

MEN ON LEAVE NOT TO BE LED ROUND BY HAND

Impression That They Will Be Chaperoned Wholly Erroneous.

SAVOY FOR FIRST GROUP

Zone System to Be Instituted and Rotated to Give All Possible Variety.

"PINK TICKETS" FOR PARIS.

Special Trains to Convey Soldiers to Destinations—Rules Are Explicit.

As a great deal of misapprehension regarding leaves, the conditions under which they are to be granted, etc., has existed in the A. E. F. for some time past, the complete and authoritative rulings on the subject are given below.

A. E. F. men whose leaves fall due on or about February 15 will be allowed to visit the department of Savoie, in the south-east of France, during their week of leisure. That department constitutes their "leave zone" for the present.

While the Y. M. C. A. has worked hard and perfected arrangements for soldiers' accommodations and provided amusements at Aix-les-Bains, one of the famous watering-places in Savoie, no man is bound in any way to avail himself of those accommodations and amusements if he does not so desire.

Leaves Every Four Months.

The general order from Headquarters, A. E. F., on the subject of leaves is both complete and explicit. Leaves will be available for soldiers only after four months' service in France, and will be granted to officers and men in good standing.

A man may not save up his seven days leave with the idea of taking one of longer duration at a later date. He must take his leaves as they come. Regular leave will not be granted within one month after return from sick or convalescent leave.

In principle, leaves will be granted by roster, based on length of time since last leave or furlough; length of service in France; length of service as a whole lot. Officers authorized to grant leaves are required to make the necessary adjustments of leave rosters so as to avoid absence of too many non-coms, or specially qualified soldiers at any time.

Exceptional Cases.

In case a man has relatives in France, it is provided that he may, for that purpose, be granted leave for a period of not more than 15 days, to be taken at that time, if he is not near a railroad line over which leave trains pass, he must take the quickest available transportation back to connect with a leave train.

Travel Regulations.

Before going on leave, a man must register his address in his own handwriting. He must satisfy his company or detachment commander that he is neat and tidy in appearance. He must prove to that officer's satisfaction that he has the required leave ticket, and so forth, and sufficient funds for the trip.

Continued on Page 2

OFF FOR THE TRENCHES.

When a certain regiment of American doughboys departed from its billets in a little town back of the front and marched away to our trenches in Lorraine, this poem was found tacked up on a billet door:—

By the rifle on my back,
By my old and well-worn pack,
By the bayonets we sharpened in the billets down below,
When we're holding to a sector,
By the howling, jumping hector,
Colonel, we'll be Gott-Strafed if the Blank-teeth lets it go.
And the Boches big and small,
Runties ones and Boches tall,
Won't keep your boys a-squating in the ditches very long;
For we'll soon be busting through, sir,
God help Fritz when we do, sir—
Let's get going, Colonel Blank, because we're feeling mighty strong.

TOOTH YANKING CAR IS TOURING FRANCE Red Cross Dentist's Office

Lacks Nothing but the Lady Assistant

The latest American atrocity—a dentist's office on wheels! Gwan, you say? Gwan, yourself! We've seen it: most of the chauffeurs have seen it; the Colonel and everybody else who gets about at all has seen it. That's what it is, a portable dentist's office—chair, wall-hammer and all, with meat-axes, bone-starters, pliers, splintons, gobs of cotton batting, tear gas, laughing gas, chloroform, ether, eau de vie, gold, platinum and cement to match. Everything is there but the lady assistant, and even she may be added in time.

If you wanted to be funny about the thing, you might call this motorized dentist's parlor the crowning achievement of the Red Cross; for, strange to say, it is the Red Cross, commonly supposed to be on the job of alleviating human misery, that has put the movable torture chamber on the road, to play one-tooth stands all along the countryside. But no one wants to be funny about a dentist's office that, instead of lying in wait for a customer, is on the road and chases you. It's too darn serious a matter; you might almost say that it flies in the teeth of all the conventions, Hague and otherwise.

It looks part like an ambulance, but it isn't. An ambulance carries you some-where so that you can get some rest; a traveling tooth-yanker doesn't give you a chance to rest. Its white, is the outside of the car, just like a baby's berse, and just about as cheerful to contemplate. On its side it says, "Dental Travelling Ambulance No. 1"—the No. 1 part gleefully promising, no doubt, that this isn't the end of them by any means, but that there may be more to follow.

Useful As a Tank?

Somebody had a nerve to invent it, all right, as if we didn't have troubles enough as it is, dodging the regimental dentist, and ducking shells, and clapping on gas masks, and all the rest. It is designed, according to one who professes to know about it, to kill the nerves of anything that gets in front of it; so we one and all more that it, instead of the tanks, be sent over the top" and tried on the Boches. The minute they see a fully-lighted, white-painted car, with the dentist, arrayed with all his instruments of maltreatment, standing ready for action by his electric chair, those Boches will just turn around and run, and run, and run, and won't stop their own old barbed wire on the Eastern front. The crowned heads of Europe tremble before the advance of the crowned teeth of America, as you might say if you were inclined to joke about it; which we aren't.

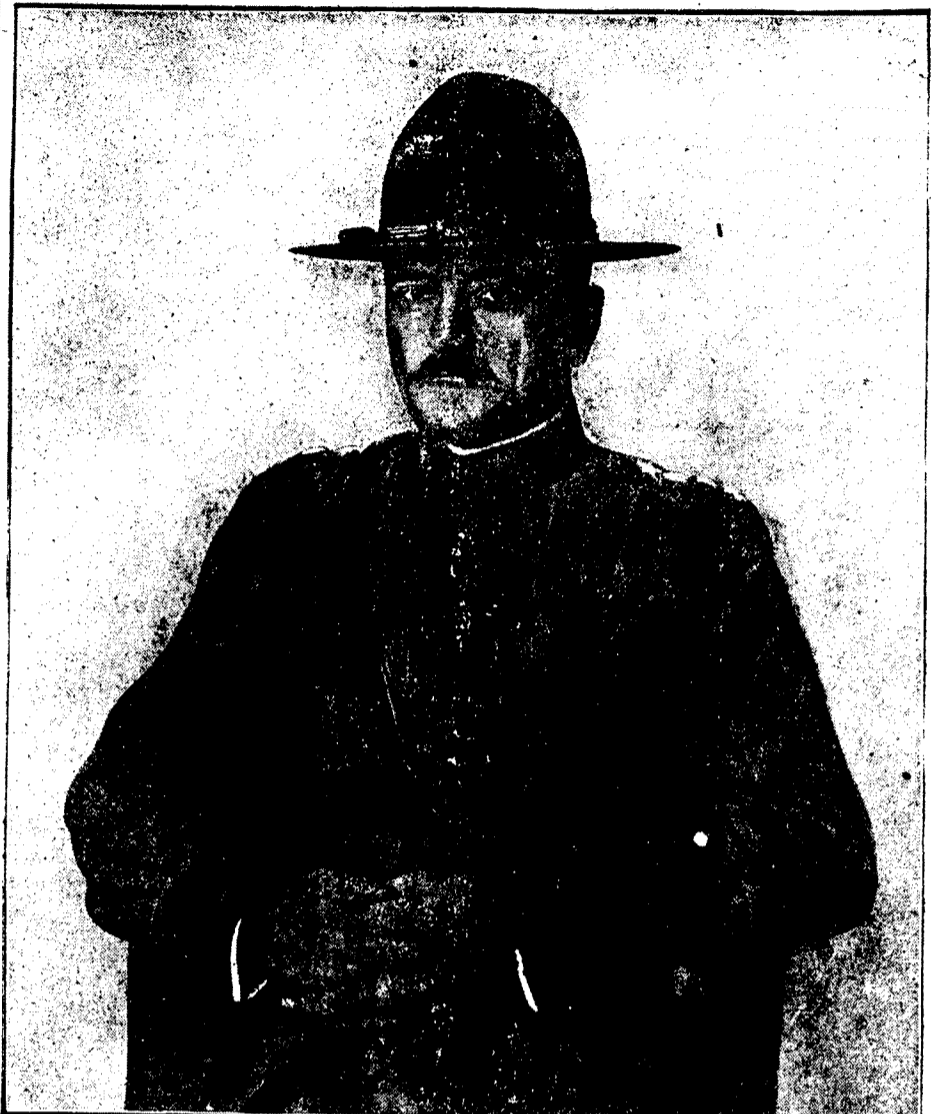
For French Patients First

One of the Red Cross people, who was standing by ready for the command "Clear guns for action!" told THE STARS AND STRIPES that the peripatetic pain producer wasn't to be used so much for the American troops' discomfort as to fix up the cavities and what-not of the civil population of France. That was encouraging news, for while we don't bear our allies any ill will, we think they ought to have the honor of trying out the experiment first "Après vous, mon chere Gaston," as the saying goes.

ANZAC MAKES SAFE GUESS.

A company commander received an order from battalion headquarters to send in a return giving the number of trench. He sent in the number as 2,001. H. Q. rung up and asked him how he arrived at this unusual figure. "Well," he replied, "I'm certain about the one, because I counted him myself. He's hanging on the wire just in front of me. I estimated the 2,000. I worked it out all by myself in my own head that it was healthier to estimate 'em than to walk about in No. Man's Land and count 'em!"— Aussie, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

A MESSAGE FROM OUR CHIEF



In this initial number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, published by the men of the Overseas Command, the Commander-in-Chief of the American Expeditionary Forces extends his greetings through the editing staff to the readers from the first line trenches to the base ports.

These readers are mainly the men who have been honored by being the first contingent of Americans to fight on European soil for the honor of their country. It is an honor and privilege which makes them fortunate above the millions of their fellow citizens at home.

The paper, written by the men in the service, should speak the thoughts of the new American Army and the American people from whom the Army has been drawn. It is your paper. Good luck to it.

(Signed) JOHN J. PERSHING, Commander-in-Chief, A. E. F.

ARMY MEN BUILD AN OVER-SEAS PITTSBURGH

Mammoth Warehouses and the World's Largest Cold Storage Plant Spring Up in Three Months.

FORESTERS AND ENGINEERS DOING THE WORK.

"Winter of Our Discontent" Sees Big Job of Preparation Speeded "Somewhere" in France.

You, Mr. Infantryman, out there for heaven knows how many hours a day jabbing at a straw-filled burlap bag and pretending it's old Rat-Face, the Crown Prince—beer doing that ever since you came over here, haven't you? You, Mr. Artilleryman, loading, unloading, standing clear, and all the rest of it until your back aches and your ears drums wailing away in—

You, Mr. Machine-Gunner, going out every day and lugging about a ton of assorted hardware and cutlery around a vacant lot— You, Mr. Marine, land-logged, land-sick, trying out your wet feet in wading through the muddy depths of Europe instead of wading ashore through the roaring surf—yip! hi-ho, and a bottle grape-juice!

With Speed and Drive. But that, Mr. Infantryman, Cannoneer, Machine-Gunner or whoever and whatever you are, is where you are, for one dead wrong. The old U. S. is making all sorts of progress here in France—progress towards your comfort and upkeep, and safety, and toward that of the millions who are coming along to play your game with you.

No, Mr. Infantryman, Mr. Artilleryman, Mr. Machine-Gunner, Mr. Aviator, Mr. Wirelessoperator, this has not been "the winter of our discontent"—as footless and no-use-at-all as your own work may have seemed to you sometimes. It has been the winter during which your old uncle has been laying a firm foundation for your comfort and safety, and for that of the men who will follow you over—and believe us, he's doing an almighty big, an almighty far-sighted, an almighty mighty creditable and thoroughly American, workmanlike job.

A NEWS STORY IN VERSE

(The incident this poem describes was told by a British sergeant in a dug-out to the author—an American serving at the time in the British Army, but now fighting under the Stars and Stripes.)

Joe was me pal, and a likely lad, as gay as a guy could be; The worst I expected to happen was the leave that would set him free To visit the wife and the kiddies; but they're waiting for him in vain. All along of being not peppered our water and ration tank.

Free Seeds for Soldier Farmers. Wait! That's only a sample. The foundations are already on the ground for now—get this; it's straight dope, no bull for what will be the largest refrigerating cold storage plant in the world. Its construction by the time this article sees the light of print, will be well under way.

Congress Votes Us Packets but Overlooks Hoes and Spades. PRIZES FOR BIG PUMPKINS. A. E. F. Garden Enthusiasts Speculate Upon Probability of Flower Pots in Tin Derbies.

Regulars Lend a Hand. The warehouses themselves are one story buildings, 60 by 30 feet in dimension, constructed in rows of fours, with loading and unloading tracks between them and with big doors in their sides, making easy the quick handling of the supplies to be stored therein.

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HUNS STARVE AND RIDICULE U.S. CAPTIVES

A. E. F. Soldiers Compelled to Clean Latrines of Crown Prince.

GIVEN UNEATABLE BREAD. Photographed Sandwiched Between Negroes Wearing Tall Hats.

EMBASSY HEARS THE FACTS. Repatriate Smuggles Addresses of Prisoners' Relatives into France.

Ridicule, degrading labor, insufficient food and inhumane treatment generally are the lot of American soldiers taken prisoner by the Huns. This is the experience of three Americans captured last Autumn by the German Army at the Canal de la Marne au Rhin, in the forest of Parcy, near Luneville.

How did you bring these addresses away without being discovered? the Embassy Secretary asked M. Rollet.

"They were written," he replied, "on a piece of linen which a young girl who speaks English had sewed under the lining of a cloak belonging to one of my daughters."

"Black Misery" in Germany. In conclusion, M. Rollet was asked if, from his journey from Charleville through Germany to Switzerland, he could form any idea as to conditions in Germany.

How were the Americans treated? M. Rollet was asked.

They were obliged to clean the streets, and the latrines of the Crown Prince [The heir to the German throne had his headquarters at that time in Charleville, the captured French town to which the Americans were taken.] This was done in order to make them appear ridiculous.

Did the Americans have sufficient food? Secretary Frazier inquired.

"No," replied M. Rollet. "Their food was insufficient. They received a loaf of bread every five days, which was as hard as leather and almost uneatable. Occasionally they received a few dried vegetables."

Fed by French People. "Could they subsist on this food?"

FREE SEEDS FOR SOLDIER FARMERS

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Don't Forget that War-Risk Insurance. February 12 is chance at it.

ARMY'S MOTOR ARMADA TO BE 50,000 STRONG

Uncle Sam's Garages and Assembling Shops Demand the Services of 150,000 Chauffeurs and Repair Men

FIRST AID AMBULANCES FOR BREAKDOWNS Experts from American Factories to Take Charge of Efficiency Problems

Uncle Samuel has gone in to the garage business here in France. He has gone into it feet first. He knows the importance of the automobile game in modern warfare; he realizes that if Napoleon the Great had only had one "Henry" at the battle of Waterloo...

When one stops to consider the factories, repair shops, rebuilding stations and what not that will be required, one can see that Uncle Sam's garage is going to be no five-and-ten affair. It is going to be a real infant industry...

These Are Real Experts

The A. E. F.—and this is news to many of its members—has, right here in France, a fully equipped automobile factory which is able not only to rebuild from the ground up any of a dozen or more makes of motors, but to turn out parts, tools, anything required from the vast stores of raw materials which has been shipped overseas for the purpose...

People who dwell within the desolate region bounded by the Rhine on the west and the Russian frontier on the east have been in the habit of considering our national Uncle as a superficial sort of an old geezer; but the way he has taken hold of his automobile business proves that they have another good thing coming. He hasn't overlooked a thing. Hard by his big new factory there is an "organization ground," a "salvage ground," a supply depot, and what is perhaps most important of all, the headquarters of a highly trained technical staff.

This is a staff of experts; not self-styled experts, but the real thing—big men in the automobile business representing all the important motor factories in the United States. Some of these experts inspect the broken down machines and pieces of machines in the salvage grounds, and report whether the wearing out process was due to a chauffeur's mishandling of the car, to the use of poor material in its construction, or to something wrong in its original design.

Working "On the Ground"

If it is the chauffeur or mechanic who was responsible, he, wherever he is, is hauled up on the carpet. If the fault is found to lie with the factory in the States that turned out the machine, the representative of that company on the board of experts reports the facts to the home office himself, with recommendations for future betterment. In making out his recommendations for a car of a new design, peculiarly fitted to traffic and combat conditions in France, his co-workers on the board lend him their assistance. In this way the important factors are detected "on the ground" and the responsibility placed at once, so that future errors of the same sort will be avoided.

This is, in brief, the journey that lies before an American made auto shipper, say "F.O.B. Detroit." Knocked down, or unassembled, it is packed and put aboard a transport at "an American port." It may be the same voyage that is made to "a French port," gracefully thumbing its nose at any passing submarines. As the port it is assembled, painted, duly catalogued and numbered, and given a severe once-over and several finishing touches by the experts of the technical staff and their assistants.

For Emergency Calls

Having passed this examination, it is loaded with supplies—for even a car has to carry a pack while travelling—and headed towards the interior under charge of a picked crew of mechanics, who try it out under actual traffic conditions and adjust it. On the way it is held over at the "organization grounds," where it is given its supplementary equipment of tools, water cask, and the necessary picks, shovels and tow cables to get it out of the mud. This done, it is turned over to a new crew of men, and, as one of the component parts of the army, it is in charge of a truck company, it is sent up front if the need is urgent, or, in case there are cars aplenty in that interesting locality, it is run to a reserve station to await call.

When the car, after days or months at the front, begins to show, by its coughing or wheezing or other signs, that it is about due from a new lease of life, the journey is reversed. If the car is able to get back under its own power, it goes back that way; if it is not, a hurry call is sent for the auto-doctoring-train, which is nothing more nor less than a repair shop on wheels. There the blue-jacketed doctors of the train do their best for the car, and if it doesn't come around in a day or so, it is towed back to be overhauled from "A" to "Z."

THE ANZAC DICTIONARY.

AROHIE.—A person who aims high and is not discouraged by daily failures. A.W.L.—An expensive form of amusement consisting of a large Commemorative Medal and extra work for one's pals. BARRAGE.—That which shelters or protects, often in an offensive sense, i.e., loud music forms a barrage against the activity of a bore; a barrage of young brothers and sisters interferes with the object of a visit; and an orchard is said to be barraged by a large dog or an active owner.

BEER.—A much appreciated form of nectar now replaced by a colored liquor of a light yellow taste. CAMOUFLAGE.—A thin screen disguising or concealing the main thing, i.e., a camouflage of camouflage covers the liguity of stale fish; a sutor camouflage his true love by paying attention to another girl; ladies in evening dress may or may not adequately camouflage their charms; and men resort to a light camouflage of drink to conceal a sorrow or joy.

CIVILIAN.—A male person of tender or great age, or else of weak intellect and faint heart. COMMUNIQUE.—An amusing game played by two or more people with paper and pencil in which the other side is always losing and your own side is always winning. DIGGER.—A friend, pal, or comrade, synonymous with cobbler; a white man who runs straight.

DUD.—A negative term signifying useless, ineffective or worthless, e.g., a "dud" egg; a "dud of a girl" is one who is unattractive; and a dud joke falls flat. DUGOUT.—A deep recess in the earth usually for an adjective; it is used to denote that such a one avoids hopping over the bags, or, indeed, venturing into the open air in a trench. At times the word is used to denote antiquated relics employed temporarily.

HOME.—The place or places where Billzac would find him when the job is done. Also known as "Our Land" and "Happyland." HOPOVER.—A departure from a fixed point into the Unknown, also the first step in a serious undertaking. IMSHI.—Means "go," "get out quickly." Used by the speaker, the word implies quick and noiseless movement in the opposite direction to the advance.

MEMORANDUM.—A note or condition of ease, comfort and pleasure, involving the cessation of work; not to be confounded with sick leave. Time is measured by months denoting intervals of from three months to three years. Leave on the other hand is measured by time, usually too short. MUD.—Unpleasantness, generally connected with delay, danger or extreme discomfort. Hence a special meaning of baseness in "his name is mud."

OVER THE BAGS.—The intensive form of danger; denoting a test of fitness and experience for Billzac and his brethren. RELEVE.—A slow process of changing places; occurs in Shakespeare; "for this relief many thanks." REST.—A mythical period between being relieved and relieving in the trenches, which is usually spent in walking away from the line and returning straight back in poor weather and at short notice.

SALVAGE.—To rescue unused property and make use of it. The word is also used of the property rescued. Property salvaged in the presence of the owner leads to trouble and is not done by an expert. SOUVENIR.—Generally used in the same sense as salvage but of small, easily portable articles. Coal or firewood for instance, is salvaged at night, but an electric torch would be souvenired.

STUNT.—A successful enterprise or undertaking usually involving surprise. A large scale stunt lacks the latter and is termed a "push," and the element of success is not essential. TRENCH.—Long narrow excavations in earth or chalk, sometimes filled with mud containing soldiers, bits of soldiers, salvage and alleged shells.

WIND UP.—An aerated condition of mind due to apprehension as to what may happen next, in some cases amounting to an incurable disease closely allied to "cold feet." ZERO.—A convenient way of expressing an indefinite time or date, i.e., will meet you at zero; call me at zero plus 30; or, to a debt collector, pay day at zero.—Aussie, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

FREE SEEDS FOR SOLDIER FARMERS

doughboy. Consider their ways. Get wise. They're hard up for food, as you know; and at that, to judge from the reports from back home, they're no blooming cursties. But look at what they do about it. Instead of folding their hands, saying, "C'est la guerre," they go out and dig, and then plant, and then hoe, and finally they have fresh vegetables—and backaches—to show for it. You can't go anywhere along the roadsides or up the hillsides these days without stumbling over their neat, and well-kept-up little garden patches. And, with butter selling at what it is, and eggs selling for what they do, and everything else in the eat line skyrocketing in price, those little garden patches come in mighty handy. It's worth trying.

No Favors for Lemon Squads

Although an official announcement has been made as yet, it is safe to surmise that some company commanders will offer prizes for the squads producing the biggest pumpkins, the best summer squashes, and the most luscious water-melons. (Texas troops please heed.) Company commanders, you know, have never been in the habit of awarding prizes for the squads producing the most lemons, but, then, war changes every thing. So keep your old campaign list for garden wear (if the Q.M. will let you); make a pair of overalls out of the bur-lap the meat comes done up in; use your trench pick and shovel, plus your tender seedlings. If a few acorns come along with the rest of the plantables, plant them, too, for if we're going to be over here a good long time the shade from these oaks will come in mighty handy when we're old men and have time to sit down.

OUR OWN HORSE MARINES.

Horace Lovett, U. S. Marine Corps, on duty "somewhere over here," has just been appointed a horseshoer of Marines with the rank of corporal. (Ochsener, stable sergeant and Corporal Stanley A. Smith is saddler. No, you have guessed wrong. The captain's name is not Jinks but Drum—Captain Drum of the horse and other marines.

HIS MORNING'S MAIL IS 8,000 LETTERS

Base Censor Reads Them All, Including 600 Not in English

"Now, how the devil did he pick mine out of the pile?" Shuddering, a young American in France gazed at the envelope before him, addressed in his own handwriting, to be sure, but with its end cut open and a stout sticker partially closing the cut. Stamped upon the face of the envelope were the fatal words "Examined by Base Censor." And the words, because of the glory they brought the young man, were properly framed within a deep black border.

It was this way: The young man in question had been carrying on, for some time, a more or less hectic "correspondence with a mademoiselle tres charmante in a not far distant town. That in itself would be harmless enough if he had sent his letters through the regular military channels—that is, submitted them to his own company officers to be censored. But dreading the "kidding" he might receive at the hands of hisatoon commander—which he needn't have dreaded at all, for American officers are gentlemen and gentlemen respect confidence—he had been using the French postal service for his intimate and clandestine love-making. That, as everyone knows or ought to know, is strictly forbidden but the young man being wise, thought he could put one over on the army. Result: That much dreaded bogey-man, the Base Censor, knew just how many crosses he had made at the bottom of his note to Mile. X.

But he needn't have worried a bit, for the bogey-man isn't a likely rival of any one. In fact, he isn't a man at all, but a System—just as impersonal as if he wrote his name, "Base Censor, Inc."—that is, who persist in taking on the name of a man, which again removes him from consideration as "a human."

Remembers No Secrets All delusions to the contrary, the censorship, though it learns an awful lot, doesn't care a tinker's hoot about nine-tenths of the stuff it learns. It isn't concerned with Private Jones's morals, with Corporal Brown's unpaid grocery bills, with Lieutenant Johnson's fraternity symbols. It is, however, actively concerned in keeping out of correspondence all matters relating to the location and movement of troops, all items which piece together the right and wrong of the common enemy with information which would be valuable to him in the conduct of his nefarious enterprises.

In addition to keeping such damaging information out of soldiers' and officers' correspondence, the base censorship is lying in wait for everything and anything in the mail line which the senders hope to slip through uncensored. If regularly given a large proportion of the mail which has already been viced by company officers. It sifts through all mail for the army from neutral countries; and finally its censors all letters in foreign languages, written by men in the A. E. F.—letters which company officers are forbidden to O. K.

In the exercise of this last-named function lies perhaps the greatest task allotted to the base censorship. One of the mail probably the most "international" in history, and its sends letters to the base written in forty-six different languages, excluding English. Out of 800 such letters—a typical day's grist—the chances are but half will be written in Italian, followed in the order of their numericalness, by Polish, French and Scandinavian. The censor's staff handles mail couched in twenty-five European languages, many tongues and dialects of the Balkan States and a scattering few in Yiddish, Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, Tahitian, Hawaiian, Persian and Greek, to say nothing of a number in Philippine dialects.

A Few Are in German

An interesting by-product of the censor's work is the discovery of foreign language interpreters within the ranks of the army. One soldier, for example, wrote in Turkish and wrote so well that the censor handling the letters in that tangled tongue passed on his name to those higher up. As a result, the man was detailed to the interpreters' corps where he is now serving his adopted country ably and well.

Seldom, say the members of the censor's staff, is anything forbidden found in the foreign language letters. The only striking feature about them as a whole is the small number that are written in German. In fact the Chinese letters as a rule outnumber those expressed in the language of the Kaiser.

Besides all this thousands of letters are sent direct to the base censors every day, in case where soldiers are unwilling that their own immediate superiors should become acquainted with the contents. To hume; therefore, the enlisted man in a former National Guard unit whose censoring officer he suspects of trying to cut him out with The Girl Back Home, the base censor takes the responsibility off the company officer's shoulders; and the enlisted man feels ob; so much relieved.

Those clever chaps who devise all sorts of codes to tell the home folks just where they are in France, meet short shrift at the censor's hands. For example, one of them was anxious to describe a certain city in this fair land. "You know grandmother's first name," he wrote naively, thinking it would get by. But the particular censor it came before, having a New England grandmother of his own, promptly sent the letter back with the added comment, "Yes, and so do I! Can't it?"

Another man was so bold as to write: "The name of the town where I am located is the same as that of the dance hall on Umptumpus avenue in —" well, a certain well-known American city. He was also caught up; for the censor, being himself somewhat of a man of the world, shot the letter back with the tart comment: "I've been there, too."

Those two men, however, were more fortunate than have possessed some men to give away the location of their units in France—the censoring officials declare that the army deserves a great deal of credit for living up to both the letter and the spirit of the censor's code. They do, however, find fault with the men who continually "over-address" their letters—that is, who persist in taking on the name of their divisions to the company and regimental designations. This, for military reasons, is forbidden, but many men seem as yet unaware of the fact.

Many Thank-you Letters

During the first half of January the base censor's office alone handled more than 8,000 letters a day—two thousand a day increase over December, due, no doubt, to the thank-you letters which our dutiful soldier-men felt compelled to write in return for those bounteous Christmas boxes. In the spring, though more transports will be coming over, more men will be writing letters, but still the work will go on. The abuse of the letter-writing privilege by one man might mean the loss of many of his comrades, so the long and tough job of censoring must be "seen through."

So, you amarty with the private code to transmit all sorts of dope to the folks, have a care! No matter how the letters pile up, old Base Censor, Inc., is always on the job! Like the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo, he'll get you in the end, no matter how lucky and clever you think yourself. Or, as Indiana's favorite poet might put it, "The censor-man 'all git you if you don't watch out!"

THE MACHINE-GUN SONG. (As rendered by a certain battalion of Amex mitrailleurs, to the tune of "Lord Geoffrey Amherst.") We've come from old New England for to blast the bloomin' Hun, We have sailed from afar across the sea; We will drive the Boche before us with our baby-beauty guns To the heart of the Rhine country; And to his German majesty we will not do a thing But to spray his carcass with our hail; And when we're through with pepp'ring him, we'll make the lobster sing As we ride him into Berlin on a rail!

CHORUS. Oh, machine guns, machine guns! They're the things to raze the Kaiser aft and fore! May then never jam on us 'Till we've gone and won this gosh-darn war! Oh, machine guns are the handy things to drive the Fritz out When he hides back of bags of sand; And machine guns are the dandy things to put the Hun to rout If he tries to regain his land. So just keep the clips a-comin', and we'll give her all the juice And we speed along our glorious way; And von Hindenburg and Ludendorff will beat it like the dence When the little old rat-rattlers start to play!

CHORUS. Oh, machine guns, machine guns! They're the things to raze the Kaiser aft and fore! May then never jam on us 'Till we've gone and won this gosh-darn war!

CAN'T DO WITHOUT 'EM Scene: An A.E.F. cookshack, during sanitary inspection. Enter, to the cook standing at attention, one major, U.S.M.C., accompanied by one major, British Army Medical Corps. U.S. Major: "Well, cook, how's everything going?" Cook: Rotten, sir; men are either all sick or away on D.S., and there's only the mess sergeant and myself to look out for things. You can't get along without K.P.'s."

U.S. Major (to his British friend): "Major, you told me you knew a good deal of American Army slang; what would you say our friend the cook meant by 'K.P.'s?" British Major: "K.P.'s? Why, ab-er, I should say that cook was undoubtedly referring to the Knights of Pythias!"

MIRABELLE

One striking feature of the war is the number of women and girls engaged in various kinds of work back of the lines. The British Army has thousands of them doing clerical work or driving ambulances, while in the A.E.F. their activities so far have been limited to canteen work with the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A.

Most of the are practical individuals doing a lot of good, but occasionally one slips over imbued with the idea that soldiers are sort of overgrown bacteriological specimens to be studied and handled only with sterilized gloves. Possibly one of the latter inspired a certain A.E.F. private to lapse into poetry after he had stowed her baggage away and heard her dissertation on what the camp needed. His verses were:

The ether ethered, The cosmos coughed, Mirabelle whispered— The words were soft: "I shall go," Mirabelle said— And her voice, how it bled— "I shall go to be hurt By the dead, dead, dead. To be hurt, hurt, hurt— Oh, the sad, sweet, mean, And the dreepy droop Of that all-but-bean!"

"One must grow," Mirabelle wailed, "And one grows by the knife. I shall grow in my soul In that awful strife. Let me go, let me grow." Was the theme of her dirge: "Let the sobbiest of sobs Through my bosom surge."

The sergeant took a lean On the canteen door The captain ran away: "What a bore! What a bore!"

WAR RISK INSURANCE

February 12 is the last day to take out war risk insurance.

DO IT NOW!

ONE EYE IS NOT TRUE BLU. So a Hoosier Patriot Tries to Return It to Berlin. Paul Gary of Anderson, Indiana, is all American, with the exception of a glass eye. The substitute optic is alien. Gary tried to enlist in the U. S. Marine Corps at their recruiting station in Louisville, Ky., but was rejected when his infirmity was discovered by Sergeant G. C. Wright. "Didn't you know that the loss of an eye would prevent your enlisting?" asked the sergeant. "I thought it might," explained Gary, "but this glass blinker is the only part of me that was made in Germany, and I want to take it back." He was advised to mail it.

CHORUS. Oh, machine guns, machine guns! They're the things to raze the Kaiser aft and fore! May then never jam on us 'Till we've gone and won this gosh-darn war!

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM 194 Rue de Rivoli. Open daily 2.30 to 5 p.m.

ALBERT'S Grand Café KNICKERBOCKER 14, Bd des Capucines, 1, Rue Serbe, PARIS LUNCH 7 francs DINNER 8 francs (wine included)

OFFICERS & SOLDIERS Equip yourself at A. A. TUNMER & CO. 1-3 Place Saint-Augustin, PARIS. SPORTING OUTFITTER

MEURICE HOTEL AND RESTAURANT 228 Rue de Rivoli Opposite Tuilleries Gardens Restaurant Open to Non-Residents

FAMILY HOTEL, 7, Ave. du Trocadéro. Full board from 10 francs. HOTEL D'ALBE, Av. Champs-Elysees & Avenue de l'Alma, Paris. PATRONISED BY AMERICANS.

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PERRIN LIFE-SAVING BELT THE ONLY INSTANTANEOUS AND AUTOMATIC APPARATUS Patented S.G.D.G. Offers every guarantee. BARCLAY, 18 & 20, Avenue de l'Opera, PARIS. Furnishers of Governments of America, England and France and of all Centers of Aviation. Description and Catalogue free on application.

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

ADAMS EXPRESS CO. PARIS OFFICE 28, Rue du Quatre-Septembre. Every Banking Facility for American Expeditionary Forces MONEY TRANSFERRED BY CABLE AND MAIL TO ALL PARTS OF AMERICA AND CANADA Mail us your Pay Checks endorsed to our order. WE OPEN DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS WITH YOU FREE OF CHARGE, SUPPLYING CHECK-BOOKS.

The Stars and Stripes.

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

Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds. Editorial: Guy T. Visniakki, 2nd Lieut. Inf., N.A.; Charles P. Cushing, 2nd Lieut. U.S.M.C.R.; Hudson Hawley, Pvt., M.G.Bn.; A. A. Wallgren, Pvt., U.S.M.C.

FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1918.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is printed at the plant of the London Daily Mail's Continental edition in Paris. The paper stock is supplied by La Societe Anonyme des Papeteries Darblay.

"TO THE COLORS"

With this issue THE STARS AND STRIPES reports for active service with the A. E. F. It is your paper, and has but one axe to grind—the axe which our Uncle Samuel is whetting on the grindstone for use upon the august necks of the Hapsburgs and the Hohenzollerns.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is unique in that every soldier purchaser, every soldier subscriber, is a stockholder and a member of the board of directors. It isn't being run for any individual's profit, and it serves no class but the fighting men in France who wear the olive drab and the forest green.

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If you don't find in this, your own weekly, the things in which you are particularly interested, write to the editors, and if it is humanly possible they will dig up the stuff you want.

THE STARS AND STRIPES is up at the top of the mast for the duration of the war. It will try to reach every one of you, every week—mud, shell-holes and fog notwithstanding. It will yield rights of the roadway only to troops and ambulances, food, ammunition and guns, and the paymaster's car.

FATHER ABRAHAM.

Just one hundred and nine years ago this coming February 12, there was born, in what was then the backwoods of Kentucky, the man whose career is most symbolic of the equality of opportunity afforded by our common country.

He accomplished that tremendous task largely by the exercise of the most trying—and, to those who do not possess it, the most exasperating—of all the virtues: Patience. Patience which, moreover, was coupled with a rare sense of homely humor.

Then, too, in his relations with the Copperheads, the pacifists of that day, who would have, as Horace Greeley put it, "let the erring sisters depart in peace," Lincoln practiced patience—patience mixed with a keen appreciation of the humorous side of their frantic meanderings.

criticities, he found time to laugh, and to show others the way to laugh.

Every American, at home or over here, would do well to take deep thought, on this coming anniversary, of what manner of man was "the prairie lawyer, master of us all."

It is our privilege, and our glory, as members of America's vanguard of liberty, so to fight, so to strive, that we may rightly be called the fellow countrymen of Father Abraham.

SQUARING THE TRIANGLE.

The decision of the American Army and Navy Y. M. C. A. in France not to accept as workers any more men who are eligible for military service will meet with the hearty approval of every member of the A. E. F.

The spectacle of a man of draft age, undeniably husky and fit for active service, cosily situated behind a counter during working hours, and when off duty enjoying all the privileges, and often wearing much of the insignia, of an officer when he had not been through the training and made the sacrifices to entitle him to such treatment, has more than once galled the feelings of the enlisted man.

THE STARS AND STRIPES feels sure that the Y. M. C. A. can recruit just as many "red-blooded" men, just as many "good mixers," among those who are older than thirty-one as among those of military age.

It undoubtedly will draw from the older men a class more experienced in the handling of affairs, more accustomed to dealing with all sorts of their fellows.

TALK AND RESOLUTIONS. In a recent speech to representatives of the British trades unions, Premier Lloyd George of England said something which every American, both here and at home, would do well to bear in mind.

"If we are not prepared to fight, what sort of terms do you think we will get from Hindenburg? If you sent a delegation and said: 'We want you to clear out of Belgium,' he would just mock you. He would say in his heart: 'You cannot turn me out of Belgium with trade union resolutions.' No; but I will tell you the answer you can give him: 'We can and will turn you out of Belgium with trade union guns and trade unionists behind them!'"

In other words, mere boastful talk will not lick Germany. Guns, and the men behind them are the only things that will do the job. There is only one way for us of the A. E. F.—the men behind the guns—to bring about the peace which the world craves, and that is by resolving to make every shot from those guns talk its own.

STREET OF THE PRETTY HEART. It might have been a street once, that shell-pocked thoroughfare, its cobble sidewalks awry, its curbing bitten out as though by the teeth of a stone-crunching giant.

Trench coats were worn by the patriotic Wall Street brokers on the New York stock exchange during that cold day; as if, no doubt, to imply that Wall Street is just as dangerous as the trenches. There isn't much difference: In one, you may get separated from your kate, and in the other you may get separated from your bean.

SINGING ON THE HIKE. We do not sing "by order" in this man's army, but that is no reason why we should not sing—just because we are not ordered to do so.

And lungs and hearts in good condition are the best possible aids to the "guts" that will win this war. We do not need to sing "highbrow stuff." We cannot imagine American troops going into battle as our Italian allies are said to, singing the national anthem, for the simple reason that we are not built that way, that's all.

SPIES AND ASSES. Beware of the man who, no matter what his uniform, no matter what his nationality, comes to you with tales of Germany's invincibility, prophecies that "the war will end in a draw," and so forth.

GAS-ALERT! Great Britain is said to be making progress in the gentle art of extracting explosives from chestnut. Chauncey Depew was master of that art long ago.

TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME. To the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wives, sweethearts, and friends of the men in the American Expeditionary Forces:

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So start her off! Pitch it low enough so everybody can reach it, and keep it going. It is an unbeatable tonic for an unbeatable army.

SPIES AND ASSES.

Beware of the man who, no matter what his uniform, no matter what his nationality, comes to you with tales of Germany's invincibility, prophecies that "the war will end in a draw," and so forth.

Germany thinks we are a credulous lot of people. Old Bismarck himself once cynically remarked that there was a special Providence that watched out for plumb fools and Americans. More recently, Von Papen, whom our Government asked to have withdrawn from his post as German military attaché at Washington, referred to us affectionately as "those idiotic Yankees."

THE ONLY SURE AND SAFE WAY TO FOOL Germany in return is to report any man mouthing such pro-German sentiments, and report him at once. Your company commander will then see to it that further enemy activity by that man will be effectively stopped.

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ON THEIR WAY.—By CHARLES DANA GIBSON



Reproduced by courtesy of "Life."

TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME

To the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wives, sweethearts, and friends of the men in the American Expeditionary Forces:

We hear that you have been regaled with some alarming stories about us of the A.E.F. and our conduct here in France. In fact, some of those stories have been relayed to us, and if they weren't so far from the truth we might be inclined to get really mad.

But, after all, it's no laughing matter to be talked about behind our backs in such a reckless and irresponsible way by reckless and irresponsible people, though no doubt some of them have the best intentions in the world and think that they, and they alone, can save us.

THE PERCENTAGE OF venereal disease in this army of yours is three-tenths of one per cent—the smallest percentage on record for any army, or any civil population, in the world's history.

TO THE FOLKS BACK HOME. To the fathers and mothers, sisters and brothers, wives, sweethearts, and friends of the men in the American Expeditionary Forces:

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newspaper, whose business it is to get facts and to report them accurately, adds this:

"I was in the only town of any size in the whole area occupied by the troops referred to on the night when they were first paid off in France. The majority of those men received from two to three months' pay, totalling in many cases \$100 or more. The streets were crowded with soldiers buying up everything in sight, from candy and chocolate to clothing, but—it's the absolute truth—I did not see a single drunken soldier; while the provost guard records show the smallest number of arrests. Since then I have seen a good deal of the troops referred to as 'North-Eastern,' as a result of which I can unhesitatingly state that if the troops training in the United States conduct themselves as well, they're doing nobly."

NEATNESS IN DRESS. In connection with these new regulations concerning clothing, it is strictly laid down that every effort must be made at all times by the officers and men of the A.E.F. to present a neat and soldierly appearance.

AMBULANCE VENTILATION. Ford ambulances in the service of the A.E.F. are to be bored with one inch auger holes at three-inch intervals in double rows through the wooden front just at the driver's back and immediately beneath the roof; in the tail-board, also, there will be fifteen holes.

TYPHOID PROPHYLAXIS. Any men in the A.E.F. who have not as yet taken typhoid prophylaxis will be required to do so in the near future; and, in all cases where it is shown that complete protective measures have not been taken, the surgeon will administer triple vaccine prophylaxis.

RED CROSS SEARCHERS. One "searcher" of the American Red Cross may be attached to each statistical section of the Adjutant-General's department throughout the A.E.F. and in each hospital sub-section, except in field hospitals.

MORE RATIONS. The meat, coffee and sugar rations of troops engaged in work involving hard manual labor of eight hours or more a day will be increased 25 per cent, up to the end of March.

RECKLESS DRIVING. Reckless driving by chauffeurs is frowned upon severely in General Orders No. 11. In consequence of past accidents, it is now required that every driver of an A.E.F. motor vehicle which sustains a collision with any French vehicle or person, or kills or injures a domestic animal, will prepare a report on Form No. 124, Q.M.M.T.S., immediately after the collision and before resuming his journey.

HARD LIQUORS. Soldiers are forbidden either to buy or accept as gifts from the French, any whisky, brandy, champagne, or, in fact, any spirituous liquors. Commanding officers are charged with the duty of seeing that all drinking places where the alcoholic liquors thus named are sold are designated as "off limits."

MENTIONED IN ORDERS. The "Oversea Cap," the latest thing in military headgear, has been officially adopted as part of the uniform for officers, soldiers and other uniformed members of the A.E.F.

TRENCH UNIFORMS. Officers are also authorized to wear the so-called trench coat, with the insignia of rank

on the shoulder. This may also be worn on the raincoat. Officers serving in the Zone of Advance will be issued all articles of the enlisted man's uniform and equipment they need; and, when their duty in the trenches is over, they will return all such articles.

"No soldier," says the order, "will be permitted to leave his command on pass unless he presents a neat and soldierly appearance, which will be determined at an inspection by an officer."

As to conditions in general, both Allied and neutral military observers have expressed themselves as astonished at the remarkably good behavior of this army of yours. The world does move. Armies no longer live by forage, loot, and pillage; but even at that, this pay-as-you-go, behave-as-you-go American Army has been a revelation to our European Allies.

Take it all in all, these American Expeditionary Forces constitute an army which is in every way a worthy successor to the first army of liberty, whose commander was George Washington. It is proud of its heritage, proud of you people at home who are supporting it and who are backing it with your labor, your money, your hopes, and your prayers, proud of the Government that sped it on its way overseas, proud of the cause for which it is fighting—the greatest cause which any army was ever called upon to champion.

It would rather rot under the soil of France than to do anything which would cast discredit on the homes it left, which would impugn in any way the good name of the great people from whom it was recruited.

Remember all this in mind, good people back in God's country, if you hear any more stories about us made up out of the same whole cloth. If by any chance any of you should hesitate to believe us, write to our commanders, our chaplains, our doctors, expector to turn in his service hat to nearest Quartermaster depot.

The officers' Overseas cap will be the same model as that worn by the men, but the material will be that of the officers' uniform. For officers other than general officers, the stiffening at the edge of the flap will be the same color as the arm of the service to which the officer belongs, and will project far enough above the edge of the flap to give the appearance of piping when the cap is worn with the flap up. General officers will have caps with stiffening of the same color as the cap cloth itself, with a strip of gold braid an eighth of an inch in width at the top of the flap.

Except where the helmet is prescribed, officers actually commanding troops will wear the Overseas cap. At other times the Overseas or the service cap is optional.

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RAILROADING AT THE FRONT IS NO PICNIC

Engineer of Big Lizzie Takes Reporter for a Ride and Explains a Few Professional Difficulties.

BOCHE TRIES TO BEAN HIM WITH BOMBS.

Problems of Garb, Breakfast and Tobacco Happily Solved by "System D."

"Casey Jones—mounted up the cabin Casey Jones—with his orders in his hand"

The slinger, to judge from the way he rolled his r's, ought to have come from somewhere out in the perrarrrie country of North America; but to judge from his costume, he might have come from about anywhere. He wore the red fez of the Algerian troops, the tunic of his Britannic Majesty's fighting forces, the horizon-blue slicker of the Arme'e de France, but his underpinning, as well as his voice, was downright United States. Only the khaki trousers and canvas leggings identified him, in part, at least, as a member of an American Railroad Engineers' Regiment.

The Workings of System D.

"These duds"—indicating his international collection of garments—"I know they look funny, but what can a man do? Well, it all works out right enough by what the French call 'System D'—shift for yourself. We start out under the U.S., and we draw some—just some—clothes from them. Then they turn us over to the French government to run this here line up to the front, see? French government gives us more clothes—some decent chaps, too, and more like Americans than anything else they've got over here—and they want to trade off with us for some stuff. That's where the coat comes from. This red dicer"—pointing to the fez—"I copped off'n a uigger. Funny kind of coon he was, too; couldn't talk English, only French; and we had to teach him how to shoot craps!"

"But we got three complete Uncle Sam uniforms, in three different sizes, for the use of the whole outfit. Y'see, three men from our company get leave in Paris every week, and they just nachuilly got to look right when they go down there. So they match, and the old man has the pick of the three suits, so's he can take the one that fits him. Then the other two flip up, and the guy that don't call it has to take what's left. Gen'rally he's outer luck."

"Look at this engine o' mine," continued the engineer, pointing to the big Baldwin locomotive beside him. "It's a pippin, though! These little French ones look like fleas up alongside an elephant side of her. They're forty-five like her in the same lot, bought by the French for \$45,000 a throw, and turned out at the works in Philly in twenty days. They're owned by the French now, but they've got the good old U.S.A. right up there on the water-tender. See? He's obliged with his flashlight. 'Pull? They can handle 100,000 pounds without batting an eye!"

Misses the Old Bell.

"Only trouble is," he explained, "we haven't got any spare parts for her, not even spare valves, she was rushed over here in such a hurry. But at that, she's got it over anything that ever sailed over this line before. Why, when we first got here some of the French lines were using old engines that had been made in Germany in 1856. 'Fact! One of ours, like Big Lizzie here, can do the work of three of the little fellers; and, while I'm no expert on the subject, perhaps, our regiment has done the work of an outfit two and a half times as big since it came here."

Every Station is a Block.

Up grade Big Lizzie puffed, and pulled away with a right good will, scuttling around the many curves in the road as if she were on a dance floor. Military railroads have to have plenty of curves, so the Boche airplanes cannot follow them too closely. At the next station the reporter and the engineer, who were in the office of the Illinois Central agent, all decorated with shells picked up on the famous battlefields at the head of the line, and to see the bunk house and restaurant for the men who lay over there. Every station on the line—there are seven—has an American station master, and all the yards have American yardmasters and American switchmen. There is, strictly speaking, no block system in France, but each station is supposed to be the boundary of a block, and a train simply stays in one station until the one ahead is clear.

"Want some hot water?" queried the engineer of an American who, carrying a big tank, came up to the engine at one of the stations. "All right; it isn't Saturday night yet, but over here you've got to wash while the washing's good. Help yourself out of the engine!" And the American did—with thanks.

why we run without lights now, and make the crew use flashlights instead of lanterns. Right over there"—pointing to the side of the roadbed, in the snow—"a flyin' Dutchman" came down last week, after being chased by a French plane. His chassis was all riddled with bullets till it looked like Cook's strainer, and his wings were bent till they looked like corkscrews. When they came up to look at the machine, they found the pilot's right body in it, burnt just like a strip o' bacon that's been left on the stove too long. They found the carcass of the officer that was with him about 200 yards away, in the woods somewhere. He must have got a helluva toss when he went."

In Luck on Tobacco.

"Like it?" He repeated the reporter's question. "Like it? Sure; who wouldn't? Only thing is, we're loaned to the French army, as I told you, and the French never have learnt how to cook a man's size breakfast. Now, how in the name of time can a railroad man do a day's work when he begins it on nothing but coffee and a hunk of sour bread? But we're runnin' in luck lately, buyin' eggs and things off the people along the line, and gettin' a little stuff from the U.S.Q.M. now and then, so we make out pretty well. The only thing that got our goat was when they offered us the French tobacco ration—seein' as we were in their army, they thought we were entitled to it. We took one white apiece, and then we said 'Nix!' Since Christ mas, though, we've come into luck," he added, pulling a big hunk of long-cut out of his Canadian blouse. "Have a chew?"

AH! THOSE FRENCH!

"Mademoiselle, tell me: What is the difference between you and a major-general?"

"Mais, oui, m'sieur, there are many differences; which one does m'sieur mean?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle, the general, he has stars upon his shoulders; but you—you, mademoiselle, have the stars in your eyes!"

SHAVING IN FRANCE.

The order says, "Shave every other day." Now you, personally, may need to shave every day; or you may need to shave as often as twice a day; or, again, you may be one of those lucky and youthful souls who really don't need to shave oftener than once a week. But, as the order makes the every-other-day shave obligatory, you, no matter what classification you may fall under, decide to compromise on the every-other-day shave. In that way, and in that way only, can discipline be maintained and a pleasing variety of growths up and down the company front be secured.

The order being such as it is, you dispense with washing your face every day. You wash your face on your non-shaving day, and on your shaving day you let the shave take the place of the wash. To be sure, if you are a generous latherer you have to wash your face all over, including the remote portions behind the ears, after you get through shaving; but, being anxious to save time and economize water—thus living up to another order—you never count that in as a real wash. When writing home, you say simply that you wash and shave on alternate days.

A Use for Helmets.

To begin the shaving process, you secure a basin full or a tin helmet full of water—such water as the countryside affords. Usually it is dirty; sometimes in the regions bordering on what has been in German hands since 1914, it minutely resembles the drink that Gunga Dhin brought to his suffering Tommy friend. You remember:

"It was crawly and it stunk." At that, you can't blame it for being crawly and stinking if it had been anywhere near the Boche.

If you are in billets or barracks, and there is a stove therein both handy and going, and if all the epurates and snappy dressers in the squad are not trying to toast their bread or thaw out their shoes or dry their socks on top of it at the same time, you may be allowed to heat your shaving water—if it can be called water—on said stove. If you are allowed to—which again is doubtful—you are generally saddled with the job of being squad stove-stoker for the rest of the day. This is a confining occupation, and hard on the eyes.

If, however, you are in neither billets nor barracks, but in the open somewhere or if there is no fire in the stove, or if somebody else has got first licks at it, and you don't fit with the cook of the mess sergeant so as to be able to borrow a cup of hot water out of the coffee tank—why, there is nothing left to do but shave in cold water. This is hard on the face, the temper and the commandment against cursing. Also, if you neglected to import your shaving soap from the States and had to buy it over here, it may mean that you are out of luck on lather.

Anyway, after quite a while of fussing

around, you get started. You smear your face with something approaching lather if you've got hot water, with a sticky, milky substance that resembles more than anything else, a coating of lumpy office paste. This done, and rubbed in a bit around the corners, you begin to hoe.

Indoor vs. Outdoor Shaving.

In billet shaving, somebody is always trying to climb into the bunk above over your slightly bent back while you shave—for it is impossible to get your little trouch mirror directly in front of your face while you are in an upright position. In outdoor shaving—usually performed in the middle of a village square, near the town fountain—one is invariably bumped from behind by one of the looting kine or fruitless coits, peculiar to the region; to say nothing of a stray auto truck or ambulance which may have broken loose from its moorings. These gentle digs, of course, produce far less gentle digs in one's countenance. In this way, America's soldiers, long before they reach the front, are inured to the sight of blood.

After you have scraped off a sufficient amount of beard to show a sufficient amount of skin to convince the Top, when he eyes you over, that you have actually shaved, you shake the lather off your razor and brush, dab what is left of the original water over the torn parts of your face, seize the opportunity, while you have the mirror before you, of combing your hair with your finger-nails, and button your shirt collar. The performance concluded, you are good for forty-eight hours more, having a perfect alibi if anyone comments on your facial growth. You are not, however, in any condition to attend a revival meeting or to bless the power—that-be who condemned you to having to shave in France.

CRUSADERS.

Richard Cour de Lion was a soldier and a king. He carried lots of hefty tools with which he cut his toes to bing; He cased himself in armor tough—neck, shoulder, waist, and knee; But Richard, old Cour de Lion, didn't have a thing on me.

For while old Cour de Lion may have worn an iron casque, He never had to tote around an English gas-proof mask; He never galled himself with packs that weigh about a ton, Nor—lucky Richard—did he have to clean a beastly gun.

'Tis true he wore a helmet to protect himself from boulders, But then, he had good rest for it upon his spacious shoulders; While my tin hat is balanced on the peak of my bare dome, And after marching with it—gee! I wish that I were home!

His feet were cased in metal shoes, in length about a yard, Which, since they were so big, I bet did not go on as hard As Uncle Sam's dancing pumps that freeze so stiff at night That donning them at reveille is sure an awful fright.

He never had to pull a Ford from out of muddy ruts— Although his breastplate warded spears from off his royal guts, His Nibs was never forced to face the fire of "forty-twos" And tear gas would have given him an awful case of blues.

He always rode a charger, while I travel on shanks 'n' mare; He messed on wine and venison; I eat far humbler fare. I'll grant he was some fencer with his doughty snickersnee, But Richard Cour de Lion didn't have a thing on me!

YES, THEY'RE A FEW.

Green Sentry: "Turn out the guard— Officer of the Day!"

(Officer of the Day promptly salutes, indicating, "As you were!")

Green Sentry: "Never mind the Officer of the Day!"

FASHION HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

By BRAN MASH.

Overcoats are being worn much shorter this season, by request.

The campaign hat, while still de rigueur for the less formal functions of

army society, such as reveille and mess, is rapidly going out of date. It is said on excellent authority that it will soon be supplanted by a *chapeau* closely resembling the cocked hat worn by certain goody gentlemen of Boston and vicinity during skirmish drill

at Lexington and Concord, Mass. The portrait shown herewith depicts one of the makeshifts now much in vogue.

Rubber boots are much the rage at this season of the year. While not exactly suited to town wear, and while the more conservative dressers still refuse to be seen in them at afternoon-tea, they are speedily adjusted and thus enjoy great popularity among those who are in the habit of "just making" reveille.

Slickers are, at present writing, in great demand among the members of the younger army set. Those who were farsighted enough to procure the heavy black variety when it was issued last fall are counting themselves more fortunate than their friends who chose the lighter, but colder, blue or drab garment.

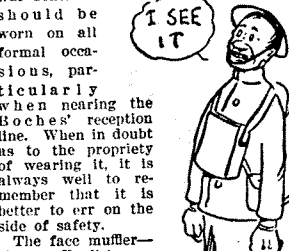
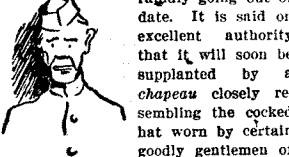
The tin brown derby is, after all, the most serviceable headgear for all-around wear in the war zone. It should be worn on all formal occasions, particularly when wearing the Boche's reception line. When in doubt as to the propriety of wearing it, it is always well to remember that it is better to err on the side of safety.

The face muffler—either English or French design—is another *sine qua non* for all formal occasions, particularly at *soirees* and *dansants* near the first line. In fact, some of the more careless dressers who have neglected to provide themselves with it have suffered severely, and been roundly snubbed. While it is at best an ugly piece of facegear and extremely difficult for the uninitiated to adjust correctly, its intricacies should be mastered at the earliest opportunity by those having business "up front."

The knit sock, home made preferred, is indispensable for wear inside the regulation field shoe during all formal and informal promenades. It is a sign of *goucherie*, however, to allow the top of either sock to protrude above the puttee or legging. Care should be taken that the socks fit the feet as snugly as possible, else ugly bunches will form at the heels and toes, thus robbing the gentle art of walking of all the pleasure which Henry Ford put into it.

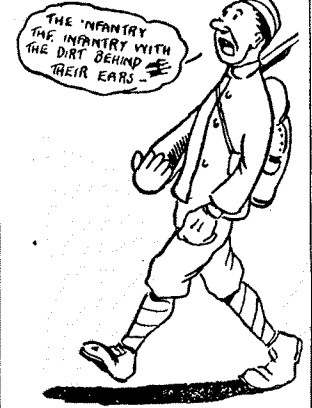
The web belt, worn on most formal occasions, should always be well filled when the wearer contemplates a business trip. Cautious dressers do well to adjust the belt so that the pistol holster hangs within easy reach of the right hand.

Spiral puttees have advanced so far in popular favour that they are now being issued for general wear by such a conservative (but ever reliable) gent's furnishing house as the U.S.Q.M.C.D. They



are considered warmer than the old-style canvas leggings, although, as they take longer to put on, they are rather frowned upon by the more hasty dressers. They should be tightly wrapped if the wearer possesses a shapely lower limb; but tight wrapping is apt to result in tired feet at the end of a promenade of any duration.

The regulation field shoe has been designated the correct footwear for business and informal occasions. Care should be taken to secure sizes which will admit of the entrance of the wearer's feet (one in each shoe) when encased in at least two pairs of socks. Although



numerous complaints have been lodged against the hobnails which infest the soles of these shoes, it may be said in extenuation that they are indispensable for marching along slippery roads, and also extremely useful when the wearer is engaged in kicking Germans in the face.

The Sam Browne belt is worn exclusively by officers serving with the American Expeditionary Forces—that is, in the American Army. It is a natty leather ornament, and much sought after. It is, in fact, the last word—*derrier cri*—in gentlemanly attire.

Mr. FIRST NIGHT IN THE ARMY.

I'm there with two thin blankets, As thin as a slice of ham, A German spy was likely the guy Who made them for Uncle Sam. How did I sleep? Don't kid me— My bed-tick's filled with straw, And lumps and humps and big fat bumps That pinched till I was raw.

Me and my two thin blankets As thin as my last thin dime, As thin, I guess, as a chorus girl's dress, Well, I had a dandy time. I'd pull 'em up from the bottom, Whenever I started to sneeze, A couple of yanks to cover my shanks, And then how my "dogs" did freeze.

AMERICAN EYE CLASSES
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You could use 'em for porous plasters, Or maybe to strain the soup.— My pillows my shoes when I tried to snooze— And I've chillblains, a cough and croup.

Me and my two thin blankets, Bundled up under my chin; Yes, a German spy was likely the guy, And—MY—but they were thin.

HEARD IN THE CAFE.
"So you were down at El Paso the same time we were? Bum town, wasn't it?"

"Let's see,—I knew a lad out in Kansas City and his name was—"
"No, I haven't been up in Alaska since 1908, but there's a guy in our company who—"
"By the way, where did you say you came from in New Hampshire?"
"Sure enough. We hung around there at Tampa until—"
"Yes, I got a paper from my home town in Nevada that said—"
"And, in spite of talk like that, there are some people back home that think their own communities' men are doing all the fighting."

CAN YOU BLAME HER?

Teacher in French School: "Marie, what is the national anthem of La Patrie?"
Little Marie: "La Marseillaise."
Teacher: "Good! Now, the national air of England?"
Little Marie: "God Save the King."
Teacher: "Very good, mon enfant! Now, the national air of the United States?"
Little Marie: "Certainment! It is 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!'"

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.

"Well, Bill, how are you getting along with your French?"
"Fine! I know the words for wood, straw, beefsteak and suds; what more do I want to get by with?"

SUCH IS FAME!

"Jake, who's this Lord Reading that's the new British Ambassador to the States?"
"Reading? Say, ain't he the guy that run a railroad somewhere in Pennsylvania?"

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KID JOHNSON LOSES BELT BY A KNOCKOUT

Fighting Fireman from the Q.M.C. Defeats Champion in One Round.

By BRITT.

An extra long khaki-colored canvas belt, regulation in width, was turned over to Judson C. Pewther, Q.M.C., by Kid Johnson, of the 1st Infantry, following a two minute ceremony which ended in a knockout.

Kid Johnson had whipped everyone in sight at G.H.Q. and was being touted as the champion of Amex forces. He was billed to fight both Pewther and a French heavyweight aspirant the same evening. He had to disappoint the Frenchman—And, monsieur, PERRY-SHED.

Charlie, ostensibly a modest and unassuming fireman in the office of the Intelligence Section, General Staff, is now recognized as one of the best fighting units in the A.E.F. Report has it that he was one of the best bets on the Border, where he served in the Body Snatchers—with a long string of ring victories to his credit. He had been out of the boxing game for nearly three years, having married in the interim, but no one disputes the fact that he made a great comeback.

Right Hook Turns the Trick.

The scrap took place before a crowded house. The two heavyweights were evenly matched in height and weight. Johnson started like all champions, confidently, and let loose a strip of rattling fists. Charlie faced the fusillade and coolly replied with several vicious upper-cuts reminiscent of Border days. With frequent jabs he rocked the champion's head, and the crowd roared.

Me met Johnson's rush with a persistent jab. The champion was fighting mad and rushed in for a cleanup. As he did so, he uncovered. The opening was small but sufficient. Charlie countered with his left, then sent a swift right hook to the jaw. Johnson wilted. Three knockdowns followed. Then the champion took the count.

Fighting Charlie was on the job at Headquarters next morning as usual, showing no marks of the encounter. The petites desmoiselles, over whom Charlie exercises daily authority, were dumfounded to learn that their boss was a bruiser. But it is significant that the fires in the Intelligence Section today are burning brighter than ever.

New Champion is Modest.

Pewther was averse to talking about himself, but he confessed to twenty-nine years and claimed Portland, Ore., as his home. A representative of THE STARS AND STRIPES found him after the fight seated on a coal-box reading his favorite dime novel—in which he finds a laugh in every line—and wearing the same sized hat.

"I wouldn't have broken into the game again," he declared, "but I felt that I couldn't stand by and let the Johnson coterie putting after him sweeping challenges. It was all right to challenge the crowd, but when all the soldiers of the A. E. F. were included I figured it was up to me to register a kerplunk for the Q.M. Johnson would have been champion yet if he hadn't tried to take in the most popular soldier in France. When his regiment—once of the National Guard—comes swinging down the pike the soldiers are jammed with other soldiers who crane their necks to get a peek at him.

A PINCH HITTER IN KHAKI.

Lank used to be something of a base ball player. In fact, he's still on the rolls of a certain National League club and back in 1914 it was Lank's mighty swatting that won the world's champion ship for his team.

Next to General Pershing himself and a few other generals, Lank is about the most popular soldier in France. When his regiment—once of the National Guard—comes swinging down the pike the soldiers are jammed with other soldiers who crane their necks to get a peek at him.

Lank always carries the colors. He's now color-guard. The great ball player, you can hear one doughboy say to another, "Well, I'll be doggonned. Looks just like any other soldier, don't he?"

"What you expect to see?" will ask a soldier who has worshipped Lank's batting average for 'ot these many years. "Didja expect to see a fellow wearin' a baseball uniform and carryin' a bat over his shoulder? Sure, that's Lank. Hello, Lank, howja like soldiering?"

Lank will look out of the corner of his eye and then, sure that no officer is looking, reply out of the corner of his mouth: "We're on to the Kaiser's curves, boys. We'll hit everything those Hunns pitch for home runs. No strike outs in this 'ere."

Lank is the life of his regiment. In his "stove league" this winter he has organized all kinds of baseball leagues and next Spring he's going to lead a championship team against all soldier comers.

If General Pershing isn't too busy Lank will try and get him to nupture some afternoon.

STRAY SHOTS.

So Grover Alexander has been drafted? Some squad is going to have a nifty hand grenade tosser to its credit, eh, what?

Wonder if John L., when he arrived at the party gave and St. Peter asked his name, gave his customary reply of, "Yours truly, John L. Sullivan?" If he did, we bet he walked right on in while the good saint was still trying to figure it out.

Speaking of the great John L., we suppose that "Handsome Jim" Corbett is the only old time champion who can't at all aspire to Sullivan's place in public esteem.

FOR A LIVE SPORT PAGE.

THIS IS poor apology for A LIVE SPORT page but it MAKES A beginning and SOMEBODY had to do it AND I was the goat but WITH YOUR help we'll DO BETTER next time if you WRITE US some notes from YOUR CAMP and send us SOME VERSES for ONE GUY can't handle this ALL himself and ANYBODY could do the job BETTER than I can you know WE WANT to find a REAL SPORTING editor somewhere AND WISH this job OFF ON him and then WE'LL buy a cable from RACK home and tell him TO HOP to it. C. P. C.

SUPPLIES FIRST AID TO CHILLY AIRMEN

Red Cross Canteen Serves 2000 Sandwiches and Mugs of Coffee Daily.

The Red Cross does a lot of work over here. Its activities in taking care of the population of the Hun-devastated districts, in clothing and feeding the ever-increasing hordes of refugees that pour in over the Swiss frontier, in supplying French and American military hospitals and in furnishing the American forces with auxiliary clothing are well known. It is not known, however, that, somewhere in that nebulous region known as somewhere in France, the Red Cross has gone in a bit for what has generally been considered the Y. M. C. A.'s own particular game—that of running the festive army canteen.

So far as can be found out at present writing, this canteen is the only one operated by the Red Cross in France. It is run primarily for the benefit of the young American aviators whose training station is here by And, it serves aviators and aviators' friends and higher ozone than most of the rest of us, are in consequence always as hungry as kites and cormorants, this particular Red Cross canteen does a rushing business.

It is situated in a long barrack-like building of the familiar type, with the partitioning of the dining room and a combination officers' dining room and a storeroom kitchen. The kitchen—as always in anything pertaining to the army—is the all-important part. This kitchen is noteworthy for two things: It has a real stand-up-and-stir counter, and its produce are cooked and served by the deft hands of American women.

Girls Worked All Night.

No dinners are served at this canteen for the airmen. Those favors are reserved for the civilian Americans in the hospital nearby. But the airmen are dropping in all the time for sandwiches and hot coffee, particularly after coming down, chilled and chattering, from a flight into the upper regions of the sky. If they don't drop in to get warmed up in that, in addition to that, they are in for a scolding by the head of the canteen, an Englishwoman possessed of all an American mother's motherly instincts and all of the English army's ideals of discipline.

There was one night that the little Red Cross canteen was put to a severe test. The next morning, after a severe fight at the aviation camp after a thirty-hour trip punctuated by no saving hot meal. The manager-matron and her girl helpers, however, stayed up nearly all night, mending hot coffee and sandwiches so that the hardships of sleeping on the hard benches of the barracks was somewhat mitigated for the 1,500 unfortunates.

A Repair Shop For Clothes.

In all the canteen disburse about 2,000 sandwiches a day, with mugs of coffee to match. In addition to that, it was equipped with Norwegian floor-covers, sally forth to the aviation fields in the mornings long before dawn so that "the men who are going up may have something warm to eat and drink to fortify them against the cold. Not content with going that for their charges, the Red Cross people soon hope to have enough workers to take care of mending the aviators' clothes, for aviators have to wear lots of clothes, and when they land in trees, in barbed wire, on stone walls and so forth, their clothes suffer in consequence. A doughboy, who has a hard job keeping it in order; but an aviator with heaven knows how many layers of clothes—oh, my!

OUR SANCTUM

It's an office, all right, for it has a typewriter in it. No, not the feminine person who usually decorates offices; simply the typewriting machine. It has a calendar too, as all well-regulated offices should have. In fact, it is a well-regulated office has which it lacks are the red-and-white signs "Do It Now" and the far more cheerful wall motto, "Out to Lunch."

It has lamps, to be sure, not electric lights, as is the custom among offices in the States. It has a stove on the walls, but they differ a great deal from the ones which used to hang above the Boss's desk back home, and at which we used to stare blankly while waiting for him to look up from his papers and say, "Well, wazzamatternow?" These lamps have no blue lines marking zones of distribution, no blue lines marking salesmen's routes and delimiting their territories, no stars marking agencies' locations. True, they have lines on them, and a few stars on them, but they stand for far different things.

Furnishings are Simple.

The office has a few rickety chairs, and one less rickety than the others which is reserved for the Big Works, as he is affectionately called, on the occasion of his few but none the less disquieting visits. It has a rickety table, usually only one, for drewood is scarce in France. It has a stove, which, from its battered appearance, must have been used as a street barricade during the Reign of Terror in the days of the First Revolution. Said stove requires the concentrated efforts of one lanky bank, speaking three languages—French, United States, and profane—all the live-long day to keep it going. Even then the man sitting nearest the window is always out of luck.

The walls are unkempt in appearance, as if the plaster had shivered involuntarily for many a weary day before the coming of "les Americains" and their insistence upon the installation of the store. The paper is seamed and smeared until it resembles a bird's-eye view of the battlefield of the Marne. The ceiling is as smudged as the face of a naughty little boy caught in the midst of a raid on the jam in the pantry, due, no doubt, to the aforesaid stove and to the over-exuberant rising-and-shining of

the kerosene lamp. Some people ascribe the state of the ceiling to the grade of tobacco which the Boss smokes; but the Boss always thunders back, "Well, what the devil can a map do in a country where even cornsilk would be a blessing?" And, as what the Boss says goes, that ends it.

There is one rug on the floor, a dilapidated one that might well be the flayed hide of a sea-bitten mule. There is a mantelpiece, stretching across what used to be a fireplace in the days of the First Napoleon, but which is a fireplace no more. On top of the mantelpiece is a lot of dry reading—wicked-looking little books full of fascinating facts about the life and times of a minimum of effort and ammunition. On the floor, no matter how carefully the office occupants scrape their hobnails before entering, there is always a thin coating of mud.

The office telephone is on the wall, instead of on the Boss's desk, as it ought to be. It is a telephone of the rubber boot type to use it. And it has the same old Ford-crank attachment on the side that is common to phones in the rural free delivery districts of the United States of America.

Why Hats Are Worn.

Instead of being lined with bright young men in knobby business suits and white stiff collars, the office is lined with far brighter young men in much more fashionable khaki. They keep their hats on while they are working for they know, not when they may have to dash out again into the cold and the wind and the rain. They keep their coats on for the same reason; there are no shirt-sleeves and cuff protectors in this office, for the simple reason that there are no cuffs to speak of, and that shirt-sleeves are "not military."

There is no office clock for the lizard to watch. Instead, there are bugle calls, sounded from without. Or, again the hungry man puts the forearm bearing his wrist watch in front of his face, as if to ward off a blow, when he wants to know the time. Save for the clanking of spurs and the clanking of a rubber boot, it is a pretty quiet office, singularly so, in fact, considering the work that is done in it.

Take it all in all, it's a strange kind of an office, isn't it? Well, it ought to be, considering it's in a strange land. It's an army newspaper office, that's what it is—an American sanctuary in the heart of France.

TACTICS GET GOAT ACROSS.

Requirements include Perfume, a Sack, a Kit Bag and Cheers.

From the C.O. down to "Fuzzy," who would have rather taken court martial than one wanted to leave "Jazz" behind. So there was no end of indignation when the order came at a certain American port that no animals (unless useful) could go to France with the squadron. "Jazz," being only a tender-hearted billy goat, could not claim exemption from remaining in the U.S.A., for, as everybody agreed, he was no earthly use, just a poor, ragged goat. But "Jazz" did go aboard the transport, later an English railway train, next another ship and finally a French train until he arrived with the squadron at America's biggest air post in France. There I saw him the other day appreciatively licking devoted "Fuzzys" hand.

It is not difficult to guess that "Jazz" is the mascot of "X," and is accepted by pilots and mechanics alike as tallman for good at some training camp back home. This office he has performed with exceptional skill from the day "Fuzzy" permitted him to "butt in" at the mechanics' mess.

"Fuzzy" and some of his pals slipped the goat into a sack and laid him down among the cold storage meat when the time came to help load the ship, taking care that the sack of live goat did not get into the refrigerator. When the ship was well out to sea, the sack was opened and "Jazz" crawled out blinking.

Even then "Fuzzy" was cautious. For the first days, he did not permit the animal to protrude his head, accepted but subjected him to repeated scrubbing, following by perfume, toilet water and talcum powder. So when "Jazz" was really discovered, he smelt, but more like a barber shop than a goat. The ship's officers appreciated the joke and so did everyone else and "Jazz" became a favorite on deck. Repeatedly shampooed and perfumed, wearing a life-preserver, he moved about like a good sailor. But there was less joyful days ahead of him.

He did not exactly set foot on English soil as did his friends. He went ashore at an unmentionable port in a bit bag. In this he lay with the other bags, surrounded by a screen of men. "Jazz" was uncomfortable and said so in his goat way, but before he had uttered a full syllable his friends set up a cheer which drowned his voice.

This happened again and again. The first time, British transport officers at the port politely disregarded the Americans' demonstrations, but after the third time one of them exclaimed: "Extraordinary, these Americans. Wonderful spirit."

And a little later when the men burst into an excessively loud hurrah to a philharmonic voice of "Jazz" an elderly British colonel came over to them and inquired of a young American officer nearby: "Splendid limes your chaps have! But, really, what are they cheering for now?"

"Oh," returned the American, who very well knew why, "they're like that. Always cheering about something. Shall I stop it?" "No, indeed, I think it's splendid." So that adventure passed over nicely and "Jazz" went on in a "goats van" with the kit bags to another British sea port. After that there wasn't any further trouble.

WHERE LANGUAGE FAILS.

Remember along about examination time how you used to think Hades would be a good place for the professor? Two Williams College graduates have had the pleasure of meeting their old French teacher in the near-earthy approach to the inferno—the trenches. Officers now, the ex-students finally reached the battalion commander's post in a certain sector after a two-mile trudge from the rear through mud and ice water up to their hips. So that adventure passed over nicely and "Jazz" went on in a "goats van" with the kit bags to another British sea port. After that there wasn't any further trouble.

HIS IS NOT A HAPPY LOT SAYS ARMY POSTAL CLERK

Works Eighteen Hours a Day and Has To Be Both a Directory of the A. E. F. and a Sherlock Holmes.

"Private Wolfe Tone Mortality, Fighting Umph, France."

The Army Postal Service clerk surveyed the battered envelope on the desk before him, pushed his worn Stetson back from a forehead the wrinkles in which resembled a much fought-over trench system, adjusted his glasses to his weary eyes, spat, and remarked: "Easy! The 'Fighting Umph' was changed over into the Steenhundred and Umpty-umph, wasn't it? The last that was heard from them they were at Blankville-sur-Bum. Now they've moved to Bingville-le-somethingorother. Clerk! Show this in Box 4-11-44!"

"Lieutenant Brown, care American Army, somewhere in France."

Again the Postal Service man, once overed the envelope, purplish in hue, went through the motions of pushing back his hat, expectorated, and began:

Purple Paper a Cue.

"That's Lieutenant James Brown, I reckon. There's a lot of that name in the Medical Department, but hell! He's married. Nobody writes to him on purple paper. Then there's another one in the One Thousand, Nine-Hundred and Seventeenth Motor-Ammunition-Battery-Reventualling-Woodchopping Battalion. His'n allus writes to him on that kind of paper. I guess that's him, all right. Hey, feller, shove this in 88963543, will ya? Thanks!"

From the rear of a line of scuffling frantic mail orderlies, each one trying to corner all the packages marked "Tobacco" and "Chocolate" for his particular outfit, the reporter, by standing on a box marked "Fragile—This Side Up," was able to see the scene depicted above, and to hear, above the din, the Postal Clerk's momentous decisions.

Nothing like that had ever come into his ken before. He had seen Col. Roose-

stock the whole of France for the next year and a half. Now, though"—tossing a long, yellow envelope across the room into a numbered pigeonhole—things have slackened up a bit. A week ago I had half an hour off to shave."

"Do the people back home cause you much bother by not addressing their letters correctly?" asked the reporter. "N—no," replied the P.S. meditatively, "although I did get one the other day addressed to Private Ethan Allan of the 'American Revolutionary Force.' At first I was going to send it back to Vermont, after changing the private to Colonel, and have the D.A.R. see that it got somewhere near old Ethie's final resting place; but on second thought I guessed she—she's generally a she—meant the American Expeditionary Forces. So I went down about three or four regimental rosters, and finally I found the guy. Now he's probably wondering why he didn't get that letter in a month, instead of a month and a half, and cussing me out for the delay."

"The most trouble comes, though, from these birds what don't stay put. They come over here all right with one unit, and then they get transferred to some other. Then the unit is moved around, and the folks back in the States, not knowing about it, continue to send stuff to the old address. But generally we get 'em located in time."

A Rush After Pay Day.

"How about the mail from this side?" the reporter queried. "Do you think that the franking privilege causes the men to write more letters than they ordinarily would? Does sending their letters free pile things up for you?" "I don't think so," the mail magnate responded, "because the lads are being kept so all-fired busy these days they don't honestly have time to write much. On the bundle proposition, though, we have an awful rush of stuff just after pay day, when it seems as if every man was bent on buying up all the lace handkerchiefs in the country to send to his girl. 'Oh, take it all in all, it's a great life if you don't weaken,' the P.S. concluded. 'I've been in the Government post office service for sixteen years, now, and I never had so much fun before. I do wish, though, that the boys would get stouter envelopes for their letters, because the ones they get from the Y.M.—and ninety-eight per cent. of the letters that go out from here are written on Y.M. stationery—are too flimsy to stand much manhandling, and when they get wet they're pretty much out of luck. Good-bye; drop in again some day when we're really busy!"

Really Busy at Christmas.

"That's just about the way it was, no kidding, during the Christmas rush. In about a month enough tobacco, chocolate, chewing gum, knit socks, mufflers, fruit cake, safety razors, lump sugar—to judge from the contents lists on the outside of the bundles—came through this office to

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THEN AND NOW—WAR MAKES AN AWFUL DIFFERENCE — BY WALLGREN



NO MORE CUSSING (--- IT!) AT MULES

Order (-it!) Says That Animals are Sensitive

85

Cussing, as a fine art, is doomed in the Army.

Its foremost practitioners, the mule-skinner, are shorn of their deadliest weapon of offense and defense by a recent order which directs them to use honorific words when addressing their feathered charges. Instead of employing the plain, direct United States to which the mules' painfully obvious hearing organs have hitherto been attuned.

Kindness, the order says in effect, will work wonders with the genus *Missouri* nightingale or *Indiana* canary; if spoken to with proper regard for his or her feelings, a mule will oftentimes go so far as to place his or her hoof in a driver's lap.

When one is able, with impunity, to tickle a mule behind the ear (either ear will do) one is adjudged proficient in interpreting the aesthetic aspirations of the beast; and all mule-skinner are exhorted to apply the ear-tickling proposition as a sort of acid test both to the tractability of their charges and their own ability as mule-tamers. The application of this test, it is held, will keep the mule-skinner too fully occupied to be able to cuss or to care a cuss about cussing.

This Stuff is Out o' Date.

But, men of the Old Army, particularly those who have trained with mountain batteries, think of what is passing! Think of what the younger and more elite generation of mules is missing! No more beneath the starry flag will be heard such he-language as this—

"Come on, Maud, you — Hooser —! Get a wiggle on your — good-for-nothing carcass! GIDDAP, Bill! You long-eared, flea-bitten, hay-demolishing, muddy-flanked, rock-ribbed — I said it! GIDDAP!"

Or with the native product: "Dépechez-vous, vous — Oh, h—! I'm out of French! Say, Jimmy! What's the word for —? Never mind; all mules understand —! Hey there, you —! Make tracks!"

Now, all is changed and such dulcet appeals to His Majesty as this are the order of the day:

"Get a gait on, Sapphira, you —! Oh, hell, I forgot! Aw, c'me on now, old girl! We ain't got the whole morning 't waste! Be a sport, old lady! Forward—ho!"

"Say, for —! Oh, hell—I mean Heeren! Dammit, I forgot again! You, Anasias! Will you do me the esteemed favor to start the process? Will you condescend to lift at least one leg?"

But This Stuff Does the Job.

Anasias puts one hoof forward in experimental manner, then stops. About this time a brother mule-skinner enters, mauling a corn-cob pipe. Says he to the first mule-skinner:

"Whattamatter, Jerry? Don't they budge? Livin' up to orders, be yeh? Aw, weet way to talk to'm is third person—get me—third person. None of this crude 'you' and 'ye' stuff—same as talking to the Skipper, y'know."

Jerry gets his mouth all fixed to say, "Aw, hell, I forgot!" and then begins: "Will the off animal kindly step at least two paces to the front?" (The mule starts to comply.) "I thank the off mule! Now, will the near mule kindly follow suit?" (It also starts to comply.) "Now, will both the near mule and the off mule be so good as to repeat the process, both pulling together, until requested to desist? Fine; off we go. Good Gawd—good Gawd!"

HOW GEORGE ADE SEES WAR.

Many Old Adages Must Be Revised If Germany Wins.

As his contribution to the National Security League's campaign of patriotism, George Ade has written a message to our young fighting men. "We must win this war," he contends, "or else revise all moral codes, rewrite all proverbs and adopt a brand new set of rules to govern conduct. If Germany is not licked to a standstill, we must be well begun to memorize and humbly accept the following:

"Dishonesty is the best policy."
"Be as mean as a skunk and you will be happy."
"Blessed are the child murderers, for they shall inherit the earth."
"Be sure you are right handy with fire-arms, then go ahead."
"An evil reputation is better than riches."
"Truth crushed to earth will not rise

again if the crushing is done in a superior and efficient manner.
"Be virtuous and you will be miserable."
"Thrice armed is he who goes around picking quarrels."
"Might makes right."
"Hell on earth and hatred for all men."
"Do unto others as you suspect that they might do unto you if they ever got to be as disreputable as you are."
"God helps the man who helps himself to his neighbor's house and his field and his unprotected women."
"These don't sound right, do they?"
"The old ones that we learned first of all are not yet out of date."
"Suppose we don't revise them."

GLORIFIED.
(With apologies to the late Sir W. S. Gilbert.)
When I was a lad I served a term in a military school—how it made me squirm!
I wore a shako, and a lot of braid, and I started fire horses when on dress parade;
But they took all glory away from me
As a second lieutenant—a-wearing of my plain O. D.

When I went to college, I was gayly clad
In a sporty costume made of shepherd's plaid;
I tried pink neckties and vermilion socks,
And when I went out walking, I set back the clocks;
But when I took Uncle Sam's degree
I was nothing but a second lieutenant in plain O. D.

In business, too, I made quite a spurge
In a nobby garment made of ultra- serge;
With rings and watchfob and a stick-pin, too,
I could show all the dandies of the town a few—
So think what a comedown 'twas for me
As a second lieutenant—a-wearing of my plain O. D.

But now, however, they have gone so far
As to place on my shoulder strap a neat gold bar,
And they've sewn a dido on my overcoat,
Which while it lends distinction, nearly gets my goat;
So now, at last, you can plainly see
I'm a second lieutenant no longer clad in plain O. D.!

I'm proud, believe me, of those new gold bars;
I wouldn't swap 'em for the General's stars;
And the little stripe upon my blouse's sleeve
Means that nevermore for splendor shall my young soul grieve,—
For bars and braid, you can plainly see
Make an awful lot of difference on plain O. D.!

WHERE HE GETS OFF.
(A sample letter).
France, January, 1918.
I. Rookum, Gents' Tailor, U. S. A.
"Dear Sir:—
"Your interesting advertisement of spring styles for young men, knobby clothes for business wear, and so forth, just received.
"While I appreciate your thinking of me, I am glad to say I have changed my tailor, and will not require your services until peace is declared.
"U. S. & Co. are now supplying me with some very nifty suitings of khaki, which I find best adapted to my present

line of business. They don't get shiny in the seat of the trousers—for the simple reason that I never have time to sit down.
"They are also supplying me with headwear, their latest in that line being a derby-like affair with a stiff steel crown, which affords me better protection against the elements and the shrapnel than anything any civilian hatter has furnished me.
"Thanking you for past favors, and hoping to see you on the dock when the transport pulls in a couple of years from now, I remain,
"Yours truly,
"I. Don't Needum, Pvt., A. E. F."

TWO SAMARITANS IN SKIRTS.
In the Modern Parable, They Aid a Pollu Chauffeur.
The woman motorcar driver has made her appearance in the zone of the army. A few of them are driving big motor trucks for the Y.M.C.A. and are making good at the job.
During a recent heavy snowstorm, two trucks driven by young women were sliding along a winding road carrying supplies to a hut from a depot when they came upon a big French lorry stalled in a ditch. The French soldier in charge was tinkering with the engine, having stalled it while trying to pull into the road again. He wasn't having much success.
Both the women, garbed in short skirts, high and heavy leather boots, and woolen caps that pulled down over their ears, climbed down from their seats and between them first managed to get the engine in the stalled lorry started, and then one of them took her place behind the wheel and by skillful maneuvering brought all four wheels to the road.
The Frenchman stood to one side during the whole of the operation and watched the women with astonishment.

THE PASSING OF THE CAMPAIGN HAT.

"The campaign hat is going; 'twill soon be *tres passé*—The winds of war got under it and blew it far away; The General (he who owned it) cussed, the Generals sometimes do: "Get us," he cried, "a hat to stick with this blank kind I'm through!" His orderly picked up the hat, all battered, torn and frayed, "Quite right," he ruminated, "you won't do for pupage; Yet, good old lid, you've got your place—perhaps not over here, But there are regions in the States that hold your memory dear.

"The shadow of your ugly shape has blacked the Western plains; It brought relief to border towns all soaked with tropic rains; The sight of you, at column's head, made redskins turn and flee,— O'er barren land you've led the van that fights for Liberty. The Filipino knows you; his protection you have meant, And the wily Pancho Villa never dared to try and dent. The contour of your homely crown or chip your wobbly brim,— You, old chapeau, spelt *business*; and that left no room for him!

"From far Alaska's ice-bound coast to Porto Rico's strand, You've kept the sun and rain and sleet from Uncle Sam's hat's band; You've stood for no blame nonsense, and you've brooked no talking back; And cleaner towns and cities fair have sprung up in your track. You—what's the use?—you've been there since the days of 'Ninety-Eight— You've weathered twenty years of squalls—and now you get the gat! But you're too good a soldier, old dip, to cuss or cry; So—(there he heaved it into space)—goodby, old hat; goddy!"

OVER THE TOP THREE WAYS.

Feet, Tank and Plane Tried by this U. S. Officer—Ready for Next.
If they ever invent a new way of going over the top, there's one American officer who will probably be on hand to try the new wrinkle. The French Government has decorated him with the Croix de Guerre for going over the sacks in every way known to date.

First, he went over with the French infantry in an attack last spring. Though detailed as an observer, and not required to take too many chances, the officer was one of the first wave to cross No Man's Land. He stayed with his unit until the objective was gained, and when it had to fall back before a heavy counter-attack he fell back fighting with it.

Some weeks later he went over the top in a tank. He followed that trip a few days later by an aeroplane observation flight. For the greater part of an afternoon the plane cruised up and down a German sector watching the effect of big French shells on concrete defenses.

The Boche anti-aircraft guns made it warm for the American flier, but he was still an enthusiastic aviator when the plane came to a successful landing on its own field at dusk.

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TO FLASH THE HOUR BY ARMY WIRES.

New A. E. F. Lines Will Insure U. S. Well-Set Time Pieces.

Correct time is now being transmitted to the A. E. F. over its own system of telegraph lines. Formerly field wireless stations each day at a certain hour picked from the air figures flashed from Paris by which the clocks of the army were synchronized. This method did not insure absolute accuracy.

Each day at eleven o'clock a simultaneous signal is sent to every station so that through the existing zone, and at the front as well, clocks and watches show the same time. This synchronization is desirable under present conditions and it is an absolute necessity with troops at the front when, for instance, orders may specify that some operation is to be carried out at one point at a certain time and another operation at another point at another time. The success of both operations may depend upon whether they are launched on the second.

Miles upon miles of telegraph wires strung on poles labeled "U. S. A." now stretch through France. They may be found running to base ports, zigzagging through the instruction zone over hills, through a valley, along a roadside. On

some of the poles there are double cross-arms supporting in many cases as many as ten wires. There is a complete system of operators and central exchanges as well as a considerable force of line-men and repairmen, quite a number of whom worked for telephone and telegraph companies in the United States before the war began. The "service" leaves little, if anything, to be desired.

"Madame, where in this town can one get a drink, *s'il vous plait*?" "Ah! I can see that M. l'Americain comes from the State of Maine."

HOW THEY SPOT US.

TRY POTATO BUGS IN BOMBS.
An Ohio Man's Suggestion on How to Win the War.
The war will soon be over. An Ohio man will end it. He has suggested to U.S. Marine Corps officials in Washington that they direct their aviators to drop potato bugs over Germany. He declares there are no potato bugs in the Kaiser's realm, and since the "spud" is absolutely essential to Germany's economic welfare, the dropping of "Murphy destroyers" over the Rhine country would quickly terminate hostilities. Simple, isn't it? Marine Corps officials think so.

HOW THEY SPOT US.
"Madame, where in this town can one get a drink, *s'il vous plait*?" "Ah! I can see that M. l'Americain comes from the State of Maine."

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AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE

8, RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS
(Royal Palace Hotel)

OBJECTS—The general object of the Union is to meet the needs of American university and college men and their friends who are in Europe for military or other service in the cause of the Allies.

It provides at moderate cost a home with the privileges of a simple club for these men when passing through Paris on a furlough. It aids institutions, parents or friends to secure information about college men, reporting on casualties, visiting the sick and wounded, giving advice, and in general serving as means of communication between those at home and their relatives in service.

MEMBERSHIP—The Union is supported by annual fees paid by the colleges and universities of America, all the students and alumni of which, whether graduates or not, are thereby entitled, WITHOUT PAYMENT OF ANY DUES, to the general privileges of the Union, and may call upon the Union in person or by mail to render them any reasonable service.

HEADQUARTERS—On October 20, 1917, the Union took over as its Paris headquarters the Royal Palace Hotel, of which it has the exclusive use. This centrally located hotel is one block from the Louvre and the Palais Royal station of the Metro., from which all parts of the city may be reached quickly and cheaply.

PRIVILEGES—The Union offers at reasonable rates both single and double bed-rooms, with or without bath. There is hot and cold running water in all rooms, which are well heated. Room reservations should be made in advance whenever possible, as only 100 men can be accommodated. The restaurant serves excellent meals both to roomers and to transients.

The Lounge Room is supplied with all the leading American newspapers, magazines and college publications. The rapidly growing Library on the first floor provides fiction and serious reading, both French and English, as well as a large number of valuable reference books on the war and other subjects. Stationery is provided in the Writing Room on the ground floor. A Canteen in the Lobby carries cigarettes and tobacco, toilet articles, candies, and a variety of other useful things. An Information Bureau is maintained in the Union Offices on the Entresol. Frequent entertainments and concerts are given. Afternoon tea is served every Saturday, at which some American lady acts as hostess.

REGISTRATION—The Union keeps an accurate index of all men who register at its Paris headquarters or at its London Branch, 16, Pall Mall East, S. W. I. It is anxious to get in touch with all college and university men in Europe, who are therefore urged to register by MAIL, giving name, college, class, European address and name and address of nearest relative at home.

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Deposit accounts with Wells Fargo, Paris, may be opened at the Société Générale.

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BAR-LE-DUC	EPINAL	NEUFCHATEAU	TROYES
BESANCON	FONTAINEBLEAU	RENNES	VALREAS
BORDEAUX	IS-SUR-TILLE	ROMORANTIN	VERZON
BOURGES	ISSOUDUN	ROUEN	and many others.
BREST	LANGRES		

Circulars giving full explanation of WELLS FARGO'S Banking Facilities in France may be obtained at the Branches of the Société Générale.

AMERICA'S BEST MEDICOS AT WORK FOR THE A. E. F.

Incomes of Specialists in the Overseas Command Would Total Enough to Pay off the National Debt.

If the incomes of all the well-known American specialists who have come to France to look after the health of the A.E.F. troops were lumped together they would be enough to pay off the national debt of the country and then have sufficient to satisfy a camp store-keeper.

Dr. McKernan will be on the job to find out if he can't make a new one. A man who has just come over from Baltimore said the Army had practically cleaned out Johns Hopkins University there, which produces more good doctors than the square inch of France does.



Ward in an A.E.F. Hospital, Showing Some of the First to Pay a Visit to "Blighty."

French surgeons, Dr. McKernan will be on the job to find out if he can't make a new one. A man who has just come over from Baltimore said the Army had practically cleaned out Johns Hopkins University there, which produces more good doctors than the square inch of France does.

A Fear to Forget. Nearly everyone has an ingrained objection to going to a hospital, or acknowledging he must take the count for an illness, because of fear as to what treatment he may draw.

A Hospital of 20,000 Beds. In the first place, adequate hospital facilities have been arranged for. One hospital alone has a capacity for 20,000 beds. At an emergency only, the hospitals can handle twenty per cent. of the whole Ameforce.

Once his case is looked into there, he continues under the charge of that hospital chief until he gets well or is sent home. If he's moved to another hospital his record and register go with him, so that the new hospital knows immediately he was invalided for a piece of shell in his leg, and no hurried or overworked surgeon tries to operate on him for inflammation of the testicles.

Some of the Experts. Maybe one of these is from your own home town and you know him by name or reputation: George E. Brewer, New York; George W. Crile, Cleveland; Henry C.ushing, Boston; the best specialist who knows every cell in the tank tank and just how it works and operates; F. A. Washburn, Boston; Samuel Lloyd, New York; C. L. Gibson, New York; R. H. Harte, Philadelphia; F. A. Bealey, Chicago; Angus McLean, Detroit; Charles H. Peck, New York; John M. T. Finney, Boston; the best specialist in the whole of the Union are at the disposal of any one who's unfortunate enough to get hurt. If it's eyes, ears, throat, abdomen, shell shock, mental derangement, or no matter what, one of the biggest men from home is on the job. They are not correspondence school surgeons, either.

These ain't pictures of myself, nothing like it. Wait till I tell you. "I'm going to entitle, this series 'Hard Transit in France'." took 'em with a little pocket camera. There's one I took up at the port where we landed—first picture I took in France. It was. It shows one of these two-wheeled carts, with three animals hitched to it. One is a horse, one is a dog, and in the middle there's a great big old cow, and an old French fellow in a blue nightgown sittin' in the road milkin' the cow.

WHAT SAILOR INGRAM DID.

Neither Casablanca nor Horatius at the bridge surpassed in heroism young Osmond Kelly Ingram, who threw overboard the explosives on the American destroyer Cassin in order that the German submarine's torpedo should not detonate them and destroy his ship—and gave his life for his comrades and his country in doing so.

THE ROAD WAS OPEN.

France's wonderful highways which saved her in this war are as crooked as a jig saw puzzle, but there are excellent maps which show every road in the country. Up near the fighting front, however, the new military roads are as broad and as good as some of the old highways which have survived since the days of the Romans and more than a map is needed if you want to remain in France.

A few days ago two American newspaper correspondents were travelling from one French city to another, the shortest course, according to the same excellent maps, taking them close back of the French lines. All day there had been a blinding snow, it was deep and loose on the ground, and the car was going as fast as possible for safety.

A PLEA TO THE CENSOR.

"Say," said a short, bow-legged corporal the other day, "I want send three pictures home to the folks, but I dunno how I can get it across. These censorship rules say all you can send is pictures of yourself without background that might indicate the whereabouts of the studio or other strategic information."

HOW THEY LOOK IN THE TRENCHES.



This New Official Photograph Shows Some of Our Overseas Troops in their Ringside Costume.

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SEA SLANG PUZZLES POILU.

Trips on an Idiom and His Pride Takes a Fall. Among the idiomatic terms adopted by United States Marines everywhere, the expression "shove off" is used more frequently than any other. In the sea-soldier lingo, if a Marine goes home on furlough, leaves his camp or garrison or goes anywhere, he "shoves off."

HOW ABOUT THEM?

Things that make all the difference in the world: A letter from home—(Bill in name to suit yourself). A real soap-and-hot-water bath. Dry feet. American tobacco. "Good work" from the skipper. A home-town paper less than a month old. "Seconds" on coffee—when it's made right. Pay-day.

YANKEE AVIATORS PLAY IN LUCK.

Dead Engine Sneezes and Picks Up after a 2,000 Meter Drop.

SKY FULL OF CREAM-PUFFS.

Observer Who Falls to Surround Something Hot Faints. From the Cold.

Those were American boys who dodged Boche air patrols, laughed at anti-aircraft guns and spattered bombs upon Rombach and Ludwigshafen far behind the Boche lines.

One of them used to be a Presbyterian minister, the Rev. Joseph Wilson of Wheeling, W. Va., another is Bud Lehr, of Abilene, Neb., who played center on a basketball team that won the State championship. The others are Charles Kinsolving and Charles Kerwood, of Philadelphia, and George Kyle, of Portland, Ore. They are corporals in a French flying squadron situated within an hour's flight of an American infantry training camp.

A Sneez Spelled Joy.

"It's all off, kid," he said. "Looks like we're through." "We dropped from 5,000 meters to 3,000. Then the engine sneezed, coughed and took up again. My heart and the boat came up 2,000 meters. In one minute my boat died on me just over Rombach. I pulled everything in sight and kicked every lever I couldn't see. Nothing doing; anti-aircraft shells bursting right on a level with me. We began to drop. I turned around to the observer and pulled a sea-sick grin.

Can't See Bomb's Results.

"You can't hear them explode or see the results unless you're flying quite a distance behind the squadron because we go so fast that by the time the first drops under way we are miles off. Except for Lehr's machine, we maintained our formation and came out flying in the same position. If there were any Boche patrols out in our neighborhood they knew better than to tackle us.

STARS IN A HERO'S ROLE.

Movie Actor Plays Sapper in a Real Rescue. Among the candidates for officers' commissions at the A. E. F.'s training schools is a former movie star who has served his apprenticeship with the British army. To see him now, few would recognize him as one of the high steppeers under the bright night lights of Broadway as he was a year ago.

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can tied it around the man's legs. Slowly, while he guided the battered body of the now unconscious man, comrades pulled them both back through the narrow tunnel. "I'll see that you're mentioned in regimental orders for your efforts," said the officer to the exhausted "Yank," and he did.

"WELL, I'LL BE—!"

THEY'RE ALL HERE. "Fat Casey!" "Well, I'll be—!"

After seven years Gabby and Fat Casey came face to face on a snow-covered country hillside in France. Gabby played right tackle on the football team out in Chicago in his sophomore year. Casey, a senior, was center and a brother to the trainer because he would surround "Fat" with a worth of chocolate caramels every day, adding to the dimension that won him his nickname.

Casey wore a smudge on his upper lip. Gabby's face was still un-hairy, but a little lined by the last few years of bucking the business line for a living. "Casey has no cause for wrinkles, having a wealthy Dad. And, anyway, Fat's disposition proved his map against the corrugations of money problems.

Casey is driving a touring car over from Divisional Headquarters to call for the major of the Third Battalion. He falls on the hill from dirty distributor pants and gets out to sand-paper them. The red-headed sentry, gazing skyward through field glasses on "aerophone watch" against the Boches, can be none other than Gabby, the ex-right tackle.

For the next ten minutes a whole battledle of Boche fliers might have sneaked past the Chicago sentry and bombed the daylight out of Divisional Headquarters without any hindrance from Gabby.

Charles Rose, says Fat, is an Infantry Lieutenant. Maury Dunne's in the heavy artillery. Dan McCarthy, the hopeless but untiring "sub" of the 1911 squad, is in France in the Q.M.C.

SO THIS IS FRANCE?

The first shift is coming out from the tables. White-haired plump Madame scurries over to her place at the door to collect the dinnet toll. Silver clinks into her country, cash register, a cigar box with the lid knocked off.

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in the locker room hearing the coach's final instructions for the county championship tussle with Lincoln High. The second wearing is finishing. Four soldiers are rolling the old tin-throated piano into the middle of the floor. One of them used to be a rag-time "song-booster." Oh, baby, how he can torment those keys!

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.

The American war zone recently was honored by a visit from several "lady journalists" who came out from Paris to see how "our boys" were faring.

One of these young women had been reared in luxurious surroundings in New York. Since coming to Paris she seldom went about wearing anything but slippers. These were all right because she always rode in a taxi.

A certain American captain, who thinks nothing of using a nice ten-foot snow bank for bathing purposes, was delegated to conduct the young women through the American war zone.

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