

NEW PAY SYSTEM FOR WHOLE ARMY IS BEING DEVISED

Britain's Plan of Separate Book for Every Soldier May Be Adopted

LONG DELAYS WOULD END

Advance of \$7.50 a Month Favored by Some Members of Q.M. Board

SERVICE RECORD NOT IN IT

Soldier Could Receive Cash on Time No Matter Where He or His Papers Were

The Chief Quartermaster of the A.E.F. is presenting the plans for a new and radically different system of pay for the American soldier in France.

A board of officers, representing every shade of experience in Army pay from the commander of troops who has approved many a payroll, to the man who has audited the accounts in the innermost sanctum of the Q.M.C., was appointed by the Chief Quartermaster to study the question from every angle and report back to him. Their task was to devise a system by which the soldiers could get enough money for their needs, get it regularly and get it easily, which is more than all of them have been able to do under the present system, as that system has worked out under the stress and strain of a great expedition.

That board of officers has already completed the investigation, studied the innumerable complaints of delayed pay, worked out a new scheme of Army pay and submitted its report. Presumably that report is already under consideration at G.H.Q.

Only Part of Money Due

The new system—if a new system is finally adopted—will probably give a soldier regularly every month only a part of the money due him, will record that payment in a little paybook such as the British Tommy carries with him wherever he goes, and will make such payment no matter where or in what condition his services may be.

The partial payment system would give every enlisted man in the A.E.F. a regular monthly sum of spending money for hair-cuts, sarsaparilla, laundry, extra chewing tobacco and the like. It would give every man the same sum, no matter what his allotment may be.

Then, every once in so often, you and the Army would have a settlement. Some think that settlements are the turning over of all accumulated moneys due you—should be made once every four months, with a strong effort to have you fall heir to your fortune about the beginning of leave time. It might be made every year.

Each partial payment would be recorded by the disbursing officer in the little paybook carried in the pocket of each soldier. The beauty of such a paybook lies in the fact that it would always be negotiable for the month's pay, no matter how far the soldier might have strayed from his command, no matter where he was, or in what condition the month preceding, no matter what day of the month he presented it, no matter who had messed up or mislaid his service record.

He might be with his regiment in some rest area and could line up with the rest of the boys, paybook in hand, on payday. But he might be at the other end of France in a base hospital. He could get his \$7.50 just the same.

He might be guarding some distant bridge of a June evening and see a quartermaster riding by. Out he would dash. "My money or your life," he would say, and brandish the paybook.

The entry page would show the officer that May pay was still due. He would dig into his jeans, produce the sum, make the entry, take a receipt and go on his way, with everybody happy.

At least the doughboy would be happy, and that is the chief point of the new recommendations.

Poor Old Service Record

You see, the service record would have to be present—or at least its data accessible—only when the periodic settlement was made. It will be interesting to see whether that settlement is administered at headquarters or by the separate units.

Probably the largest single factor in delayed pay has been the frequent and prolonged separation of the soldier and his service record. Lost and strayed S.R.s have provided one of the most vexing problems of the A.E.F. And when, after a long and painful parting, the soldier and the service record would meet once more, it would only too often be found that the necessary entries as to bonds, insurance, court-martial penalties, last payments, promotions, etc., had been improperly indicated or omitted entirely. But many paymasters, it is true, have

HELPLESS VICTIMS OF THE HUN



If you want to get rid of any spark of tolerance for German rulers and German ways that may be left in you; if you want to see what German-made war does to helpless, plodding, patient rustic folk; above all, if you want to see patience and fortitude in the face of homelessness and discomfort and despair, the place for you to be is at the Gare de l'Est, in Paris, watching refugees pour in from the invaded districts between Chateau-Thierry and Rheims.

There is the place where you will get an "eye full of war"—and also a double eye full of admiration for the way the French, even the children of France, stand up under all that war has done to them in the way of separation, and loss, and anguish of body and soul.

You see hatless women, with children clutching at their skirts, lugging in their arms the little remains of their household goods that they were able to snatch up in a hurry—kettles, pans, even pictures, objects that would seem grotesque were it not for the tragedy that lies in the eyes of their possessors.

All along up and down the center are wooden tables and benches where, as fast as they come in, the refugees are fed, many of them for the first time in many hours.

The gratitude of the people, children as well as grown-ups, for the aid and sustenance given them at the end of their terrifying journey has well-nigh overpowered the workers at the railroad canteen, and touched their hearts, as has nothing before. Not a person, they say, young or old, but thanks them, deeply and sincerely, for the help and comfort given.

SHIPS AND STEEL AND POWDER TOO COMING ON APACE

America's Material Contribution to War Grows Week by Week

LAUNCHINGS DAILY EVENTS

Rolling Mills at Maximum Output—Great Explosives Plant in Operation

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

NEW YORK, June 6.—Ships and steel and powder are coming on apace. The completions and launchings of ships continue busily and each week sees a large increase in accruing tonnage, with every sign of steadily enlarging ratio.

This statement is not based on optimistic promises, but on actual achievement. Indeed, now that the newspapers carry dispatches every day from all parts of both coasts with news of actual launchings, there is a total lack of large promises and prophecies such as filled the papers months ago when the ship program was only in the course of formation.

We are doing again what America truly has always done. Having buckled down to actual successful work, we don't want any jawing about it.

Steel Congestion Cleared Up

Steel congestion around the great plants and centers has practically been cleared up. The mills now report that they have reached their maximum output.

Steel men say officially that the regional directorate in the Government's management of the railroads has made good, having met all demands in the hauling of huge quantities of fuel, ore and other supplies. This represents an enormous improvement made in one short month.

Powder making began on Saturday at the great Government plant at Hadley's Bend on the Cumberland River in Tennessee. This is three months ahead of contract time.

The plant, when completed, will have cost \$90,000,000. It will cover an area three miles long and one and a half miles wide.

COL. ROOSEVELT SIGNS UP

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

NEW YORK, June 6.—The Republican Club of New York has taken Colonel Roosevelt back into the fold, and he has accepted the invitation.

NO PICTURE CARDS FROM S.O.S. TOWNS

Place May Be Mentioned, But Views Are Still Under Ban

The men who are stationed in the base and intermediate sections of the S.O.S. may boldly say where they are and may even give the name of the French town as their address. But this does not mean that they may send home picture post cards of that town.

If you are in Tours, you may write "Tours" at the head of your letters, but you may not send home picture post cards of the cathedral of St. Gatien and other glories of that city.

Many a soldier on duty in the depths of the S.O.S., when he heard recently that his whereabouts under no number camouflaged under an A.P.O. number, immediately leaped to the conclusion that he could get by the censor with all the cards he had bought since his arrival in France. The young man was in error.

Local censors and even the post office authorities in different sections have been in doubt on the matter, but at the office of the censor in Paris, where subject to reversal by G.H.Q., all questions of censorship policy are settled, it has been decided that the original rule as to post cards is still in force.

It is felt by the censors that, whereas the picture of the local cathedral may seem an innocent enough matter, a card, with its mass of detail and small printing, offers too easy a medium for secret and contraband communication.

WOMEN AS BANK WORKERS

NEW YORK, June 6.—Minneapolis bankers have found out something wonderful. They have discovered that women are efficient bank workers. Thereby goes by the board the old, old joke about women's checkbooks.

In the light of this discovery, it has not yet been made known whether or not Mr. James Montgomery Flagg will withdraw from circulation his famous poster of "The First National Bank," upon which American masculine eyes have been stocking up these many, many years.

BIG FLEET ARMY MOVES

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

NEW YORK, June 6.—Charles M. Schwab, director-general of the Emergency Fleet Corporation, has moved the corporation's offices from Washington to Philadelphia.

He was looked as though a young village were winding its way northward, with the 1,500 families of the corporation's employees all on route at the same time. It took 20 trains of 30 army trucks each to transport them all from the capital to the City of Seven Sundays.

BAD DAY FOR BLOWHARD

There is a healthy reaction everywhere here against blowhards, and a general recognition among the newspapers that THE STARS AND STRIPES, as the voice of the Army, ferociously jumps on sentimental gush. Your paper is receiving more and more praise and all think it is a real he paper.

MOTHERS' LETTERS ANSWERS ON WAY

Bulk of A.E.F. Messages Cleared From New York Eleven Days Ago

The answers to most of the Mothers' Letters must be already crossing the Atlantic. By May 27 the greater part of the messages of love and good cheer which the boys of the A.E.F. wrote on Mother's Day had either reached the homes in an about New York or were scattering to their myriad destinations throughout America.

The bulk of the letters were sent from France not on any mail steamer or passenger liner. The fastest of the transports carried them. Some missed the boat. Though by far the greater part of them had reached the post offices of the A.E.F. by the night of May 15, Mothers' Letters to the number of 100,000 continued to struggle in from far-off units and through the hands of the slower censors during the next five days.

Incidentally, the A.P.O. count of the Mothers' Letters showed that practically every member of the A.E.F. wrote one.

LEAVES OFF AGAIN

Off again, on again, or more properly, on again, off again—that is the exact history of the A.E.F. leave situation as it has developed in the last week.

The leave is told in what is probably the shortest memorandum ever issued from G.H.Q. Here is the full text: "All leaves are discontinued until further orders."

TOTAL DISABILITY LIBERALLY DEFINED

Will Be Regarded as Permanent When Likely to Continue

The term "total disability" as applied to soldiers of war risk insurance policies will be interpreted liberally, according to a Treasury Department circular just made public on this side. Just how the term will be defined has not yet been decided, for the reason that there have been no border line cases.

Total disability will also be regarded as permanent "wherever it is founded upon conditions which render it reasonably certain that it will continue throughout the life of the person suffering from it." The new regulation follows:

Any impairment of mind or body which renders it impossible for the disabled person to follow continuously any substantially gainful occupation shall be deemed to be total disability.

Total disability shall be deemed to be permanent wherever it is founded upon conditions which render it reasonably certain that it will continue throughout the life of the person suffering from it.

Whenever it shall be established that any person to whom any installment of insurance has been paid on the ground that the insured has become totally and permanently disabled, shall be deemed to be continuously, to follow any substantially gainful occupation, the payment of installments of insurance shall be discontinued forthwith and no further installments thereof shall be paid so long as such recovered ability shall continue.

A.E.F.'S BIRTHDAY COMES TOMORROW; NOW A YEAR OLD

Story of Staff's Departure and Arrival Told for First Time

SAILED IN CIVILIAN CLOTHES

Vanguard Which Crossed Ocean on Baltic Saw No Trace of Submarine

A year ago tomorrow the vanguard of the A.E.F. landed at Liverpool.

On June 8, 1917, General Pershing and his staff set foot on English soil. Late in the afternoon on June 13 they were welcomed at the gates of Paris by such a moving, spontaneous, tumultuous greeting from the people of the city as they will remember all the days of their lives, such a welcome, probably, as they cannot know again till the war is done and the A.E.F. goes home.

Even as the crowds were cheering in the streets of Paris, the piers of the North River on the other side of the Atlantic were astir with the silent, hurrying preparations of the first contingent for departure, for it was the next day that the first convoy set sail for France.

NON-COMS' CHEVRONS ON RIGHT ARM ONLY

Left Sleeve Ornaments to Be Turned in for Use of Newcomers

Non-coms' chevrons will hereafter be worn on the right sleeve only. You have, therefore, only half the reason for wanting to be a non-com that you had before. The left sleeve chevrons are going to be turned in—presumably to be placed on the right sleeve of other non-coms, yet to be made.

The reason is that, if allowed to continue wearing chevrons on both sleeves, our corporals and sergeants would soon become the most hyper-decorated members of the Allied fighting family. Wound stripes, service stripes and chevrons would soon be running hither and yon up and down every non-com's arm, making him look like the great Nubian leopard in the song.

So the standing order for non-coms is, "Right dress!"

AMERICANS HELP TO STEM GERMAN DRIVE ON PARIS

Hold Up Advance at Three Points on Far-Flung Battlefront

INJUN FIGHTING OUR STYLE

"Magnificent Counter-Attack" Official French Tribute to A.E.F.'s Share

BROUGHT FROM MANY POINTS

Yankees Who Speed Into Fray Blow Up Marne Bridge and Fight Way Through

AMERICA CONFIDENT

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

It was on Tuesday of this week that the world learned, through the medium of the official French communiqué, that American troops were playing their part in the battle fought to oppose the German advance upon Paris. For the third great German offensive of 1918 which was launched in the early morning of May 27, soon developed as a drive upon Paris.

On June 4, when heavy reinforcements had been hurried forward to cover the approaches to the city and when the resistance was growing more and more stubborn, it was possible to say that the drive had been checked and the enemy held. By that time, it had brought him, at the point of his greatest advance, to a distance of about 70 kilometers from the capital.

"American troops," said the official French report of the battle, "stopped the advance of German forces which were endeavoring to get into Vouilly Wood. They effected a magnificent counter-attack, and drove the Germans to the north of the wood, on the Marne front, an enemy battalion, which had succeeded in crossing over to the left bank near Jaulgonne, was counter-attacked by French and American troops and driven back to the opposite side of the river after sustaining heavy losses. The bridge was destroyed and 100 prisoners were left in our hands."

This was the first news the world had that Americans were fighting in a new battle of the Marne, fighting at the spearhead of the southward thrust.

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Their Kind of Fighting

The troops supplied by General Pershing were bunched into trains and motortrucks and brought hundreds of miles from east and west to the new theater of operations. Within a little over 24 hours after General Foich's order reached the individual units thus summoned into the line, the Americans in numbers greater than had ever been assembled at any one part of the battle line in France were actively engaged against the enemy in various sectors of the line drawn up to halt the German advance.

The name at full speed to jump into a battle marked by the kind of warfare in which Americans are expected to flourish—open warfare, where the fighting is not in trenches, but is waged at whatever point offers a good offensive position, whether it be a stone farmhouse, a cluster of trees, a hay field or a clump of reeds. It was in such a place where the machine gunner and, above all, the man with a rifle over his shoulder and two good eyes in his head, comes into his own.

"Injun fighting," the doughboys call it, and swear they hope they may never see trenches and barbed wire again. For an example of Injun fighting, take the little battle that flared up for ten minutes around an old farm house which an American company had turned into a fort and from which, by automatic fire and finally by good old hand-to-hand fighting, they drove the stubborn Germans when, despite a wicked barrage laid down by our 75's, one of three storming columns succeeded in getting that far with its advance guard.

Cross Bridge Under Fire

American machine gunners were called upon to join with the French in holding the ground south and west of Chateau-Thierry. To gain time for the defense of the Marne, they were hurried forward at top speed and had scarcely piled out of the lorries, and been jubilantly greeted by the but-the-weary points, when they were hidden to cross the river and engage the enemy, then entering Chateau-Thierry.

Though the bridge was under enemy fire, one section of the gunners managed to get across by a series of rapid dashes and, once there, to clear the way for the rest and later for such a rush of French Colonials as drove the Germans clean out of the town.

They held that town until the dawn on the second day showed that the Germans, who had been moving through the outskirts under curtains of dense and

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A.E.F.'S BIRTHDAY COMES TOMORROW; NOW A YEAR OLD

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when she was torpedoed not long before. He, by the way, was a trifle blas about the honor of bearing an American high command across the seas, for he was captain of the liner that carried Comadore Dewey from San Francisco to Hong Kong when he was on his way to join his flagship before the battle of Manila Bay.

All in the Same Boat Two boat drills were held and one of the Americans aboard noted with some misgivings that the steward in charge had assigned the General and all the colonels to one boat.

But nothing happened to Boat 3 nor to the Baltic, and those who were watching from the rail early on June 6 and saw the U.S. destroyer and three other members of a special medical commission, and some newspaper correspondents were of the party.

Toted Their Own Baggage At noon they assembled at one of the little island piers, boarded the tug "Thomas Patton" and steamed off down the harbor to Gennevilliers where, on a nasty, storm-roughened sea and in the pouring rain, the White Star liner Baltic was waiting for them.

The enlisted men, numbering few for one compared with the officers, were a bit low in their minds at the prospect of having to stow all the baggage for several days on the Baltic, and they cheered when the General sent word along that each man was to carry his own, and he set the example by seizing his own bags when the time came to transfer from the tug to the waiting liner.

General Pershing and his staff were on the Baltic, and they were not without their usual baggage, no waving of flags and handkerchiefs, no stirring band music sped the vanquisher of the greatest military expedition America had ever made or dreamed of making.

The voyage was no pleasure trip, for work began immediately. All the waking hours of the day and evening that were not given over to inoculations, mess, boat-drills and French lessons were devoted to the organization of the A.E.F. Life aboard the Baltic that week was different from any crossing the great liner had ever known.

Jobs and Seasidekness Some of the officers will scarcely look back to that week as one of unalloyed pleasure. The language of the staff and the opposition of sea-sickness combined unpleasantly to make the irregular verbs of the French language seem peculiarly elusive and unimportant.

There were interpreters there who rattled off French idioms with an irritating ease and there was a master French teacher in the person of a former Ambassador to France, Major Robert Bacon, of the General's staff. But one officer felt obliged to note in his diary this observation:

"The intensive but rather hopeless efforts made were often quite ludicrous, but very praiseworthy."

All through the trip the submarine was ever in mind. The U-boats were then at the height of their success and everyone knew that the Kaiser would have extracted more real pleasure out of the sinking of the Baltic than out of the sinking of a dozen hospital ships. The Baltic had been fired at on the preceding trip. Her captain, Captain Finch, was fresh from his memories of having gone down with his ship, the Arabic.

Another section followed. Several soldiers simultaneously caught a glimpse of that wonderful red hair. "Lo, Red!" they shouted in unison. "Lo, Red!" She gave them as good as they sent. And "Lo, Red!" and "Lo, guys!" It went, till their train was gone.

Puffing and grunting, came another packed, jammed troop train, its windows and doors lined with faces.

It Matched Beautifully In one of the cars she spotted a boy she had nursed back to health after his first wound. "Lo, lad!" she called, and waved at him. "Lo, Red!" he shouted back, gratefully. There was enough to set the whole train off.

She was kept busy for the rest of the day returning the informal salutes of the boys who were shot at her, in trying to catch roses which the doughboys hurled at her. "There, how's that match?" one shouted, throwing her a red, red rose. "Fine!" she called back, putting it up alongside her locks to let him see for himself, while the soldiers perched on their fighting paraphernalia roared their delight.

So it went: "Lo, Red!" "Lo, Red!" "Lo, Red!" "Lo, Red!" all through the waning daylight, right up to the fall of night. Smilingly she kept at it, tauntingly she flung back their taunts at them. And when the darkness became too thick for even her rubicund halo to penetrate, she sank back in her seat, still laughing.

ered at the Savoy Hotel, whose windows look out across the Embankment to the Thames. The enlisted men adjourned to the Tower of London, where the weather-beaten, fabled structure where the little princes were murdered and where Anne Boleyn was beheaded became that day a barracks for American doughboys.

The next few days were given over to dinners and receptions, to tours of inspection to the war work around London, to consultation between the staff officers and experts in their line in the British Army. On June 9 General Pershing called on King George at Buckingham Palace.

"I am very glad to welcome you," said the King of England to the American Commander-in-Chief. "It has always been my dream that some day the two English speaking nations should fight side by side, and today my dream is realized. We are fighting for the greatest cause that any nation could fight for—civilization."

Colonels Mistaken for Flyers There was no demonstration planned or executed for the Americans in London nor any flourish of trumpets announcing their presence. But wherever they went the officers were the objects of the greatest curiosity. Particularly did the colonels attract the English eye, for it was hastily assumed that the eagle insignia betokened aviation and there was much marveling that we should have flyers of such venerable appearance.

The fine edge of London's curiosity had been a little dulled by the fact that the officers had passed that way before. General Pershing's party was the vanguard of the fighting forces of the A.E.F., but even before his coming members of the Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps had crossed with units for service in British hospitals, and by the time the Commander-in-Chief arrived in Europe, members of the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps were already serving in the British line. They were the first in France—their service stripes will always precede all others. Base Hospital 4 celebrated on May 25 the anniversary of its first day in France soil.

Despite all the tension, there were the usual games of shuffleboard by way of exercise, the usual concerts with such chance talent aboard as could be furnished by Lyn Harding, the English actor, and Dorothy Gish, America's movie favorite, and the usual daily newspaper, with the wireless bringing in real news for once. The Baltic was just sailing through the danger zone when word came through the air that the Root Mission had reached Russia and that back home 10,000,000 young Americans had discontinued all projects of riot and calamity by quietly and soberly enrolling under the selective draft.

It was in the early hours of the morning of June 8 that the Baltic reached Liverpool. When 10 o'clock came, after a fine breakfast of Queenstown salts, the Americans marched off to be greeted by the high dignitaries of the port and by the Royal Welsh Fusiliers, who were drawn up on the pier with their regiments band and their not less famous Angora goat.

A special train carried the whole party to London, with the Commander-in-Chief made comfortable in the royal private car. There were great handshakings at Euston station, where Sir John French, Vice-Admiral Sims, Ambassador Page and others were waiting to greet them when the train arrived at 3:30 that afternoon, and General Pershing did not go on his way till he had first shaken hands with the engineer who brought him to London town.

The General and his staff were quarantined at the Savoy Hotel, whose windows look out across the Embankment to the Thames. The enlisted men adjourned to the Tower of London, where the weather-beaten, fabled structure where the little princes were murdered and where Anne Boleyn was beheaded became that day a barracks for American doughboys.

Tremendous Paris Welcome The French authorities expressed their great regret that the news of General Pershing's approach had come too late for the people of the city to plan a fitting demonstration. It is difficult to see how great votes of money and long weeks of preparation could have produced a welcome more moving or more tremendous.

All the way from the Gare du Nord through the boulevards to the Place de la Concorde, the streets were packed with a cheering, laughing, cordial multitude. Through that multitude the cars could barely creep along. From every window and balcony, from every car and cap top, from every terrace table and from every lamp post, American flags waved and flowers from French gardens were showered down on the slow moving procession.

Exuberant soldiers, in town on permission, leaped on the running boards and led the cheering. Gamin perched in tree branches tried out their new vocabulary with such laboriously learned phrases as "How are you?" or "Hello, good-morning." One man could say only "Cocktails for two," but he said it very loud and he put no end of feeling in it.

Here and there in the crowds that lined the curbs you could hear the Australians and the Canadian soldiers calling out, "Ay, there, Yanks, how do you like Paris?" And you could see Americans from the American colony flushed and exultant because America had at last come in. Late that night, when the various dinners broke up and the officers and men scattered to their billets, a jubilant crowd still packed the streets and sang and cheered "Vive l'Amérique!"

Paris greeted the General and his party as an earnest of the fighting troops that were to come, and by the great joy and warmth of their greeting consecrated them to the task that lay ahead.

The next morning in the North River back home a line of transports, bearing the first contingent of American troops, weighed anchor and set sail for France. The story of their coming will be told in these columns next week.

"I don't see why a fellow has to go through calisthenics every morning," observed Private Smithers, "if he always takes the precaution to smoke a cigarette as soon as he gets up."

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

WALK-OVER SHOES 34 Boulevard des Italiens 19-21 Boul. des Capucines PARIS

ALWAYS WEAR "SWAN-STRIPE" Pyjamas. Known throughout the world as the EDGAR'S PYJAMAS.

Swan & Edgar LTD. High-Class Gentlemen's Outfitters REGENT STREET & PICCADILLY, LONDON, W.1.

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All the way from the Gare du Nord through the boulevards to the Place de la Concorde, the streets were packed with a cheering, laughing, cordial multitude. Through that multitude the cars could barely creep along. From every window and balcony, from every car and cap top, from every terrace table and from every lamp post, American flags waved and flowers from French gardens were showered down on the slow moving procession.

Exuberant soldiers, in town on permission, leaped on the running boards and led the cheering. Gamin perched in tree branches tried out their new vocabulary with such laboriously learned phrases as "How are you?" or "Hello, good-morning." One man could say only "Cocktails for two," but he said it very loud and he put no end of feeling in it.

Here and there in the crowds that lined the curbs you could hear the Australians and the Canadian soldiers calling out, "Ay, there, Yanks, how do you like Paris?" And you could see Americans from the American colony flushed and exultant because America had at last come in. Late that night, when the various dinners broke up and the officers and men scattered to their billets, a jubilant crowd still packed the streets and sang and cheered "Vive l'Amérique!"

Paris greeted the General and his party as an earnest of the fighting troops that were to come, and by the great joy and warmth of their greeting consecrated them to the task that lay ahead.

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"I don't see why a fellow has to go through calisthenics every morning," observed Private Smithers, "if he always takes the precaution to smoke a cigarette as soon as he gets up."

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

WALK-OVER SHOES 34 Boulevard des Italiens 19-21 Boul. des Capucines PARIS

ALWAYS WEAR "SWAN-STRIPE" Pyjamas. Known throughout the world as the EDGAR'S PYJAMAS.

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The next few days were given over to dinners and receptions, to tours of inspection to the war work around London, to consultation between the staff officers and experts in their line in the British Army. On June 9 General Pershing called on King George at Buckingham Palace.

"I am very glad to welcome you," said the King of England to the American Commander-in-Chief. "It has always been my dream that some day the two English speaking nations should fight side by side, and today my dream is realized. We are fighting for the greatest cause that any nation could fight for—civilization."

Colonels Mistaken for Flyers There was no demonstration planned or executed for the Americans in London nor any flourish of trumpets announcing their presence. But wherever they went the officers were the objects of the greatest curiosity. Particularly did the colonels attract the English eye, for it was hastily assumed that the eagle insignia betokened aviation and there was much marveling that we should have flyers of such venerable appearance.

The fine edge of London's curiosity had been a little dulled by the fact that the officers had passed that way before. General Pershing's party was the vanguard of the fighting forces of the A.E.F., but even before his coming members of the Medical Enlisted Reserve Corps had crossed with units for service in British hospitals, and by the time the Commander-in-Chief arrived in Europe, members of the Medical Officers' Reserve Corps were already serving in the British line. They were the first in France—their service stripes will always precede all others. Base Hospital 4 celebrated on May 25 the anniversary of its first day in France soil.

Despite all the tension, there were the usual games of shuffleboard by way of exercise, the usual concerts with such chance talent aboard as could be furnished by Lyn Harding, the English actor, and Dorothy Gish, America's movie favorite, and the usual daily newspaper, with the wireless bringing in real news for once. The Baltic was just sailing through the danger zone when word came through the air that the Root Mission had reached Russia and that back home 10,000,000 young Americans had discontinued all projects of riot and calamity by quietly and soberly enrolling under the selective draft.

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The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company PARIS NEW YORK BORDEAUX 41 Boulevard Haussmann LONDON: [28 Old Broad Street, E. C. 2 116 Pall Mall East, S. W. 1] Two Other Special Agencies in the War Zone United States Depository of Public Moneys in Paris, New York & London. The Societe Generale pour favoriser etc., & its Branches throughout France will act as our correspondents for the transactions for Members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

GEORGE GROSSMITH & EDWARD LAURILLARD'S ATTRACTIONS The Firm that imports the New York successes, and keeps them successful in London. APOLLO THEATRE Shaftesbury Avenue—Gerrard: 3243 "BE CAREFUL, BABY!" (which, in the States, was "TWIN BEDS") HELEN RAYMOND Margaret Bannerman, Edward Combermere, Peggy Doran and Magnificent Company. Every Evening at 8. Matinees Thursdays and Saturdays at 2. PRINCE'S THEATRE Shaftesbury Avenue (top end)—Gerrard: 3400 "YES, UNCLE!" (Much the Most Successful Musical Comedy in London) With the famous company and super-beauty-chorus that was recently transferred from the GAIETY THEATRE, lock, stock, and barrel. NOTE—American Soldiers on leave in London will enjoy best and should visit GEORGE GROSSMITH & LAURILLARD'S shows. This firm imports all the most popular New York successes, and stages them in London on American lines and with American disregard of expense.

The STOLL THEATRES IN LONDON SMOKING PERMITTED THE ALHAMBRA Facing the famous Leicester Square EVERY EVENING 7.40 Matinees Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.0 THE BING BOYS ON BROADWAY GEORGE ROBEY (England's Greatest Comedian) VIOLET LORRAINE and Star Cast NEW MIDDLESEX THEATRE IN THE FAMOUS DURSLEY LANE THE HOME OF REVUE A New Revue Every Week Throughout the Year Next Week: The Big Production ALL DRESSED UP A New Farce Musical Revue TWICE NIGHTLY 6.15 & 8.20 THE STOLL PICTURE THEATRE (London Opera House) KINGSWAY THE MOST PALATIAL PICTURE THEATRE IN EUROPE NEXT WEEK'S ATTRACTIONS: Douglas Fairbanks in WILD & WOOLLY Pacific Express in THE HUNGRY HEART Vocal Selections, Symphony Orchestra, Thousands of Lustrous Stars, 50 Private Boxes. DAILY FROM 2.0 TO 10.30 Sundays 6.0 to 10.30 AT ALL OF THE ABOVE THEATRES AMBASSADOR GERARD'S SERIAL FILM MY FOUR YEARS IN GERMANY.

blinding smoke, had gained the bridge and were already crossing it, leaving the Allies in their rear. The bridge was mined, and when enough Germans had crossed, the central arch went up in a great explosion that tossed the crossing troops into the water and left the others prisoners in our hands.

Then the American gunners, themselves cut off from their own, had to fight their way step by step to a bridge further up stream, fighting under steady fire, but using their own guns in the meanwhile to such excellent advantage that by the time they regained their own side of the river, after 72 hours of continuous and sleepless fighting, they had administered, at small cost, no less than 1,600 casualties. The American troops are, of course, but a small contingent compared with the vast army with which General Pershing is closing the roads to Paris, but they are enlarged upon here because all the less for that the A.E.F. will want to know what account these chosen troops are giving of themselves.

One American officer will never lack for friends in France. He is a first lieutenant named Flannely, and he has been wearing the Croix de Guerre since the day he was captured by French detachments hopelessly outnumbered by German forces retreated across the Marne. All but one of them. He had apparently lost his way. Some time later he appeared on the north bank, waving for help, for he could not swim. His comrades at first took him for a German set there as a snare, and he was fired on. But at last he was recognized. The Germans were coming. There were only a few seconds to spare. Lieut. Flannely, girding himself with a rope, swam the Marne and brought back the man, who, it was then discovered, had been wounded.

"Courage Beyond All Praise" In a French order dealing with the part that American machine gunners played in the battle for Chateau-Thierry occurs the following: "The courage of the Americans was beyond all praise. The Colonials themselves, though accustomed to acts of bravery, were struck by the wonderful morale in the face of fire and the extraordinary sang froid of their allies.

"They will be relieved at the same time as the French troops at the side of our front, for they feared they would have humiliated these valiant troops if they had offered them rest sooner than their French companions in the fight.

"The episode of Chateau-Thierry will remain one of the beautiful deeds of this war. It is a pleasure for all of us to know that our gallant allies have shared with us their: our hands of affection and confidence will be strengthened by the same pride which we share in common."

HER HAIR WAS RED, AND THEY LIKED IT

Girl Hospital Worker Sends Trainloads Smiling Into Battle

She had hair the shade of burnished bronze. Her train was going down the line to G.H.Q., where she works in one of the Army's hospitals. On the other track there were troop trains in endless procession, going up the line to the line itself.

A doughboy in a "Hommes 40 Chevaux 8" spotted her as the two trains crept past each other. "Lo, Red!" he sang out. "Lo, Red!" she sang out. "Lo, Blondy!" she sang back, to the intense delight of Blondy's comrades. On they rolled to the front, laughing fit to kill.

Another section followed. Several soldiers simultaneously caught a glimpse of that wonderful red hair. "Lo, Red!" they shouted in unison. "Lo, Red!" She gave them as good as they sent. And "Lo, Red!" and "Lo, guys!" It went, till their train was gone.

Puffing and grunting, came another packed, jammed troop train, its windows and doors lined with faces.

It Matched Beautifully In one of the cars she spotted a boy she had nursed back to health after his first wound. "Lo, lad!" she called, and waved at him. "Lo, Red!" he shouted back, gratefully. There was enough to set the whole train off.

She was kept busy for the rest of the day returning the informal salutes of the boys who were shot at her, in trying to catch roses which the doughboys hurled at her. "There, how's that match?" one shouted, throwing her a red, red rose. "Fine!" she called back, putting it up alongside her locks to let him see for himself, while the soldiers perched on their fighting paraphernalia roared their delight.

So it went: "Lo, Red!" "Lo, Red!" "Lo, Red!" "Lo, Red!" all through the waning daylight, right up to the fall of night. Smilingly she kept at it, tauntingly she flung back their taunts at them. And when the darkness became too thick for even her rubicund halo to penetrate, she sank back in her seat, still laughing.

She had sent several thousand of her countrymen on their way to battle with a laugh on their lips and joy in their hearts. She had done her bit.

WORK INSTEAD OF WALKING PAPERS

Convicted Men to Get Hard Labor in Lines or in Back Areas

Dishonorable discharges for men convicted of an offense involving moral turpitude will not be granted except in the most serious cases. Instead disciplinary detachments will be formed and retained with battalions to perform hard labor, whether in the front line or back areas, so that men in the detachments will escape neither the dangers nor the hardships to which their comrades are subjected.

NEW PAY SYSTEM FOR WHOLE ARMY IS BEING DEVISED

Continued from Page 1 long been accustomed to giving base pay for the month just past to any soldier who had become separated from his service record, but many of the younger commanding officers have apparently not been aware of this. The commanding officer of one big American replacement camp, where casualties were many and service records intermittent to say the least, received authority in general orders some time ago to pay each recruit, and uninitiated stray in his battalion, the trouble sum of \$7.50 on a supplementary service record invented for the emergency.

There are many who feel that the present pay system, carefully elaborated in times of peace to prevent by many checks and balances all chances of fraud, is far too cumbersome. They feel that, even when you do not consider the added frills and complications caused by Liberty bonds, allotments, insurance and the like, it is too cumbersome for an Army filled with new officers, an Army ever on the move in the throes of a great, far-flung expedition.

How Tommy Atkins Is Paid Such a system as is roughly outlined above, if it were received, would closely resemble the system in force in the British Army.

Tommy Atkins has a paybook on the strength of which he draws down from time to time the sum he and his O. C. (Officer Commanding) think he needs. That paybook shows just what his rating is, just what is his allotment. Payday may come once a week or once a fortnight, according to the rule of the organization. Tommy demands 15 or 20 francs—they never bother with small change—signs the acquittance sheet and goes on his way rejoicing. It is his ambition to stand "in credit."

Along in June, he may say: "What, ho, the wife has a birthday in August." So he makes a mental note to draw sparingly for several weeks, in order that, as the anniversary approaches, he may have enough on the books to draw "or something handsome. Or he may draw just what he likes at a time and let so many paydays slip by without drawing anything at all that, when leave time comes, he can swagger up to a quartermaster sergeant and demand a whole pocketful of 50 franc notes with which to romp off to Paris.

SCHOOLS FLY HONOR FLAGS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 6.—Two thousand New York City school children have received honor flags for their work in connection with the Third Liberty Loan. The students of four high schools raised more than \$1,000,000 each for the loan—Julia Richmond, De Witt Clinton, Wadleigh, and Boys' High.

Five of the schools piled up more than \$500,000 each, and six went over the quarter million mark. The city schools also won honors in the sale of war savings stamps, the sales going over \$2,250,000.

LAMPS BURN LATE DOWN AT G.H.Q.

Night Scene Resembles Busy Bank at End of the Month

The mess sergeant of a casual camp and the toilers on a hospital train during the high tide of an offensive may find it hard to believe, but there are a few men in the A.E.F. who work such long hours as the officers of the General Staff.

Sixteen hours on and eight hours off may not be the rule at G.H.Q., but it seems to be the habit. Generals arrive from their billets bright and early, sometimes reaching their desks before the field clerks are finished setting-up exercises out in the court, and far into the night the lights are burning behind the dark curtains at the windows of the old barnlike French caserne which has been turned over as offices for the Commander-in-Chief and his staff.

A chance visitor to G.H.Q. who tipped along the echoing corridors of the big caserne the other night and caught glimpses through each half open door of high and mighty officers toiling like bank clerks at the end of the month realized suddenly that he was looking upon the light of the A.E.F. is midnight oil.

LATEST RED CROSS FIGURES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 6.—The Red Cross fund has topped \$144,000,000, with upward of 2,000,000 individual contributors, against \$43,000,000 in the first campaign. It shows how your own are behind you.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE 8 RUE DE RICHELIEU, PARIS (Royal Palace Hotel) The Union is anxious to get in touch with all college and university men in Europe, who have therefore agreed to receive by MAIL, giving name, college, class, European address, and name and address of nearest relative at home.

To the Boys of the U.S.A.: We are proud of our gallant soldiers and sailors and have confidence that the Spirit of Liberty they exemplify, and their Sense of Justice, will guide and strengthen them in the noble effort now under way to stamp out the att mpt to shackle the free people of the world. Our facilities are at your service American Exchange National Bank NEW YORK CITY

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WILL NOT SHRINK We Pyjama the World.



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DRILLS, TAPS, DIES. HIGH SPEED CARBON STEEL MACHINE TOOLS THE BUTTEROSI SYNDICATE BUREAUX et MAGASINS: 147-148 AVENUE MALAKOFF-PARIS

Greetings! FATIMA A Sensible Cigarette

MARINES COME IN ON ORPHAN PLAN; TAKE FIVE WAIFS

Week's Total of 22 Boosts Figure Up Toward 200 Mark

80,000 FRANCS NOW PAID IN

Sum Means Over \$14,000 in Ten Weeks Since Campaign Started

NEW ARRIVALS HEARD FROM

"Like Taking Candy From a Baby, or Even Easier," Reports One Collector

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes entries like 'Finance Branch, Am. Salvage Depot', 'Capt. John F. Spencer, Q.M.R.C.', etc.

Just glance down the foregoing column of names and figures. See it? The Marines. OH, sure, the Marines got busy on THE STARS AND STRIPES child mascot scheme this week and called for five French war orphans to support for a year and start toward a useful life.



One Pal Does a Good Turn for Another

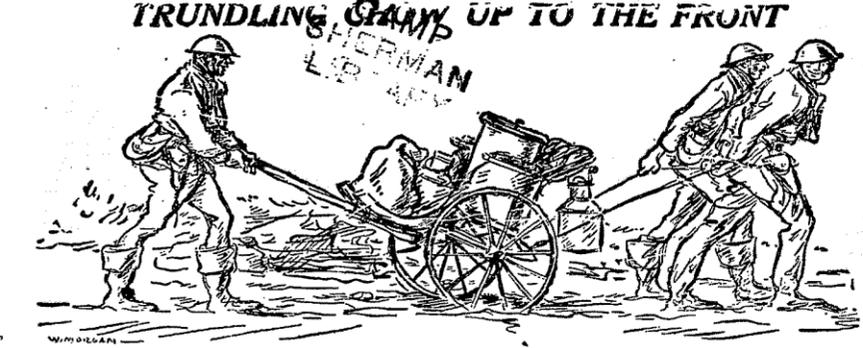
company has adopted one piece. We feel sure that you will attribute our delay in the matter to the conditions under which we were placed and not to lack of interest in this most worthy cause. I feel sure that other companies in our organization will do their part when they get a chance.

Fresh From the States

The Headquarters Company of the Field Artillery, fresh from the States, started in to collect 500 francs for an orphan, but oversubscribed that amount and sent in 768 francs for two, with a balance to come.

Want a Small Family

"The project of adopting a French war orphan was subscribed to with such unanimous enthusiasm by our organization that in the course of time we will undoubtedly acquire a small family of them. The choice of most of the men is a girl of the refugee class. As we are, to the best of our knowledge, the first organization of the Division to take this step, we have already applied the more or less appropriate name of 'Mrs. Wagon Company No. 1'—Engineers, wrote.



RAILROAD FIELD ALL UNCLE SAM'S; COUNTRY PLEASSED

Drastic Action in Removing Heads Taken in Good Part

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, June 6.—The drastic action in removing railroad presidents and raising freight and passenger rates has been taken in good part by the country.

Organs that have always championed the railroads in the past complain that the Government is now granting to the railroads the increases it had refused in past years, but it is plainly the public attitude that there is a decided difference between paying more money to the roads when they are under Government supervision, because we know now that that money will be used for the actual betterment of the roads and so for the benefit of the whole country.

There is just as great an approval of the nationalization of the express companies, a course which promises to remove a long-standing public grievance too well known to all of you to call for any discussion here.

Received With Assent

The national authority over the railroads was signaled this week by Mr. McAdoo's warning to some railroad workers' organizations against striking. In the old days one or another of the big brotherhoods was always on the point of walking out. Such action against the right to strike would assuredly have provoked an indignant and mighty protest in the past, but it appears now to be received with complete assent.

Undoubtedly, the knowledge that the Government has established boards of high character to investigate every grievance fairly and with the best of good will and justice has much to do with the acquiescent attitude of organized labor.

HOW TO ADOPT AN ORPHAN

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

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

Photographs of the history of each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be notified of the child's whereabouts and advised monthly of its progress. The Red Cross will determine the disposal of the child. It will be maintained in a French family or sent to a trade or agricultural school.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised. Donations and communications regarding the children should be addressed: War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

"We are enclosing \$87.56 (500 francs) contributed by the officers and men of this company for the adoption of one of the war orphans. We saw by THE STARS AND STRIPES that the boys seem to be out of luck, so I guess we will take a boy. Anyway, we think that a boy would make a better mule skinner when he grows up, and that is what we are. We will not get an exacting as some, but would like a boy between five and 12 years of age."

There won't be any trouble in finding a little liddle answering to those specifications. This is the tenth week since THE STARS AND STRIPES announced its plan to afford A.E.F. members and units a chance of practically aiding French children and enlisting a grateful and enthusiastic little mascot. The money received, gathered largely in small contributions of sous and francs in many organizations, totals over 80,000 francs, which is more than \$14,000, an amount which will maintain for a year the 193 children adopted.

85 SIZES OF SHOES

"Shoes? Yes, sir. Which'll you have, 5 B or 14 EE?" For those are the extremes of the Q.M.'s assortment of footwear. Reckon in everything between—half sizes from 5 to 12½, and 13 and 14 in addition, and five widths, B, C, D, E, and EE for each size—and you'll find that you have just 85 different sizes of shoes to pick from.

Twelve used to be the biggest shoe in the Army, but trench experience has shown the need for two larger sizes. Because the Army's feet are getting bigger? Not exactly that, but because you don't wear just one pair of socks in the trenches, unless the weather is as balmy as it is here, because you can't get the same shoe on over four pairs of socks, especially big thick ones, that you could over one pair of thin lister or silk.

No, there isn't going to be an issue of silk drop-alitch hosiery for summer wear.

ELEVEN MORE D.S.C.'S FOR YANKEE VALOR

Award Conferred for Heroism Shown Before Cross Was Created

The Distinguished Service Cross may be awarded for valor shown before the Cross itself was created. This fact is proved this week in the bestowal of the decoration on three officers in the U.S. Engineers (Railway) for courage in the surprise attack by the enemy at Gouzeaucourt, on the British front, on November 30, 1917.

CAPT. C. RAYMOND HULSART gets the Cross for going through heavy shell fire to direct the escape of his men, caught unarmored by the German attack; for remaining under shell fire until all his men had left; for going back into the barrage, once to assist a wounded American off the field and once to search for a wounded British soldier.

FIRST LIEUT. PAUL McLOUD's award is for carrying a wounded man remaining under shell fire until the escape, then assisting in rallying British troops and leading them to the trenches, directing the procurement and distribution of ammunition and displaying coolness and judgment while continually under fire.

SECOND LIEUT. DONALD MACISAAC—who, at the time of the encounter, was a sergeant—went through the barrage and remained under fire with a wounded American soldier until help came, and then went back again to search for a wounded Tommy.

For More Recent Deeds. Additional awards of the D.S.C. for more recent deeds of heroism were announced this week as follows: FIRST LIEUT. GEORGE B. REDWOOD, Inf., U.S.R.; CORP. IERNY J. MONGEAY; PVTS. EDWARD B. ARMSTRONG, BERNARD M. BOLT, and CARSON L. SHAMMATE are each awarded the decoration for an exploit in a dangerous position of the enemy's trenches, where they surrounded a party of twice their own strength, captured even more of the enemy, drove off a rescuing party and made their way back with more prisoners.

FIRST LIEUT. CHRISTIAN R. HOLMES, Inf., U.S.R., and SGT. JAMES A. MURPHY are other recipients. The lieutenant, as leader of a patrol, displayed extraordinary coolness and bearing; cut and crawled through 12 strands of wire in front of an enemy listening post, leaped upon the sentinel, made him prisoner, and brought him back through No Man's Land. The sergeant aided in the exploit, and with coolness and nerve killed one of the enemy sentries who had fired on Lieut. Holmes.

CORPORAL ERNEST BURCH, Artillery, is now a wearer of the coveted medal for voluntarily leaving his dugout under intense enemy bombardment and without assistance rescuing a wounded comrade lying outside, exposed to enemy fire.

\$3,000,000,000 and a lot more for the Third Liberty Loan. \$100,000,000 more asked for the American Red Cross. Take it all in all, war on either side of the Atlantic amounts to the same thing: Shelling out.



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FRANCE WILL GUARD PRECIOUS CHARGES

Townpeople Aid in Observing A.E.F.'s First Memorial Day

Just how graciously and wholeheartedly the people of France assisted in many a solemn observance of Memorial Day by the A.E.F. is shown in detailed accounts that reached this office too late for inclusion in last week's issue.

In one town the graves of 42 American soldiers laid to rest in the little cemetery were decorated at the conclusion of a program that included addresses by a French general, the prefect of the department, the local curé and the American chaplain. Commenting on the day, the local newspaper says:

"Our town will guard piously the precious charge which the United States confides to her. Every year, when on great anniversaries we come to salute our dear dead, we shall not fail to bestow loving remembrance upon these noble Americans at rest in the midst of our own beloved France, as a mother would do, will take loving care of the graves of these heroes."

At the close of impressive exercises before the hotel de ville of another city, in which the sous-prefect, the mayor and a French general paid their tribute, the boys and girls of the city schools marched to the cemetery and decorated the graves of French and American soldiers.

An American flying cadet and a French instructor, who died together in a recent accident, were buried side by side on Memorial Day while a plane piloted by a French adjutant dropped flowers and the Tricolor on the grave. An American chaplain and a French priest read the services, after which a chauffeur blew the *appel à d'ortoir*. A cadet then took the bugle and blew taps. The commandant of the school, a French captain, then stepped forward, wearing all his honors—the cross of the Legion of Honor, the Médaille Militaire, the Croix de Guerre with four palms and three stars. He spread his hands out over the open grave.

"Adieu Dix... adieu Paure... mes braves."

FOUR WIN BRITISH MEDAL

Field-Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, under special authority granted by King George, has awarded the Military Medal to the following soldiers of the Engineers (Railway), serving with the British Expeditionary Forces: Private 1st Class, ARTHUR P. TERRILL. Private, 1st Class, RAYMOND G. RICKETTS. Private, 1st Class, THOMAS L. ARBUCKLE. Private RICHARD PARKINSON, Jr. The soldiers to whom the Medal was awarded were members of the crew of a light railway train engaged in hauling ammunition. The train of which they were in charge was standing at a station when the enemy began shelling that point. The burst of a shell a few feet from the side of the train ignited a portion of the ammunition boxes contained in one car, causing two shells to explode. The men moved the train to a water station near by, where they turned on the water and extinguished the fire.

HOTEL PLAZA ATHÉNÉE

HOTEL D'ALBE

FAMILY HOTEL

The 1918 Academy!

From the din of war to the stir of peace is not a far cry these days, and you venture to think that one of the things you will do when on leave in London will be to visit the Academy, where you are well worth an hour or two, a picture of your all-too-short leave. The Exhibition is under way, and you will find the most interesting and useful information in the form of a fine brochure—sent in every issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

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REGIMENTAL, COMPANY AND MESS ACCOUNTS RECEIVE SPECIAL CONSIDERATION

FLOWERS ON GRAVES OF TUSCANIA'S DEAD

Lusitania Victims Also Remembered in Memorial Day Observance

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

LONDON, June 6.—Decorations Day was a holiday for all Yanks in Great Britain, and it had memorial significance in England, Scotland and Ireland. At an intercession service in Liverpool, there was a silent throng of 15,000. Led by the American consul, all U.S.A. patriots in Queenstown attended services at the graves of Lusitania victims, which they piled high with flowers. Graves of the Tuscania dead were similarly honored elsewhere in Ireland and Scotland.

In Edinburgh, Yanks in the air service assembled around a statue of Abraham Lincoln, in Old Carlton Cemetery, erected to the memory of Scottish-American soldiers who fell in the Civil War. At Southampton Cemetery the graves of A.E.F. men who died en route to Europe or in hospitals in Britain were visited. The Y.M.C.A. held impressive services at the biggest patch of Yankland in Britain, and over the resting places of buried comrades.

Dr. Fort Newton of Iowa, preaching at City Temple, London, suggested that after the war a day should be set apart, holy and tender, on which the free nations who have fought together might unite in laying flowers on the graves of the men who died that the world might be free.

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NOTICE TO MEMBERS OF FLY CLUB Being located at the Guaranty Trust Company of New York, 1 and 3 Rue des Italiens, Paris, I have undertaken to get in touch with all Fly men who are in service abroad. I wish to keep information concerning them which will be precious in years to come for the annals of the Club, and request that every Fly man reading this notice will send me his name and address without delay. W. G. WENDELL.

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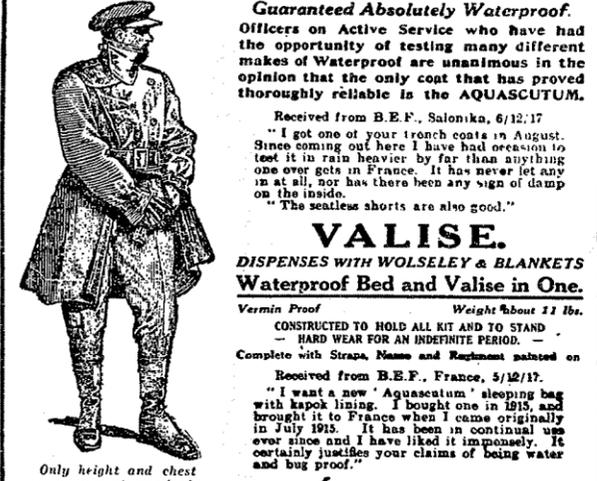
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Received from B.E.F., Salonika, 6/12/17: "I got one of your trench coats in August. Since coming out here I have had occasion to test it in rain heavier by far than anything one ever gets in France. It has never let me in at all, nor has there been any sign of damp on the inside. The seamless shorts are also good." DISPENSES WITH WOLSELEY & BLANKETS Waterproof Bed and Valise in One. Vermin Proof Weight about 11 lbs. CONSTRUCTED TO HOLD ALL KIT AND TO STAND - HARD WEAR FOR AN INDEFINITE PERIOD. Complete with Straps, Name and Regiment painted on. Received from B.E.F., France, 5/12/17: "I want a new 'Aquascutum' sleeping bag with kapok lining. I bought one in 1915, and brought it to France when I came originally in July 1915. It has been in continual use ever since and I have liked it immensely. It certainly justifies your claims of being water and bug proof." By Appointment to His Majesty the King. Waterproof Coat Specialists for over 50 Years. 100 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W. 1. OBTAINABLE IN PARIS FROM Messrs. DELION & CARON, 24 Boulevard des Capucines.

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FRIDAY, JUNE 7, 1918

## TWO SOLDIERS

The other day permission was asked of an officer in charge of the baggage and packages carried by a train which runs between two important American centers in France, to place aboard some bundles which it was important should be delivered quickly in the various towns through which the train passed. He objected. He "wasn't supposed to haul them," it seemed, and it "made a lot of extra work and trouble for the baggage-man."

Appeal and argument finally gained the concession that "if the baggage-man wanted to take them it was all right."

The baggage-man was a private, and he was sweating at his job of hustling trucks aboard.

"Sure, I'll take 'em," he said. "I don't mind."

On the battle front the United States gives the Medal of Honor to the man who "performs a deed so clearly above and beyond the call of duty that no one could justly blame him for leaving it undone."

There isn't any medal for a man in the S.O.S. who performs a job "so clearly above and beyond the call of duty that no one could justly blame him for leaving it undone"; but just the same he is doing a great service for his country.

The perspiring private who took the packages was helping to win the war. The officer who was afraid it would be too much trouble wasn't.

War is about nine-tenths work and one-tenth fighting. If some task helps to win the war—if it just helps to keep things running smoothly in the A.E.F.—it is as noble to perform it as it is to fight. We ought to be glad of the opportunity to do an extra job and proud of its fulfillment. It is for our country.

## COGS, NOT CLOGS

Every week or so some one writes us as follows:

"N-body seems to notice the —s, although we are doing some of the most important work in the whole A.E.F."

Every one here—be he a stevedore unloading a case of bacon from a newly arrived steamer or a corps commander mapping out a contemplated attack—is doing some of the most important work in the A.E.F., some part which, if left undone, would render the whole intricate mechanism of the military machine impotent and helpless.

If your work wasn't important, you wouldn't be doing it. Don't let apparent "lack of notice" kid you into thinking otherwise.

## DEFENSE DE CRACHER

Whether you are ill or well, the Medical Department has to have your cooperation—if you are ill, to care you; if you are well, to keep you so. Your health in the Army, as never before in your lives, is largely within your own keeping. And any laxity on your part will probably not react so strongly upon you as it will upon your fellow soldiers.

"If it makes you feel more at home to spit, spit right here," reads a notice in one barracks. Have you noticed the universal absence of cuspidors in France? If a whole people can exist, enjoy life, and build up an army that has saved the world at the Marne and at Verdun without spitting into the four corners of the map, cannot we, as brothers in arms, do as much out of mere common politeness, to say nothing of the benefit to our own health?

We have adapted ourselves well to particularly trying conditions, declares our Medical Department. We have still to contract the admirable French habit of not spitting.

Let's go. Thereby we shall take out new health insurance, not so much for ourselves as for our comrades.

## JUST LIKE HOME

We get American food. We hear "Americain" talked all about us, in billets and in line. We get letters from America—sometimes—and American papers occasionally. We rename the streets of our billet villages after those in our home towns. In short, we have made ourselves at home. No, we are at home.

It is right that the people who are really at home in our old home should know this. They have an idea, some of them, that we're entirely marooned, surrounded by "furriners," and that we'll come back unable to speak the English language as it is spoken in the United States, unable to digest American "vittles," and hopelessly wedded to French ways and customs—if to nothing else that is French. It is up to us to write and tell them that we are at home; and that, being so at home, we are happy.

Harry Lauder summed it up pretty well when he made the young Scots volunteer overseas write back to his old mother in the Highlands:

"Sure, they's piperrrs a-playin' in the mornnin', An' an' Scotch chunes is fine; There's a tartan plaidie buckled on each laddie

As they all wheel into line!  
I can hear'them praisin' bonny Scotlan',  
And singin' o' Scotlan's fame—  
So don't greet, dearr,  
I'm a richt herre—  
It's just like bin' at haim!"

What goes for Scotland in that song goes for America with us. If we only open our eyes to what is about us, we will see that it is "unco like haim." And having opened our own eyes, it is up to us to see that the good folks we left are kept no longer in the dark about it.

## THE TRUCE OF GOD

Cardinal Hartman, Archbishop of the German city of Cologne, persuaded the Pope to intervene and ask that Allied airmen grant "the truce of God" to his city on the day of the feast of Corpus Christi, which this year fell on May 30, the same as our Memorial Day. The announcement by Cardinal Gasparri, Papal Secretary of State, said that the Pope had intervened "with a view to special regard being paid by all the belligerents to Corpus Christi processions."

The French, British and American authorities, though they might well have replied to the German Cardinal's plea by recalling the bombardment of Paris on Good Friday and the demolition of a church and killing of a large number of worshippers therein on that day, acquiesced, and gave assurances that Cologne and other cities in the Rhine valley would be undisturbed. Those assurances were lived up to scrupulously.

Early on the morning of Corpus Christi—of Memorial Day—the German long range artillery began again to bombard Paris. All day long it kept up. One of the objects struck was a church—a church in which that very day the same service had been sung as was sung in protected Cologne.

"That the shell did not repeat that damage of Good Friday was no fault of the Hun. Then, to cap the climax and make the holy day a real 'feast day' in German eyes, the Hun aviators, shortly before midnight, attempted an aerial raid on Paris.

No one, of course, will be so farfetched in reasoning as to hold Cardinal Hartman himself responsible for the Hun's breach of faith, since every one knows too well that the godless military masters of Germany go about their work without consulting priest or prelate of any creed or nationality. Still, at this time it is interesting to recall Cardinal Hartman's approach to Cardinal Mercier, of Belgium, during a consistory in Rome not long ago, and the great Belgian prelate's response.

"We will not speak of war, my brother," said the German cardinal.

"And we, my brother," retorted he of Belgium, "will not speak of peace."

After Corpus Christi, who in all the Christian world will speak of peace with the Hun?

## CANTIGNY

"The enemy have taken Cantigny," said the German communiqué that conceded the American success east of Amiens.

It did not say, "The Americans have taken Cantigny."

The American press, in extolling our prowess, has taken pains to show that the stroke is in no way comparable to the great battle that started May 27. The French and British press has found space, even in these eventful days, to bestow upon us genuine and heartfelt praise.

And to fill the cup of encomiums, Germany contributes her little white lie: "The enemy have taken Cantigny."

"Hello, Bill, how are you? I am fine. How's everything? There's lots I could tell you, but the censor wouldn't let it pass, so what's the use? No more now from your old friend, Private Lazy."

We gather through word from America and through underground connections with the censors' headquarters that much in this fashion run thousands of letters posted every balmy Sunday by the incomplete letter-writers of the A.E.F.

The foregoing sample is furnished just to tip off the home folks to the commonest of all the artful dodges of Private Lazy. They may not know what Private Lazy himself knows very well, that whereas the censor is a tarrar on certain forbidden subjects, there is more than enough stuff every soldier can write and welcome to pack brimful a weekly letter home.

When he would rather sleep or go fishing, it's a low down trick to blame the censor, who gets cussed enough as it is.

## ACCORDING TO THE MAN

An enlisted man was walking along the street. Two American officers, a lieutenant and a major, passed him, and he snapped up to a salute. The major returned it absently, mechanically, without looking at the man and without halting his conversation. The lieutenant ducked his head to meet his hand, so that it was impossible for the enlisted man to tell whether the lieutenant was looking at him or not.

The enlisted man walked on. Towards him was coming an American captain. He carried his left arm in a sling and leaned upon a cane. He walked slowly, almost painfully, and his arm was in a sling because a Boche bullet had smashed it.

Again the enlisted man saluted. The valeting officer crooked his cane over his temporarily useless left wrist, looked the enlisted man square in the eye, and returned the salute.

This time the enlisted man was proud of his Army.

## YOUR LIBERTY BONDS

Your Liberty Bonds of the second issue will be paid in full with the deduction of the July allotment. A Government security with a face value of fifty dollars, one hundred dollars—perhaps two or three such securities—will become your own property.

That monthly allotment of five, ten or more dollars will go back into your pay. If you want to, you can sell your bonds and buy as many silk handkerchiefs with Allied flags embroidered on them as you care to.

If you want to, you can leave the bonds where they are and have that much of a nest egg—worth a few dollars more and with interest attached—when you go home.

## Where It Comes From

YOU hear of Liberty Loans that are over-subscribed to the tune of \$1,700,000,000. You hear of Red Cross drives that aim for \$100,000,000 and achieve \$133,000,000. You hear of a drive made by the Knights of Columbus for \$2,500,000 from the city of New York which realized \$5,000,000 from Catholic and Protestant and Jew.

You hear of cities that not only go over the quota assigned them by the Liberty Loan committee, but do it with 250 per cent. You hear of churches that are assigned \$35,000 as their share to be raised for a war philanthropy, and proceed to raise \$80,000.

You read in the papers how one financier gives a million outright to the Red Cross; another half a million; another a quarter of a million, and so forth. You read how great banks and corporations subscribe for blocks and blocks of Liberty Bonds, running the total way into millions. But—take all those great contributions and subscriptions, add them together, and see what a pitifully small amount of the whole they really were.

Where does the money that is back of you come from, then, if the great folks' outpouring comes to so little? The answer is, it comes from everybody—from everybody of high and low degree, but mainly from those of low degree, from those to whom the gift or the loan means real deprivation, real sacrifice for the sake of an ideal.

READ this letter, from a poor woman living in the Bronx, New York, to the Liberty Loan committee of the city:

"I support myself and my two children by taking home washing. I took a loan of \$200 for myself on the other loan, and now I am paying for \$200 for the children to the Produce Exchange Bank, Manhattanville branch. Please don't put my children's names in the slacker's lists. I say this, being that my children received a card from your office this morning requesting them to make a payment on their Liberty Loan.

"I have just made that payment. I regret having put you to so much trouble, but, please, everything is all right, so don't put my little ones on the slacker's list. And I got three of my neighbors to take a loan, but I don't take any credit for that if only you will overlook my delay on my children's account and not make it appear my children are slackers. I have paid for my children's loan, and so they are not slackers."

HERE is a letter from another woman:

"In reply to Liberty bond postal, I am letting you know that I am a working woman, go out to work every day of the week, except Sunday, for which I get \$5 a week and meals. I have also volunteered in the canteen of Staten Island, in which I am now a member, have also got a son who is in the Signal Corps of New Jersey now, but he has been in the service of Uncle Sam over three years already, got his honorable discharge, but re-enlisted, but still I thought I was not doing enough and I bought a Liberty bond at \$1 a week from my wages of \$5 a week."

"She thought she was not doing enough"—to lend to her country and its cause a whole fifth of that meager wage! But now on—

"I hope from the bottom of my heart it will be a little help to Uncle Sam. I know it is not much, but it is the best I can do at the present time for my country, and if everybody would do same, I am sure we would win out. Yours truly,

"P.S.—Daughter of a veteran of Civil War, who is still alive and is 75 years old, and not as weak as you might think. He has also instructed his grandchildren to honor and to fight for their country from the time they were first able to walk."

THAT is the written testimony of the devotion of the humble folk, the common people of America that Lincoln loved and understood so well, to the cause for which you are striving—the testimony they themselves have written. Among them, in their homes during the canvasses for funds to be applied to your safety and comfort, the same thing occurs, over and over again.

This is the story of a canvasser for one of those funds:

"One evening an old man came in answer to our knock. He looked us over critically as we stated our business, and then yelled to some one, 'Will I let them in, Maggie?' Maggie consented. We entered, and a few minutes later made our exit with a crisp ten spot.

"THEN there was Mrs. Breen, who said in a rich brogue: 'Shure, things is so dear an' that bye of mine costs a mint! Ye know, he got hit in the mont' with a ball an' lost his eye, went to the hos'pital, an' he put two gold teeth in and charged me \$18. An' shure, last Easter Sunday (a year ago, if ye don't mind) when Johnny was goin' to mass, the two teet' fell out—they weren't gold at all, but tin!' Nevertheless, in spite of the tin teet', Mrs. Breen came across for the fund, to aid boys a little older than her Johnny, fighting for her and Johnny, too.

"I musn't forget the little mother who asked us to hold the baby while she ran downstairs to get 'something' for the fund, she said, from her husband; the story goes on: 'We had walked up four flights of stairs, but we consented to hold the baby. In a few minutes she was back and neatly bowed us over by giving us a check for \$100!'"

SO it goes, all along the line. From little brickies in country towns, from behind loose change in pockets, from long-piled-up savings in banks, comes the steady stream of gold—the people's hard-won gold—to keep you on your job, and to keep you happy and well while you are on it. In one instance hardworking shipbuilders gave up their Saturday half-holiday to work, and turned over all their overtime pay thus earned to the Red Cross. In another—

But why go on? Everywhere the people are giving, giving, lending, lending, lending to further your cause and theirs; giving and lending as no nation has ever given or loaned before. Everywhere that giving and lending means a sacrifice of comforts and luxuries; in a vast majority of cases a sacrifice of the necessities of life. But it is done cheerfully, exultantly—by the charwoman and the day laborer ten times more than the society lady and the Wall Street magnate—because it is done for the securing of that Freedom which you have been called upon to defend. And it will continue to be so done to the end.

Where does the money come from? It comes from the heart and soul of all America.

## A FIELD NOTE BOOK

"In America," remarked the interpreter, "you buy your firewood dressed. Over here as often as not, we buy it on the hoof."

He was leading the battalion supply officer through a little wood adjacent to a billeting town.

"Our trees are numbers 50 and 58—price 30 francs," he continued.

He looked at several tree trunks to get the run of the numbers blazed on them.

"Here we are—these two. Send a squad out at 1 p.m. and the mayor will turn them over to you. By buying on the hoof, you get your wood over so much cheaper."

A town in ruins from shell fire. Not a roof left in the place; not an unbroken pane of glass. A sign at the outskirts of the village was the sole reminder of sunnier days. It read: "GIPSIES MUST NOT CAMP HERE."

## "ONCE UPON A TIME"



## A SUGGESTION

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have read in your valuable paper, from time to time, articles on the necessity for saluting and saluting properly, and because I believed you were "in the know" about it, I have tried to live up to the sentiments contained in them. But, as you must admit, the variety of persons now in France who wear something closely approximating an American officer's uniform and general getup makes it at times mighty hard to tell who is entitled to the salute and who isn't.

You know how it is: You knew what the salute stands for and value it as such; consequently, you don't like to hand it out to people—no matter how much respect you may have for them and their institutions—who are not strictly entitled to it. An enlisted man's salute, as you lay it down, is a sign of solemn allegiance to the United States—to the freely chosen President of the United States, from whom the officer saluted draws his authority by commission. When you salute anyone else, it becomes a mere sort of howldo greeting, it seems to me, and thus loses its significance.

Thinking that way about it, I can't help feeling sort of—well, sort of funny when I find I have saluted, say, a Red Cross officer or a war correspondent. It's usually the Sam Browne belt or the seal on the garrison cap that throws me off the scent; in bad light it is oftentimes hard to tell whether or not the shoulder bars and collar ornaments are there. Oh, of course there's no harm done, but when there's a right way and a wrong way of doing things, you naturally like to do them the right way.

Might I, as a humble member of the A.E.F., suggest, in order to keep the salute at its full face value, and in order to do away with misunderstandings and cases of mistaken identity, that:

The wearing of the Sam Browne belt be restricted to duly commissioned officers; and that the seal, with the eagle arrows and all, be worn on the garrison caps of officers alone?

The belt and the seal are things which are things to recognize, the things which most men go by in offering salutes. If their wear could be restricted to the "salutable" people only, it would clear up the situation for lots of men, among them.

Yours respectfully,  
DARLENE.

## THE TRAINS AGAIN

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Someone has inquired as to the why of the absence of letters from or mention of the Ammunition Trains.

All right, Gwendolyn. Here goes. I think I can answer the question of the letters, but the absence of mention of us is probably because the A.E.F. doesn't know yet what an Ammunition Train really is or does.

Nobody in the Train has any time to write except on Saturday afternoons and after taps, and the afternoons are taken up writing home, and who wants to write to a newspaper after taps?

What are we doing all the rest of our time? Well, the first thing when we drive—I mean walk—into a town is to get settled; then we proceed to haul out all the manure for the country roads, ensemble with a lieutenant as guide, and sometimes we are permitted to take along all our earthly possessions and all the rifle ammunition we can carry. "Ain't that nice?" And when we get away out about three or six kilometers, we discover that we have to be back at all the manure for the speed up to about 160 per, and most anyone in the A.E.F. knows it is fun carrying all your possessions, with a rifle and 100 rounds of ammunition. Oh, yes, they gave us rifles, but they haven't told us what to shoot at as yet.

As I was saying, we take these strolls twice a day when there is nothing else to do. Of course, everyone does or should know that all well regulated Ammunition Trains haul their German "pizen" after dark, so that doesn't interfere with the other sports.

Since we turned the clock up, we have an extra hour to get back to the soil by helping the natives plow and plant pommes de terre and other fruit. Oh, well, I guess if we didn't

## TRIBUTE

There's tumultuous confusion a-comin' down the road,  
An' the camouflage don't neerways hide the dust,  
An' it ain't no flock of camions, though some's carryin' a load  
(I guess the provos winked—or got it first).  
But now it's comin' closer, you can tell 'em by the roar—  
It's the Empty Second Infantry, a-goin' in once more.

Oh, they've met the Hun at the length of a gun,  
And they know what he is and they mind what he's done,  
So that's why they sing as they slog to more fun!  
You doughboys, you slowboys,  
Here's luck, an' let her go, boys—  
We like you, Infantry.

Now us in the Artillery don't live no life of ease,  
Nor yet particularly security,  
For the present that Fritz sends us one can't dodge behind the trees,  
Unless trees was much thicker than they be.  
But we know our lot is doughnuts, Orders Home and Gay Parade  
To what you march to singing, Empty Second Infantry.

Oh, there's numerous blanks in your company ranks,  
But there's two in the Boches' for one in the Yanks,  
An' all that he gav, you returned him with thanks,  
You doughboys, you slowboys,  
Here's luck, and let her go, boys—  
We like you, Infantry.

F.M.H.D., F.A.

keep busy, we would get homesick, and, anyway, we have gotten used to it now, as we have been over here now—let's see—about three years and a half. I think—

I will add that as soon as we get a village cleaned up nice and get acquainted with the population, we change our minds about wanting to live there, and we pull out and find a new town that needs policing.

When this war is over, we are going to take contracts for cleaning up towns and villages, for all this, we will be experts then.

Outside of all this, we are very well satisfied. A German avian decided (after a little persuasion) that he ought to alight over here, and the inconsiderate devil, instead of coming down close in, had to drop about three miles away, and all the taxicabs are busy, we had to walk out to pay him our disrespect.

I am getting away from my subject, but as this is a "kings and cabbages" story, I guess I can write about a mile or two. How do I find so much time to write? Oh, I am one of the exclusive set—in other words, I'm one of the guys who get tired of sleeping at an unregulated outfit for an hour and get out and make a lotta noise with a horn adopted in the service by some one who never tried to blow one. So you see I have a few minutes to spare while waiting for the time to blow first call, and, do you know, some of the fellers beat me up, thus depriving me of the pleasure of waking them up? But, of course, in all well regulated outfits there are those who are always taking the joy out of life.

Just a few words for THE STARS AND STRIPES and I will bow tops over this letter.

We have read papers and papers, and real papers, having lived in the United States years ago, but we want to hand it to THE STAR AND STRIPES, for we think it is the best paper on the English speaking press (having never read the other languages) and we are all strong for it, and the folks at home like it "boko." Now please don't steal any of Wallgren's space for this letter, for we must have that by all means.

Port arms—dismissed!  
ERNEST Y. STROMO, — Am. Tn.

## YOU BET IT'S RIGHT

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I need a little information and as THE STARS AND STRIPES seems to cover everything connected with the A.E.F. I am in hopes you can answer this directly or in the columns of our paper.

The case is this: I have just received a letter from home saying that my mother is proudly displaying a service flag because "yours" truly is with the A.E.F. in France. As I happen to be only a Field Clerk instead

of an officer or enlisted man in the Army, I am wondering if it is right to let her display this flag. Of course, she didn't know the difference when I came home shortly before leaving for France with my uniform, collar ornaments, etc.; in fact, I had an idea myself, then, that I belonged to the Army.

Since I have learned, however, that there is to be no service stripe or other official recognition for Army Field Clerks, and that our true status is only that of militarized civilian, I don't like to be masquerading at home as a soldier. I would appreciate it very much if you can tell me if my information regarding the status of Field Clerks is correct; and if it is, I will make another effort to enlist in some branch of the service.

For about two weeks around the first of last August, I worked night and day to get my business straightened up, so I could report at the recruiting station and get down at Camp Bowie with my outfit—a guard regiment of Infantry with which I had served two enlistments some years ago and in which I had many friends. But it didn't get me anything, for when I did report the officer in charge kindly but firmly called attention to a defect in my left eye which he said wouldn't allow him to use me at all. I got the same jobst from the Regulars and the Marine Corps and after that didn't have the heart to bother the Navy office.

Some days later, I fell for a little notice in the paper to the effect that six Army Field Clerks were needed immediately at a certain post, and when a friend told me that Field Clerks were a part of the service and went with troops in the field, I said goodbye to my office and beat it on the next train. A few hours later, being an expert stenographer, I made a hit with my C.O.-to-be, had taken the oath to stick on the job for the duration of the war, and was informed that I was subject to the rules and articles of war.

My draft number had not been called, and at that time the Government's policy that nearly every young man could do something in the service had not been formed, and the Field Clerk job looked like my only chance.

I believe that there are a number of other men like myself in the Field Clerk Corps, and we are not in the Army, I think we should be given an opportunity to enlist in the military service, although not commissioned officers. Such being the case, the mother of a Field Clerk in service in France is clearly entitled to display a service flag.

Mr. Heard and all his fellow Field Clerks are in the Army, then, and doing a very necessary work; they are an important cog in the military machine, and every A.E.F. who is doing his best on the job is "doing his damndest" for his country at a time when every ounce of energy is needed in the fight for freedom and right.—EMITON.]

LANSON J. HEARD, A.E.F.

[The Adjutant General of the Army has held that Army Field Clerks and Field Clerks, C.M.C., constitute a part of the military establishment, their status being that of officers in the military service, although not commissioned officers. Such being the case, the mother of a Field Clerk in service in France is clearly entitled to display a service flag. Mr. Heard and all his fellow Field Clerks are in the Army, then, and doing a very necessary work; they are an important cog in the military machine, and every A.E.F. who is doing his best on the job is "doing his damndest" for his country at a time when every ounce of energy is needed in the fight for freedom and right.—EMITON.]

## UP TO THE J.A.G.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: I have read with interest the discussions in your excellent paper concerning the question of Army Field Clerks being permitted to wear the war service chevron.

To date, however, notice that no one has quoted the opinion of the Adjutant General of the Army in his memorandum of September 18, 1917, of which the following is an extract: "Par. 14. As Army Field Clerks and Field Clerks, Quartermaster Corps, constitute a part of the military establishment, campaign badges may be issued to them at cost price for services rendered by them in campaign as officers or enlisted men."

To my mind, this seems to settle the question and I pass it along for what it may be worth.

J. ROLAND FOLLMER, A.E.F.

[Campaign badges and the war service chevron are things apart. The Adjutant General of the Army has ruled that Field Clerks can wear the former, but the J.A.G. of the A.E.F. has not yet given his decision as to the right of Field Clerks to wear the war service chevron, and his ruling, as we understand it, will settle the question.—Editor.]

THE ARMY'S POETS

IN THE ENGINEERS

If it's work you would be doin' Such as ties in need o' hewin', 'Till yer back is jes' one ruin, Join th' Engineers.

SONG OF A SEASICK SOLDIER

Oh, the poets may sing of the billowing sea, But give me the land for mine, With the feel and the smell of the good warm earth.

DOUGHBOY DOPE

I've heard that talk about Democracy, An' a lot more o' this here high-brow stuff, I'm here to say it mostly got past me.

OUR SERVICE FLAG

We want a place for our Service Flag, For the Service Flag of America, We looked in vain to find a place.

CROSSES

Each life must have its crosses, And a soldier gets his share, From a trip across the ocean To the envied Croix de Guerre.

GRANDPA'S STORY

Gather, my children, come to my knee; What is this object which you can see Standing so close to Grandpa's canteen?

AFTER THE MAN EATERS



Sing a song of cooties, Shirts all full of them, Isn't it a pretty mess From collar-band to hem;

THE POOR BOOB OR A PRIVATE'S ROMANCE

From: Pvt. 1/cl Edward Bangs, Inf. A.P.O. 701, A.E.F., May 1, 1918. To: Miss Elizabeth Jones, Subject: Emotions of Pvt. 1/cl Bangs.

FIRST BALL GLOVE IS MADE IN FRANCE

Bat Shortage Can Be Remedied by Enterprising Manufacturer

U-BOAT SINKS EQUIPMENT

Goods Worth \$30,000 Lost When Liner Oronsa Was Torpedoed

Score another run for France. A French manufacturer has made a baseball glove—a fielder's glove, to be exact—working from specifications and blueprints furnished him by the Y.M.C.A.

French Woodworkers This Way

The greatest shortage in equipment is the lack of bats. Everything from spokes to tree limbs is now being used, and where units are lucky enough to have a real bat, it is screwed together and tied together and clamped together every time it threatens to crack under the strain.

Must Have Bats

For we've got to have bats. And it would be easier to have them made here than to wait for another shipment to replace those lost with the Oronsa.

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an Arctic exploration party drops in occasionally and puts the natives wise to the fact that the war is still going strong, a case of bats from the Oronsa may some day be washed up. And the natives, opening it in the hope of finding bonbons, blubber, razor strops or raisin seeders, will remark, "Gee, what primitive fighters those Americans must be!"

OUT FOR THE WIT STRIPE

There is one story that is as common at the front as the account of the American negro meeting his French speaking brother in the buses. As this story doesn't seem to have gained circulation in the S.O.S., it is worth telling for the sake of those, either in the S.O.S., or at the front, who haven't heard it.

AT THE DRESSING STATION

Lieutenant (to Private Newlywounded): Cheer up, old man; you'll likely get a Croix de Guerre out of this.

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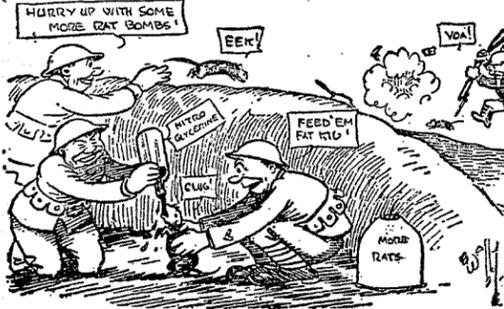
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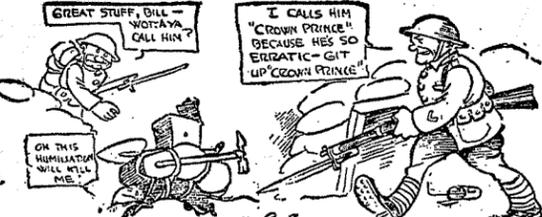
# RUFF ON RATS



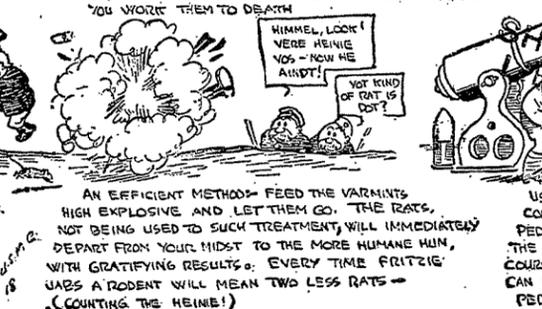
RATS IS A NUISANCE AND SHOULD BE EXTERMINATED; BUT AS PLAIN KILLIN' DONT MAKE NO IMPRESSION ON THE PESTS, HARSH MEASURES LIKE 'RUFF ON RATS' IS NECESSARY.



AN INSPIRING EXECUTION WITH PERSONAL ADVANTAGES— MAKE THEM TOTE YOUR EQUIPMENT AND SUCH UNTIL YOU WORSE THEM TO DEATH.



AN EFFICIENT METHOD— FEED THE VARMINTS HIGH EXPLOSIVE AND LET THEM GO. THE RATS, NOT BEING USED TO SUCH TREATMENT, WILL IMMEDIATELY DEPART FROM YOUR MIDST TO THE MORE HUMANE HUN, WITH GRATIFYING RESULTS. EVERY TIME FRITZIE JABS A ROBERT WILL MEAN TWO LESS RATS— (COUNTING THE HEINIE!)



USE THEM FOR ASCERTAINING THE RANGE OF THE GUNS— CONCEAL A RAT IN EACH SHELL, FIRST ATTACHING PEDOMETER TO THE RODENT'S LEFT HIND LEG. WHEN THE SHELL HAS COMPLETED ITS FLIGHT THE RAT WILL OF COURSE RETURN TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED. THEN YOU CAN EASILY READ THE KILOMETERS REGISTERED ON THE PEDOMETER— PROVIDING SOMEONE HOLDS THE RAT.

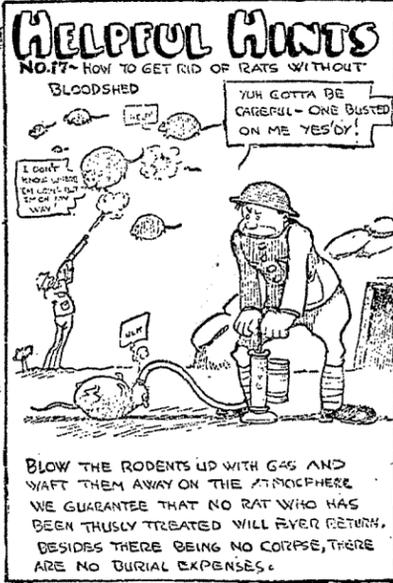


HAVE THE COMPANY BARBER GIVE ALL THE RATS A CLOSE SHAVE AND MAKE THEM STAY OUT IN THE RAIN ALL NIGHT SO THEY WILL CATCH PNEUMONIA— AS THIS SICKNESS IS FATAL TO RATS, YOU WILL SOON BE RID OF THEM.



YOUNG LADIES, YOU GOTTA BE CAREFUL— ONE BUSTED ON ME YES'Y!

# -By WALLGREN



BLOW THE RODENTS UP WITH GAS AND WAFT THEM AWAY ON THE ATMOSPHERE. WE GUARANTEE THAT NO RAT WHO HAS BEEN THUSLY TREATED WILL EVER RETURN. BESIDES THERE BEING NO CORPSE, THERE ARE NO BURIAL EXPENSES.

## STEVEDORES' CAREER A ROUND OF HARMONY

Base Ports Vibrate With Music These Warm Spring Days

VAUDEVILLE OFFICERS Buck Dancing Contest Produces Footwork That Would Make New York Sit Up

Just because the colored stevedores of the A.E.F. sing at their work and on the way to work and when passing in the home and sing when they get to their barracks is no reason to suppose that the work doesn't get done. The work does get done, and gets done well, whether on account of the music or in spite of it, it is hard to say.

Nobody who has seen the results of the work—enormous loads of all kinds of supplies taken off the ships and loaded into miles and miles of giant warehouses or on to the freight cars waiting at the big docks—is likely to quarrel with the music made by this branch of the Army. And surely nobody who has heard the music will quarrel with it.

Every night, at a certain base port, there are dozens of concerts in the stevedores' camp, with harmony close and beautiful. The other evening, some officers, bored perhaps with each other, commandeered a few stevedores that were passing in all likelihood to engage in one of the two authorized erap games the commanding officer allows, with a rake-off for the company fund—and asked them to come into the officers' quarters.

The officers' barracks has a piano, and a floor made of salvaged boards, and one of the stevedores had a guitar and a knife. With these meager properties, a show was put on that would have stood 'em up on Forty-second Street any old night.

Buck Dancing Contest Leads A buck dancing contest lead the program, the prize being a purse of half a franc from each officer present. The Alabaman at the piano let himself out, ragging his whole repertoire and making up more rags to fill in the gaps. On a makeshift floor and in heavy issue shoes, that, however good they are, are not built for dancing speed, five stevedores, one after another, shook ten hoofs. It wasn't easy to award the prize, which finally went to a young sergeant, who did 15 minutes of varied steps that Fred Stone on his zippiest evenings wouldn't be ashamed of.

Then Private Hill, of Louisiana, played dozens of tunes on his guitar—pronounced 'GIT-TAR'. With the adroit manipulation of the knife along the frets he got the strange, poignant and beautiful effect of the ukulele. When he played 'Carry Me Back to Old Virginia,' one Q.M. captain from Lynchburg couldn't stand it any longer. He just got out his O.D. handkerchief and had a good cry.

Plenty of Parodies The stevedores have a lot of parodies. One they sing all the time is 'I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way.' Trying to be a soldier for the U.S.A. Going to be a hot time in France some day; I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way. It takes the Ninth Cavalry To make the Germans lay their weapons down. Four long years, England and France, Trying to put the Germans in a trance; Fighting for your country, and it ain't no lie Eastward riding going to change my mind. Takes the Ninth Cavalry To make the Germans lay their weapons down. At ten o'clock taps sounded. 'Go on to bed, boys,' said the captain. And they filed out to their quarters.

JUST THE OTHER WAY 'Are you,' asked the old gentleman 'a doughboy?' 'No,' replied Private Pasfranc, who hadn't seen the paymaster in six weeks 'I'm a doughless boy.'

## AS WE KNOW THEM THE PRIVATE

He kicks about his meager pay, he kicks about the grub; He swears by all that's holy that his corporal is a dub; To him each regulation is a source of much distress— But he's never sick on pay day, and he's never lato for mess.

He curses reveille and drill; he tries to skip retreat; He howls about the effort that it costs him to look neat; When work in any form looms up, he tries hard to renig— But he's strong for playing poker, and he's great on bunk fatigue.

He crabs about each feature of his military life; His idea of delight is to engage in verbal strife; He prides himself on knowing every pessimistic trick— And the height of his ambition is to register a kick.

But he really doesn't mean it, for it's just a clever ruse; And we know that chronic kickers have no time to get the blues— And if kickers make good fighters, then we're ready to begin 'To kick Fritz out of Flanders, all the way back to Berlin!'

PT. GEORGE E. PARKER, CO. L.—Inf.

## UNCLE SAM GOES INTO WAREHOUSE BUSINESS

Uncle Sam has gone into the warehouse and storage business. He has gone in heavy. Without using superlatives too promiscuously, it may be said that he is building the biggest system of warehouses in the world and one of the largest railroad yards in the world to serve it. It is an adjunct of one of the new American base ports and one of the biggest construction jobs in the S.O.S.

The warehouse system, when completed, will consist of 116 storehouses, each 500 feet wide and 400 or 500 feet long, and five huge warehouses each 240 by 500 feet. It will contain Army supplies sufficient to sustain one million men for 45 days.

The warehouses are springing up at the rate of several a day and—what is important—they are filled with flour and bacon and ordnance and Q.M. supplies almost as soon as they are completed. It is calculated that there is already enough food in a certain group of these buildings to cause the ringing of every bell in Germany for four days—if Germany had it.

A total of 4,500 men is working on the warehouse system and the railroad trackage which will be used for the transport of supplies in and out. There are Americans, white and black, and workmen—civilian and otherwise—representing nearly 20 other nations. There are steam shovels, cranes, pile drivers, switch engines, concrete mixers and all the other machines used on a big construction job, even to a saw and planing mill to cut and dress the lumber which comes fresh from the hands of a regiment of American woodsmen working in the Forests of France.

Hundred Miles of Track Nearly 100 miles of railroad track have been laid and there is more to go down. The men are laying American steel and driving real American spikes, and they are making twice the progress they would if they were using French rails under the French method.

The troops and workmen on the job are quartered in a camp at one end of the yard, with the exception of some units of American colored troops who are enjoying the early summer in tents, and the German prisoners. The main camp is laid out with streets and blocks of barracks.

Revelation to Hun Prisoners But the big revelation has been to the 1,000 German prisoners working on the job. When first they arrived, they were inclined to be a little insolent and not averse to making predictions as to what was going to happen to America in this war. In the few weeks since their arrival, however, they have undergone a decided psychological change.

From their camps they can see the American docks of the base port and the main American railroads leading to the interior and the front, and the main United States line of rail transport passes within a few hundred feet of them. They see ships dock and discharge varied cargoes not singly but by the dozen and the score. They see train loads of cheering, singing American soldiers go by day and hear them by night, riding in American cars pulled by American locomotives. They are dumfounded by the American effort and savoring from their vantage point, the fruits of American activity, they have sadly admitted that Germany has been grossly deceived about the part the United States is playing in the war.

## BUSTED SUSPENDERS LOOKED MIGHTY FINE

But Jerry Wondered Why All the Salutes Kept Coming

Jerry never could wear a belt. He couldn't keep the necessary neither garments properly supported without suspenders. So suspenders he had—a fine ornate pair of galluses, designed and embellished by his Aunt Melinda down in Middle Haddam, Conn. They were some galluses. Like the shad which haunts the waters of the mighty river beside which, they first were inflicted on the world, they shone in the moonlight.

On this particular night one of their supporting arches had busted clean in two, while Jerry—who was on permanent K.P.—was bending over to lube up a heavy pair of water. Nothing daunted, Jerry strung the one remaining faithful gallus from his left hip up over his right shoulder and back down again to his left hip. Thus equipped, with an extra hitch to make sure, he sallied forth into the night.

Snap! And Snap Again Snap! In the half light of the moon, they just coming up, a passing dough-boy saluted him. Snap! The sentry at the gate of the French cantonment brought his rifle up to present arms. But as Jerry didn't know the difference between the French present-arms and the carry-arms of the old, old manual, that didn't bother him at all. It bothered the Frenchman, though, for he expected to have his carefully executed salute returned in good style. SNAP! The Yank sentry on No. 1 post rattled his rifle up to the perpendicular with a slam of palm on wood and leather that could have been heard a mile. It woke Jerry from his reverie. He looked; sure enough, there was one

## WHAT THEY'LL DO

'When I get back home,' remarked the sergeant to the rest of the gang, 'I'm going to get off the boat down the river and go right to those Turkish baths in the Woolworth building—you know where they are. And I'm going to stay in there and soak for an entire week, to make up for all the baths I've lost out on over here.'

'When I get back home,' remarked the corporal, 'I'm going out to a little old ice cream parlor run by some old colored people that really do know how to make ice cream—not the salty, watery stuff they hand out over here and charge you a franc for, but the real thing. And I'm going to eat myself absolutely hog-sick!'

'The private said nothing for a moment. Then: 'When I get back home and into cits' clothes I'm going to walk up and down every street in town with my hands in my pockets. And if there are any M.P.s in that town of mine by that time, I'm going right up and thump my nose at every one of them. And if any one of them raises his jimmy, I'm going to say, 'Yah, you son-of-a-gun! The likes of you made me take my hands out of my pockets, where they were comfortable, every time I turned around in France. But now, that I'm in cits', you can go plumb to hell!'

'Shake!' said the sergeant. But the corporal had slipped the mitt to the private before he could say it. 'Shake!' cried they all.

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### ARE YOU WOUNDED? THEN GO FARMING

Base Hospital Gives Practical Training to Its Convalescents

### REAL PARADISE PROVIDED

Something for Every Getting Well Sick Man to Do in Loire Valley

I want to go back. I want to go back. I want to go back to the farm. Far away from here. With a wound stripe on my arm. I miss the sergeant (A former bar-ger). Waking me at 4 a.m. I think your Z. of A. sir. Z'very gay, sir. NEVERTHELESS! I want to be there. I want to see there. A certain someone full of charm. That's why my litany. Is always of Brittany. Down on the farm!

Every soldier who rises from a sick bed in Base Hospital, 8 and begins to think restlessly of getting back to his outfit must turn farmer before he can turn fighter again.

As soon as he has retrieved his legs and convinced the ward surgeon that he should be marked "Convalescent," he bids a grateful farewell to the nurses who have brought him round, promises the head nurse he will write her how he is getting along and betakes himself to the convalescent camp. This is so near the hospital proper that you can hit its top sergeant, if you care to take the risk, with a well-aimed pebble from the hospital windows. And it is the men of the convalescent camp who run the hundred acre farm which Base 8 has just acquired.

It is a fine old hill-side farm, which was doubtless under tillage long before the Romans came that way to build the wall of which a crumbling fragment is still proudly pointed out in the little town of Savenay nearby. Very possibly its method of cultivation could have furnished helpful hints to Virgil when he wrote his "Georgics," the "Rural New Yorker" or ancient Rome. Now it is an American farm, tilled and sown according to the latest light, not from Rome but from Ithaca. Any fine morning your journey that way you will see men in olive drab hoeing the potatoes or weeding the redish bed or tossing fodder to Hindenburg, the fattest of the pigs.

From the freshly turned fields, the workers take in the wonder of that landscape, where the silver Loire stretches away in the misty distance through a rolling countryside dotted with slow turning windmills. A shift in the wind brings up from the village the music of the cathedral chimers.

### Helping Themselves and Others

While these soldiers are thus being won back to the sturdiness they need, they know that the work they are doing is storing up food for other men who will come along, sick or wounded, to fill the beds they have left vacant. For while the farm and its instruments have been provided out of the bottomless pocketbook of the Red Cross, the institution threatens soon to be profitable. It promises to furnish eggs, green vegetables in abundance, pork aplenty and fresh milk to the tune of three hundred precious quarts a day; added riches for what is already celebrated up and down the line as the best mess in the A.E.F. It will provide market truck in such quantities and so close at hand that the mess sergeant's head can rest easier in his tent o' nights.

When a man reports from the ward to the convalescent camp, he is immediately classified as Class A, B, C, or D, and not till he has worked for a while with the robustness required of Class A can he throw down his hoe and reach for his rifle. Two hours of every morning are given over to farm work, the afternoons to drills and games. The O.D. farm hands all ride back to noon chow in trucks, but the A men have to walk over to the farm in the morning.

Every Monday, the medical officers pass on the general state of health and reclassify the hoboes. The members of the board are known as the Owls because of their disconcerting knack for recognizing malingering at sight and for hissing the sometimes brilliant bits of acting done by the occasional doughboy who has grown so fond of his bed and his egg-nogs that he is known around the premises as a "mattress lizard."

### Plan Wholly Self-Operating

The whole "Back-Through-The-Farm" movement, the whole convalescent camp is self operating. It provides only two S.O.S. jobs, because the passing procession of patients manage the whole affair themselves. The convalescent sergeants and corporals drill the rest. A recuperating cook patters about a field range set up in the ancient kitchen of the farm house and a slowly fattening patient does the odd chores about the place, while another wields the hammer in the making of pig pens and such.

The only two permanent workers on the farm are two medical department sergeants who happen to have been graduated from the School of Agriculture. Doubtless if the war had not involved America, one of them would now be occupying the Chair of Manure at that celebrated institution.

As it is, both of them, who enrolled for their quest not what service in France, now find themselves dwelling in a farm house of a ripe old age, administering by day the problems of fertilizer and rotation of crops. At night they watch the moon come up over the Loire and pick out from their mandolins the strains of "Far Above Cayuga's Waters."

The farm house is pleasing within, now that it has been raked fore and aft with that passion for cleanliness which American medical officers display to the occasional annoyance of the enlisted personnel. The surroundings are attractive. Already the convalescent officers are seeking it out as a place to read and write of an afternoon.

The head nurse may give a tea there once in a while when the work slackens a bit, and on the Fourth of July there will be held, for the pleasure of all within, a post, a good old American barbecue.

### TO REIMBURSE OFFICERS

Officers who lost their equipment when the steamship Tuscania was torpedoed and sunk in February, can be reimbursed, according to a paragraph inserted in the Urgency Deficiency Bill, now on the statute books. Word of the inclusion of the paragraph in the measure and its adoption has just been received here.

### A RIVER BANK IDYLL



### SPRING DAYS DOWN IN THE S.O.S.

When a player steals home in an S.O.S. after mess ball game these rainless days and is forced to slide for it, he raises a dust cloud that looks like the smoke screen of a couple of super-dreadnoughts. Wherefore, they have found a real use for the old overseas cap in the S.O.S. They brush off home plate with it.

Monsieur Bonnechance—that isn't his name—runs a thriving little farm in a village not far from the spot where several hundred Americans are quartered. Monsieur Bonnechance is a veteran of '70. Also, he keeps a highly creditable cellar.

He was showing some Yanks the cellar, and stopped before a cask of goodly aged wine. "It shall be opened for you Americans," he said, "après la victoire!" The line forms at the right.

A graceful little species of bird that looks, flies and acts like a cross between a common sparrow and a barn swallow is fond of frequenting one mess hall in large numbers after every meal. The mess hall used to be a French cavalry stable, but it is scrupulously clean from stone floor to tiled roof.

So far the K.P. union has not protested against the birds' doing a good share of its work, although it is evident that the feathered understudies receive only board and lodging for their helpful scavenger work.

In that same mess hall the doughboy may read as he eats the pleasant names—and numbers—of the horses who used to "tan" it. "Tapine 423," "Bayard 355," "Myriame 442," "Mirabelle 378." And one is a little poem all itself:—  
"Rose D'Or  
384."

The Atterbury, otherwise Attaboy Special, whose lusty Yankee whistle is the nightly lullaby of one town in the S.O.S., has a bell that is the wonder of the countryside. French locomotives, as every American here found out on his first sight or ride back of one, carry no bells. Crowds of French people gather in delighted wonder to watch the Attaboy go snorting through the villages—rather not to watch it, but to hear that wonderful bell.

A real live imitation of Coney Island has sprung up on the banks of a river within handy reach of the Americans in the vicinity. For their benefit most of its placards are printed in a sort of English. Reads the announcement for the ring game: "7 ring 4 cent."

Crash! went the adjutant's window. Exactly 79 seconds later, his orderly brought in Private Homerun, breathless and crestfallen.

"Private Homerun," said the adjutant, "allow me to congratulate you. It's a good three hundred feet from here to the home plate."

The New Overseas Cap has been anticipated by at least one officer. He found

### ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS Questions Answered

By BRAN MASH

T. E.F.V., A.H.W.—No, men in the service are not expected to send wedding presents to parties resident in the United States and not anxious to leave the United States via the Atlantic route. If, however, a perfectly husky civilian ex-friend of yours sends you an invitation to the approaching ceremony, it is perfectly permissible to note the date and then cable him, on that very occasion. Many slacky returns of the day, or something equally bright. He will understand that the cable message costs just as much as the more conventional pickle fork, and all will be well.

R.T.H.—In answer to your request as to what to use in Army introductions, these forms are offered as guaranteed sure-fire hits:

"Private Blankinface, permit me to present General Helionwheels, though I suppose it's really unnecessary to introduce you, since you are both in the A.E.F. and surely must know each other."

"Sergeant Beetlingbrow, this is Lieutenant New, who is going to take charge of your platoon from now on. Please treat him kindly, as he has had a tender bringing-up, and don't let any of your boys use rough language in his presence."

"Captain Outofstuff, let me make you acquainted with Major Holdemup. He's in the Q.M., and as you have to make requisitions on it, you are bound to run into him again—I mean, have a run-in with him—I mean, ah—er (giggle)." U.J.P.—Yes, it is always better form to request your guests (in the lower right hand corner of the invitation card) to bring their own gas masks. If you lend them some of your supply, the nose-grips may be a trifle worn and your guests—if they have acquiline features—may thereby be seriously inconvenienced during the height of the festivities.

L. Gros, Imprimeur-Gérant, 36, Rue du Sentier, Paris. Printing Office of the Continental "Daily Mail" Ltd.

### MAN OF 93 HAS WAR RISK POLICY

And Premiums Have Been Computed for Even Higher Figure

There is a man 93 years old in the service of the United States who is eligible for war risk insurance. Not only is he eligible for it, but he actually holds a war risk policy.

It happened back in Washington. An officer in the War Risk Bureau there who is now in the War Risk Bureau here was approached one afternoon by his chief, with the resulting dialogue:

The Chief: How far along have you computed those premium tables?

The Officer: Up to 65 years inclusive, sir.

The Chief: Well, here's a man 93 years old in such and such an office of the Navy who wants to take out a policy. Figure those tables up to 95. He may have a brother a couple of years older.

So the officer took a 40 mile automobile ride to the place where he kept his cotton gin, or milling machine, or caterpillar tractor, of whatever apparatus is used to figure out premium tables, and worked into the wee sma' hours of the morning computing those tables for every age between 65 and 95.

Whether his chief was kidding him or not is not for the officer to say. He can only point to the tables as proof of his work. And if anyone in the A.E.F. between 65 and 95 wants a war risk policy and can't find the premium in the new war risk circular, the Bureau can supply it.

### THE SPRINKLING CARTS

I have seen the bravest quail. I have seen the faintest shine. I have watched the best grow stale From long vigils in the line; But of all incongruous things, Fit to throw one in a trance, This the explanation brings: Sprinkling carts on roads where mud Topped the rim of wagon wheel When I first arrived—oh, Lud! How those marches made me feel! Wet and slimy was the way, Dull and lowery was the sky, Till I gave up in dismay, Laged, and wanted much to die.

Now the roads are full of dust, Throats cry out for many beers; So, to wet them down or bust, Came the doughy Engineers With their water-wagon hold Hitched to mules that gaily prance Hiss those men, with hearts of gold, Sprinkling on the roads of France!

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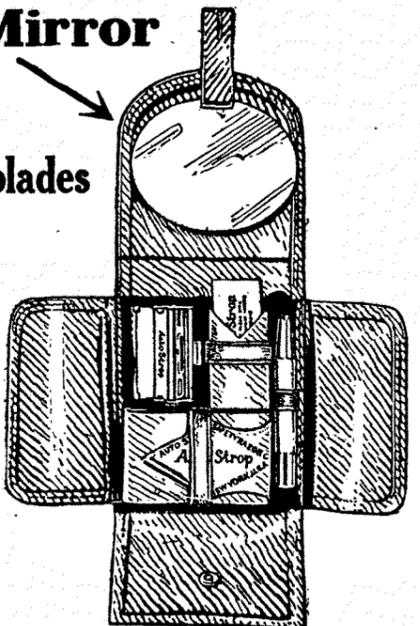
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