in from the deep gardens just the same.

For alternates, the team may call on two lieutenants, it's that democratic. They are Lieut. Eddie Grant, former shortstop for the Giants, and Lieut. Moose McCormick, once famed pinch hitter for the same aggregation.

The K. of C. would outfit this team, uniforms and all, even to the providing of two regular umpires, Hank Towne of the Western league and Leo Donnelly of the American association. It would foot all the bills for the next six months. Particular attention would be paid to stops in hospital towns, so that wounded and convalescents may watch the gang work out. The first game would probably be played in Paris against an all-star team picked from the Paris league.

Both towns will, whenever it is possible, have a game, but it is possible, G.H.Q. will endeavor to arrange it so that the men in the lineup given above can be released on detached service for the duration of the tour.

And as soon, or whenever it does, G.H.Q. will be credited with an assist to the joy of the A.E.F.

ARMY'S BANDSMEN MUSICIANS ONLY

To Act as Stretcher Bearers Only in Cases of Extreme Urgency

The practice of using members of Army band stretcher bearers will be discontinued, except in cases of extreme urgency, according to G.O. 139.

Several regimental bands which have been engaged in this humanitarian work, while all the music was provided in the staccato of machine gun bullets and the din of the big guns, have suffered heavily in recent weeks. As it doesn't take a Sousa or a Victor Herbert to tell you that if a few members of a band are out of it, that band tends to fall apart. It's like removing a couple of vertebrae from the spinal column.

There is at least one case on record in which an infantry regiment, engaged in the second Battle of the Marne, pleaded with its colonel not to permit its bandsmen to act any longer as stretcher bearers.

The bandsmen, who didn't know anything about the petition until it had been made, were inclined to be little peeved. But the doughboys were insistent—they had to have their music. American bands, in addition to providing music as near the line as keen German ears will let them, have recently been brightening the lot of American wounded by touring hospitals as wandering and welcome minstrels, and jazzing up the patients with two songs, played in large doses the latest official prescription for A. E. F. sick and wounded.

NO MACHINE GUN SWAPS

There will be no more swapping of machine guns when one M.G. organization relieves another.

Poilu poem by Stuart M. Emery, A.E.F. with illustration of a soldier and a woman.

THIRD LEAVE AREA, IN OLD AUVERGNE, NOW IN READINESS

Hot Springs Await Yanks at La Bourboule and Mont Dore

Right in the heart of the Lafayette country, in the old province of Auvergne—the only part of France that has never known the conqueror's heel at any time in its history—lies the third leave area for the A.E.F., announced this week.

It comprises the two towns of La Bourboule and Mont Dore, five kilometers apart, lying to the south of the larger and better known center of Clermont-Ferrand.

Both towns boast, among other attractions, 11 natural springs, known as early as Roman times. Ten of them are hot, and among the delights promised by the natives to the weary hikers are "first, second and third class foot baths," all with natural hot water just pouring out of the ground.

This leave area is now open. In fact, it was to have been formally opened on Sunday last, and M. le Maric of La Bourboule came down to meet the 10 o'clock train all done up in his morning suit, which would be evening dress anywhere else.

Unfortunately, the latest drought blow to ardent swallows has been a huge revenue raid in the mountain districts of Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina on moonshine liversaving stations. More than \$100,000 worth of illicit stills were seized and 30,000 gallons of the precious spirit poured into the mountain streams, tempting frantic alcoholists to buy fish.

All Ready for Guests

But it is all ready and waiting for any and all of the Yanks who materialize, and the chances are that some of them will put in an appearance before the end of this week. La Bourboule can accommodate 3,000 of them at one time, and Mont Dore 2,000, making a total of 5,000 for the whole area.

The attractions of the two towns—and they are many—are much the same. Both are within easy reach of picturesque mountains and lakes, both have the same thermal facilities, and both boast sizable casinos. In these the Y. M. C. A., which, as at Aix and Saint Mandé, has charge of the arrangements for the permissionaires' entertainment, will put on regular programs of amusement with high class talent.

The Yanks who draw their first leaves in this new area will be sure of a royal reception for the simple reason that La Bourboule and Mont Dore, being rather out of the beaten Army line, have never seen American troops en masse before. The novelty promises to be quite a treat to them, so the inhabitants say.

SENATE PASSES DRY AMENDMENT FOR WAR PERIOD

Food Bill Proviso Would Also Be Enforced During Demobilization

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, Sept. 5.—The Senate has passed the prohibition amendment to the Food Stimulation bill.

The amendment provides that after June 30, 1919, until the end of the war and during demobilization, no distilled spirits are to be sold or taken from bond except for export, and that no beer or wines are to be sold after the same date except for export. No beer, wine or other intoxicants are to be imported after the passage of the act.

Prohibition advocates are jubilant, deeming that this measure will expedite national prohibition, and they predict that the prohibition amendment to the national Constitution will pass by March, 1919. They claim that besides the 14 States which already have ratified the amendment, 18 others are practically certain to ratify it.

Meantime, the creation of the artificial drought proceeds in all directions. The latest trough blow to ardent swallows has been a huge revenue raid in the mountain districts of Alabama, Georgia, North Carolina and South Carolina on moonshine liversaving stations. More than \$100,000 worth of illicit stills were seized and 30,000 gallons of the precious spirit poured into the mountain streams, tempting frantic alcoholists to buy fish.

GIFT FROM RED CROSS

The Gift Edition of THE STARS AND STRIPES for American wounded, which is now being distributed free to A.E.F. hospitals, and the expense of publishing which has hitherto been borne equally by THE STARS AND STRIPES and the American Red Cross, will in future be known as the HOSPITAL GIFT EDITION FROM AMERICAN RED CROSS.

The edition differs from the regular edition of THE STARS AND STRIPES only in the fact that across the top of the first page are the words: NOT TO BE SOLD—HOSPITAL GIFT EDITION FROM AMERICAN RED CROSS—NOT TO BE SOLD.

The Red Cross announces that it is prepared to supply all hospitals, infirmaries, etc., wherever that are sick or wounded Americans, and urges hospital G.O.'s and others to keep them posted on the number of patients, wiring Mondays whenever it is desired to increase or decrease the allotment.

The address is: Recreation and Welfare Service, American Red Cross, 4 Place de la Concorde, Paris.

SPECIAL PAY FOR MEN IN HOSPITAL

Allowance of 45 Francs a Month Authorized by S.O.S. Chief

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, Sept. 5.—The chief of the S.O.S. has authorized a special allowance of 45 francs a month for men in hospital.

The chief of the S.O.S. has authorized a special allowance of 45 francs a month for men in hospital. The allowance is to be paid for the first four days of the month, and then for the remainder of the month at a reduced rate.

Another feature of the new system is the provision of dried vegetables, canned corn, canned peas and other canned substitutes for potatoes. Authority for quartermasters to purchase fresh vegetables under restrictions is also confirmed.

As an economy measure, each organization is to be required to report at frequent intervals the amounts of food materials on hand, the amounts to be consumed, and the amounts actually consumed. This report is to be made in one division resulting in a saving of \$67,000 in three months, according to Q.M.C. officers.

In connection with the study of the ration system, a report was prepared by the chief of the Food and Nutrition Bureau, emphasizing the desirability of the candy ration and the supplying of soluble coffee.

The report pointed out that in addition to its alcoholic content, much of the wine troops drink is objectionable because of impurities. The soluble coffee contains a high percentage of caffeine and affords an admirable stimulant for troops in the front trenches.

NO INCOME TAX HURRY

Don't worry about your income tax. The G.H.Q. points out that the recent Treasury Department decisions stipulate that persons residing abroad, including those in the military or naval establishment, who by reason of war conditions and absence from the country cannot file their returns within the prescribed time, may have an extension of time for as long as may be necessary, to and including 90 days after the proclamation of the President announcing the close of the war with Germany.

Even the Treasury Department hasn't the hardihood to say exactly when that will be.

CANDY, CHEESE AND MORE MILK ON ARMY MENU

Issue of Sweets Calls for Half Pound Every Ten Days

NEW RATION SYSTEM PLAN

Bean Allowance Is Increased and Shhh! Vienna Sausages Are Now on Q.M.'s List

Every soldier in the A.E.F. will receive one-half pound of candy every ten days as a part of his ration, under the new ration system drawn up by the Q.M.C. and now awaiting ratification of G.H.Q.

The candy ration will include chocolates and hard candies of pure sugar. The candy is now being made in factories operated in France by the Q.M.C. The new ration system, prepared after months of cooperation between the Q.M.C. and the Food and Nutrition Bureau of the Chief Surgeon's office, contains many other changes which directly affect every American soldier in France.

Syrup is withdrawn as a regular component of the rations, and will be largely replaced by prunes, figs, apples, other dried fruits and jams. Syrup will still be issued, but only on the same terms as its substitutes.

The bean allowance is increased to four ounces per ration, with issue limited to four days in ten.

Cheese is provided for issue with macaroni. It will be issued as a substitute for fresh beef, but not to exceed 10 per cent of the beef allowance.

Bealess beef, bacon, fresh pork, canned or Vienna sausages, canned and dried fish are also made substitutes for the fresh beef ration of 20 ounces.

The milk allowance is increased from one-half ounce to one ounce. Soluble coffee and soup cubes with soluble alcohol to heat them are provided for troops in the front line trenches. The coffee issue for these troops will be one-third more than for garrison troops, and other rations for them will be increased as follows: bread or substitutes, 10 per cent; sugar 25 per cent, and candles 100 per cent.

American troops serving with the French and British armies are to receive supplementary American rations to make up the difference in subsistence, that is, to make their ration correspond to the American ration for the same service.

The Chief Quartermaster is authorized to increase by 10 per cent the rations of troops at hard labor for long periods. The Nutrition Bureau will report on the necessity for such increases.

The field ration is modified to provide only non-perishable and cooking foods to be carried in field rations, ready to be eaten without preparation. Sealed containers will be provided—each containing 25 rations—so that the contents will be protected from damage by rats, gas or rain. It is planned that this ration should last four days.

The ration carried in iron carriers will contain hard bread, corned and roast beef, corned beef hash, fish, canned sardines, sugar, salt and soluble coffee, all this to be used only when other food cannot be supplied.

Another feature of the new system is the provision of dried vegetables, canned corn, canned peas and other canned substitutes for potatoes. Authority for quartermasters to purchase fresh vegetables under restrictions is also confirmed.

A reduction is made in the peapowder ration, but the amount of France are authorized as flavoring for stews.

In connection with the study of the ration system, a report was prepared by the chief of the Food and Nutrition Bureau, emphasizing the desirability of the candy ration and the supplying of soluble coffee.

The report pointed out that in addition to its alcoholic content, much of the wine troops drink is objectionable because of impurities. The soluble coffee contains a high percentage of caffeine and affords an admirable stimulant for troops in the front trenches.

The Nutrition Bureau report also recommended a study be made of an individual emergency ration can for front troops, this can to be hermetically sealed and to contain non-perishable foods.

GOBS STILL STRIPELESS

There being no authorization from Washington for the wearing of service stripes by members of the American Navy, none will be worn until such authorization is received. This is the ruling of Admiral Sims, commander of the United States Naval Forces operating in European waters.

JUVIGNY ATTACK MADE WHERE HUN KNEW IT WAS DUE

Vital Point Carried in Face of Enemy's Determination to Stick

GOOD BAG OF PRISONERS

Americans Go Over With French on Both Flanks and Gain Six Kilometers

When the Germans, with French and American troops in pursuit, decided that their Vesle positions were getting a little precarious, it was pressure on their left flank, north of Soissons, that caused them to reach that conclusion.

And a share in one of the victories forcing that retirement can be tallied up to the American unit which, starting late last week, played a steady if small part in extending the gains of General Mangin's French Army.

There are many kinds of fighting in this war, and the hardest is the kind that this unit went through—an attack on a vital point where the enemy is expecting a rush and has prepared for it. The greater the credit, then, to this unit, which, keeping abreast of the French points on either side, numbered among the fruits of its success the capture of a round six kilometers of ground, including the towns of Juvigny and Terny-Sorny, 900 prisoners, several scores of machine guns and four field pieces, and won the praise of General Mangin himself.

There was no element of surprise in the fighting around Juvigny, and there was no question of the high price the Germans were prepared to pay to hold the ground, played out, it was just a plain bit of heavy going that would test the ability and stamina of any soldiers—heavy going made still harder by extremely difficult terrain.

Little Job at Daybreak

The Yanks who took Juvigny and Terny-Sorny had their schooling in less strenuous fighting. They arrived in the line during the fog and darkness one morning, faced the effects of a 12 hour hike with hardback and coffee, and went over the top at dawn. This daybreak affair was not a major attack, however. It was just a little job of straightening out and dressing up a couple of ragged corners in the front line.

The Germans holding these points had been warned that they might be attacked at any time, and had been given detailed instructions as to just what they were to do. But something went wrong with the defense arrangement, and before 7 o'clock that morning the Americans sent back 159 prisoners with the message that the German line had been wrecked and their own rectified.

Not that it was a before breakfast croquet party. Some of the German machine gunners fought to the last, playing the card which was not quite big enough to warrant a real counter attack, but which brought forth a few barrages and minor raids and reactions from the enemy.

More Little THTs

Later that day and during the next there were more little jobs of the Boche—little advances which weren't quite big enough to warrant a real counter attack, but which brought forth a few barrages and minor raids and reactions from the enemy.

One American platoon essayed to cross a field and was caught head on by 17 Boche cotices in a trench. The Americans dropped hastily into another trench 30 yards in front of the one occupied by the Germans and parallel to it.

They peeped away at each other over the intervening space for a few minutes until a corporal with a mind for strategy caught one of the American trench unknown to both his companions and the Boche, flanked the whole German line and appeared behind it with a command to the Germans to put their hands in the air. The Germans complied, and the platoon sent 17 prisoners and the machine guns back to regimental headquarters.

The American unit incidentally contains an unusually large number of men who speak German, and the corporal happened to be one of them.

To the Railroad Track

This give and take fighting resulted in the advance of the Americans to the railroad track which runs north and south through the western edge of Juvigny, the French advancing on both flanks to the same line, where, peeping over the top, the Americans could look down the streets of Juvigny.

The Germans had been entrenched strongly along the track, with machine guns commanding the entrance into the town from all points, but it was a strong line for the Americans as it was for the Boche after the enemy machine guns which remained on the eastern side of the track had been silenced by the issuing over of hand grenades and a sending over of a patrol or two. There the Yanks pushed their line close to the assault on the town itself.

The entrance into Juvigny was preceded by an intense bombardment which razed most of the still standing walls of the war swept town and took most of the fight out of the Boche garrison. A prisoner said that this garrison had consisted of upwards of 800 men, but the best the Americans could do after they had collected the Germans who emerged from the cellars and debris was to count 180. A few of the 800 had escaped via the other side of town.

The Greatest Advance

The day after the taking of Juvigny was the day of the greatest advance. The morning of this day was crowded with exciting encounters. The Germans had rushed up two new divisions, one of them fresh from reserve, and the Americans counted against them eight regi-

ments from four divisions. The Yanks started at daybreak and fought their way slowly ahead in the face of heavy artillery and machine gun barrages and some gas fired spasmodically.

BRITISH THRUST GAINS IN SCOPE, ARRAS TO SOMME

Wotan Line Turned, Peronne Falls, River Is Crossed in Force

140,000 PRISONERS TAKEN

Figure Includes All Allied Captures Since July 15—Americans in Belgium

The week that ended Wednesday, September 4, has witnessed several of the most remarkable successes of this most remarkable year of the war.

MISS RANKIN LOSES IN MONTANA PRIMARY

Only Woman in Congress Fails to Win Nomination for Senate

MAYOR ROLPH ALSO LEFT

Bleese Defeated—Michigan Congressman Renominated—Ford Still in Battle

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Miss Jeannette Rankin, the only congresswoman, seems beaten for the United States Senate nomination in Montana by Dr. O. M. Landstrom on a close vote, with two other male candidates out of sight.

12,785,000 UNDER 18-45 DRAFT LAW

September 12 Registration Day—Work or Fight Clause Dropped

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

It is expected that New York will produce 1,345,000 men, Pennsylvania, 1,067,000; Ohio, 739,000; Texas, 546,000; Illinois, 859,000; Michigan, 498,000; Massachusetts, 483,000; New Jersey, 405,000; California, 398,000; Missouri, 396,000; Georgia, 309,000; Indiana, 340,000; Wisconsin, 326,000; Alabama, Connecticut, Iowa, Kansas, Kentucky, Louisiana, Minnesota, North Carolina, Oklahoma, Tennessee, Virginia, each over 200,000; Arkansas, Colorado, Florida, Maryland, Mississippi, Montana, Nebraska, South Carolina, Washington, West Virginia, each over 100,000.

GERMANS COME OVER WHEN MAC WHISTLES

Eight Surrender to Entering Private Who Signals in Woods

Private James McPartland sat in a shell hole just outside of Juvisy watching an opening in the woods through which he knew that Germans could be seen occasionally dodging in and out of the brush.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE

RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS (Royal Palace Hotel) All College Men are urged to Register by mail with the Union.

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With detachable fleece lining, 12 1/2, 80 Supplied (as sketch) with detachable Fur Collar of British Warm. Send your order at once mentioning only chest measurement taken over Service Jacket, and a perfect fit is guaranteed. \$23.60

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Tanks and Airplanes

In covering this ground, the Infantry had to cross a woods and two ravines and get over the crest of the plateau which extends toward the Chemin des Dames.

Five Kilometers Ahead

The tanks went right on through the German positions and so did the Americans. It is said that a French officer asked our boys that if they wanted to go that fast all the time the French would have to invent a faster tank.

MOTORLESS SUNDAY UNDREAMED SUCCESS

American Conscience Sufferingly Victimized in Gas Saving Test

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

Guns and Crews Captured

One American machine gun group saw two field pieces galloping off, unloading their guns and killing the horses. They then advanced and captured the artillerymen and their guns.

Free Joy Rides Lost

The worst suffering undoubtedly falls on the friends of motor owners, who lost not only the free joy ride but the solid and liquid entertainment for which their hosts must pay, under the well-known unwritten law.

MOVIE SUPERS IN REAL THING

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Under the "work or fight" edit, the Los Angeles police have seized 100 moving picture supers waiting around to act as extras in a movie in the pictures. They will get a genuine atmosphere in the form of the draft.

HUN OFFICERS GREET PATROL THAT'S LOST

It's All Over Quickly—German Speaking Sergeant Stars in Captures

A Yankee sergeant of Polish descent would probably be the most talked of person among the Americans who took Juvisy were it not for the fact that his name is so alphabetical that even his own regimental commander can't spell part of it and makes queer nasal sounds when he tries to pronounce it.

PROGRESS BY FRENCH

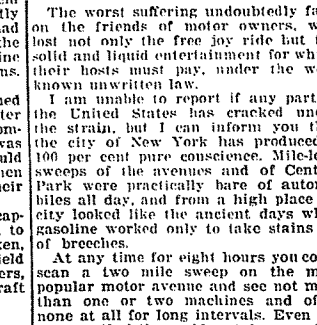
In the great arc between Soissons and Novon, the French have progressed to the edge of the Forest of St. Gobain and gained north of Soissons to such a degree as to endanger the German positions along the Vesle. In fact, by Wednesday the French had crossed that river on a wide front.

AMERICAN CONSCIENCE SUFFERINGLY VICTIMIZED IN GAS SAVING TEST

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

GILLETTE RAZORS AND BLADES

RAZORS AND BLADES KIRBY, BEARD & CO., Ltd. 5 rue Auber, PARIS



DIAL WINS IN SOUTH CAROLINA

In South Carolina Nat. B. Dial has beaten Cole Blease by more than 20,000 for the United States senatorial nomination, and Robert A. Cooper has won the nomination for governor over four opponents.

LUSITANIA BILL TO HUNS

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Judge Julius M. Mayer of the Federal district court of New York, in a decision on the petition of the Cunard line for limitation of liability in the torpedoing and sinking of the steamship Lusitania in May, 1915, has granted the petition and handed down a long decision finding that the sinking was due to an illegal act of the imperial German government through its instruments.

HOTEL BRIGHTON PARIS

218 Rue de Rivoli PLEASANT ROOMS WITH BATH MODERATE PRICES

Viyella KHAKI SHIRTS

Should appeal to the man of spirit. They are distinguished not only by the rich appearance they present, but by the real value they possess in durability and the fact that they are unshrinkable. Another important consideration is that the garments possess a unique ability to absorb and radiate away the moisture from the body, and is thus refreshing and invigorating in standard and heavy weights in Regulation shades.

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About not hearing from home—About Family Matters—About Business Affairs—About Allotments and Allowances—About Anything at home you cannot care for yourself.

Home Service has representatives in Your Home Town who will help you. Tell your troubles to the Home Service and stop worrying. The Red Cross will act confidentially and report to you promptly. Talk to the nearest A.R.C. Home Service man, or write to

Home Service Division American Red Cross, 4 Place de la Concorde, Paris, France.

THE FIRST AMERICAN INFANTRYMEN IN ITALY



YANK OBSERVERS FIND IDEAL WAY TO HELP GUNNERS

Just Get Behind German Lines and 'Phone Your Corrections

PLAN AIDS TOWN'S FALL

Signal Sergeant and Six Doughboys Discover That It Can Work Once, Anyway

There are many ways of making artillery observations, but the best, if you will take the word of the artillery commander of an American unit for it, is to have your observers staked out a kilometer or two within the Boche lines with direct telephonic communication to American headquarters.

One drawback to the scheme is that it cannot always be worked. But it was worked once with pronounced success during the vicissitudes of fighting which American troops, treading the heels of an enemy rear guard, have undergone during the last few weeks.

Sergeant Gosch, detailed by the major of an attacking battalion to put a telephone in a town about to be taken by the Americans, obtained the detail of the six infantrymen to assist him. When the battalion charged and took the town, the sergeant and his detail followed closely, laying their wire and finally installing the telephone in the cellar of a three story building only slightly damaged by shell fire.

After the 'phone was connected up and he had called regimental headquarters to test it, he went out to report the completion of the task to the major. He walked down the street, rounded a corner, dodged a couple of shells and ran into an American detachment, who informed him that Fritz was counter attacking and the order was to withdraw temporarily.

He withdrew, and after he had gained the security of the American line he thought himself of his detail of the six doughboys in the cellar. He went to the P.C. and rang the bell of his new 'phone. Came a prompt answer from the corporal.

"What division is holding your town?" asked the sergeant.

"The American," said the corporal.

"Like hell they are," said Sergeant Gosch, breaking it gently. "The German division is holding the town."

There was a gasp from the corporal and then a long pause. The corporal had gone up to have a look.

"That's right," finally came the reply. "The street is full of Boches."

"You sit tight," advised the sergeant. "We're going to attack again this afternoon—and stay in the cellar, because we're going to put over a barrage."

The barrage, in preparation for the American second attack, came in due time. In the midst of it the telephone in the regimental P.C. buzzed. It was the isolated post in the German-held town. The corporal was speaking.

"Say," he said, "this barrage isn't killing as many Germans as it might."

The colonel got on the 'phone.

"Hi, connect you with the Artillery and you tell them where to shoot," he ordered.

PHONY CHECKS GIVEN GO-BY

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—There are no more phony checks in New York State now. The ancient privilege of tamperingly embarrassed gentlemen has been eliminated by a new law making it larceny to draw or offer those bits of imaginative writing.

SENATOR JAMES DIES

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Senator Ollie James of Kentucky, frequently mentioned as a Democratic presidential possibility, has died in Johns Hopkins Hospital, Baltimore.

SAILORS' PAPER AIDS ORPHAN PLAN

Pilot Devotes Proceeds to Adoption of French War Waifs

EIGHT TAKEN, TOTAL 488

Lieutenant Heads List by Sending 1,000 Francs for Boy and Girl

TAKEN THIS WEEK

Co. F, Engrs.	1
Lieut. A. N. Peck, Brooklyn, N. Y.	1
Battery C, Artillery	1
Co. D, Engrs.	1
Hqs. Sect. Co. H, Service	1
Paris Detach., Air Service	1
Previously adopted	480
Total	488

The cause of the French war orphans, as espoused by THE STARS AND STRIPES, has found worthy support in two centers of A.E.F. soldier and sailor journalism.

The Radiator, weekly publication of the American Ambulance Service, has seconded the orphan adoption scheme in an editorial printed over the signature of the commanding officer of the service and in an appeal for aid, and down on the sea coast, where the naval aviators have gathered enough francs to insure 15 homeless and fatherless children care and comfort for a year, a unique paper has been issued inspired by and dedicated to the benefit of France.

The Pilot is the name of the journal of the sailor-airmen. The first issue was printed on letter sized paper with a duplicator, the text being first cut on a typewriter, and the illustrations drawn on mimeograph sheets. From its initial issue, the Pilot has done a lot toward furthering the cause to which it is dedicated. It has proved an efficient franc-getter.

The proceeds from the sale of the paper goes to the orphans. The first copy of the first issue was bought by a flying quartermaster who paid 20 francs for it, and the remaining copies of the issue brought five francs each, the total receipts being sufficient to swell the size of the Air Station's orphan family by half a dozen members.

There was much work and tribulation in getting the first issue of the Pilot off the duplicator, principally over illustrations, but a carpenter's mate, third class (there seem to be more classes of mates in the Navy than there are of privates in the Army), who used to be a sign painter solved the mystery of wax sheet engraving and finally produced not only a cover design, but numerous decorations and three cartoons, the leading one, entitled, "The Sailor Furrain," portraying a sailor personally fathering three children.

The worthy cause of the French orphan fund was the inspiration of the Pilot. "That alone, we feel, should insure it not only a warm reception, but the hearty co-operation of all hands to push the project to its fullest possibilities."

The actual adoption of orphans suffered a lull this week. There were only eight additions to the A.E.F. family, and the total stopped a dozen short of the 500 mark.

Lieut. A. N. Peck was the star adopter of the week, sending 1,000 francs for the personal adoption of a little boy and girl. The rest were contributions from different branches of the service.

HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs (\$87.72) for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or refugees from the invaded districts, as specified by the adopting units.

The money will be sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES to be turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. At least 250 francs will be paid upon adoption and the remainder within four months thereafter.

DENTAL OFFICER TO EACH THOUSAND SOLDIERS OF A.E.F.

Every Division in Combat Area to Have Corps of 31 Experts

JAW HOSPITALS AT WORK

Maxillo-Facial Surgery Teams to Treat Wounds Involving Chewing Organs

One dental officer for every 1,000 men in the A.E.F. is the new ratio of distribution put into effect by the Chief Surgeon's office. With one chaplain for every 1,250 men and one dentist for every 1,000, the authorities figure out that the mouths of the A.E.F. will now be swept clean of profanity and tartar.

Every division in the combat area is to have a corps of 31 dental surgeons, composed of 30 operating surgeons working under the divisional dental surgeon. An experienced dental officer of appropriate rank will be in the office of the surgeon of the First Army, whose duty it will be to co-ordinate the dental services of the corps and divisions.

Already at the hospitals near the front there are organized "teams" of highly qualified specialists in what is called maxillo-facial surgery, prepared to take over all cases of wounded jaws and the like and to handle them according to the latest scientific methods developed by the war.

Jaw Hospital at Work

In addition, the first jaw hospital of the A.E.F. has been established at American Red Cross Hospital No. 1, Paris. This has as yet handled only a few cases, for after receiving the first phase of the treatment, the patients are to be evacuated to base hospitals in the S.O.S. area.

The dental service is now endeavoring to supply a sufficient number of teams for all of these hospitals, especially for the "head hospital" at Vichy, which is to be the first really big jaw center of the A.E.F.

An Army post-graduate school in dental surgery has also been established, the student officers being particularly instructed in the latest scientific methods of handling jaw injuries. The first of the dental laboratories has been started at the First Corps Depot Division headquarters so that men sent back through that station for reclassification will leave it with a clean bill of health—teeth all attended to and able to chew the hardest hardtack and monkey-meat that may be offered them on their return to the line.

Finally, a central research laboratory is planned for the development of the science of military dental surgery.

WOMEN TYPISTS SOUGHT

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—The Government is wigwagging now for 3,000 had typists, who are needed in Government offices, alone and tired business men are thinking of chaining theirs.

Stenographers are now as scarce as other angels, and hundreds of men are trying to learn to write once more, and sorrowfully realizing that they have no goat on whom to blame their bum phraseology.

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"YES, UNCLE!"

THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF ALL LONDON'S MUSICAL COMEDIES

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—ENGLAND'S FUNNIEST COMEDIANS—

Every American has heard of the London Gaiety Theatre. The company appearing in "Yes, Uncle!" is the one that crowded the Gaiety for three years. It was recently transferred, lock, stock and barrel.

NOTE

"YES, UNCLE!" is a GROSSMITH and LAURILLARD Production.

A Grossmith and Laurillard production is always worth while; and this is worth remembering.

TALK OF BILLIONS IS STRAINING MINDS

Even Correspondents Are Floundering in Seas of Figures on Tax Bill

NATION BACKS UP MEASURE

War Business, War Profits, War Incomes Scheduled to Carry Load of Money Raising

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Many bright intellects were almost busted trying to read last week's daily shifting news on the big Revenue Bill. The whole thing got beyond the correspondents and they helplessly fed us daily tables of intricate percentages and endless billions.

One thing plain, however, is that this new revenue bill is going to represent the hardest, most intelligent, most efficient work ever put into a revenue measure, and that it will be a wholehearted effort to look out, not for the interests but for just one big interest, which is Uncle Sam's interest, and that means you in the final analysis.

In fact, every thing means you now in this country, and the doleful Jermies who used to wait that America needed waiting up have at last wakened themselves and have ceased for some time to advance remarks. They thought that America must be asleep because it didn't tear its hair, but even they have learned that America's way of being awake is to keep its hair and overalls on.

One thing sure about the Revenue Bill is that the country as a whole is not only willing to be taxed, but wants taxes put on to the limit of the need and a little over.

Though nothing has been said, it seems certain that when Director General McAdoo advocated minimum taxation of war profits after his trip through the country he expressed what he found was the sense of the American people, to pay as much of the war cost as possible by taxation.

The Revenue Bill is before the House this week and, no matter what changes may be made before its final passage, the basic, permanent principle and effect of the final measure will be to make war business and war profits and war incomes pay to the limit of fairness and wisdom.

2,500 GET COMMISSIONS

AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Twenty-five hundred men received commissions at Camp Zachary Taylor, Kentucky, in the Field Artillery Central Officers' Training School. This is a bigger graduation of officers than was turned out from West Point in 85 years, from 1802 to 1887. The 2,500 included men from every State in the Union. Among them were 35 Negro graduates.

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GENERAL CIGAR CO., Inc., NEW YORK

The Stars and Stripes

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

THE MARNE

Four years ago today—the morning of September 6, 1914—French observers, watching from a vantage point at the eastern end of the battle line, caught in the focus of their field glasses the little tragicomic figure of Wilhelm II, the German Emperor.

But that night he went back to Metz, for already news had come that 120 miles to the west, the French, the derided out-numbered French—had struck, struck with an army the Germans did not know existed, struck and so started that chain of operations which, within five days, sent the invading army in full disorderly retreat to the north.

It was one of those victories that have transformed human history. Not Marathon, when Miltiades threw back from Greece the Asian horde, not Poitiers, when Charles Martel saved Christendom from Islam, was more fraught with significance in the life of man.

But France won. She was most gallantly aided by the little army England had rushed to her side, but for the most part they were French hearts which stemmed that invasion. It was French genius which matched French courage against numbers overwhelmingly superior and French genius, which, with lightning swiftness, seized the brief advantage offered by the blunder that the overconfident Germans made—seized it, and, by a hair's breadth, won the Battle of the Marne.

When the great day comes and we are all together at the end of the final battle, may we all remember that a no less decisive battle was fought in September, 1914, that Germany was met first and first defeated by France.

When G.I.Q. last winter wrestled with the problem of providing necessary periodical vacations for an army of several hundred thousand young men several thousand miles from home, and finally decided that a week every fourth month at a first class French watering place with hotel bills paid and no military restrictions would be about right, it may have caused some misgivings. But, if it did, they don't exist any more.

The Americans have been guests this summer at one of France's most exclusive resorts. Not only have they been tolerated by the genteel civilian guests, but they have been accepted, almost acclaimed, by him. The leave center has been a success all around. If it was ever listed as an experiment, it has been checked off as a successful one. The Yank, from the genius buck up, has proved himself able to put the small of his back in the seat of a chair and dribble his feet over the porch railings with the best of 'em.

And, after all, it isn't surprising. The American Army consists of average Americans, and the average American is a gentleman.

asked nothing better—that the Hindenburg line was a bastion so formidable that it could not be breached; that the war, however it was to end, would have to end on that line.

Yet by the end of last year the British had already forced the enemy to fall back on the northern end of that line and abandon on the Drocourt-Quatant switch, and the French, by their conquest of the Chemin des Dames, had reduced the security of the whole southern end of the position.

The Hindenburg line, once more in the war news, is the same line as before, but with its prestige badly damaged. Already it has been breached, and the victorious British arms are still going triumphantly forward.

Its very name is for a thing of ill omen. Last year Hindenburg's was a name to conjure with; today he has apparently fallen so definitely and completely from grace in the high places of Germany that the world fails to grow unusually excited over the persistent rumors of his death.

Hindenburg and his line are no longer the redoubtable things we used to think they were—and even then they were not so redoubtable as all that.

When they formally presented the Commander-in-Chief of the Allied forces with the baton of the Marshal of France, he made his first speech since the war began, and his words were all for the soldiers who had been fighting under him. Admirable soldiers, he called the men of the Yankee divisions who had put their shoulders to the shove of the great counter-offensive. He could make only one criticism—they pushed on too far. He had to hold them back. What higher compliment, the Marshal asked, could troops be paid?

"Is not demandant qua narcher de l'avant et à tuer le plus possible d'ennemis?" When the last transport sets sail for home, and Marshal Foch stands on the shore waving his happy cargo Godspeed, may he be able to say just that of all the American Army: "They asked only to go forward and to kill the greatest possible number of the enemy."

If an American arrived in the United States about now from somewhere, say, in the Arctic circle where they haven't heard about the war, he would undoubtedly open his mouth in astonishment and say something about as follows: "It looks kind of familiar. They speak the same language. But this isn't the United States. The captain of the ship made some mistake."

The Government is running the railroads, the telegraph lines, the ships, and controlling dozens of other lesser industries; the production of automobiles, pianos and many other things has been reduced to make munitions; every man between 21 and 45 is engaged in some productive occupation termed useful; they are eating war bread and can't buy a 50 pound sack of flour without buying also 50 pounds of flour substitutes; they are collecting income tax on salaries that 90 per cent of us, probably, used to draw; there are no hoboes; manual labor has become dignified and patriotic, and—almost one and a half per cent of the most lively generation has left the country.

It's a busy United States now, a war-making United States, a new United States, and it's a certain bet that the old home town, whatever and wherever it is, isn't "the same old place it used to be."

You have read how two Engineer companies put up two big warehouses in just eight and a half working hours. You have read how a detachment of Railway Engineers laid 2.69-miles of narrow gauge rail in seven hours and three minutes.

Both of these stories were sent to us unsolicited by eye witnesses who were proud of the achievements and believed that the rest of the Army shared that pride and ought to know about the incidents. They were not picked up by some one looking for copy for fear that everybody except the man with the gun was getting sulky because no one was noticing him.

The Army's Poets

POPIES Poppies in the wheat fields on the pleasant hills of France, reddening in the summer breeze that bids them nod and dance; Over them the skylark sings his lilting, liquid tune— Poppies in the wheat fields, and all the world in June.

Poppies in the wheat fields on the road to Monthiers— Hark, the spiteful rattle where the masked machine guns play! Over them the strapping's song greets the summer morn— Poppies in the wheat fields—but, ah, the fields are torn.

See the stalwart Yankee lads, never ones to blench, Poppies in their helmets as they clear the shallow trench, Leaping down the furrows with eager, boyish tread Through the poppyed wheat fields to the flaming woods ahead.

Poppies in the wheat fields as sinks the summer sun, Broken, bruised and trampled—but the bitter day is won; Yonder in the woodland where the flashing rifles shine, With their poppies in their helmets, the front files hold the line.

Poppies in the wheat fields; how still beside them lie Scattered forms that stir not when the star shells burst on high; Gently bending o'er them beneath the moon's soft glance, Poppies of the wheat fields on the ransomed hills of France.

John Mills Hanson, Capt., F.A.

THE WOMEN OF FRANCE Who is it has slandered the women of France, Calling them ever a fallen cocotte, Saying they lived for license, romance? He who has known them not; Who never has sounded the peasant's heart, Nor those who live in the higher part, The souls that are noble, the lives that are art— The wonderful women of France.

These modern Spartans by stern toil worn, Back of the men who face the grave; The men out there by these women borne— And these women more than the men are brave.

The sons of these mothers at Verdun stood— Can decadent women such men brood? Nay, only the holy, steadfast, good— The marvelous mothers of France.

Who is it has slandered the women of France? Who looks for the lower kind, Who only for fallen has room in his glance— "As ye seek, so shall ye find," J. D. G., C.A.C.

REQUIEM (An American soldier meditating at the grave of his fallen comrade.) Goodbye, pal; I don't know where you're camping now; Whether you've pitched your tent 'neath azure skies Or whether o'er your head bleak storm winds blow.

I only know That when they sounded final taps for you Something within my heart died, too. Goodbye, pal; your body sleeps here 'neath the sod.

Your soul, I trow, reached up to God. I can not know the Greenwood lane That leads into the Vale Beyond—not yet, But love may never forget; So here, close by this cross, That marks your final blight, My solitary bunk I'll make, And in the quietude of night, As if your spirit, borne on angel wings, Had come to me again from distant shadowy lands.

I'll talk to you of old, familiar things, And dream you're at my side, Returned from travels wide. Ah, pal, if I could join you in your shadow land, If I could greet you in the Vale Beyond, And lend a brother's hand, And help you climb up to the Golden Gate; 'Tisn't you my friend, but me a lone retreat, And build my dugout close by, night to yours— Save that I even now can hear you plead, "Advance! Advance! And carry on! What we, that have gone west, have left undone."

I'll plug for you, for me, for you— I'll plug for two. And when will dawn the day of days, When all will triumph that is good and true, And peace on earth will reign forevermore, I reckon then'll be done my target score, And one will miss my reveille, And in the record books they'll write: "He's one of those that bled for liberty, And now has gone into the realm of light To join his lonely pal."

Ah, pal, it won't be long you'll lonely be, It won't be long before I come to you— I hear the bugles blow, See them fall in, row on row, Ready for the victor charge, It won't be long before I come to you— My place is here, my place is now, And I am going to plug for two—for two. For Guido, F.A.

THE CUCKOOS The cuckoo on a busy crew, They have to keep me busy, too; They mumble up and down my back, And use my neck for a race track. They bite me on the arms and chest, And in my shirt they make a nest, They dig their trenches strong and stout, And it takes many baths to drive them out. I hunt all through my underwear, And from my mouth comes forth a prayer! Oh, how I wish they would only cease, And once more let me sleep in peace.

Fighting Germans is what I crave, But fighting cuckoos makes me rave, I'll bustle them the fare away, And plant them in my shirt, by gosh! Sgt. John J. Curtin, Inf.

A SOLDIER'S VISION There's a little girl I'm loving in the land across the sea, Through the softness of the twilight she comes creeping close to me, I can almost feel her handslap, I can see her tender eyes, As they glow across the darkness with a light that never dies.

Oh, a hard day lies behind me—there's a bitter dawn ahead; There's a man next door who's moaning, and my bunkmate lies dead; But she's coming through the shadows, and her glance is misty bright, And I know her love is near me through the horror of the night.

Yes—she gave me to our country, though she might have made me stay, How she kissed me, smiling bravely, as she brushed the hair away, And her voice rings past the moaning, past the battle raging near, And she says, "Be true and fearless, just because I love you, dear."

There's a little girl, she's waiting in the land across the foam, And I know that she is praying that with honor I'll come home; And I make myself a promise that I'll justify her plan— The ideal that she sets me of a soldier and a man!

Pvt. Fred Peterson, Trench Mortar Battery.

LINES ON LEAVING A LITTLE TOWN WHERE WE RESTED We with the war ahead, You who have held the line, Laughing, have broken bread, And taken wine.

We cannot speak your tongue, We cannot fully know Things hid beneath your smile Four years ago.

Things which have given us, Grimly, a common debt, Now that we take the field We won't forget! Corp. Russell Lord, F.A.

VETERANS OF THE MARNE



CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY

ALL STARS ET AL.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES— Your recent editorials against commercialized sport between able bodied Americans at home and the going away of THE STARS AND STRIPES sport page at this time not only met with the approval of every soldier in the A. E. F. but also with that of all fair-minded and red-blooded Americans.

Let those young men who intend to make this trip for the purpose of playing baseball enlist and they will gain much more favor with the soldiers in the A.E.F. than they ever will by trying to arrange a series of ball games. The men who are about to make this trip have long entertained the people at home on the open-air lot, in return for which they received big money. Thousands paid to see them play. But this is no time for them here.

They are all young healthy men, in the prime of life. All of them would be of much more value to their country throwing hand grenades or firing guns than wielding a baseball bat. Once they realize that the A.E.F. wants only fighting men, who are willing to risk life and limb for the sake of liberty and humanity, they will be for all concerned, Sport writers like Grantland Rice, physicians, clerks and office men, not near as healthy as baseball players, are in the service over here. Nearly two million of them are in Europe.

No, kind readers, there's no room for ball players or any one else of military bearing over here, except those who are here for the purpose of wearing a United States uniform, be it baseball player or not. 1st Sgt. HARRY LEWIS, — Ambulance Co., Former Sporting Editor "Atlanta Georgian."

GIVE HIM THE WATCH

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES— It is not very often that we desire or endeavor to promote our own prestige. However, for some time articles have appeared in the press as to who holds the grenade tossing record in France.

We hold that in our midst we have the champion grenade thrower of the world. Not only for distance but for accuracy does he excel. Our representative has been tried in battle. Holds a divisional citation, and has been known to heave a grenade from his own front line trench and knock out a machine gun 60 yards away in No Man's Land.

His throws are accurate at 75 yards. He notted several machine guns in the big drive of July 18. Accuracy must be combined with distance in knocking out machine gun nests. Give him two grenades and a 45 automatic pistol and he would start for Berlin. His greatest accurate distance attained is 252 feet. We hold that Corporal Louis Kowalski of B Company, — Inf., is the best grenadier in France. At present he is in the hospital suffering from a wound received in the big Allied drive. J.T. CHAS. E. BUTLER, Co. 'B', — Inf.

"OFFICER'S MAIL"

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES— Attention is invited to the form of censoring envelopes. Anything that you can do unofficially, through THE STARS AND STRIPES, to prevent all of this unnecessary detail going on the face of an envelope would be much appreciated by a host of officers in the A.E.F.

Please notice the following points: Upper right hand corner are the words "Officer's Mail"; upper left hand corner the officer's name, rank and address; lower left hand corner the officer's name, rank and address. It will be noted that the detail in the upper left hand corner is pure repetition of the lower left hand corner. The words "Officer's Mail" are unnecessary because the rank of the officer indicates that it is officer's mail, accordingly,

LIAISON

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:— I want to say to you and your staff that your paper brings weekly joy and pleasure to a wide class of readers in the Allied armies.

My work has been with French, British, Italian and Polish troops. There are thousands of Americans among them and it is my experience that they all read THE STARS AND STRIPES. In fact, to these Americans it is their only method of keeping in touch with America and her Army.

It is a common sight to see one reading it aloud to a group of a dozen or more. Each issue received is actually worn out by constant handling. Some of these men have seen over four years' service under foreign flags, but they are loyal Americans still and take the deepest and truest interest in the views expressed in THE STARS AND STRIPES. Through them you are keeping an ever growing number of Allied soldiers in close touch with the efforts of the American Army.

I have had considerable newspaper experience and next to warfare it is the most difficult job on earth. Go the many sincere compliments you have received, I most cordially add mine. FRANK O. SMITH, Directeur du Foyer du Soldat.

FOR MONKEY MEAT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:— Noticing in our well-managed and highly appreciated paper some time ago a recipe for serving monkey meat, I submit the following for your approval, disapproval or disgust:

Take your monkey meat in hand, shake well to prepare the enclosed animal for dire and dreadful proceeding, set down the can (not yourself, most men of the balloon section never regard that command anyway). Then, go to the general, kind-hearted mess sergeant, one of which is found in every outfit (some places), and hit him for the following (if not of the obliging kind, something very rare in France, execute aforesaid action with a club, preferably the ace):

1 hunk of butter (oleo). Salt. 1 can pepper. 1 teaspoon cinnamon. Flour. 3 feet bacon rind (very plentiful). 2 dippers ashes (wood). 6 drops of milk (can). That's about all you see, anyway.

Undress M.M., discard tin kimono, mix above ingredients, with M.M. stirring in ashes first so as to keep from slipping through your fingers, stir for 47 1/2 minutes vigorously, put in wash pan, insert same in oven, and bake for 1 hour 9 minutes 32 seconds; remove from oven and place in cool spot. Then gather your old bunch together and ask the atmosphere pusher to sound garbage call (sometimes called by mistake mess call).

Form men in double rank just aft of the slop can. Bring forth with a haughty air the delicious concoction, supposed to have originated in your own fertile brain, and with your best "MY, but he sure does look natural" smile, unload your pan of its contents directly into the can.

Men of the A.E.F. who have had the pleasure of seeing M.M. cooked and served in this fashion endorse it most heartily and recommend that the Grease Kings continue the motion. Pvt. J. C. Lewis, — Balloon Company.

THE GIFT EDITION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:— The gift edition for American wounded of THE STARS AND STRIPES reached this hospital this morning, and the contents were read and re-read many times by the boys here who have been victims of the Hun.

Reading material has been rather scarce here, owing to the fact that this hospital has been in operation only for a short time and neither the Y.M.C.A. nor the Red Cross has been established here. The only reading matter we get is what the Y man from a neighboring camp brings in to us, so one can imagine how we enjoyed THE STARS AND STRIPES.

I believe that I am speaking for all the patients here when I extend heartfelt thanks to the staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES, the American Red Cross and all the members of the A.E.F. who have helped to put this great paper in the hands of those who have fought and are eager to fight again, THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Pvt. EDWARD P. FITZGERALD, Camp Hospital 28.

ANOTHER SLOGAN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES— Allow me to suggest what, in my opinion, is a better slogan than "going over the top." How would "going Hun hunting" sound? Pvt. LEO J. MOXCOTON, — In Aero Squadron.

PLEASE COME OUT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:— The following sentences were found written in a book belonging to a German machine gunner who quit his gunning up along the Marne a couple or three weeks ago. They were in English and German:

Hands up. Who go there? Show me the maxims. Show me the next shelter. Make up. Make haste. Quickly. Soldiers come out. Don't move or you are a d(e)ad man. Please come out.

Now if you can imagine a Boche coming to the entrance of your dugout with a cute little "Kamerad" grenade and a polite "Please come out," you are welcome to it. Sgt. SAM COLE, — Engrs.

A COOTIE CURE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:— I have noticed many suggestions in your columns on how to tame or temporarily exterminate his majesty the cootie.

Some of these suggested methods require the use of hand grenades and other high explosives which could be used to better advantage against the Crown Boy and his gang. If the sufferers from cooties will rub their clothing full of salt and allow it to remain there for about two days, they will be surprised at the results, if the clothes are then laid beside a basin of water or a creek. The cooties will leave the clothes to get a drink and the soldier can then grab his O.D.'s and run.

Upon returning and finding the clothes gone, nine out of ten of them will die of mortification and the tenth will die of loneliness. Sgt. M. C. BORNLAND, Co. K, — Inf.

[Sgt. Gasser, — Aero Sqdn., has this same idea. Between the two of you, one is almost tempted to believe there's something in it.—Editor.]

A JOKE ON SOMEBODY

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:— Here is a little joke I wish you would publish for me. It would be a good laugh. I am supposed to be a deserter from the United States Army, but I have been serving with the Army for 12 years now. They have lost all record of me. My company left me at Camp Merritt while I was in the hospital and when I came out my company had gone to France, and they put me in a casual company, and lost all of my papers. They dropped me as a deserter on January 14, 1918, and guess all the police in the United States are looking for me, but they will have a hard look to find me. I sailed for France January 29, 1918. I have been in France seven months now. VINCENT J. FORD, Bugler, G.H.Q. Band.

ANOTHER SLOGAN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES— Allow me to suggest what, in my opinion, is a better slogan than "going over the top." How would "going Hun hunting" sound? Pvt. LEO J. MOXCOTON, — In Aero Squadron.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

VIII—The Marne

"The holy land of French arms" is the name which a French historian has aptly bestowed upon the stretch of country forming the valley of the river Marne.

From the days when the Gauls—the Remi of Rheims, the Lugones of Langres, and the Senones of Sens—fought against the Roman legions to the days last July when the German forces were receding before the attack of the Franco-Americans, its soil has been trampled over and over by the feet of marching men.

From the source of the Marne above Langres, where the tribal chief Sabinus surrendered to the Romans in 71 A. D., to its junction with the Seine at Charenton, not two miles southeast of Paris, the history of the river may be said to be the military history of France.

Napoleon held that, once the masses of the Argonne, the Marne, the Argonne, and the Marne were forced, the valley of the Marne was the place for the last defense of Paris. He put his theory to the bitter test there in 1814 when, endeavoring to stem the advance of the Austro-Prussian forces under Schwarzenberg and Marshal Blücher of Waterloo fame, he all but defeated his enemies by attempting to cut their communications at St. Dizier.

Nearer Munich Than Paris

"I am nearer to Munich than they are to Paris," said the Emperor, menacingly. His enemies, dismayed by his bold stand, gathered at Châlons-sur-Marne preparatory to retreat. There, though, as luck would have it, they intercepted dispatches from Paris which told of the thriving of Royalist plots against Napoleon.

Encouraged by that news, they pushed on. Napoleon, with his fragment of an army—he was outnumbered more than three to one—could but call on General Marmont to defend Paris. The general refused to obey. The Allies of 1814 entered the city on March 29, and on April 4 Napoleon abdicated unconditionally. He was not to take the field at the head of an advancing army until more than a year later, and then only to be subdued by Blücher and Wellington at Waterloo.

Before the return from Elba, the Marne figured in Napoleon's history in a way that the great commander had not anticipated. It was at Chaumont—the "Calvus Mons" or barren hill of the Romans—between the Suize and the Marne that the Austro-Prussians, the Russians and the English held their famous council of 1814, to decide what should be done with France, since its self-made emperor was then only emperor of a little island in the Mediterranean.

Another Historic Council

Tradition has it that many of the troops forming the retinue of the Czar Alexander lived on that locality as roaring and unbridled casuals after the council of Chaumont had moved away and been transferred into the congress of Vienna, and many are the tales told of the goings-on of the Cossacks and mujiks.

Further down the river, at Joinville, was held another council, but of earlier vintage—that which resulted in the signing of a temporary treaty between France and Spain. At Joinville also lived the Sieur de Joinville, close friend and follower of St. Louis (the Ninth), whom he followed on his first crusade. It was long a seat of the famous Gulse family, whose wars against the crown of France occupy many a page of French history of the middle ages.

St. Dizier, where Napoleon made his bold and despairing thrust, was by that time no stranger to wars, for it had suffered a two months' siege at the hands of Charles V of Germany, in 1544. Below it, in the Marne, the next town of importance, Vitry-le-François, has had a similar history. Laid waste in the wars between Charles V and Francis I of France, it was rebuilt by the latter in 1545, and by him given his name.

Defended Against English

Châlons-sur-Marne, the ancient Catalaunum of the Romans—from whence the Catalaunian plains thereafter derive their name—has even more claim to fame than being near the legendary site of the repulse of the Huns of Attila at the hands of Aetius and the Roman-Burgundian-Frank-Visigoth allies in the memorable battle of 451 A. D.

In the course of the Hundred Years War between France and Britain it twice defended itself successfully against the English. In 1314 the Prussians took it, on their way through to Paris; in 1315 the Russians occupied it, after Waterloo; and in 1870 the Prussians took it again.

It may be of interest to Americans to note that the artificial channel of the Marne, started in 1771 to save Châlons from the inundations of the often turbulent river, was completed in the not unknown year of 1776.

To the north of Châlons, at Valmy in 1792, the Alsatian general Kellermann led the untrained troops of the new French Republic to victory over trained Prussian soldiers.

Châlons, too, was the great assembly camp of the French in 1870—in fact, the lands about it have been the scene of the yearly cavalry and artillery maneuvers in times of peace ever since Napoleonic days. To it Marshal MacMahon, defeated at Wörth, repaired with his remaining 50,000, and, collecting 50,000 more troops, marched forth again, but to Sedan. Below it, and beyond to the west, untrained levies of French strove from November 30 to December 2, 1870, to fight a battle of the Marne against the already victorious Prussians, but were repulsed.

Chateau-Thierry and Meaux

Chateau-Thierry, of recent fame as a Marne town, knew warlike preparations as early as 720, and undoubtedly earlier if tribal wars are counted. There Charles Martel built a castle, which was besieged and taken by the English in 1421 and again by Charles V in 1544. Below it, on the Grand Morin, tributary to the Marne, Napoleon, at the end of the day in the boots he had worn while a republican general in the Italian campaign of 1797, won a local success against the Austro-Prussians in 1814.

Meaux, last of the important Marne towns, and ancient capital of the province of Brie, is famed for more things than its town. Burned by the Normans in 865, captured by the British in 1422 and retaken by the French in 1429—to say nothing of the sanguinary conflict staged there between the nobles and the Jacquerie in the century previous—it was one of the first towns in France to welcome the fugient ref-ormation, with its train of bloody strife.

THE FIRST FRENCH LESSON



HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

PROVING THERE IS METHOD EVEN IN THE MADNESS OF A CASUAL CAMP

Fransé, August 27, 1918.

Mon cher pal Henry: Well Henry I'm a casual. I been one for nearly a week now and I guess if being a casual is any honor I shure got a lot of it to go down on my little old servise rekord. The wound I got that time by old Hardbroted acting up like he did got worse when I got to the front and one morning the doc says me for the hospital. I didn't want to go none Henry but of course when the doc says you're going on a trip it ain't like going on a vacation or anything where you pick out your route and hotel and every-thing.

Well Henry they kept me only two days and then shipped me to this joint. I had to walk about a mile after I left the train and when I got there it was about 10 p.m. at nite and the first thing I butted into was an old hellion or something that said he was the 1st sergeant.

Where in hell are you from he says to me Henry just as soon as I come in to his office. When I told him Henry he says Oh you're one of them guys that's so hardbroted you can't turn your head without cracking your neck etc. Well he says you want to get all that hardbroted stuff out of your nut while you hang round here or somebody will take it out for you.

Well Henry that was a nice way to open up on a new guy who'd just come in wasn't it. And this guy is about 4 ft. broad and 6 ft. tall which makes all the difference in the world and which gives him a chance to talk to a little guy like me just as though I wasn't nobody.

I asked him where I was going Henry which is the first thing everybody wants to know when they come in and he says to the front of course, where else do you think you're going. Well I says I want to get back to my outfit right away. And then Henry he says Oh you got a nice place picked out for you all ready up in Siberia as a K.P. for a walrus.

Henry I don't know yet where I'm going and I don't even expect to see my own outfit any more since I got in this place. They ain't got enough brains round here to send a man back to where he belongs.

I been here for nearly a week and all I done is drill Henry. It's about 3 miles to the drill ground and we go out at 8 and some in at noon and go out at one and come in at 5. After that we have retreat and have to be in bed at 10 etc. It sure is a rotten place Henry.

So long Henry, S. T. B.

Fransé, Aug. 29, 1918.

Dear Henry: Well Henry I bet I'll land up in Afrika or somewhere else when they send me out of here. There's four here from about 8 or 10 different divisions Henry and there ain't none of them that ever thinks they'll get back to their own outfits.

If you ever get wounded or sick Henry and are sent to one of these casual replacement layouts you can just say aurevoir to your old co. When ever you get to one of these camps there's about 15 different guys who will always tell you where you're going and everyone has a different place. A corporal who is stationed here says a lot of us is going to Italy and a sergeant who is also stationed here says some of us is going to Rumania where ever that is Henry.

Every time some guy goes out to the latrine and back he has some new dope about it.

Well Henry this is sure a punk outfit. This morning when we was out drilling they started playing that Ogrady game you know from they always play after they practise and just because I lowered my hands like the sergeant said do be made me get down on my knees and go through underneath about a dozen guys who all took a whack at me. The sergeant says I ain't supposed to do nothing only what Ogrady says Henry and how you ought to know how to do it when he didn't explain nothing.

After that Henry they had that game they call hotseat where they all got in a ring and the sergeant goes round with a belt and gives it to somebody who is supposed to spank the guy next to him with the belt, until he gets around to his place.

Well Henry this top cutter who thinks he's so damned wise was the guy who was giving out the belt and when he got round to the guy next to me he slips it to him. I wasn't paying very much attention Henry and first thing I knowed I thought a he had stung me on the seat of the pants or something and this guy was belting me faster and I could count.

I run as quick as I could Henry but there was no use trying it much for this guy could run faster than a jackrabbit can and about every jump he cracked it home in the seat of the pants with that belt which stung worse than a hornet Henry. I ain't got no good words to say about the way they drill us casuals.

Henry there's a lot of guys here from the hellion div. and some from the jazz div. and you ought to hear them at nite. Over in the barracks where I sleep there is some from both and the ones from the jazz div. try to tell more lies about what they done in this war than the ones from the hellion div. does.

Last nite one guy from the hellion div. said his capt. killed 3 Boche at one shot and the other guy from the jazz div. said that that was nothing. He said that he told some German prisoners that they was in the hands of the jazz div. and that 4 of them dropped dead with heart failure.

Well Henry I don't suppose I'll ever see you no more now since I'm maybe going out of the American Army. A ser-

geant told me just now that they was going to transfer a lot of us to the Jap army in Russia. Well goodbye Henry, S. T. B.

Fransé, Aug. 30, 1918.

Friend Henry: Well Henry I'm leaving this place. But just as I thought Henry we won't go back to our outfit. They are going to send us way over on another front where they don't know what a American looks like. I know where I'm going all right because I heard a lot say that a lot of us was going there. And we are leaving at 2 p.m. Henry.

I asked the captain this morning Henry if he would let me go back to my old co. if I would pay the car fare etc. and he says no for me to hang onto my coin as where I'm going they don't know what money looks like and that maybe I'll need some to tip the savages with etc.

And I guess that's about true here too Henry because nobody ever gets paid. There's one bird here in my billet that ain't had a cent since he was drafted 7 mth. ago.

I just learned Henry that the 1st sergeant that I spoke of is going along with us as a convoy to see that we all behave and don't get intoxicated or something. I bet I'll enjoy the trip Henry. So long old timer, S. T. B.

Fransé, Sept. 1st, 1918.

Howdy Henry: Well Henry this old army ain't so bad after all. But it does some dam funny things at that.

You can believe me or not Henry but when I got here first thing I saw was our old colonel and next thing I knowed I was back in my old squad and everybody was there and everything. I just got my old pack off when the co. klerk come down and says for me to report to the tops tent and sign the pay roll. You can't beat that for luck can you Henry.

Henry I guess that casual outfit knowed where we was going and everything. But I don't see why they don't tell a guy things like that.

Well Henry I got to go out and see a lot of guys. So long, S. T. B.

P.S. I just seen that old top cutter that brought us up and he was laughing himself sick at me. He says next time you come down to see me just take it easy and don't get excited or maybe I will send you to Siberia or somewhere. He's a good scout at that Henry.

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**FLOUR PLUS WATER
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Not a Hand Touches the Iron Biscuit—Not Even Mademoiselle's

The girls of France are helping to bake the millions of pieces of iron bread it takes to feed the A.E.F.

Working under the glass roofs of a half dozen buildings of many-aced floors, they are helping tend the automatic machinery that mixes white flour from America into dough, irons the dough into sheets, cuts the sheets into pieces, and runs the pieces on trays over endless belts into ovens, from which they come out scorching hot as hard biscuits.

No hands touch the product from the time it leaves the flour sack to the time it comes out crisp and brown and hot. While the hard bread is still warm, it is packed in the paper cartons in which it finally reaches the men at the front. Incidentally, hard bread is probably the simplest and purest baked product the soldier eats. It has two ingredients—flour and water. There's an art in mixing the flour and water in the proper percentages, and the percentages vary according to the flour.

The Army's hard bread factories also are baking "petits boures" for the Army—the best of those little butter and sugar biscuits that can be bought in France. These are supplied at cost to the commissaries for resale to the soldiers.

GENTLEMANLY AS EVER

Further evidence that Germany is still good for as much frightfulness as she can think up is provided in information, coming from a reliable source, recently published in several Dutch newspapers, which states that commander officers of German submarines have been ordered to make prisoner as many as possible of the crews of enemy merchant ships. The statement continues:

"The German authorities have the intention not of treating them as civilian prisoners of war, but of subjecting them to the most rigorous treatment in ordinary prisons."

**2,000,000 LETTERS
POORLY ADDRESSED**

Figure Represents Third of One Week's Arrivals at Base Port

At one base port last week, in four shipments of mail, there were 4,000 sacks of letters, or 6,000,000 letters, for the A.E.F. One-third of those letters were not properly addressed, consequently George is wondering why Polly hasn't written.

With the proper addressing of mail, the M.P.E.S. plans on delivering all mail from 16 to 20 days from the time it is stamped at the New York post office. An A.E.F. mail train is now running between Paris and Chateau-Thierry, and more trains will be running between Paris and other parts of the Z. of A. in a short while.

It is planned to have a postal express service in working order by September 15. A postal battalion, a separate unit the same as the Q.M.C. or the M.C., is being formed.

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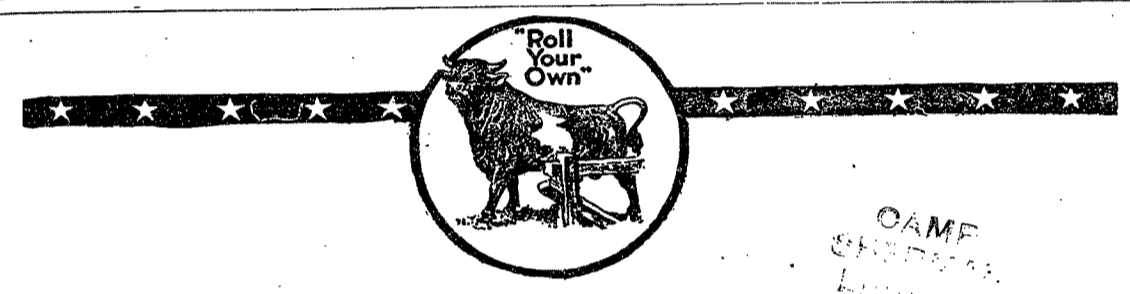
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The Catholic Women's League of England.



ANNOUNCEMENT

Greetings to Our Boys in France:—

OUR Government has requested that we put at the disposal of the War Department our entire output of the "makings"—"BULL" DURHAM tobacco.

And we have complied—fully, gladly. For whatever the Government wants, whatever it needs for you boys at the front, it must have from us fully and with a generous heart.

We have been sending immense quantities of "Bull" to you men at the front, and at the same time trying to supply consumers at home. But now we are asked to give you all our output—36,000,000 sacks, 2,000,000 lbs., 100 carloads of "BULL" DURHAM every month.

This call means more than just huge figures to me and I know it will mean more than figures to the hundreds of thousands of men everywhere at home who "roll their own" and who look upon that little muslin sack of good old "Bull" as a personal, everyday necessity.

It means that the Government has found that our fighting men need the "makings".

But, if "Bull" is a necessity to us at home, in the peaceful pursuit of our daily life, how much greater its necessity to you Americans who have gone to fight for us—to win this war for us.

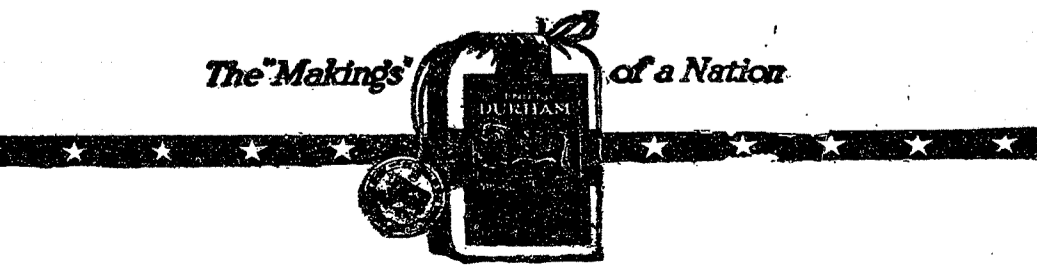
I know that the men at home will think of you as I do—only of you. I know there will not be a single complaint. I know that they will give up their share of "Bull" however long they have enjoyed it, however close it is to them, as they will give up anything they have if it is made clear to them that you boys over there need it.

That the Government has requested the whole output of "Bull," the night and day output of all our factories, makes this absolute need clear to every man at home who "rolls his own".

And they give it up gladly—but they will not forget the little muslin sack—gone for the present on its mission of hope and inspiration to you boys in the trenches.

You will bring "Bull" back to us with ribbons of honor. We have no fear.

Richard Hill President
THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY
NEW YORK, U.S.A.



TO THE MARNE—RIVER OF LIBERTY

Years from now when boys and girls will play
Where once the blue-clad polius fought and died,
A gray-haired grand-père, on his homeward way,
Shall call the little children to his side.

Then, for the time, they'll cease their frolic gay
While grand père's eyes search back to days of yore,
And he shall tell of that September day
When France, brave France, saved Liberty once more.

GERMANY'S PRIDE FIRST HUMBLED FOUR YEARS AGO

Battle of the Marne Saw Forty Years' Plotting Set at Naught

THREE PHASES IN DEFEAT

Castelnau's Resistance, Mannoory's
Turning Movement, Foch's Dive
Through Gap Each Essential

Four years ago today began the critical hours of that monstrous invasion of France which the Germans had been planning for 40 covetous years and for which they had been heavily equipping their huge army through three years of secret preparation.

It was their plan—and their quite reasonable expectation—to nullify France with one swift blow before Russia could mobilize, then to turn and destroy Russia before the vast, world-scattered forces of the British Empire could even begin to tell.

What tore that plan to tatters, what saved France and England and America, what spared our civilization from an obliteration as dreadful and complete as the glaciers of the Alps had carved on the earth, was the outcome of the First Battle of the Marne. It is that battle whose anniversary we observe today, and of which the heartening tale will be told as long as the high-held torch of France illumines the world.

THE GERMAN ADVANTAGE

The Germans entered the Battle of the Marne with all the advantage of the initiative, with all the sustaining exultance that can be born of success unbroken and unprecedented. They entered the battle better trained, better equipped, and above all, far more numerous. Through the French armies were augmented by the valiant British contingent which, under Sir John French, had made the epic retreat from Mons. The Allied forces in France on September 6, 1914, stood with relation to the German host as five stands to something less than eight and more than seven—say seven and a half.

Yet the Germans lost the Battle of the Marne. They lost it because they were Germans, because, in their overwhelming pride, they underestimated the strength of "decadent" France, overreached themselves and, being thorough but plodding thinkers, could not readjust themselves in time.

The French won the battle of the Marne because they were French, for it took French courage to gamble splendidly as they must gamble who would employ coolly such strategy as Joffre employed. And it took such peculiarly French rapidity of intuition and action that General Foch displayed to detect and rush the gap which, on September 9, appeared in the German line and which lost to Germany the stakes she was playing for.

THE GERMAN PLAN

The German plan was to sweep down into the Paris basin—path of invaders since time immemorial—and there envelop the French army, encircling it in another Sedan by splitting it in half, with the idea of destroying one part and surrounding the other. The plan was grandiose, but, since the Belgian forts had proved but houses of cards before the new siege guns, it was eminently feasible. Indeed, it came within an ace of working.

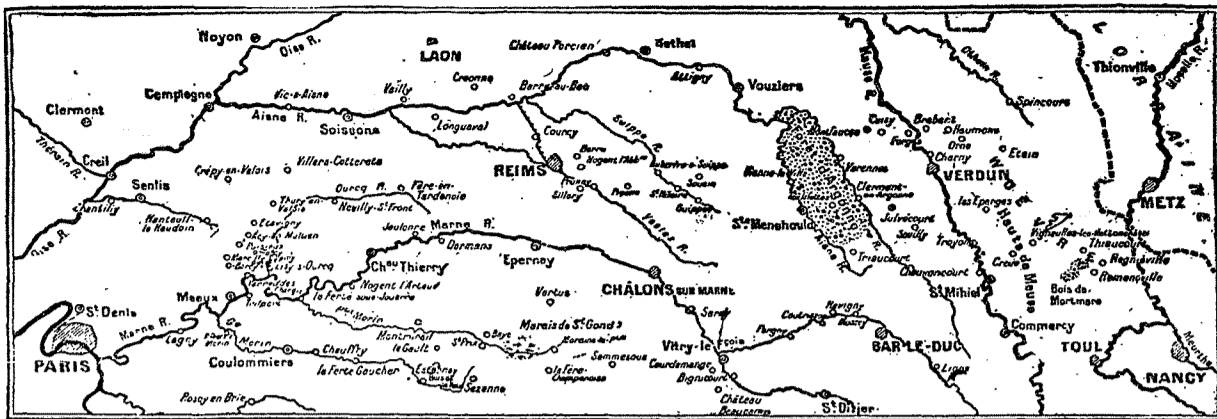
The French plan, matured through the long, anxious years when French generals were contemplating the inevitable invasion by a conscienceless and bulkier neighbor, was to pit against the invader, a fraction of the French force, to let that fraction retreat deliberately before the enemy, drawing him on, extending his line, and then, with an extra army holdid out for the purpose, to strike him with sudden concentration where his outstrung army was feeblest.

THE GERMAN ERROR

The Germans, then, in September, 1914, were "misinformed as to the French reserves." Does the phrase sound strangely familiar? Have you heard it lately? Have you read the bewildered speculation of the neutral critics as to where General Foch had been hiding the forces with which he began to strike in July of this year?

It is to the mistaken German assumption that the Allied defense of March, April and May, 1918, had exhausted the Allied reserves that the German military critics now lay the present German disaster. History repeated itself in more ways than one in the Second Battle of the Marne. It is the weakness of a complacent and arrogant people to make just that miscalculation. It is just such pride as this which goeth before a fall. The two defeats the Germans had met along the Marne arose out of the heart of the German character.

In the First Battle of the Marne, a triumphant German army of perhaps 75 divisions was pitted against the Allied Army, largely French, of no more



The far-flung field of the Marne, showing the theaters of the three great phases of the battle that swept the Hun back to the Aisne.

than 51 divisions, on a sickle-shaped battle line 120 miles long. What happened was briefly this. The extreme French right, defending Nancy, though thinly held, resisted such an unexpected French force, appearing from nowhere. That blow was the climax of a series of operations that went back to the 2nd of September, Sedan Day of bitter memory. On that day, the German right had reached a position roughly described by the Compiègne-Senlis line, and from there started to swing down behind the Allied left.

THROUGH THE GAP

This maneuver so reinforced von Kluck that his assaults had a hard time of it, but in the leading process, a hole, a fissure, a gap was caused in the German center.

A part of their line was left bare. It was a little as though the Imperial German Staff had been playing a game of crack the whip with a human whip 120 miles long and, by a slip in the hand, clasp at one link, the end of the whip broken off. The moment the break occurred—it was the afternoon of September 9—General Foch, commanding the French Ninth Army at the center, drove his brilliant 42nd Division through the gap. That wedge broke the German line, and the rattled army of invaders retreated at full speed to the north there to dig themselves in and fight out with ever diminishing hopes a war they had hoped and expected to win before the first snowfall.

That retreat yielded up two-thirds of the new-won territory. France was saved. So, in those fateful days from September 5 to September 10, it was that fabric of laws, art, language, customs, and standards, that complex of democratic life which we call civilization.

THE THREE MAIN PHASES

On a great and intricate battle line, such interplay must be present. It was so in the Second Battle of the Marne. What won it? Will you say it was General Gouraud's resistance in Champagne or General Mangin's attack south of Soissons, which took its cue from that resistance? Neither one nor the other. Both.

Though that 120 miles knew no such luxury as a quiet sector, the battle as a whole can be best understood if you consider, in this order, merely the three main phases, the resistance in Lorraine, the blow struck before Paris and the wedge driven by Foch in the center.

It was on the night of September 5 that the French Armies, retreating toward Paris, like a door swinging back on a hinge at Verdun, received this famous message from Marshal Joffre:

"The hour has come to hold fast at whatever cost and to be killed rather than give way."

And this order: of engaging in a battle on which the safety of our country depends, it is important to recall to all that the moment has passed for looking backward. Every effort should be made to attack and drive the enemy back. A body of soldiers that can advance no further should, at whatever cost, hold the ground taken and die rather than withdraw from it. In the present circumstances, no weakening whatever can be tolerated. I look to each officer and soldier, despite the stiff and heroic fighting of recent days, to do his duty fully even to his last breath. Everything depends on the result tomorrow.

That "tomorrow" was September 6, 1914.

THE BATTLE OF NANCY

The first phase, the foundation of the success scored on September 9, may be said to have begun on August 31, when the Crown Prince's army of no less than eight corps—say a third of a million men—began its fruitless assaults on that chain of wooded hills which the French call the Grand Couronné and which serve as a shield to Nancy.

THE BATTLE OF THE OURCQ

The news which sent him back to Metz was the news that von Kluck's army had been struck from behind by an unexpected French force, appearing from nowhere. That blow was the climax of a series of operations that went back to the 2nd of September, Sedan Day of bitter memory. On that day, the German right had reached a position roughly described by the Compiègne-Senlis line, and from there started to swing down behind the Allied left.

By noon of September 5, the mass of von Kluck's forces—three corps at least—were south of the Marne. The Allied plan was to have the British contingent engage them there, pin them there, while the French Sixth Army under Mannoory should cut in behind.

OUR FLAG

The Star-Spangled Banner is more than a flag. With its colors of heavenly hue. The White is God's Light. Which lends us courage. While the Red is the blood from the hearts of the brave: The Stripes, the straight path that our boys marched to save Our mothers and sweethearts and You. And the Stars, the bright diadem crowning the Franchise as their spirits float on in the depths of the Blue.

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LA FERRE CHAMPENOISE

He had driven through in what is sometimes called the battle of La Ferre Champenoise, conquered on the 10th, and serving as French headquarters before the 10th was over. General Foch commanded the French center in the retreat from Charleroi, and he possessed a numerically inferior force of no more than three corps to oppose the Saxon army and the Prussian Guards. When news came from the west that something had gone amiss with von Kluck's turning movement, the German center, beginning on the 6th, made one furious effort to smash through the French

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center, and you must picture General Foch as slowly giving way while he waited for some chance, a ghost of a chance, to seize the counter-offensive. "Since they are smashing us with such fury, it must be because their business is going badly elsewhere," he reported cheerfully, "and they are trying to make up for it."

It was on the afternoon of that critical September 9—a day of unforgettable heat and strain—that his chance came, that he saw the gap which had clumsily yawned in the line of the famous Guards. He saw and struck. "They have smashed in my left; in the center it is I who am doing the smashing."

So ran his famous report to his chief. So, on that September 9, was struck the swift, stupefying blow that forced the whole German retreat and destroyed utterly the German plan which, a fortnight before, had seemed so certain of success.

EXCEPT THE COSTUME

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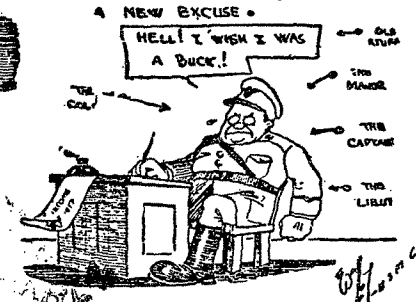
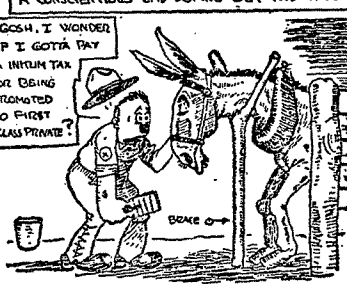
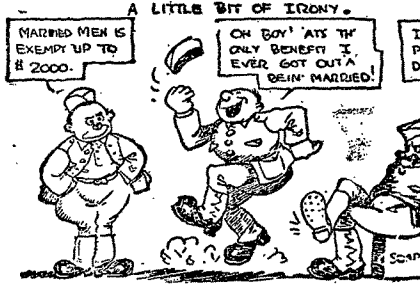
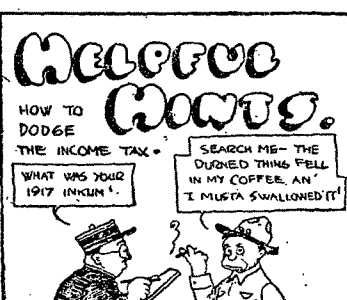
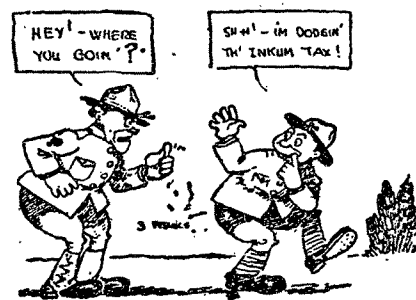
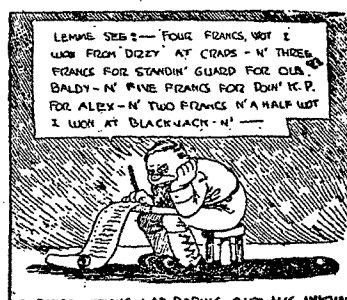
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MARINE OUTFIT HAS BRAND NEW BUDDY

Specialists Spill Tradition and Win Admiration of Leathernecks

LIKE OLD DAYS AT PEKIN

Royal Welsh Formed Their New Kick Alliance in China—Now It's Shovel Artists

If you're looking for trouble, walk up to the first Marine you meet and cast a reflection on the — Engineers. You will get it a-plenty.

The Leatherneck is not a fellow who just buddies up with any old gink, either. But he's strong for the — Engineers.

The Marine has fought all over the world, in all sorts of outlandish places, alongside of all kinds of outfits; some good, some indifferent and some just plumb bad.

In all his many expeditions he has formed up recently, but one mutual-sidekick alliance. That was with the Royal Welsh, before Pekin. The old-time Marine will tell you heartily that the Royal Welsh is some outfit. Of course the Leatherneck approved the work of the sailors of the Navy at Vera Cruz, of the Army at Mexico City, 30 years ago the Marines fought with the other branches of the Service at both places. Also he speaks favorably of the fighting qualities of some of the troops of our Allies, with whom he has come in contact, as for instance, the Blue Devils, who give him his instruction in the next trench stuff.

But up to a few weeks ago, he really had but one pal, outside his own outfit, and that was the Royal Welsh. Needless to go into details of those days before Pekin, when the Marines and the Royal Welsh shared awful hardships—it's history.

Not Keen for Specialists

But now the Marine has another buddy in the — Engineers. The Leatherneck could never understand why it was necessary to have specialists in an army, such as Signal Corps, Quartermaster or Corps men, Engineers, etc. When the Marines take some place like, say, Haiti, they lay down their rifles, machine guns or artillery, just whatever they happen to be manning at the time, and start in to erect telegraph and telephone lines, build bridges and railroads. They don't need any specialists. All of them can do any of the many jobs necessary in a sufficiently efficient manner.

So when they were told at Chateau-Thierry that the Engineers would support them and dig them in when they had reached their objective, it is possible that they resented it, just a trifle. They had always been in the habit of doing things for themselves, you see, and they didn't see any use of having a bunch of specialists with picks and shovels around.

Then the Leathernecks went over the top and staged their bit of open fighting. They drove the enemy back beyond the objective, and looked around for the Engineers.

The Engineers hadn't followed them. They had come over with the Marines. They were right alongside, using their Springfield rifles with such effectiveness that the Marines couldn't distinguish them from their own men.

Spelling the Marines

The Engineers then threw down their rifles and turned to with a will—and dug in. But whenever things got hot, the Engineers refused to stay out of the fun. They just persisted in shifting to their rifles—so the Marines went to "spelling" 'em. They relieved each other at fighting and digging.

"Heck," said a Marine, "those guys ain't no more specialists than we are. They fight as well as we do, and we dig as well as they."

And the — Engineers certainly do enjoy scrapping along with the Marines. The second time they went over, the Engineers were to await a rocket, which would be their cue to follow. The Marines reached their objective, and word was passed to send up the rocket.

"No use to send up that signal, sir," respectfully reported an Engineer officer. "we're here."

"They're a hard bunch to make stay out," say the Marines.

It is a Marine who tells that at inspection, held by an officer with considerable rank, the officer saw a speck on an Engineer's rifle.

"A little rusty," said the officer.

"Yes, sir, but my pick and shovel aren't rusty," replied the Engineer.

But the Marines always add when telling this story, that the Engineers don't allow their rifles or shovels to remain idle long enough to gather much rust.

Guy D. Wilson,
1st Sgt., U. S. M. C.

This is a fifty-fifty war in only one respect—the Germans started it; the Allies will finish it. What could be fairer?

ALONG THE FIGHTING FRONT

Two doughboys who went over the top with the Australians landed in a base hospital with a story that could be the scenario for a first-rate nightmare. The Yankees advanced so fast that they crowded their own baggage. They became aware of this when they observed shells dropping just behind them, shells of the German barrage—and shells bursting just in front of them, shells from their own barrage. And there wasn't much space between.

The pair crawled into a shell hole. They lay there while the big ones shook the ground. There was the pleasant reflection, too, that the Germans might shift their aim enough to plant one on top of them.

"Just then we looked back and saw a British tank come sliding over the top of a little hill behind us," relates one of the two. "And that tank came right toward us, as if we had a magnet planted in the hole. Talk about being run down by a Ford. We felt just like a car being run over by a Ford."

Amid the human wreckage about a recent shell-burst lay a boy with his breast-pocket torn open and his hand holding a little Testament. On the fly-leaf was a note asking the finder to return the Testament to a girl in Buffalo. The Testament is on its way home.

All the American trucks have borrowed the French custom of painting some freak device on the side of a company or group insignia. That line of camouflaged for emergency munitions may show a girl hiding in a silk hat. The next group will have as its trade-mark a couple camouflaged under an umbrella.

A center-fighter with Walter Johnson control stirred up as much interest in one division as Speaker would have done by slamming four home runs in succession over the mosquito netting of the right field wall back in Cleveland.

For one night during the German retreat over the Vesle, after a day in which German planes had come zooming low over the fields in the face of the advancing Yankees, the story was widely told of the Rumpier, that met an American hand grenader in a ditch and came tumbling down like a quail stopped by a swarm of leaden bees. And it was the center-fighter who never had let a man score from third on a caught fly that threw the bomb, so the story ran.

We'll give two decks of Camel cigarettes to anybody who can verify this.

You don't have to have a deed to a dugout or anything like that to prove you are the rightful owner. No one loves a dugout much, but there are times when they come in handy, and it might be well to issue checks if Pvt. Walter Smith knows what he is talking about.

One day during the advance to the Vesle the Americans took up a position along an old road near a certain little village. Private Smith and some others dug into the bank above the road and constructed for themselves some very neat dugouts—every dugout had just enough room for one man to hide himself from the bursting shells.

A man on the right of Smith, who was rather fat around the middle, found that his dugout was too small, and instead of digging it deeper, he suggested to Smith that they trade.

The trade was made, but as the two men were crossing over, a shell burst smack into the dugout for which Smith had just traded. A question arose as to who was the rightful owner of the remaining dugout, and the argument had to be settled by a sergeant. According to the sergeant Pvt. Smith was the loser.

Even in war there is such a thing as poetic justice. Witness the case of the Hun aviator who bombed an American funeral party not far behind the lines. Not long afterward that same aviator was brought down and himself buried in that same cemetery, not 50 feet from where his first bomb had dropped.

When the town of Fismes was being captured and recaptured by both the Americans and the Germans, and at a time when a platoon of American infantry was holding it, a Yank sergeant stuck his head out of a doorway to see if any of the enemy was in the neighborhood. The sergeant immediately withdrew it and drew his pistol.

On sticking his head out again, he learned, very much to his surprise, that there was a Boche next door who, from all appearances, was endeavoring to obtain like information.

Again the sergeant peeped round the

door facing, but this time the muzzle of his automatic went first. He had but a few minutes to wait, as the Boche did exactly what the sergeant thought he would do. He stuck his head out, and the rest was easy.

Some American sky-bombers returned content not long ago after an excursion into "German" which had finally disclosed the whereabouts of a lurking Boche air squadron, concealed near a well-hidden, vine-covered chateau. The American flyers caught six Boche planes on the ground, bombed them to splinters and sailed happily away, lighted in their course by such fine torches as blazing hangars make.

A chaplain had stopped to do what he could to aid two dying men. His ministrations ended, he started to rejoin his Artillery outfit, but took the wrong road. The Infantry was ready to go over, and did not care to charge through a Yankee chaplain on the way to get the Boche.

So the chaplain, walking his horse along the entire battalion front, left No Man's Land when he found his own outfit, which was ready for point-blank work. Just as he reached the shelter of a ruined tank, the barrage started.

OUR BEST PAL

If you have a gray-haired mother in the old home far away. Sit down and write the letter. You put off from day to day. Don't wait until her tired steps reach Heaven's gate. Before it is too late.

If you've a tender message Or a loving word to say. Don't wait till you forget it. But whisper it today. Who knows what bitter memories May haunt you if you wait; So make your mother happy Before it is too late.

We soldiers live in the present. Our future is unknown; Tomorrow is a mystery. Today is all our own. The chance that fortune lends us to May vanish while you wait. So send life's richest treasure Before you are too late.

The tender word unspoken, The letters never sent, The long forgotten message, The wealth of love unspent— For these some heart is breaking, For these some loved ones wait; So show them that you care for them Before you are too late.

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Any man in the A.E.F. who is sick for more than four months or who, having been wounded, will have to have surgical attention for more than four months, will be sent to the United States. That is the recent decision reached by the Chief Surgeon of the A.E.F. So much more hospital space can be afforded in the United States for lingering cases than in France that it has been decided to send such cases home for treatment there.

To Get Work in States

Men having been in the hospital for more than four months will not, except in rare cases, be again sent to France. They will be used for work at home which will release other men of sound physique.

No man will hereafter be discharged from the Army until everything possible has been done to put him back into the best of physical condition. Even after the war, men whom it will be necessary to retain in the hospitals for some months will not be discharged until everything possible has been done for them that can be accomplished by the medical and surgical authorities supervising their cases.

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AMERICA, Sept. 5.—Many aliens are to be barred from the New Jersey, Long Island and Massachusetts ocean beaches. Submarine tourists are still trifling around off the coast, but will soon have to hire a press agent if they want really prominent space in the newspapers.

The indomitable New York fishing fleet chugs seaward daily, bristling with sportsmen at dollars a head, determined that no mere U-boat shall disturb them at their Waltonian pleasures.

The hot spells of recent weeks have made the surf and sands just as popular as they ever were. The thermometer has ousted the U-boat.

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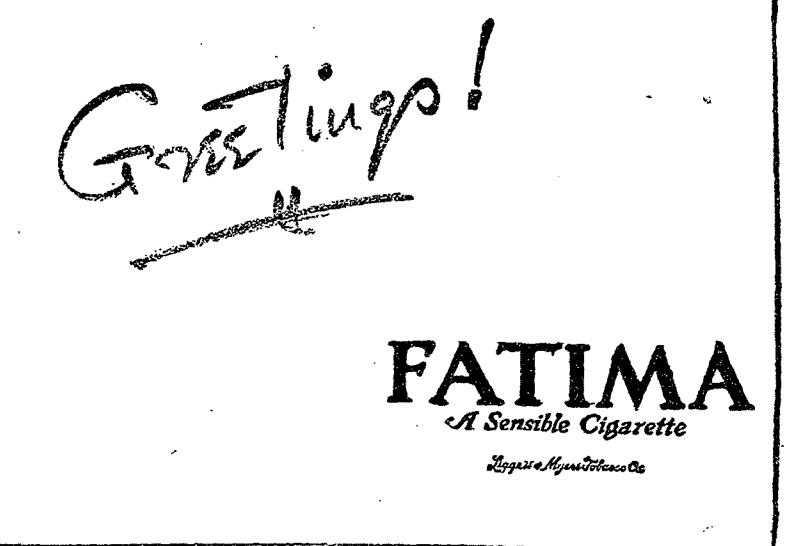
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A STAFF COUNCIL TABLE ON THE VESLE



BOCHE CAPTIVES WORK AND LIVE LIKE REST OF US

Sentries and Barbed Wire Only Clue to Fact That They're P.W.'s

NEAR NON-COM LOSES OUT

Yanks Spoiled Everything a Few Hours Before He Was Due to Get His Warrant

The same food, in quantity and quality, that is issued to American soldiers; the same housing and sanitary accommodations; the same medical care, the same hours of labor as their American captors, the same provisions for their spiritual welfare and for recreation are the lot of the German prisoners of war taken by the A.E.F. and held by it in its own prison camps back of the lines.

The policy outlined in a recent general order is being carried out to the letter at the prisoner-of-war enclosures in the S.O.S. It is needless to say that it is in striking contrast with the treatment accorded to American prisoners of war by their German captors, whose brutal methods with men forced to surrender to them are only too well known.

Take a typical prisoner of war post, such as you may see at any one of several camps in the S.O.S. Save for the high fence of barbed wire about it and the sentries pacing up and down outside of it, you would think it to be the average set of American barracks buildings. Everything is neat, everything is well appointed, everything is laid out with military justness.

There are the chlorinated water bags, protecting the users against possible infection from polluted sources of supply. There is the mess shack, fitted up with all the necessary conveniences for turning the ample American ration into palatable food. And there, under the shade of the barracks buildings, are the prisoners themselves, rolling their cigar rettes, for they get a tobacco ration from their captors of three sacks of making's per man per week.

Regular Working Day The varied types of German you see in the enclosure are not always engaged in rolling their own, however. To live and keep fit, they must work; and work they do for nine hours a day. Sundays excepted, which is the average normal time put in by the working soldier in the S.O.S. these days. According to their strength, according to their ability, they work some on road repairing and on railroad construction, more at their own particular trades, such as cobbling, tailoring, gardening, cooking—at any and all of the trades that come in handy about a big camp.

In connection with the cooking, it may be said that all the food eaten by the prisoners is dishes up by their own cooks, so that there may be no question of the Army's rations not being handled in a way to appease the German appetite. For each working day they put in, the prisoners are entitled to a certain amount of pay, the exact sum not yet being decided on. Arrangements have been made to have this given to them in canteen slips, exchangeable for goods at their own canteens only. In addition to the canteen privilege, arrangements have been made to have them visited by a chaplain of the Lutheran persuasion, the creed of the majority of them, and to have a mass said every Sunday in their enclosure for those of them who are Catholics.

Each prisoner is allowed to write two letters a week, subject, of course, to the necessary rigid censorship. His bathing privileges and toilet facilities are the same as those of the Americans.

No Eagle Buttons If he lost a good portion of his clothes in the fighting that led up to his being led rearward into the American lines, he is fitted out anew in cast-off American O.D., dyed a greenish hue and with its eagle insignia buttons replaced by plain black ones. Whatever his clothes are, they are stencilled with a small "P.W." right over the heart, and another similar device on the trousers.

When the first batch of 450-450 constituting a prisoner company, as at present organized, came into a certain American camp, the shaving problem loomed up as the most acute. All that could be wheeled out of the post quartermaster was a pair of safety razors, for he didn't have any more on hand. To bridge the gap, the second lieutenant in charge of the company loaned the German barber a straight-edged razor; and the barber went at his job with typical Teutonic thoroughness. Day in, day out he worked, for half a week. The lieutenant, who had exchanged one of the razor's native heads to wit, Tennessee—for the flat lands of France, dropped in on him to see how the debarring process was coming. "Ja, Herr Oberst," the barber replied to his question. [The prisoners invariably confuse our shave-calls with cologne, much to the former's delight. "Alrethly" he had razed two hundred and seventy of 'em!] And he had the rest of them in shape for the post commander's Sunday morning inspection at the end of the week. Thus was one of their first difficulties solved.

A.E.F. ITCH HUNTERS AGAIN ON WARPATH

Can the Coots and Shorten the War, Is Slogan of New Offensive

BOLSHEVIK FLEA ARRIVES

Skin Does Give Out Inside Stuff on How to Tell Seam Squirrels from Scabies

COOTIES

Also known as "Lice," "Gray-Backs," "Scum-Squirrels," "Boches," and—(detested by the censor). They are bloodsuckers. They live in blankets and clothes. They breed and lay eggs or nits in the seams of clothing, especially the trowsers.

THE CURE While taking a bath, your entire kit of clothing will be sterilized. Get a new identity tag cord. Treat your body hairs daily with prophylactic salve—the armpits, too, if you have none of 'em.

RESULTS If you do not get rid of 'em, they will cause sores and boils and you will be an unpopular candidate for a hospital.

OUR CLAIM We guarantee a cure in one hour. If your friend has 'em, send him here.

Such is the sign that stares at you from the wall of each bathroom in American Red Cross Hospital No. 9—for the hospital would not be a hospital were it not for its all commodious bathrooms, bright yellow and black the sign is, and it means what it says. Alonside it is a companion piece which starts out in an equally startling way about SCABIES. It also means business.

For be it known that the skin on your back is the most itchy part of your body. It is not doing it purely because it wants to make you comfortable, but because it wants to make the Army-itcher.

Got to Get Rid of Them While it is known that fully 95 per cent of the men at the front get cooties at one time or another, the Army-itcher doctors in charge at No. 9 are not dismayed. They admit it, and then tell you this:

"Coots and scabies do not mean that the man having them has got to go to a hospital; they simply mean that he has got to get rid of them so that he won't have to go to one. If he doesn't get rid of them, he will get boils and sores from scratching at them which will take from three to six weeks to cure. And if every body of the 95 per cent afflicted had to be yanked out for from three to six weeks, where and how would our Army? Doesn't it pay to get sterilized and saved?"

Then, before you have time to answer that, the No. 9 doctors tell you something about the great French flea, which is no more a respecter of persons than the venerable Bolshevik. It is only 1-32 of an inch long, of a brownish-black color, shaped like a submarine and even more furtive. Not even a sulphur ointment barrage has succeeded in isolating him, and the doctors solemnly aver that the only way to avoid him and his kind is to sneak off in the dark. The flea, it seems, has no star-shells. And he loves Yanks.

But how do you know when you've got the fleas, aside from seeing them? If it's fleas, you'll feel it within 24 to 36 hours after the first bite. If it's later than that, it's the so-called "French itch," politely known as the scabies. If it's fleas, you can trace their paths by little bits of bites, just like the marks on a field map. If it's scabies, there'll be bigger splinterches.

Copiously and Frequently

The only way to keep off the fleas and the scabies, say the doctors, is to bathe copiously and frequently. The sterilizing of your clothes will knock the bugs off both of them, once you have had 'em. And if you have had 'em bad, so bad as to be interesting to the doctors, they will take you into No. 9, put you through a course of treatment, and take pictures of you, before and after, in all your manly splendor. No, not your face; you may wrap a towel around that so the folks at home won't get wise when you're shown in the movies.

But—and here's the rub (rather, the itch) for all of us: At No. 9, which is in Paris, there are constantly in attendance from four to eight doctors called in from the front. They are rotated as fast as possible, so that soon every doctor at the front will know every kind of skin disease the moment he sees it, and what to do for it. And soon, in addition to our other inspections, they are prompt to make a regular hide inspection, with shirt off and trousers half-mast.

of the American authorities to try to grant it, it is that made by a certain German private. It seems he was to be made a non-com at noon on a certain day. On the morning of that day he was captured by the Yanks. "He wants me to have the A.E.F. take it up with his regiment," says his American lieutenant commander, the first Tennessee who ever retic'd a colonel's (Oberst's) title. "and see if they won't make him a non-com anyway, seeing that he missed it by only a few hours and that it was through our fault that he missed out on it. However, I am inclined to think that the A.E.F. will have to take up some other things first with his regiment and his Army."

EVEN THE GENERAL WASN'T TOO BUSY

Little Ohio Boy Gets His Letter from "Place Across Ocean"

There are a thousand things which touch the heart of the American officer on the job with Uncle Sam in France. They are sometimes very little things.

A brigadier general with the A.E.F. was stationed at Camp Sheridan, Ala., last Christmas when he received a letter from a little Ohio boy, a very little fellow whose few scribbled words occupied four sheets of paper. He had read about wars and generals. He wanted to have a general write to him. He said he and that the only way he could do it was by writing letters.

The general replied, saying that if bigger boys had as big a heart and as good a spirit as he the war would soon be ended. That was eight months ago.

The other day when duties with his troops were keeping the general unusually busy, a bundle of letters was handed him. On the top of the bundle was one from the little Ohio boy, whose home is in Shelby.

"I'm Too Small, They Say" "It's been a long time since I have heard from you or from any other soldier," he wrote. "I wish I could be where the soldiers are, but I can't. I'm too small, they say."

"But, please, general, won't you write me a letter while you are in France? I have never received a letter in all my life from France, or from any other place across the ocean."

Now in France soldiers pounce on mail bags. They devour letters whole. They do everything but eat letters. But usually they glance through each one in the pile which they might happen by a stroke of good fortune to receive at one time, see who it's from, get a rough idea of what's in it and pass on to the next one. Then, when a little leisure comes along, they go over each one carefully.

Brigadier generals do this as well as privates. This letter, coming as it did out of the silence of many months, made the general pause. He read further: "I've never seen you, general, but I want you to come back home safe. But please don't come back, or let any of the boys come back, until they have licked the Kaiser. I know you're going to do it."

The general's stenographer was nearby. "Take a letter to this little boy, St. Clair," he said, and began his dictation: "Faith will move mountains. 'No, cross that out. Say, 'Faith like yours is going to help us win this war.'"

HOLELESS MACARONI SAVES TONNAGE, TOO

Vermicelli Now Shipped Instead to Nick Waste Out of Holds

The Army's food sharks and boat packers have just found a new way of nicking a couple of acres of waste air out of the solidly packed holds which bring the doughboys' rations to France. The hole in the macaroni has been abolished.

But macaroni without a hole is as unnatural as a round, solid doughnut, so the holeless doughnut will be called by its rightful name, vermicelli. Company messes will soon see less of the rubber tubing and more of the angle-worm kind of stuff that on mess tables goes under the family name of "wiggles." It's only a question of shape and name, anyway. They're both made of the same things.

Incidentally, macaroni and vermicelli makers back in the States are said to be suffering from strained throats due to the necessity of changing their formulas and manufacturing processes on account of the scarcity of wheat and the use of wheat substitutes.

The big thing is to obey the dictates of the Government food board and yet make macaroni, spaghetti and vermicelli that will hang together. Nothing annoys a macaroni eater more than to have three or four inches fall off the end of the string on the way to his mouth.

TO SHARE PRISONERS

An agreement has been reached with the French Army for the disposition of prisoners taken by American and French units intermixed in action whereby the number of prisoners of the total capture to be given to the American unit will be determined by the proportion of American troops to the total of troops engaged.

Thus if 800 French and 200 Americans capture 700 prisoners, 500 of the captives will become P.G.'s and 140 P.W.'s. The same rule will apply to captured material.

So far as practicable, Bulletin 62 explains, prisoners made by Americans will be set aside for them.

WILSON

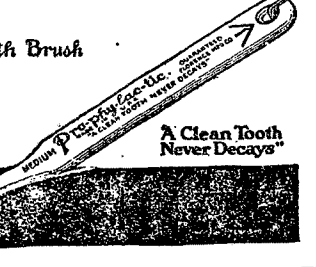
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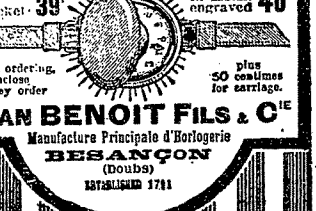


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LEAVE BUREAU READY FOR A.E.F. OFFICERS

Will Collect Data on Hotels, Hunting, Sports and Expenses

An Officers' Leave Bureau has been established at A.P.O. 702 for the convenience of officers going on leave.

The Bureau, according to Bulletin 62, is charged with the collection and distribution of data concerning accommodations available in all localities of France where officers are permitted to spend their leave.

The data will include information about hotels, pensions—meaning, of course, boarding houses, not vacation money, on no-accommodations in private families, hunting and fishing reserves, bathing beaches, sports, points of interest, and all courtesies extended through the Association of French Homes, in conjunction with which the bureau operates.

Officers are urged to "make the fullest possible use of this bureau, to the end that their leaves may be spent in pleasant, congenial and enjoyable surroundings suited to their particular tastes and at a reasonable expense." The bureau is to be addressed as follows: Officers' Leave Bureau, American E.F., A.P.O. 702.

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Advertisement for PHILLIPS' MILITARY SOLES AND HEELS. Includes an illustration of a shoe sole and text describing the product's benefits for military use.

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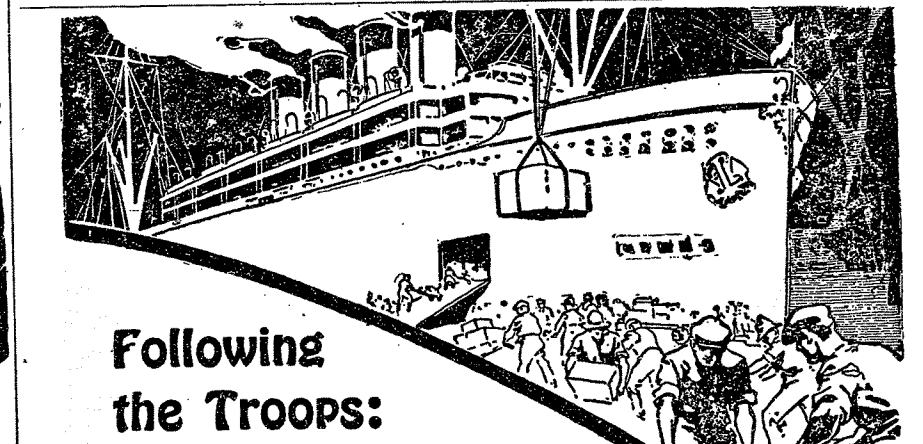
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