

GUNS ALONG MEUSE ROAR GRAND FINALE OF ELEVENTH HOUR

Cheers and Flares Succeeded Momentary Silence at Last Zero

FINAL WEEK NO JOY RIDE

Private George W. Legion Reaches Front to Find It's All Over but the Shouting

At the eleventh hour on the eleventh day of the eleventh month hostilities came to an end from Switzerland to the sea...

Victorious Yanks Yield to Poilus at Sedan's Gates

Americans Take Suburb of City That Saw Fall of Napoleon III

Name on Every Lip That is why its name was on every lip as the troops swept on, their lines and the lines of General Gouraud's army...

Germany Celebrate as Well

The man from Mars, coming to earth on the morning of November 11, 1918, would have been hard put to it to say which army had won...

America Celebrates Week Ahead of Time

Election Is Forgotten in Early Jubilation Over Armistice

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Nov. 14.—Thursdays of last week we found all about the election and engaged in a premature, but otherwise dazzlingly successful, celebration of the armistice...

Hoops Near to Be Closed

The heights near Wadelincourt were not easy to reach. The last 24 hours of the American path to those heights were marked by some of the bitterest moments of the Argonne-Meuse drive...

Night Crew Tells Days

To resume: At Bordeaux on last Saturday night, the Stevedores found that they were going to be short of the figure set by the commanding general...

FATHER'S CHRISTMAS LETTER PLAN GIVES EVERY SOLDIER CHANCE TO WRITE AND GET ANSWER FROM HIS FIRST C.O.

November 24 Chosen as Day on Which Whole A.E.F. Will Sidetrack Good Intentions and Get Down to Brass Tacks

SPECIAL DELIVERY PRIVILEGE ASKED FOR Company Censors and Postal Service Will Speed Missives Just as They Did to Make Army's Mother's Day Big Success

A Christmas Victory Letter to Dad! A Christmas letter to let the old gent know that we survived the show and are getting along nicely, thank you, to give him our version of how it happened...

And a Letter in Return

It will be Do It Now Day for the writing of a letter to Dad, Pa, Paw, Papa, Pa-pap, Pop, the Guy or whatever other household designation he sails and flails under.

It Will Be About the Same This Time

The result was that a ship landed at an American port late in May with 1,450,000 letters aboard...

Germany Cries for Food

The postal service will be the same this time. The postal men in France, Army and civilian, have promised equally efficient service...

No Chance to Stall

The Y.M.C.A. is going after the hardened procrastinators with signs on the walls and a vocal appeal, if necessary. The Red Cross will make special efforts to hospitals...

To Save Ink and Time

The "Xmas," as opposed to "Christmas," saves ink and time and will fit in the corner better. It is important that these four words go on the envelope...

Make It His Finest Christmas

There's nothing in the world he'd like to have so much for Christmas as a letter from you, his boy in the war. To get it, he'd even be willing to call Mother she needn't think about giving him the usual necktie for Christmas...



"THE BOY SAYS—"

MARSEILLES LEADS AS RACE TO BERLIN STARTS WITH BANG

Southern Port Beats Own General Average by Over 34 Per Cent

BORDEAUX CLOSE SECOND

Rochefort Just Noses Out Le Havre for Third Honor—Brest Wants Ships

The old port of Marseilles took an extra hitch in its belt and rolled its dungarees up to its knees and came through top dog in the first week of the S.O.S. one, only and special freight-unloading "Race to Berlin"...

Ohloans Close to City

That historian must relate, too, how an even closer approach to Sedan was made last Friday night by Company D of the 166th Infantry—an Ohio regiment...

P.W.'S. Ask to Help

Through their C.O. they sent a letter in German to the commanding general, saying that they would work any time, day or night, in order to do their share...

Night Crew Tells Days

To resume: At Bordeaux on last Saturday night, the Stevedores found that they were going to be short of the figure set by the commanding general...

PACKAGE TIME LIMIT MAY BE EXTENDED

Opportunity Given for Men in Line to Get Labels Back Home

Christmas packages for the A.E.F. this year may not arrive in every case until after Christmas but it won't be so long after Christmas as it was last year...

CANDY RATION NOW ON A.E.F. MENU CARD

Order for Four Million Pounds Has Been Cabled to States

The Q.M.C. has just cabled to the United States an order for 4,000,000 pounds of candy, which will be handed out to the A.E.F. as a part of the ration...

ARMISTICE SIGNED, HOHENZOLLERN GO, EMPIRE DISSOLVES

Three Facts Stand Out in Confusion of Dramatic Ten Days

GERMANY CRIES FOR FOOD

Suspension of Hostilities to Last 36 Days—Fighting Ends With Allies Beyond Meuse

From all the confusion of the riotous ten days just past, three great facts stand out clearly and irrefragably...

ARMISTICE SIGNED, HOHENZOLLERN GO, EMPIRE DISSOLVES

The house of Hohenzollern has been definitely deposed. The states that formerly made up the German Empire are in the throes of revolution...

HOOPER COMING OVER

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Nov. 14.—Herbert C. Hoover, American food administrator, is going to Europe to organize food relief...

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ARMISTICE SIGNED, HOHENZOLLERN GO, EMPIRE DISSOLVES

Unit commanders, top kickers, company clerks—anybody and everybody who has any control over bulletin boards—is hereby respectfully (that will make them feel good) asked to see that notices of Father's Day are duly posted so that he who runs may read.

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ARMISTICE TERMS PUT ALLIED FRONT BEYOND THE RHINE

Bridgeheads to Be Occupied and Strategic Positions Garrisoned

OUR PRISONERS TO RETURN

But Germans in Our Hands Are Not to Be Given Back at Same Time—To Last 36 Days

The complete official translated text of the armistice conditions to which the German plenipotentiaries set their signature is herewith reproduced:

- 1.—Cessation of operations by land and in air... 2.—Immediate evacuation of the invaded countries of Belgium, France, Alsace-Lorraine... 3.—Repatriation, beginning at once... 4.—Surrender in good condition by the German armies of the following equipment... 5.—Evacuation by the German armies of the countries on the left bank of the Rhine... 6.—In all the territory evacuated by the Germans... 7.—Roads and means of communication... 8.—The German command shall be responsible for revealing all mines... 9.—The right of requisition shall be exercised by the Allies... 10.—The immediate repatriation, without reciprocity, according to detailed arrangements... 11.—All German troops at present in any territory which before the war belonged to Russia, Rumania or Turkey... 12.—Evacuation by the German troops to begin at once... 13.—Sick and wounded who cannot be removed from the evacuated territory... 14.—German troops to cease at once all requisitions and seizures... 15.—The Allies to have free access to the territories evacuated by the Germans... 16.—The Allies to have free access to the territories evacuated by the Germans... 17.—Unconditional evacuation of all the German forces operating in East Africa... 18.—Repatriation without reciprocity within a maximum period of one month...

INTRODUCING "YANKS: A BOOK OF A.E.F. VERSE"

THE STARS AND STRIPES announces the forthcoming publication of "Yanks: A Book of A. E. F. Verse." "Yanks" will contain 96 pages of poems, all of which have appeared in the Army's official newspaper, all of which are by members of the A. E. F. "Yanks," published for you by your newspaper, will be printed in clear type on a good grade of book paper, 7 3/8 by 4 5/8 inches in size, with heavy paper covers. "Yanks" is now being printed and will soon be ready for distribution. This, the Christmas edition, will be limited, owing to the difficulty of securing paper. Other editions may follow, but we cannot guarantee the receipt in America before Christmas of a single copy of "Yanks" once the first printing is exhausted. The proceeds of the sale of "Yanks" will be devoted to the comfort of American sick and wounded in the A. E. F.'s base hospitals. "Yanks," the best Christmas present any man in the A. E. F. can send home, will cost 2 francs 50 centimes a copy. In order to obviate the risk involved in sending silver, and also to prevent a flood of local paper money, which will not be accepted, copies of "Yanks" must be bought in pairs. If you want one for yourself and want one sent home—we will send it home for you from this office, securely wrapped and postpaid—that will be one way of buying your pair. If you want only one copy, and if someone else in your outfit wants only one copy, pair up with him and send five francs for the pair. The rate for England is four shillings eight pence for the two copies. Address all orders to Book Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Write plainly name and address to which you wish your copies of "Yanks" sent.

A.E.F. SHOP TALK

Members of the Motor Transport Corps will wear a purple hatband according to present plans. These also call for a special collar insignia—a wheel surmounted by a winged Mercury's hat. Two million barracks bags, of new shape and color, are stored in a Q.M. depot ready to take home extra socks, summer underwear and souvenirs, particularly the latter. S.O.S. bulletin 33 restricts the use of oil heaters to office rooms, officers' messes and officers' quarters where stoves cannot be installed. The issue of mineral oil authorized for office rooms is an amount not exceeding one gallon per day per heater, from October 1 to April 30. Many members of the A.E.F. are innocently beating out the service stripe ready by a few days, apparently unconscious of the change in regulations that makes the date of arrival at a European port, not of leaving United States territorial waters, the time to start computing from. All organizations except those included in the tables of organization of armies, corps, divisions or General Headquarters troops, are for statistical purposes designated as S.O.S. units, says Bulletin 32, G.H.Q. General Pershing has received from Marshal Foch a copy of the resolutions adopted by the members of the Entente, the Allies, the United States and the Associated Powers in German hands to be returned without reciprocity. XXI.—All Naval and Mercantile Marine prisoners of war of the Allies and Associated Powers in German hands to be returned without reciprocity. XXII.—Standing over to the Allies and United States all submarines (including layers) which are present at the moment with full complement in the ports specified by the Allies and the United States, and all submarines out to sea to be deprived of crews and supplies and shall remain under the supervision of the Allies and the United States. XXIII.—The following German surface warships, which shall be designated by the Allies and the United States of America, shall forthwith be disarmed and thereafter to be placed under the surveillance of the Allies and the United States of America only caretakers being left on board, namely: 10 battleships, 8 light cruisers, including two mine layers, 50 destroyers of the most modern type, All other surface warships (including river craft) are to be concentrated in German naval bases to be designated by the Allies and the United States of America, and are to be paid off and completely disarmed and placed under the supervision of the Allies and the United States of America. XXIV.—The Allies and the United States of America to have the right, in waters outside German territorial waters, to clear all minefields and destroy all obstacles placed by the Germans, of which the situation must be indicated. XXV.—All merchant vessels of the Allies and Associated Powers to be free to enter and leave the Baltic. All the German forts, batteries and defenses of any kind are to be razed to the ground. All mines and obstructions in and outside the German territorial waters to be swept and destroyed. XXVI.—The blockade by the Allied and Associated Powers to be continued as until sea being still liable to capture. The Allies and the United States to consider the provisioning of Germany during the armistice to such an extent as may be recognized as necessary. XXVII.—All naval aircraft are to be concentrated and immobilized in German bases to be specified by the Allies and the United States of America. XXVIII.—In evacuating the Belgian coasts and ports Germany shall abandon all merchant ships, tugs, lighters, cranes and all other harbor materials; all aircraft and air materials and all stores; all arms and ammunition and all stores of all kinds. XXIX.—All Black Sea ports are to be evacuated by Germany; all Russian warships of all descriptions seized by Germany in the Black Sea are to be handed over to the Allies and the United States of America; all neutral merchant ships seized are to be released; all warlike and other materials of all kinds seized in those ports are to be returned, and German materials, as specified in Clause xxxviii, are to be abandoned. XXX.—All merchant ships in German hands belonging to the Allied and Associated Powers are to be restored in ports to be specified by the Allies and the United States of America without reciprocity. XXXI.—No destruction of ships or of materials to be permitted before evacuation, surrender or restoration. XXXII.—The German Government shall formally notify the neutral Governments of the world, and particularly the Governments of Norway, Sweden, Denmark and Holland, that all restrictions placed on the trading of their vessels with Allied and Associated countries, whether by the German Government or by private German interests, and whether the return for specific concessions such as the export of shipbuilding material or not, are immediately to be cancelled. XXXIII.—No transfers of German merchant shipping of any description to any neutral flag are to take place after the signature of the armistice. XXXIV.—The duration of the armistice is to be 30 days, with the option to extend. During this period, on the failure of the execution of any of the above clauses, the armistice may be denounced by one of the contracting parties on 48 hours' previous notice.

HOTEL BRIGHTON, PARIS

218 Rue de Rivoli (Tuileries) WILSON The SMALLEST but SMARTEST UMBRELLA SHOP IN PARIS 8 RUE DUPHOT Sticks and Riding Whips

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE

8 RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS A PURCHASING SERVICE If you need to shop in Paris, the Union will do it for you. Send us a remittance that you think will cover the purchase. Describe the articles carefully. But remember that many things cannot be bought now even in Paris. Indicate whether a substitute article will do. If you guess the price too high, the balance will be returned to you. If you guess low, a bill will be sent for the rest.

MACDOUGAL & Co.,

1 bis RUE AUBER (Opposite American Express Co.) American Military Tailors. UNIFORMS TO ORDER IN 48 HOURS Interlined Trench Coats, Embroidered Insignia and Service Stripes, Sam Browne Belts, etc. etc.

American Officers and Men when in Paris SHOULD VISIT The Reliable Department Store LE PRINTEMPS BOULEVARD HAUSMANN (close to the Opera, the Madeleine & Saint-Lazare Station) Military Equipment Hosiery Sports Leather Goods Photographic Supplies and everything obtainable AT LOWEST PRICES Latest Creations in Ladies' Dress WRITE FOR OUR SPECIAL SUMMER CATALOGUE Orders promptly executed by our English Staff. PARCELS CAN BE FORWARDED DIRECT TO THE FRONT AND TO ANY ADDRESS IN THE U.S.A.

LIVER AND BACON ONE KIND OF MEAT

Mr. Hoover's Drastic Order Is Quickly Rescinded

By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES: AMERICA, Nov. 14.—When Food Administrator Herbert C. Hoover recently issued an order providing the serving of only one kind of meat at one meal he hit us, at last, where we lived. We were willing to hock our socks and families to lend Uncle Sam six billions. We were willing to pay or die. But when we found that liver and bacon were considered two kinds of meat we simply laid down on our job of being 100 per cent patriotic. There were limits to what we could let any war do to us, and even this war couldn't make us admit that our national dish was anything but one and indivisible. We didn't really rebel, or even say much, but we sent terrific thought waves in the direction of Washington and managed to get it across that the well-known words, E Pluribus Unum, were especially written to cover liver and bacon. With the grace for which he is justly famous, Mr. Hoover rescinded this unduly Spartan edict, and also raised our monthly sugar ration from two pounds to three, telling us that during the last four months we have saved 300,000 tons. Since last spring we have saved, by curtailed eating, 13,000,000 barrels of flour, or approximately 24 pounds for every man, woman and child in the United States. We are also going to send you 60 miles of tomatoes. At least, some Government sharp who was temporarily not busy counting shells, cannon or dollars, figures out that the canned love apples that are going to you will fill a freight train 60 miles long.

DELPAK NEW YORK Underwear Soft Collars Pajamas Handkerchiefs MADE IN THE U.S.A.

Ask for THE BACHIA BRAND OF HAVANA CIGARS Superior in quality Made in New York, U.S.A.

DERE MABLE Love Letters of a Rookie By Llew EDWARD STREETER Pictures by Corp. "BILL" BRECK The funniest book the War has produced!

THE NEW "FLEX" PUTTEES, "FLEX" Specially designed for officers and men of the American and British Armies HYGIENIC—SMART—RELIABLE Washable—Fadefast—Will not shrink, stretch, slip or twist. On sale at all leading stores all over France or direct from BOS & PU... 24, Faub. Saint-Martin, PARIS Manufacturers, wholesalers and retailers.

STORAGE & FORWARDING OF BAGGAGE, ETC. To All Parts of the World. PITT & SCOTT LTD 47 Rue Cambon, Paris and at LONDON, NEW YORK, etc.

Max Schling Flowers FLOWERS can be sent to anyone at HOME for any occasion NOW OR AT ANY TIME DELIVERED any place in the United States within two hours after receipt of post ordered or wireless orders. Send remittance through the American Express Co. Your order will be called at once and promptly telegraphed to its destination. Cable Address: SCHLING, New York MAX SCHLING, Inc. The flower shop of New York 785 FIFTH AVE., Cor. 60th Street NEW YORK Members Florists' Tel. Dir. Association

Blade Economy And as a consequence Steel Conservation—and the highest quality of steel at that The only RAZOR that strops itself THE AutoStrop Razor is the only safety razor which sharpens its own blades. For this reason its blades last on an average much longer than those of other razors. We have for years guaranteed 500 smooth cool shaves from every 12 blades. Without stropping this razor will shave as well as any unstropped blade can. The stropping feature in the AutoStrop Razor insures smooth clean shaving such as is obtained by the first class barber, and as a consequence lengthens the life of the blade. The AutoStrop Razor AutoStrop Safety Razor Company 345 Fifth Avenue, New York London Paris Toronto On sale all over the world

K HAKI A. Sulka & Co. SHIRTS AND STOCKS 6, Rue Castiglione, PARIS (opposite Hotel Continental) NEW YORK 212, 5th Avenue

The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company NEW YORK BORDEAUX 41 Boulevard Haussmann 128 Old Broad Street, E.C.2 LONDON: 16 Pall Mall East, S.W.1 Two Other Special Agencies in the War Zone United States Depository of Public Moneys in Paris, New York and London Subscriptions received free to "THE FRENCH LIBERATION LOAN"

The "BOMBING OFFICER" We are the real "Bang Boys" and you should see Fritz bolt when we start our trench raid chorus of "Here we are, here we are, here we are again. It's a pretty lively game with any amount of 'good hits,' 'runs,' and 'catches.' Latterly we have begun to kill the German 'pill-boxes' with our Blighty Pills for Boche People. It's no joke, though, looking Fritz's machine-gun in the face time after time, and between you and me, I can tell you there is nothing I enjoy so much after a round-up as a decent cigarette—and for choice CAVANDER'S "Army Club" CIGARETTES Sold by all the leading Tobacconists and in all the Canteens at Home and Abroad 30 for 1/1, 50 for 2/8, 100 for 5/4

They Help Give You a Clear Eye: Adams Chiclets Adams Pepsin Adams Spearmint Adams Black Jack Adams Yucatan Beeman's Pepsin Adams California Fruit ADAMS Pure Chewing Gum

Blade Economy And as a consequence Steel Conservation—and the highest quality of steel at that The only RAZOR that strops itself THE AutoStrop Razor is the only safety razor which sharpens its own blades. For this reason its blades last on an average much longer than those of other razors. We have for years guaranteed 500 smooth cool shaves from every 12 blades. Without stropping this razor will shave as well as any unstropped blade can. The stropping feature in the AutoStrop Razor insures smooth clean shaving such as is obtained by the first class barber, and as a consequence lengthens the life of the blade. The AutoStrop Razor AutoStrop Safety Razor Company 345 Fifth Avenue, New York London Paris Toronto On sale all over the world

CHRISTMAS PACKAGES FROM OVER HERE

-By WALLGREN

Comic strip panels with dialogue about Christmas packages, censorship, and military life. Includes panels like 'WARRANT, WILL YOU PLEASE CENSOR THIS XMAS PACKAGE', 'NO - HOT WRAP LEGGINGS', and 'HELPFUL HINTS'.

IMPORTED FIREMEN GUARD A.E.F. PORTS

Yank Engine and Hose Men Save Burning Ships and Even Town

SAME OLD GANG IS HERE

Bunkhouse Has Sawdust Box, Eating Tobacco Rules and Yarn Swapping

To protect the grub and the ammunition for the boys who hold the lines, the A. E. F. has its contingents of the boys who fight the flames. There is not an important base port in France but has its own little fire house, with the equipment and the atmosphere that goes with every well regulated fire house back in the States.

The boys who fight the flames are the real article, too, having been recruited from the fire departments of such cities as New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Memphis and San Francisco. They were chosen because they were good in their line, and brought over here on the understanding that they were to do fire prevention work just as they had done in the old wars back home.

So well have they done it at one base, the French authorities declare, that in combating a severe blaze in a certain saltpeter plant, the Yank fire fighters saved the grand old port of...

Amunition Ship Ablaze Another time a Brazilian ship, laden with amunition, took fire in the harbor. The crew, thinking all was lost, fled precipitately. But the Yanks, hooded and hosed, went right into the hold of the burning ship, drenched the inflammable cargo, and saved not only the ship, but the docks and warehouses adjacent. When the amunition dries out it will be as good as ever for tossing in the Kaiser's direction.

For their intrepidity the Brazilian vice-consul at the port has formally cited the Yank fire contingent on behalf of his government, and soon the citation will be framed and hung up in the bunkhouse, just like the trophies of the firemen's field days in the States.

The stations from which the smoke-hounds of the A. E. F. sallied forth are fitted up with electric equipment throughout, and with automatic alarms, the sounding of which by the man on guard also starts the engine.

Makes Record Getaway One company claims a record getaway of 33 seconds from the sounding of the alarm and the exit of the engine, fully manned, from its shed, and defies any fire house in the States to better it. Perhaps, at that, the A. E. F. firemen should give a bit of a handicap, since their bunk are on the same level—in fact, part of the same building—as the engine shed, and they have no brass pole to shimmie down as have their civilian brethren.

In addition to being on call 24 hours a day, members of the fire units, the commissioned officers particularly, are charged with the work of fire prevention and inspection and fire-fighting education throughout the districts they serve. They have to see to it that every barracks is supplied with its buckets and extinguishers, that the stores in the mess shacks are rightly placed, that the "No Smoking" signs on the warehouses are lived up to, and so forth.

Mess Shacks Don't Count Such good co-operation have they got in this regard that they say now that they do not have to bother with more mess shack fires. The local talent takes care of them and handles them well, while the fire companies reserve their efforts for big game, such as possible bustups in gasoline stations, oil plants and munition dumps. They feel more secure in this attitude now that there have distributed a number of hand drawn chemical engines throughout the camps.

War has not made these Army firemen any less firemen than formerly. Their bunkhouse is the rendezvous for all those men about to be sent to the front who have time off to spend and yarn to spill. It is the same social center for base port musculature that the back home engine house is for the ward in which it is located. The good old process of whittling goes on unabated, and the old sawdust box in the corner acts as a target for many a well-directed gob of eating tobacco. Strange to say, the A. E. F. fireman's buddy is not the M. P., as one might suspect from the relations of cops and bunfts in the States. It is the gob, the Jacky who is assigned to help him out in a tight pinch whenever a blaze starts on the wharves or inland. They have called on the Navy many a time, say the chemical haulers, and every time the Navy has made good, and when they doff their O. D. for their old blues after the war they will always have a good word and an extra chew for the blue clad flat feet.

KEEPING THINGS STIRRING IN THE S.O.S.

An S. O. S. Engineer office sent an officer to the front as conducting officer for a bunch of replacements. He was told to return immediately. It was so long about it, however, that he was finally expected to show up. When he at last turned up, he had to make out a report explaining his absence. It contained the following paragraph: "On arrival I found that the Allied offensive was about to begin, and that the Engineers were going into the trenches next morning. I reported to the commanding officer, a major. I expressed to him my desire to remain to see the beginning of the drive. He stated that he was willing, and attached me to Company A, whose captain placed me in command of the third platoon, which led the entire engagement until the division was relieved. I did not know how long we were going to be in action, and as Company A was the advance company of Engineers and worked so far ahead of the balance of the regiment that we lost all touch with them. I did not, very well leave after I had once started."

"One hundred extra men have just come in," said the mess sergeant to the first mess sergeant. "Well, you know what to do," answered the first mess sergeant. "Put another neck of whitewash in the stum." With flour and water and a few other things this Army's cooks and mess sergeants are every day performing new wonders. A cook book compiled of the emergency recipes gotten up when the rations were delayed would be a winner.

Attached to the office of the Attending Surgeon, Hq. S. O. S., is a French doctor who treats the French civilian employees. One of his patients has been suffering from a severe abscess on her leg and the other day he had one of the Army ambulances take her to the hospital. "The next day he called again, gave the same name and address, and said he wanted the patient taken to the hospital. "But," he was told, "we took that woman to the hospital last evening." "I know," he said, "but she forgot to take her bread ticket, and had to walk back home and get it."

Visions of an immediate cessation of hostilities, formed from a premature interpretation of recent news, caused a certain dusky member of a Labor Battalion to linger in a villa somewhat after taps one night not long ago. Despite the fact that his natural camouflage helped somewhat to shield him from observation on the way to his barracks, an M. P. managed to spot the premature celebrant and soon had him billeted behind armed guards and barred wire.

Next day the culprit was brought before a summary court officer. "Well, Private Brown," demanded that functionary, "have you any excuse to offer for your presence in town after hours last night?" "I ain't 'zactly got no excuse, yo' honor," replied Private Brown, "but I got a reason." "Well, what is the reason?" " 'Twas sumpin' w'at them Frenchies calls 'Encore'."

Twenty men of Company E, — Engineers, went out on a truck one Wednesday to a new and unworked, unlocated site. By Friday night they had erected in all completeness four barracks buildings, 20 by 100 feet. Ten men of the same outfit, generated by one Corporal Irwin, have kept up a record of a barracks a day. One day they were all through with their building in seven hours; but they make haste to add that this record does not stand, as ("through some mistake," they say) all the pieces for that particular barracks happened to fit.

One of the signs near a group of warehouses at a certain base port shows at a glance the variety of nationality among the workers for and with the A. E. F. It reads: Defense du fumer. No smoking. Prohibito fumar. Esta prohibido fumar. Cam hut thuc. And the next line is Chinese.

Not all the salvaging work in the S.O.S. is confined to the department bearing that name. In one base section this plan is put through for the reclamation of tin and solder from cans: A conical hole, ten feet in diameter at the top and five feet deep, is dug, and the cans are placed in it and burned. The solder melts and collects in the bottom of the pit, and is removed once a week. At one camp the system yielded 60 tons of solder a week after it got going, and as a consequence camp commanders in the district have been ordered to put the method into operation, collecting the tin cans from the kitchens and burning them daily, then flattening them out and salvaging them.

papered on the outside and at night tarped on the inside, in part at least. Its interior is all new wood work, scrupulously scrubbed plain board tables, and spandy clean bar. Perhaps one of the reasons for its cheerfulness is the sign which it sports in several places: "This café must be respected, so make your police yourself." In consequence, there isn't a single cigarette butt on the floor.

Besides the inevitable signs of the Engineers, such as interwoven French and American flags, there are other signs worthy of notice besides the "For Soldiers Only" on the outside. Anxious and correct Boston or Brooklyn pastors would delight in the wording of: "Soldiers are requested not to introduce any female into this establishment." But best of all, perhaps, is the nice sense of differentiation shown by the three entrance posts, which, after pointing the way for the "Couteleur" brethren to go, proceed to draw a sharp line between "White men" and "Officers." The café proclaims loudly that it hasn't a drop of rum or cognac in the place, and that not for all the wealth of the Banque de France could you induce it to sell even so much as a wet cork before 5:30 p. m. Which is one of the reasons why it may be called model.

Railroading in France isn't so essentially different from railroading in Louisiana, as the sergeants in charge of some of the negro Engineers have found out. Whenever they want a particularly heavy piece of equipment moved, they just start to croon the old song: "De ole ben duck said go de drake. De ben n't no crawfish in dis lake. Let's—DIVE—to de odder SIDE!" At the word "dive" everybody takes

hold. At the word "side," everybody heaves, and drops the rail, or whatever it is, where it belongs. So it goes, all day long, song after song, heave after heave, rail after rail. Mr. Orpheus, who moved rocks with his music, would probably be interested.

Three companies of colored Engineers at a big medical supply depot somewhere in southern France have three mascots of which they think the world. One is Bobo, the baboon. One is Smoke, a little black French dog. One is Peoria, a 't' yaller dog—a real O. D. brindle. Bobo is no respecter of persons. He will climb all over his top sergeant with the unholy glee of a fussy inspecting officer, and rough him to a fareyouwell. But his main penchant seems to be for pulling little dog's ears, a trait bitterly resented by the guardians of Smoke and Peoria, but filling with delight his own adherents. "De ben n't fahnd a dowe in all dis yere camp wot'll stain up agin him," they chuckle, when Bobo swings his long ears and lopes after some mongrel that has strayed in. Not so long ago, a pathetic scene might have been witnessed on one of the company streets. Smoke was being carried along, in a cowering, timid state bordering on shell shock or mental collapse, by a great hulking Stevedore, who was attempting to soothe him. "Doan' yo' keer, Smoke," he crooned.

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OBSERVER'S LIFE MORE THAN TOUR OF CLOUDS

The observation planes are supposed to fly over the enemy's lines, sighting battery emplacements, noting troop concentrations, registering artillery fire and photographing the land beneath until the entire enemy area for 40 miles around is as visible to the high command as if it could be swept day and night by a single, gigantic, all-powerful telescope. They are not supposed to fight. That is the first rule in their text book. Over is the lesson drilled over and over at the training schools. Unless there are former but merely undisturbed observation but even a successful retreat is impossible, they are not supposed to fight. They are not supposed to, but— Well, their planes are scoured from a hundred battles, a dozen more of which they are certain to win. Hunted and two of them—one a pilot and one an observer, Lieut. William F. Erwin of Chicago and Lieut. Leonard Hammond of San Francisco—are aces.

This is partly because the work of the observation planes is far more difficult than that of the fighters. While America and all her Army staffs spellbound watching the brilliant combats of the chase pilots, while young, lone hawks like the late Lieut. Luke retired meteorically to the Foncek in a single month, while Captain Eddie Riechert—he that used to be General Pershing's chauffeur—sent his own score skyrocketing into the twenties, the work of the observation planes went on night and day, venturesome, dangerous, exciting beyond all words to tell—but unchronicled.

Just an Observer

There is not only the notion that the observation planes lead a comparatively genteel and humdrum existence, but that the observers themselves are somewhat sheltered souls who know little of the thrill of the chase. Of the men who on their heads wear a single silver wing instead of two, the wisecracker of the front is wont to say: "Ho, he's just an observer," as who should say: "Ho, he's just a lieutenant in the Home Guard of South Bend, Indiana." And that—considering the fact that the life of an observer is far more painfully insecure than the life of an observation pilot—is just one of the little jokes of the Air Service.

Then, too, there has been perceptible this fall a growing disposition among the Allied observation pilots not merely to take photographs, but to take chances. There was a restive, not to say mutinous, tendency not merely to engage in a combat on the slightest provocation, but to engage in several combats without any provocation whatever. It is true that a big Sablon or Liberty biplane, when being maneuvered against a nimble and more evasive classmate, is a little like a cow in mortal combat with a hornet, but it is also true that such a biplane has guns both fore and aft, which makes her, ship for ship, rather the more formidable craft. Then some of the more aggressive air lancers like little boys who have been told by their aunt, their old maid aunt, to come straight home from school without loitering or getting into any arguments with the rough boys on the street corners, but who arrive home two hours late with a torn coat, a bloody nose, a black eye and a look of complete and ineffectual content.

Credited With Eight

Lieut. Erwin, for example, had, by the end of October, been credited officially with eight German planes, though he had brought down one more than that. He must be admitted that in seven of those eight combats he and the observer with him were not attacked by the ruffians, but deliberately picked the fights themselves and won them. It must also be admitted that not only Lieut. Erwin, but both of the observers who have shared his adventures, Lieuts. A. E. Easterbrook and Byrne D. Gauson, wear on their breasts the gay, gallant ribbon of the D. S. C. So it does look as though the powers that be were not very angry with him.

Lieut. Erwin, who used to be a budding concert pianist, a Godwsky pupil with a studio in Chicago, is the ace of aces among the observation pilots, the Rickenbacker of the air scouts. He is short, slim, wiry, agile and not more than 23. One of his liveliest exploits occurred at St. Mihiel when he and Lieut. Bacon, scouting overhead in front of the rapidly advancing lines, spotted a German battery in the process of a retreat with some of its guns. It was our own rampaging Infantry was only a half a kilometer away.

"The doughboys will be here in ten minutes," the pilot called through his speaking tube. "Let's hold these bumps for them. What do you say?" They swooped low. The two officers of the battery were just mounting their horses for a speedy and comfortable retreat, leaving their men to get away on foot as best they could. The aviator killed one of those officers and shot the other's horse from under him. Then they turned loose from their three guns such a downpour of destruction that after a few moments of utter demoralization the men of that battery took to their dugouts and did not come out until our Infantry swarmed through the woods and laid hands on them.

Josephine the Fourth

Of course, Lieut. Erwin's list of victories scarcely furnished his list of combats. The stories of these are best gained from the planes themselves. The present ship—the Josephine—is his fourth. His first was brought down early last August by the fire from an American doughboy who had not learned the insignia and who, even as he fired, was doubtless wondering audibly why the back there weren't no American planes around.

His third ship bore the marks of 140 bullets before it was salvaged, many of the scars healed over with little patches of linen, each patch bearing an iron cross and the date when the wound was inflicted. One of his souvenirs, which he now carries with him every day, is a parachute with which one of his buddies made a graceful landing within our lines, waving airily and perhaps appealingly to his victor as he floated by.

Another less happy souvenir is wrapped in the folds of a linen square sent from the fireless of that third machine. On that bit of linen is painted the American flag, insignia of the squadron, the stripes now stained with blood, spilled there the afternoon Lieut. Erwin flew back to the field and taxied straight to the infirmary, his ship all warped and torn. The observer dead in the cockpit behind.

Often such combats were fought and won so many miles—30 or 40, perhaps—within "Germany" that no friendly eye ever saw them. The only witnesses were those waiting at the hangars when the hapless planes returned to the field. For example, on Halloween's eve as a lively celebration of that anniversary as history records, Lieuts. Dogan H. Arthur and Howard T. Fleeson came wobbling back through the air to the home field. Lieut. Arthur's face was streaked where a bullet had whizzed by too close for comfort. His ship, "Old Carolina II," was a wreck. The panels and fuselage were riddled, the elevator axis was all but shot in two, the struts were warped all out of position, the very stream wires were bursting from the wheels. Yet the only report filed at group headquarters was the following laconic note: "Photographic protection. Attacked near Buzzard at 4:20 p. m. by 18 Fokkers. Brought down two. Request confirmation." "That same evening, three of our

planes, returning to another field from a long distance picture taking expedition, were returning discreetly with some 150 exposures when 30 enemy planes picked them up while they were still far from their own lines. There was a hot pursuit, a running fight that did not slacken until the fugitive three, having shot down two of their opponents, had reached St. Mencheville. All our planes returned, somewhat of a worse for wear, it is true, and with a wounded pilot in one cockpit. But they got back. And what is more, of the 150 exposures 148 proved good pictures.

For the information, whether gained by the eye or by the camera, must at all costs be brought back. Fight or no fight, that is the law of the reconnaissance planes. The chase pilot, who, though he himself is brought down, brings down two enemy planes, has won. The observation pilot who, though he brings down nine German planes, is himself brought down, has lost.

A Miracle of Charity

The clearness, the wealth of detail and the obvious value of the pictures taken by the winged photographers is a constant marvel and delight. You can see half obliterated footpaths and dugout stairs in a print taken from a height of 3,000 meters. A new battery position can be spotted in the day that the group commander would ask no one to take the mission, but himself set forth at dusk, with only occasional flares his compass and his altimeter to guide him. He had to fly so low that his plane fairly scraped the treetops. But he brought back the findings and the group commander was within a few hours after the mission.

They tell, too, of the two planes that were attacked by six enemy ships soon after crossing the lines. One came back with 68 machine gun bullets in the panels and the fuselage, the observer's wind shield shot away, the pilot's coat pierced by four bullets.

This observer sat dead behind him. The pilot took the afternoon off on the plea that he didn't feel just right, but the next morning he was out on another mission. No, the life of the observation plane is not a life of elegant leisure. But the observation flyers take their funny hats off to the doughboy. They know that compared with his their life is "doughnuts, orders home and gay Paree." For that is the spirit of the Air Service throughout the First Army, that their gospel as handed down to them from on high.

"In all your work, remember the arduous duties of the troops on the ground. When you are freezing in the air, they are wading over the battlefields deep in mud and dirt. When you are getting the enemy's tracer bullets and anti-aircraft fire through your planes, they are going through the artillery and machine gun fire below. You must protect them and show them the way forward. Work closely with them because only by the combined work of all arms will our full powers be developed."

No, it's no life of leisure and after a week of such ideal flying weather as came to the end of October, who will chide the one aviator found practicing a strange rite in the middle of the field at night? Within the weird rays of a Very light he was weaving a fantastic Hindu incantation. Why? The rapidly gathering audience wanted to know. "I'm praying for rain."

"Pilot Knocked Unconscious. In the course of that same fight, the pilot of the other machine was knocked unconscious. When he came to, he was pointing straight downward with the motor full on and his aneroid showed he had fallen four thousand meters out of control. Somehow he righted himself in time and flew back to the aerodrome. There were two "creases" in his head.

An approaching enemy attack is reflected through the delicate lens of a camera hovering 5,000 meters overhead, which is why the enemy planes attack in great numbers. That print shows a sudden increase of trains on the siding at the big railroad opposite, the next serves notice that there are many new tents in the waiting field hospitals behind the enemy lines.

A good airplane photograph of Metz-Sablons, for instance, will tell just how many cars are within its area, just which ones the bombers derailed the night before. When your big guns opened up late last month on the distant railway shuttle linking Metziers with Longuyon, the flying cameras photographed the target before and after the first shots and submitted the prints to the gunners so that they might correct their fire accordingly.

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WHERE LEAVES GROW For the first time in four years the famous casino at Aix-les-Bains, in the Savoy leave area, is going to be heated throughout the winter. The fact that the freezing days of last February are not to be repeated due to the expert assistance of two ex-boilermakers, now with the A. E. F. The way it happened was this: The Y. M. C. A. authorities, who run the casino, sent to Paris for one of their men who is supposed to be an expert on boilers. He got quite a headache, and asked them what they did in the States before they joined the Army. "I was a boilermaker," said one. "Me, too," piped up the other. The boiler expert got right after the commandant of the leave area, induced him to write to the two Yanks' commanding officers beseeching an extension of their leaves (which were about up), and introduced them both to the refractory heating apparatus. For ten hours a day the three tackled the problem, coming up only for the air and the dance at night. By the time the two ex-boilermakers' extended leaves were over they were 14 days' holiday to the good, and the casino was assured of its winter heating. There is a motherly yet boyish person on the working staff at Aix who goes by various names. Most of the Yanks call her "Mother" or "Ma." Others jocularly term her The Anxious Old Lady of Aix. The latter is with the B.I.R. for the ample pockets of her blue coat are always filled with quinine and aspirin tablets with which to ward off the "shakes" or incipient colds. "The Floorwalker" is another of her titles, for she is always around directing, suggesting, advising. Every time a Yank's leave is up, and he comes—as they all do—to say goodbye to her, she says: "Kill one German, at least, for me—for me particularly. That's all, I ask. Goodbye and good luck!" She gave that cheery farewell some months ago to a certain old sergeant of the regulars, a Croix de Guerre and D. S. C. man, one of the first to be thus honored in the history of the A. E. F. Laughingly, he promised to do so, and went his way. The other day "Mother" got a bulky package, endorsed coming from Sergeant A. E. F., from somewhere up front. On opening it, a veritable cascade of German buttons poured forth. In it was a note which ran about as follows: "Dear Madam: You asked me to get