

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

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

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

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



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

Ward in an A.E.F. Hospital, Showing Some of the First to Pay a Visit to "Blighty." In addition to separating themselves from large wards on coils and all the comforts of home they have brought over the staffs of their various hospitals, who know all their funny ways of operating, from how best to cut a man loose from his appendix to painless extraction of the bankroll.

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

The Amexforce hospitals are not built along those lines, nor are the nurses young things of fifty and summers who hand out tracts with the morning's milk or make kittenish love to a lad who may be tied down to a bed or too weak to run away.

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

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

Some of the Experts. Maybe one of these is from your own home town and you know him by name or reputation: George E. Brewer, New York; George W. Crile, Cleveland; Henry C.ushing, Boston; the brain specialist, who knows every cell in the brain tank and just how it works and operates; F. A. Washburn, Boston; Samuel Lloyd, New York; C. L. Gibson, New York; R. H. Harte, Philadelphia; F. A. Bealey, Chicago; Angus McLean, Detroit; Charles H. Peck, New York; John M. T. Finney, Boston; the best specialist in the whole of the Union are at the disposal of any one who's unfortunate enough to get hurt.

Dr. McKernan, also of the big town, one of the best ear specialists in the country. If a shell goes off too near you and the eardrum suffers, Dr. McKernan will be on the job to find out if he can't make a new one.

that no man of the Amexforce may be deprived of his sight where there is one chance in a million of saving it. With that in view, the chances of coming out of this mess with both eyes are exceptionally good. Statistics from both French and British armies show that of all the wounded they have had, only one man in 1,200 is blinded. If they had the organization of the American medical force, the chance would probably have been reduced to one man in 2,500.

No one pretends to say that our hospitals make sickness or wounds a pleasure, but be assured of one thing. If anything happens to you, you'll be well looked after in them by the world's leading medical and surgical authorities.

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

HOW THEY LOOK IN THE TRENCHES.



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

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

"Then there's another I took over at (the town where general headquarters are situated) of the bus that goes down to the station to meet trains. You won't believe this unless you've seen it, but that bus is hitched up to a horse and a camel, a regular camel like you see in a circus—come from Morocco, they tell me, and looks as if he had gone as long as it is camels can go without a drink, or chew, either.

WHAT SAILOR INGRAM DID.

Neither Casablanca nor Horatius at the bridge surpassed in heroism young Osmond Kelly Ingram, who threw aboard the explosives on the American destroyer Cassin in order that the German submarine's torpedo should not detonate them and destroy his ship—and gave his life for his comrades and his country in doing so. Ingram sought danger instead of fleeing it. He might have saved his life without discredit. But he did not think of his life—or if he thought of it, he knew that he was deliberately sacrificing it and he acted with instant resolution.

To his courage and his quickness is due the fact that Ingram's was the only life lost in the German attack on the Cassin. That result he foresaw and welcomed. He knew how to take death as his portion without an instant's hesitation. He was of the breed of heroes, and his name will be borne forever on the nation's roll of honor.—Boston Transcript.

THE ROAD WAS OPEN.

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

A few days ago two American newspaper correspondents were traveling from one French city to another, the shortest course, according to the same excellent maps, taking them close back of the French lines. All day there had been a blinding snow, it was deep and loose on the ground, and the car was going as fast as possible for safety. Temporary wooden signs at cross roads showed the direction of different camps. The road plunged through a forest, occasionally they passed a soldier plodding through the snow, then emerged along the base of a ridge honeycombed with dugouts and bombproofs on its sheltered side. It was a little over three miles to the front. Soldiers peered through doorways at the car skidding through the swirling snow; then the huts ceased. For a mile the correspondents ran behind a flapping wall of canvas camouflage, with barbwire entanglements on the other side of the road. The map indicated their route on the right road. Then they came to a barbwire affair like a turnstile lying on its side in the middle of the road, and stopped. They could not see a hundred feet through the fog and snow, but could hear the muffled boom of nearby cannon. The map showed that three kilometers ahead the main highway to the city they were headed for. They did not know that the German trenches were only two kilometers ahead and that the snow was the only reason the Boche had not see them and favored them with a shot. Two French officers came along and his best French one of the correspondents asked if they could get through on that road.

THERE'S A REASON.

"For Pete's sake, Ed, quit tryin' to pick your teeth with your fork! Mind your manners, man! If they're close 'Aw, go easy, Mike; how'll I be in to buy a toothpick, with wood so expensive in France?"

SEA SLANG PUZZLES POILU.

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

HOW ABOUT THEM?

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

YANKEE AVIATORS PLAY IN LUCK

Dead Engine Sneezes and Picks Up after a 2,000 Meter Drop. SKY FULL OF CREAM-PUFFS.

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

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

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

Seated around the rough mess table in their quarters—the building stuck away on a ledge of rock under a cliff—they told all about the bombing of the railroad stations and ammunition factories at Rommich and Ludwigshafen.

"The old Boche almost got me that time," said Lehr, lifting the oil cloth table cover to knock wood. "The engine of my boat died on me just over Rommich. I pulled everything in sight and kicked every lever I couldn't see. Nothing doing; anti-aircraft shells bursting right on a level with me. We began to drop. I turned around to the observer and pulled a sea-sick grin.

A Sneezed Spelled Joy. "It's all off, kid," he said. "Looks like we're through." "We dropped from 5,000 meters to 3,000. Then the engine sneezed, coughed and took up again. My heart and the boat came up 200 meters. In one minute the engine of the formation had gone on, dropped their bombs on Rommich and were beating it for Ludwigshafen. By the time I got back to my right altitude I could see the effects of their bombs. The railroad station was burning like a haystack and smoke was coming from the munitions plant. I circled the town and the observer circled the bombs.

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

"When I came down I found myself served unconscious. I thought he had been hit, but he had only fainted from the cold.

STARS IN A HERO'S ROLE.

Movie Actor Plays Sapper in a Real Rescue.

Among the candidates for officers' commissions at the A. E. F.'s training schools is a former movie star who has served his apprenticeship with the British army. To see him now, few would recognize him as one of the high steppeers under the bright night lights of Broadway as he was a year ago. Seized by a sudden impulse, he enlisted in the British army without waiting for America's stars to experience.

MACDOUGAL & CO. ARNOLD STEWART Successor AMERICAN MILITARY TAILORS PARIS 1bis Rue Auber Corner Rue Scribe Orders Executed in 48 Hours.

Our services at the disposal of American Officers requiring information of any description.

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

The truck driver had an arm broken, a shoulder crushed and a fractured skull. He was rushed to a hospital on a chance that his life might be saved after so much effort. The work was not in vain, for a few days ago a letter was received from him, well again at his home in England, saying to the former movie star: "The lady string of this home in Leicester is always hanging out for you."

"WELL, I'LL BE—!"

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

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

Somewhere in France Gabby swung his right mitt and clasped Casey's. They hung on in a kind of reminiscent grip, searching one another's face for changes.

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

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

Gabby is a little puzzled by Fat's moustache, but only for a second. "Whatever became of Charley Rose," he asks, "and Bill Lyman, and all the rest of them?"

"For the love of Mike—meeting you in this forsaken spot after all this time? Where are you stationed? Can't we stage a reunion? Can't we Fat?" "Well, Fat is a sergeant-chauffeur, Q.M.C. Gabby is a doughboy in an infantry regiment. They can't get together. They're at the War.

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

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

"Well, go whizz!" says Gabby, thinking the same thing. "You'll meet 'em all over here—your old rivals, your staunchest pals. You may find yourself top sergeant over the battalions you see in the place or milk bottles with back in the 'good old days.' Perhaps you'll be saluting the fellow who cut you out of your girl back in high school when an exchange of class pins with pretty Frances Black meant that you were engaged to her for that semester.

Somewhere in France, they're all here.

SO THIS IS FRANCE?

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

The second shift edges toward the dining room where Suzanne and Angel and Joan are rushing about, clearing away the traces of the first service. "How's the chawin'?" asks the Albany rife-man.

"Pretty good, pretty good," says the engineer boy from Los Angeles. "Good place to fill up on tan bread for a change."

Close your eyes and shut out the blabber. The buzzing voices, the scraping hot balls take you back to the Democratic convention of Pottawatomis County last Spring when the delegates came in through a sleet storm and dried their socks around the stove in the Chamber of Commerce. Or you're back

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

There they go, in a chorus of fifty roof-raising voices: "Twice as nice as Paradise, And they called it Dixie Land!"

SOMETHING MUST BE DONE.

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

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

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

From the start, the horror of the New York society writer knew no bounds. "What," she exclaimed, "no pillows for our men! And you say, Captain, they have no bathtubs, but have to bathe in the rivers and creeks? And I see, there are no table cloths or napkins? Captain, leave it to me! I'm going to tell the people of America all about the terrible living conditions of our soldiers over here. Something must be done, and something will be done by an aroused public opinion back home!"

The captain indulged an inward chuckle that racked his soul. Then his face became solemn. "Please don't stir up any scandal in America over this," he entreated the young woman writer. "I'll tell you confidentially that feather beds are on the way from America for every soldier and there are whole boatloads of bathtubs coming, too. But what's sweetest of all in this—promise you'll keep it a secret until it happens?—our government is about to present every soldier in France with a beautiful mattress set!"

"That's more like it," said the lady, much mollified.

WILSON 8 RUE DUPHOT THE SMALLEST but SMARTEST UMBRELLA SHOP in PARIS

MODERN OPTICAL Co. (AMERICAN SYSTEM) OPTICIENS SPECIALISTES pour la VUE S. QUENTIN, Directeur 5 Boulevard des Italiens, PARIS. 10% Reduction to Americans.

Standard-Bearers of America! You have come to the Home of Perrier The Champion of Table Waters. Delicious with lemon, sirops, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France. DRINK IT TO-DAY PARIS, 36bis Boulevard Haussmann

COX & CO. (France) Limited 22 RUE LOUIS LE GRAND, PARIS (Opera) Having Branches in the Army Zone, equipped with English-Speaking Staffs, are enabled to render Banking services to the American Military and Naval Forces BRANCHES AT AMIENS, BOULOGNE, HAVRE, LYONS, MARSEILLES, ROUEN. Enquiries solicited on all Business.

LIBERTY DOUBLE OPERA-GLASS all copper varnish ebony, magnifying power 4 times—reach 20 km., in its dark leather case, is the only one which answers the needs of the fighting man. Sent post-free against money order of 50 Francs, address to: JUMELLE LIBERTY 7 Rue Montcalm, PARIS AMERICAN SOLDIERS FORM GROUPS OF SIX and you will pay for the double opera-glass Liberty 45 Francs only. Agents and representatives requested.

THE EQUITABLE TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK PARIS OFFICE: 23, RUE DE LA PAIX (Place de l'Opera). Member of the Federal Reserve System United States Depository of Public Moneys Agents for Paymasters and other Disbursing Officers Offers its Banking Facilities to the Officers and Men of the AMERICAN ARMY AND NAVY SERVING IN FRANCE LONDON, 95, Gresham Street, E.C.

AMERICAN MILITARY and NAVAL FORCES CREDIT LYONNAIS Head Office: LYONS Central Office: PARIS, 19 Boulevard des Italiens BANKING BUSINESS OF EVERY DESCRIPTION WITH ENGLISH-SPEAKING STAFF EVERY FACILITY FOR FOREIGNERS Branches in all principal French towns, amongst others the following: Amiens, Angers, Arras, Bayonne, Belfort, Besancon, Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Brest, Caen, Calais, Cannes, Cete, Chaumont, Dieppe, Dijon, Dunkirk, Epervier, Epinal, Fecamp, Havre, La Rochelle, Limoges, Marseille, Nancy, Nantes, Nice, Orleans, Rennes, Rochfort, Rouen, Saint-Dizier, Saint-Malo, Toulon, Troyes, Valenciennes, Versailles, Vitry-le-Francois, Bourges Clermont-Ferrand, Ison, Nancy, Saint-Raphael, Vieux.

SLEATOR & CARTER 39 Avenue de l'Opera PARIS ENGLISH & AMERICAN CIVIL AND MILITARY TAILORS. Olive Drab Uniforms and American Insignia a Speciality SAM BROWNE BELTS TRENCH COATS WRAP PUTTEES AMERICAN OVERSEAS FATIGUE CAP (To Measure)