

NONE DARE EVADE SALUTE IN LONDON

Wearry Arms No Excuse for Those Failing to Render Courtesy

INSPECTORS DOG TRAIL

Even Lieutenant-Colonels Given Sharp Call For Ignoring Men's Salutes

GREAT INTEREST IN OUR ARMY

Everyone Trying to Guess How Many Americans Are Now In France

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

LONDON, Feb. 20.—Heaven preserve us! What can all that riot of arms mean? Wrists, elbows, fingers, and palms are whizzing in the air everywhere. Ah, *salute*. 'Tis only the boys on Piccadilly saluting. That reminds me of something to write about.

This is the greatest town for saluting I ever struck. I was up to our Embassy today—an edifice of lofty ceilings and a thick atmosphere of thought—and who did I find there but an old newspaper friend of mine from Chicago, a busy man who used to sit up half the night figuring out mathematical and astronomical problems just for the fun of it. And here he was thinking hard and giggling his pencil out in the high-domed waiting room of our Embassy. And what was his latest cogitation?

"You here," he chortled, after bashfully coming from out of the spell. "I've got something interesting on tap. I've nearly reached a conclusion about the variable weather of England this winter. It's due to all this saluting. Say that the average man expends four pounds of energy on each salute and that the average fighting man's arm has a wind resistance area of 190 square inches. Now there are for the purposes of this problem twenty thousand army men of all nationalities, of saluting capacity, here in London every day. And let's say that each man meets 25 officers a day, making a hypothetical total of 1,700,000 going salutes and 1,700,000 return salutes, a grand total of—"

Not having my gas mask with me, and as the lofty hall was becoming unbearably stuffy, I rushed out to fresh air just in time.

But my friend, though he is getting all crack-brained, had made a rational observation. This is the saluting dynamo of the Allied universe.

A party of Tommies and Yanks was setting queerly on the streets the other day and I followed them. Can you beat it? They were out dodging officers because "the poor boys are getting Charles-horse in their arms, getting saluted all as weekies." They claimed to have heard that the osteopaths of London were working day and night restoring officers' arms. And they had heard, too, as I know, that there are inspection officers walking about London to see that every officer returns every salute. A British general tells me that in the early days of progress toward the present magnificent discipline of the British armies (due, in large measure to rigid observance of the salute), officers as high in rank as lieutenant-colonels were severely reprimanded by the War Office for evading or ignoring men's salutes.

The Great American Puzzle

In another direction all London is given over to mathematical meditation. The problem briefly stated is: If a nation of 100,000,000 population determines to make war on a brutal autocracy 3,000 miles distant, and rises with furious energy to get its fighters across the sea in action, how many men can it have in the battle zone between April 4, 1917, and February 22, 1918?

Well, I have heard estimates ranging from 335,677 to 983,720, and the reports are still coming in. Some take a sporting chance and make a flat guess. Others quote friends with whom Y.M.C.A. workers roomed when stopping in London en route for the front. Quite a few get down to what is known in U.S.A. real estate lingo as "cold, hard rock figures." Among all these plain and guessey guesses and calculations, American businessmen and residents in London are by no means the least ardent. Indeed, the chief pastime of the Americans just now is comparing their guesses with their friends' and arguing at length over which guess or calculation comes nearest to being right.

Where Americans Fit Strong

There are some very fine English and American ladies who are giving part every Wednesday afternoon in the home of Mrs. Leverton Harris to Americans of all callings, naval and military preferred. It is not often possible for a warrior on active duty to get away for afternoon teas and consequently Mrs. Leverton Harris's hospitality has been enjoyed chiefly by embassy officials and newspaper folk. There was a fair sprinkling of army and navy people one Wednesday when William J. Locke, celebrated English author, was there to meet and be met. It was Locke, you will remember, who wrote "Septimus," "The Beloved Vagabond," and a host of bully stories that are among the most popular of contemporaneous novels in America.

Well, this wasn't one of those affairs where you digested on one toe at a time and wait for somebody to start something. There was a working of that "boarding house sociability" to which I alluded in my last epistle. Somebody wanted me to meet somebody else who had a big garden out in the woods where I just must come and give it the once over in the near future. And I shall, even if she is a Lady. In my half year in London I have found that a person can be a human being, title or no title, and that the title amounts to nothing more than a bit of distinction given to that person or his or her ancestors for doing a good job at battling or nursing or painting or writing.

Finally I got around to getting Mr. Page, our ambassador, and he and I had just decided that the West of America was doing fully as much or more than the East in this war in spite of all the pessimism of New York newspapers last year. Then he was hustled off, and I found myself with a most amiable lady who inquired if I were an American. After thanking her for this compliment to the parity of my nationality, I asked and so you happen to be an American? She beamed at me and

nodded. "Yes." We were just starting out for a good chat when there was an interruption by a lady who wanted Captain Mrs. Page. I had asked the wife of the American ambassador if she were American! Ho-hum.

A Yankee Husky

There's nobody complaining around these parts. I had a kick for a while. Whenever I went to Navy headquarters I found a British commissioner as a doorkeeper. A British commissioner is an old soldier, wearing medals of old campaigns and as polite and useful as you could want. But it did seem to me that we could spare at least one American husky for the entrance to Admiral Sims's H.Q. I went up today and lo, there glared at me one of our most formidable marines. I would have embraced him in good Paris style if it hadn't been for the way his jaw stuck out.

So I am square with the world. I do hear wails now and then from the correspondents here. When there is little news bubbling up in this source-spring of Allied effort, the men get cables from their editors sitting in comfortable chairs back home. "Would you mind postponing your European sista until the seashore season opens up? We understand there is a war on, and it would oblige us if you can spare the time to trace down this rumor."

But who gives a hang about newspaper fellows? It's the man with the bayonet who counts!

TUSCANY LOSS IS STERLING TEST OF NATION'S MIND

Continued from Page 1

a more serious aspect of the situation was the fear that the strike indicated possibly greater labor disputes. The President's personal handling of the matter relieved the public mind. His telegram on Sunday to William Hutcheson, president of the United Brotherhood of Carpenters and Joiners, in New York, strongly declaring that the men should return to work pending an adjustment of the difficulties by the Shipbuilding Wage Adjustment Board, greatly cleared the situation. The public liked his firm question: "Will you cooperate or will you obstruct?"

Labor Looks to Government

Hutcheson immediately urged the men to return to work, and the trouble now seems decisively ended. I believe labor is fast coming to look toward the government as a big, strong, fair arbiter. I think a great improvement in the mental attitude of labor and the working classes generally has been created by the recent work of the government mediation commission which investigated conditions in the California oil regions, the Arizona copper districts, the Pacific Coast Telephone System, and the Pacific Northwest lumber regions. Rarely has there been a more illuminating and scrupulously just government investigation or a more courageous finding.

The commission was able to impartial and did not hesitate to lay blame in neither party. Favoring neither labor nor employers, the findings show a fine, big sense of national justice. The report absolved labor almost wholly from wild charges of disloyalty and showed conditions that must be changed. The result is that much bitterness of feeling ceased and held up to the scorn of their country has been eliminated because they see that the nation wants to do the right thing.

The outstanding point in the American labor situation now is that the questions between labor and employers are in process of being taken out of private hands—in spirit if not in fact. The public is beginning to see clearly that the nation is bigger than any class and that national interest and honor demand a just dealing between classes. The sentiment of the workers, on the whole, seems to be that, if assured of a hearing and of justice, they are satisfied to lay their case before the country.

Partisan Activities Lacking

Politically, I see an extremely satisfactory course of public discussion and trend of public opinion. The old narrow partisan interest is wonderfully lacking, at least temporarily. Republicans, Democrats and Socialists everywhere are looking at the larger issues. Even extreme radicals show a decided trend to broad views. The slogan, "Make the world safe for democracy," is noticeably making many minds unite in gradually forming a coherent resolve to make democracy fine in America.

This does not indicate a political love feast by any means, but does mean less strife over ephemeral politics. And thus it gives promise of the direction of America's undoubted political talent in a united effort for big results, with plenty of room remaining for sturdy differences of opinion and individual thought and action. One sign of this is a general return to the old American tolerance of opinion everywhere and a simultaneous elimination to a large degree of those who abused free speech. Public discussion now, in a large sense, is very much in the same temper as before the war, and men are earnestly willing to hear each other and seek for an understanding of all issues.

Uniformed Men Still Citizens

Another fine thing for the American morale is a realization, after months of observation, that our men in uniform remain plain American citizens. Big cities, of course, are full of soldiers from the cantonments. There has been ample opportunity for all people to find out what effect a uniform had on them. The experience throughout the country is that neither officers nor men show the least inclination to swagger or demand privileges beyond those of other citizens.

It is impossible to exaggerate the splendid behavior of the American troops at home. They must inevitably make all men be proud of the country that produces such a simple, self-respecting multitude as our drafted men. They are well behaved throughout. Physically, they are better than students of national health and stamina expected. Big stature is noticeable, and they are not so much "smart" as bumpy and active. There is a pleasant absence of public gush, due, not to indifference, but to the realization that they are citizens doing a citizen's duty.

EASY TO SPOT IT

"What town did you come from, Jim?" "Er, I can't pronounce the name of it, but it had a lot of houses with red tiled roofs, and a couple of fountains. You could spot it easy."

One of the horrors of war. When your platoon is taken out for a nice little breather at double time by a lieutenant who used to run on a cross country team.

HUN'S BRUTAL POLICY MATTER OF RECORD

Legal Proof of Outrages to Be Brought Forward at Settlement

CAMERA PROVES FACTS

Slaughter of Innocents Shown in Mass of Incontrovertible Evidence

BOY OF 14 A FLAMING TORCH

Youth Set on Fire While Helpless Mother Looks On When Attempt to Hang Him Falls

It is doubtful whether any peoples of antiquity have so besmeared the record of the human race as have the modern Germans. Their catalogue of crimes is so complete that it would seem impossible to add one that might have been forgotten. Yet each day brings in new charges based on incontrovertible evidence.

When the representatives of the nations assemble for the final settlement, there will be laid before the representatives of Germany affidavits, photographs, and other legal proofs that make German atrocities far better established than the scalping of the Sioux Indians on the Western frontiers, the murders of the Black Hole of Calcutta, or the crimes of the Spanish Inquisition. On a battle line three hundred miles long, in every village the retreating Germans passed, the following morning accreted men hurried to the scene to make the record against the day of judgment.

The photographs of dead and mutilated women, girls, children, and old men tell no lies. Two forms of testimony are esteemed by jurists—the testimony of mature men, who have seen and heard, and the testimony of children too innocent to invent their statements, but old enough to tell what they saw. From such sources, more than 10,000 separate atrocities committed by the German armies have been documented and are on file in the chancelleries of the Allied nations for the use when the terms of peace are to be discussed. When the German army in Lorraine was defeated by one-half its number, it fell northward, passing through French towns and villages where there were no Frenchmen, no guns, and where no shots were fired. During July and August men went slowly from one ruined town to another, talking with the women and the children, comparing the photographs and the full official records made at the time with the statements of the poor, wretched survivors who lived in cellars, where once there had been beautiful houses, orchards, and vineyards.

No Yards to Kill, So Old Men Die

In Berthelville, they took the photograph of the bodies of fifteen old men whom the Germans had lined up and shot because there were no young soldiers to kill, heard the detailed story of a woman whose boy of 14, being nearest the age of a soldier, was first hanged to a pear tree in the garden, and when the officer and soldier had left him and were busy setting fire to the next house, she cut the rope, revived the strangled boy, only to find the soldiers had returned, and while the officer held her hand behind her back, his assistant poured petrol on the boy's head and clothes, set fire to him, and while he staggered about, a flaming torch, they shrieked with laughter. When the Germans burned all the houses and retreated the next morning, the Perfect of Lorraine photographed the bodies of thirty aged men lying as they fell, the bodies of women stripped and at last slain while in the next village stood the ruined square belfry into which the Germans had lifted machine-guns, then forced every woman and child—275 in number—into the little church, and notified the French soldiers that if they fired upon the machine-guns they would kill their own women and children.

After several days' hunger and thirst, at midnight these brave women slipped a little boy through the church window and bade their husbands fire upon the Germans in the belfry, saying the preferred death to the indignities they were suffering. And so these Frenchmen turned their guns, and in blowing these machine-guns out of the belfry killed twenty of their own women and children.

Further indisputable proof of the heartlessness of the Germans is to be found in the letters and diaries taken from the bodies of dead German soldiers.

Their Own Written Testimony

Here is the diary, on August 22, of Private Max Thomas: "Our soldiers are so excited we are like wild beasts. Destroyed eight houses, with their inmates. Bayoneted two men with their wives and a girl of 18." In the diary of Eitel Anders occurred this: "In Verdun all the inhabitants without exception were brought out and shot. This shooting was heartbreaking, as they all knelt down and prayed. It was real sport, yet it was terrible to watch. At Hecht, I saw the dead body of a young girl nailed to the outside door of a cottage by her hands. She was about 14 or 16 years old." Finally, I quote from one of the thousands of affidavits in the possession of the French authorities which tell of Germany's insensate brutality. Affidavit D-59 reads:

"After passing Weerde, we met a woman covered with blood, with her breasts cut off. She was delirious. "Standing in the village of Herlmen, the bodies of women stripped and at last slain while in the next village stood the ruined square belfry into which the Germans had lifted machine-guns, then forced every woman and child—275 in number—into the little church, and notified the French soldiers that if they fired upon the machine-guns they would kill their own women and children."

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THE BELLY-BAND

Free advice I hate to hand Out to any man alive; Yet the stove that I have scanned— "How to live and how to thrive, And have comfort over here"— Makes me this one bit advance, Even though men think you queer: Wear a belly-band in France!

'Tis protection from the chills Brought by snow and misty air; 'Tis insurance against the ills Caused by poor or meager fare; 'Tis a guarantee of sleep, Sound, secure—so, 'neath your pants Have it always, to be sure: Wear a belly-band in France!

Weak of stomach? Play the game, Else you agony will taste! Strong of stomach? All the same, 'Wind the worsted 'round your waist: From an old campaigner swipe Just this thought: To 'scape the dance Caused by wracking, fearsome gripe, Wear a belly-band in France!

L'ENVOI Red Cross knitters—may you get All the favors Heaven grants! For you taught me one sure bet: Wear a belly-band in France!

FITNESS MAIN POINT IN RAISING RANK

Seniority Not Sole Factor to Recommend Officers for Promotion

Seniority is not the only factor to be taken into consideration when the recommendation of officers for promotion is undertaken. New orders on the subject put fitness for command, as shown by demonstrated efficiency, at the head of the list, and place special emphasis also on physical fitness, character, loyalty, general ability and trustworthiness, and usefulness self-sacrifice to duty are mentioned as the other cardinal points to be considered. It is laid down that a man shall not be recommended for promotion, no matter how talented he may be, if he is known to be weak and vacillating. "Character," being equal, it is stated that seniority may be taken into account— unless the officer's age is such that it would impair his usefulness. Prompt reporting on the cases of officers of the National Army, National Guard and Officers' Reserve Corps who have demonstrated their unfitness is required of all commanders. The report in each case is required to state clearly and in detail the reasons why the officer is regarded as inefficient, whether due to incompetency, to neglect of duty or other continued course of misconduct or want of effort, or any other cause. In cases of serious misconduct, it is stipulated that court-martial trials, with a view to dishonorable dismissal be instituted.

NO INTEREST IN AIR RAIDS

But a Londoner Finds Bugle Calls Worth a Brief Comment

Air raids mean nothing to him; he was an Englishman. Calmly he stood on the unprotected sidewalk of a boulevard in a certain French city and gazed at the phenomena in the sky, which for splendor and interest had "the rockets' red glare, the bombs bursting in air" beaten to a frazzle. Boom of big guns, splutter of machine guns, red and blue lights twinkling in and out among the clouds, aviators with their planes scudding across the face of the moon like the traditional witches riding their broomsticks—all failed to move him to exclamation of surprise.

At last the recall note came humming through the streets. The bugler stood up in the car and sounded the "all clear." Then, and only then, did the Englishman speak. "Ah," he remarked, half apologetically to himself, "really, I think our London Boy Scouts blow it a bit better."

IGNORANCE IS BLISS

The average American high school girl, who must have her ukelele, would not feel at home in France, for the ukelele is unknown here. A ukelele hunt through the biggest stores of Paris failed to bring to light one of these instruments, even with the use of English, had French, eloquent arms, a dictionary, and an illustrated catalogue from a music dealer. For the French people who are learning American English, here is a definition: UKELELE.—A petite guitar imported from Honolulu, Hawaii, and firmly established in the land of its adoption, America; played like a mandolin, principally on front porches and in automobiles; regarded by some as an instrument of torture instead of an instrument of music.

BASEBALL DEAL HANGS FIRE

Because Eddie Plank has refused to accept terms with the New York Yanks, the proposed deal whereby Fritz Malsell, Infielder Gedeon, Pitcher Shocker and Cullop and Catcher Nunamaker were to go to the Yanks in exchange for Second Baseman Pratt and Pitcher Plank of the Browns, is still hanging fire. Pratt is delighted at the proposed change. If this deal goes through, the \$100,000 damage suit started by Pratt and Lavan against Owner Ball of the Browns, may be dropped. Lavan is to be traded to the Washington club.

SET DATE FOR BIG SHOOT

The Grand American handicap, the United States' big shooting meet, will be held at Chicago, August 5-9.

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TOMMIES' LEADER GREET'S AMEX MAN

Sir Douglas Haig Keeps Staff Waiting to Talk With Lone Captain

How the Field Marshal of England went out of his way to welcome an American line officer on observation duty with the British Army is told by an A.E.F. captain, just returned from the Flanders front.

"I was in a little village not far from the lines," says the captain, "when I heard from the British officers with whom I had been quartered that Sir Douglas Haig was coming through that section very shortly on an inspection tour.

"My British friends, excusing themselves on the ground that they had to look over their commands before inspection further down the line, went away. Seating myself on a pile of brick and mortar, the remnants of a shell-riddled house, I waited, all alone, to see the General and his escort pass through.

"Pretty soon, sure enough, they came along, having left their cars to look over that part of the sector more closely on foot. Sir Douglas was in the lead, surrounded by a number of 'red caps'—as the Tommies call their general officers. "I saw the Field Marshal look over my way, then turn and say something to one of his aides. Then, before I knew it, he was coming right over toward me, the debris of brick and mortar.

"Of course, I arose at once and saluted; but, instead of formally returning the salute General Haig came up, extended his hand, and with the kindest of smiles, inquired, 'You're an American officer, I see? Come to look us over, no doubt? I am delighted; we are very glad to have you here.

"Sir Douglas inquired with interest about our preparations and about the situation in our part of the western front. He asked, among other things, what I thought of the things I had seen with the British; and before I could expostulate against his wasting his valuable time in going over things with me, he had told me much that I was keenly interested to know about, and had gone quite deeply indeed into the subjects that had been my particular hobbies. "At length, he extended his hand, and remarked: 'Well, good-bye, sir, I'm sorry I must be "making my rounds." I am delighted to have met you here, and hope that you and your brother officers will come up frequently.' "He returned my salute, rejoined his staff, and walked on."

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