

GERMAN BRANDS
YOUNG MOTHER
WITH AN IRON.

Victim of a Violation
Officially Labeled by
Army Authorities.

PAINT BADGE FOR OTHERS

Children of German Fathers
Categorized as the Govern-
ment's Property.

FORCED INTO MENIAL SERVICE

An Officer Formerly in British
Army Tells How Kultur
Repopulates Itself.

A new and startling story of German
atrocities is told by an American
formerly in the service of the British
Army, but now attending one of the
A.E.F. schools in preparation for a
commission in the American Army. It
is in accordance with other stories of
the Kaiser's forcing in order to re-
populate the German Empire.

The rapid British advance at Cam-
bria, in November, when towns which
the Germans had occupied for three
years were captured before the latter
could deport the civilian population into
Germany as is their custom, disclosed
the latest effort of the German army.
French women and girls had been made
the victims.

"Among the refugees who passed
along the roads making their way south-
ward farther into France after we made
our first big advance were scores of
women and girls, each marked on her
breast by a cross in red paint," said the
officer. "These were disclosed when the
refugees passed in front of our medical
officers who were inspecting them. All
of them were about to become mothers,
and the French interpreter who was
assisting the medical men explained that
the cross indicated that German soldiers
were the fathers. The crosses had been
painted on them, the women explained,
to show that their children would be-
long to the German Government.

This Iron Cross Red Hot.

"One of these unfortunate, appar-
ently not more than seventeen years of
age, had not only been painted but
branded with a hot iron so that she
would be marked for life with the sign
of the cross. She said that a German
officer who she said was the father of
her child, this officer, she said, had
been quartered in her parents' home and
she had been forced to accede to his desires.

"After her health became such that
she had no further use for her, she said,
he ordered her to act as his personal
servant, doing the menial work in his
chamber. It was not long until she
was unable to continue this and then,
angered at her weakness, he ordered
soldiers to scour the paint from her
breast and burn the cross into her flesh.
When this was done, she was forced to
leave her home and taken to a military
hospital which the army had established
for other girls and women of the town
in the same condition.

An Eye-Witness on "Kultur."

"I myself saw the girl who had been
branded and the others who had been
painted like animals and heard their
stories, as I had been detailed to super-
vise the return of the refugees. Thank
God, America, by coming into the war,
will help to stamp out this heathen
'kultur' from the world and make it a
safe, clean place to live in for our
womenfolk and mine—our mothers, our
sweethearts, our wives, and our daugh-
ters. I have a daughter just sixteen
years old," concluded the American
grimly.

WHEN PACKS ARE LIGHTEST

BY CHAPLAIN MOODY.

Probably the cow is the least com-
plaining and discriminating of all ani-
mals yet it is worthy of note that the
wise farmer who understands his cows
does everything to make them as happy
as possible and studies their comfort
and convenience as far as possible. This
is not because he is a sentimentalist,
he knows for the very opposite reason. He
knows his cows will give more milk and
he will get more money therefrom if
they are contented in their bovine minds
and not worried by the high cost of
living and other problems.

The expert poultry man will tell you
that the frame of mind of his feathered
employees has a very direct bearing on
the egg output, and so he tries to study
their happiness.

Recently experiments have been car-
ried on in some factories with phono-
graphs, and it has been proven that if
the fingers of the employees are stimu-
lated by some music they enjoy, it is
possible to get more work out of them.
In some Cuban cigar factories it is the
customary thing to employ a man to
lead the cigar makers some story
which they like, as, under these condi-
tions, they work better and faster.

All this is not done out of sentiment,
again, but because it contributes to effi-
ciency. The cow, the hen, the factory
girl and the cigar wrapper do better
work for being in a pleasant frame of
mind.

While we of the American Expedi-
tionary Forces do not fall into any of
these classes, the same is nevertheless
probably true of us. We can be better
soldiers if we are cheerful than we can
if we are not. It may be difficult to see
how you can sight a gun any better for
smiling or bayonet a man more effec-
tively when you are cheerful. But if we
know what we are told, this is so, and,
hence, since we all want to be good
soldiers, it becomes a duty toward this
end to be happy. Just as it is a duty
to wash your face or police your bunk,
or to keep your rifle clean. It is a duty
to be happy.

That is all very well and good to say,
some one interrupts at this point, but
you cannot be happy when your feet
are sore or you do not have all you
want to eat. Or, it would be easy to be
happy if the mail would come, or they
would "bust" the Mess Sergeant, or
take some other great step forward in
the improvement of the army. But we
don't know better.

Our happiness is not dependent on not

WHEN THE FRENCH BAND PLAYS.

There's a military band that plays, on Sunday afternoons,
In a certain nameless city's quaint old square.
It can rouse the blood to battle with its patriotic tunes,
And still render hymns as gentle as a prayer.
When it starts "Ave Maria" there is no one in the throng
But would doff his cap, his heart to heaven raise;
And who would shrink from combat when, with brasses sounding strong,
There is flung out on the breeze "La Marseillaise"?

When it starts to render "Sambre et Meuse," the march that won the day
At the battle of the Marne, one sees agape
The grey-green hosts of Hunland melt before the stern array
Of our gallant sister-ally's blue-clad men.
And when it plays our Anthem, with rendition bold and clear—
While the khaki lads stand steady—then we feel
That, though tongues and ways may vary, we've found brothers over here,
Tried in war, and in allegiance true as steel.

For it's olive-drab, horizon-blue, packed closely side by side,
Till their color sets ablaze the grey old square;
And it's olive-drab, horizon-blue, whatever may betide,
That will blaze the path to victory "up there."
So, while standing thus together, let us pledge anew our troth
To the Cause—the world set free!—for which we fight,
As the evening twilight glides the ranks of blue and khaki both,
And the bogies die away into the night.

a bucket brigade strung along from the
scene of action to the village fountain,
about a quarter of a mile away.

Fire a Social Success.

It's a shame to spoil a good story, but
Private Doe did not throw down the
pig into an army blanket held out to
receive it. He clambered down a smon-
dering flight of ladder stairs, with his
Pigship under his arm, quite unharmed,
save for a severe nervous shock. Aside
from a few scorched kilt bags, the loss
of the top sergeant's cherished pipe, and
a few hundred of smoke acquired by
Private Doe, the fire was not a success—
that is, from a historical standpoint. But
as a social event, in bringing the Ameri-
cans—and Private Doe, kissed by the
lady mayoress for his pains, in particu-
lar—closer to the hearts of the villagers,
it was decidedly there.

JIM.

Honest, but Jim was the sorrest man in
all of Comp'ny G;
You could sing and tell stories the whole
night long, but never a cuss gave he.
You could feed him turkey at Christmas-
time—and Tony the cook's no slouch—
But Jim wouldn't join in "Three cheers
for the cook!" Gosh, but he had a
grouch!

He wouldn't go up to the hill kafay when
our daily bike was done,
And sip his beer, and chin with the lads,
the crabby son-of-a-gun;
He'd growl if you asked him to hold the
light, he'd snarl if you asked for a butt,
Till at last the gang was "most ready to
put Jim down for a mutt."

About the first time that our mail came
in, we all felt as high as a king;
"What luck?" somebody hollers to Jim;
He says, "Not a dad-blamed thing."
And then he goes off in his end of the
shack, and Tom Breed swears 'at he
cried;
But when somebody went and repeated it,
Jim swore, by gad, Tom lied.

We were gettin' our mail, irregular-like,
for about a month or two;

BIG GUNS ON FLAT CARS
TO BATTER HUNS' LINES.

A. E. F. Operates Railroad Artillery that will Hurl
Tons of Steel Twenty Miles into
Enemy's Territory.

LONG-BARRELLED 155s ARE ALSO DEADLY.

Fortresses and Mountains Crumble like Sandhills
Before Blasts from the Busters.

When Rudyard Kipling paid his fa-
mous tribute to the late Rear-Admiral
"Fighting Bob" Evans of the United
States Navy some years ago, one of his
verses ran:

"Zogbaum can handle his shadows,
And I can handle my style;
And you can handle a ten-inch gun
To carry seven mile."

That was a pretty fair gun for those
days. But nowadays, we speak of
handling a sixteen-inch gun to carry
twenty miles. Not only do we speak of
it, but we—we of the A.E.F.—actually
do the handling.

The "big boys" are here. They are
busters. They have more machinery
attached to them than the average small
factory. Because of the fact that they
are mounted on cars and ride on rails,
they are known rather as the "railroad
artillery" than the heavy artillery. They
have been practicing for a long time on
a "blasted heath" somewhere in France,
where there wasn't anything within
twenty miles of them that would be hurt
by their gentle attentions. And, when
they do practice Jee-roosh! Hold on
your ear-drums and open your mouth!

Big Fellows Hard to Move.

But the actual practice at making pre-
cisely good targets resemble grease-
spots on the oil-cloth doesn't take up but
a bit of the time of the men who con-
stitute the crew. They have to know a
lot about moving the big fellow, raising
him and lowering him, anchoring him
so he won't right-step and left-step when
he's supposed to be firing, cleaning him
up for inspection and the like.

About seventy per cent. of them
learned a good deal about the firing end
back in the Coast Artillery Corps in the
States, but this business of riding a big
gun on a railroad bed, and so forth, was
new to a good many of them until re-
cently. Now, they say, the minute the
aero observer up above gives them range
and so forth, they are ready to go ahead
and batter the eternal daylight out of
anything from the Kaiserschloss down
to old Hindenburg himself.

It takes several hours to get a big
one ready for firing but once its
mechanism is started, under the capable
handling of a trained crew, it works with
the prettiness and precision of an engine.
First the gun rolls forward on to an ar-
rangement of curved tracks which are
called "spies," and those tips point to-
ward the objective. Then, to steady the
piece, twelve large wooden feet are
dropped by hydraulic jacks against the
rails, and the gun is ready to fire.

Getting One Ready to Fire.

It fires, all right, sending a good ton
of steel in the direction indicated by the
aerial observer. When it recoils, the
flat car and all slides back a good couple
of yards on the rails. Then it is brought
back into position again, the barrel is
cooled by jets of water, the wooden feet
are braced again, and the piece loaded.
Even with all those operations, the big
fellow can fire a good forty shots a
minute.

But, though they can fire those forty
per minute, each one takes a lot out of
the big fellow's life. Unlike the guns of
smaller calibre, they cannot be used over

and over again. They are too powerful
to be used in actual trench warfare, but
let a fortress, or a mountain that has
perversely got in the way of operations,
loom up ahead, and down it goes! Also
the big shells have been found exceed-
ingly useful in knocking in the roofs of
German tunnels underground, even those
that are quarried out ninety feet under
the surface.

All in all, the big fellow has a short
life, but—if he's directed right—it's a
mighty gay one.

A BULL IS DURHAM'S PRIDE.

A Durham, N. C., enthusiast recently
telegraphed to United States Marine
Corps headquarters in Washington:

"Terrier belonging to U.S. Marine
kills huge rooster after battle royal in
main thoroughfare. Indignant chicken
fanciers witness affair and demand dog
pay death penalty. Then they learn
ill-fated rooster's name was 'Kaiser.'
Result: Dog is now pride of Durham."

"HE MAY OVERHEAR IT!"

"Aw, he ain't a bad skipper—as
skippers go!"
"Gee, though, that was some clip he
run us at on the way up that hill! It
pulled my cork all right, I'll tell the
world!"
"Sat'day afternoon drill, too, eh? I

conditions outside of us, but on our

hearts within us, and some of the hap-
piest men have been the victims of ex-
traordinary misfortune and some of the
unhappiest people have been possessors
of great wealth who could have all they
wanted. The most joyous book in the
world was written by an old man in
prison who had come to the conclusion
that when they let him out they would
chop his head off. Many a man has just
grinned himself out of worse fixes than
you or I are ever apt to get into.

There are very few things we cannot
laugh at. By laughing, we do not actu-
ally shorten the life, but we make it
seem shorter; we do not in reality
lighten the pack, but we make it seem
lighter, and it all comes to the same
thing, for we would rather carry a
heavy load and have it seem light than
carry a light load and have it seem
heavy. If we laugh at the troubles when
they come, and hunt them with the same
merriment that the French but the
wild boar, the joke will be on them after

KISS FOR RESCUER
OF PIG FROM BLAZE

A Beantown Fire-Fighter
Hero of Epoch-Making
Conflagration.

"Weee-ah-eeeee-ah-eeeee!"
Private John Doe, late of the Boston
fire department, knew something was up
when, on a certain Sunday morning not
long ago, he heard that sound issuing
from the second story of the house-burn
in which his command was billeted. Also
he saw a thin streamer of smoke, no
bigger than Rhode Island, winding its
way out of the house-burn door. He
sniffed, then hollered "Fire!"
"Fire?" echoed some of his bunk

VOLUNTEER VIC'S BIG IDEA
BY LEMEN IN THE
ST. LOUIS POST-DISPATCH



THERE'S A REASON.

No more ham or eggs or grapefruit
when the bugle blows forchow. No
more apple pie or dumplings, for we're
in the army now; and they feed us
beans for breakfast, and at noon we
have 'em, too; while at night they fill
our tummies with a good old army
stew.

No more shirts of silk and linen. We
all wear the O. D. stuff. No more light
shirts or pyjamas, for our pants are
good enough. No more feather ticks or
pillows, but we're glad to thank the
Lord we've got a cot and blanket when
we might just have a board.

For they feed us beans for breakfast,
and at noon we have 'em, too; while at
night they fill our stomachs with a good
old army stew. By, by gum, we'll lick
the Kaiser when the sergents teach us
how, for, dad burn it, he's the reason
that we're in the army now!—Pitts-
burgh Post.

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY.

Camouflage—Wearing an overcoat to
revellie.
Military Road—A large body of land,
without beginning or end, entirely cov-
ered by water.
Camion—1. A large, immovable body
which one is expected to carry on one's
shoulders through the mud. 2. The
thing that brings the mail out.
Army Rifle—Something eternally dirty
which must be kept eternally clean.
Bayonet—A long, sharp, pointed ob-
ject whose only satisfactory resting
place is the midriff of a Hun.
Pay-day—1. A "movable feast." 2.
A time for cancellation of debts. 3.
The date of the return of the laundry
one sent away a month and a half be-
fore.

THIS REALLY HAPPENED.

End of letter: "Goodbye, my dear,
for the present. Yours, Jack." Then—
"X—X—X—X—X. P. S. I hope
the censor doesn't object to those cross-
es."
Added by Friend Censor: "Certainly
not! X—X—X—X—X!"

Enter the Reserves.

Into the barn rushed half of Private
Doe's squad. The other half, calling
down the road, summoned a good two
companies, which came up on the double.
At this point entered, front and
centre, M. le Maire of the commune,
who, being the owner of the pig in dis-
tress, had more than a casual interest in
the proceedings. "The fire engine! The
fire engine!" he shouted, in accents both
wild and French. But, since there had
been no fire in the town in fifty years,
nobody seemed to know just what he
meant.

Fact! No fire in the town in fifty
years! Way back in the days of Napo-
leon III, there had been a fire, a little
blaze, in the town. Think of that, you
insurance men who used to write poli-
cies for clothing dealers on New York's
East Side!

When he had sufficiently recovered his
avoidsdupes, M. le Maire dragged out
of the Hotel de Ville, with the aid of the
embattled infantrymen, some fire ap-
paratus, of early Bourbon vintage. One
private who helped handle it swears that
he spotted the date "1748" on the
leather hose which led from a water
tank, about twelve by eight by four,
toward the general direction of the fire.
The tank, in turn, had to be filled by

But Jim? He never drew anything, and
bloody! but he was blue!
Not only blue, but surly; he was off
the whole darn shop,
And once he was put onto "heavy" for
talkin' back to the Top.

'Twas a day or two before New Year's,
when the postal truck came in. The
orderly fishes one out for Jim; he
takes it, without a grin,
And then, as he opens the envelope—
eyeeow! How that man did yell!
"A letter from James J. Junior, boys!"
the youngster has learnt to spell!"

So nothin' would do but the bunch of us
had to read the letter through;
'Twas all writ out by that kid of his,
and a mighty smart kid, too,
For it isn't every six-year-old at school
as can take a prize (like he had done);
and you oughter see Jim's eyes!

Well, Jim had a mighty good New
Year's; he stood the squad a treat.
And now, 'stead o' turnin' out sloppy,
he's always trim and neat;
Fact is, the lieutenant passed the word
that if Jim keeps on that way
he'll be wearing little stripes on his
arm and drawin' a bit more pay.

Don't it beat hell how a little thing will
change a man like that?
Now Jim's as cheerful as anything in-
stead o' mum as a bat.
An' the reason? Why, it's easy! A
guy is bound to fall
Of bein' a proper soldier if he don't get
no family mail!

If all of those post office birds was wise
to the change they made in Jim,
They'd hustle a bit on our letters, for
they're lots that's just like him;
It may be a kid, or it may be a girl;
a mother, a pal, a wife,—
And believe me, this hearin' from 'em—
why, it's half o' the joy o' life!

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