

PRESIDENT WILSON'S WAR ANNIVERSARY GREETINGS TO THE A.E.F.

To THE STARS AND STRIPES:—

Please convey to the officers and men of our Expeditionary Force my warmest greetings on this the anniversary of the entrance of the United States into this great war for Liberty, and say to them that we all not only have greatly admired and been very proud of the way they have so far accounted for themselves, but have the utmost confidence that in every test they will prove to be made of the finest mettle of free men.

(Signed) WOODROW WILSON.



WAR ORPHANS FIND FRIENDS IN A.E.F. UNITS

Five Mascots Sure of Year's Care as Result of First Week's Work

BROTHER AND SISTER TAKEN

Infantry Company Adopts Andre and Simone Lamulle and Promises Presents

BOY RESERVED BY TELEGRAM

Engineers Specify Lad of Six Who Is Fugitive From Occupied French Territory

It has started. The announcement last week by THE STARS AND STRIPES of a plan whereby a company or other unit of the A.E.F. may take as a mascot a French war orphan, or the child of a permanently disabled soldier, to feed, clothe and make comfortable for a year, has brought its response. The work of doing something real for the children of France has begun.

From the regiments on the line to the base ports has come assurance that the children are going to be cared for.

Three requests for mascots were received within five days after the announcement of the plan—one of them for two children. That makes five taken. The staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES adopted the first orphan last week. To Company M, Infantry, goes the honor of adopting the second and the third.

On March 30 the captain commanding the company wrote: "This company wishes to adopt two children, a boy and a girl, preferably brother and sister. It is desired that they be of sufficient age to accept gifts, such as boxes of dainties, from the company."

Sounds pretty good for a couple of war waifs, doesn't it?

Brother and Sister for Company M

The committee of the American Red Cross which is selecting the mascots and will administer the expenditure of the money upon them has chosen Andre Lamulle, aged 11, and his sister, Simone, aged 10, for Company M. The family includes a mother and, in addition to Andre and Simone, three smaller children. The father was killed in the battle of Perthes-les-Hurlus, February 29, 1915.

Since a few weeks after the war the mother has been working in a factory, trying to support her five children. She has kept the little family together, living in a dilapidated house at Auberville, on the outskirts of Paris. She has had to be away from home during the day, and Andre and Simone have been doing the housekeeping and taking care of their three little brothers and sisters, the youngest three years old. Company M's adoption will enable the two older children to be sent to school.

Company A of the Engineers adopted the fourth orphan.

"Reserve for adoption," telegraphed Company A, "one boy, aged six, total orphan from occupied territory, northern France. Mailing check today."

The staff of the Intelligence Section, G.H.Q., reserved the fifth child, specifying a boy.

The Red Cross committee now is selecting children to fill the qualifications outlined in the two requests.

Marie Is the S. & S. Orphan

We must tell you about THE STARS AND STRIPES orphan. She is black-haired and black-eyed and has dimples. Her name is Marie Louise Patriarche. Her father was a barrel maker. He joined the Army at the first call and was killed in 1915.

A few weeks after the war began Marie's mother went to work and until six months ago earned enough to support herself and Marie. Then the mother became ill and has been in bed ever since. She may not live much longer, but Marie does not know that.

Marie hasn't been decided what will be done with Marie yet, except that she will be left with her mother as long as the latter lives, and will be sent to school so that she can learn English and other useful things.

Waifs from Invaded Districts

The children from the invaded districts make the saddest picture of all. After living a strange, terrible existence during the first years of the war, they have returned to France. In the last six months nearly 40,000 of them have arrived. They have seen the most horrible side of life. Many of them were sick, all were suffering from malnutrition and exposure. Some saw their fathers killed by the Huns, and their mothers put to work in the fields. Many of the younger ones could not tell who their parents were. They are nameless now, and their only home is the stranger's roof that is sheltering them.

The French Government and French and American societies have cared for these children as best they could. Some of them have been grouped in colonies, where they are learning farming or a trade. Others have been placed in families.



MARIE LOUISE PATRIARCHE, FRENCH WAR ORPHAN, ADOPTED BY THE STARS AND STRIPES.

LABOR TRUCE PLAN MAY END DISPUTES

Strikes and Lockouts to be Taboo During War, if Scheme Works

MEDIATION BOARD SOUGHT

Rights of Both Workers and Employers Would be Recognized and Safeguarded

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—A committee representing labor and capital, of which ex-President Taft is a member, has, after many weeks of discussion, laid a plan before the Department of Labor for a labor truce to last throughout the war.

They propose a mediation board to be known as the National Labor War Board, with many local boards to deal promptly with controversies, and they suggest the following basic principles:—

Can't Discharge Union Men

No strikes or lockouts during the war. Rights of workers to organize and bargain collectively should be maintained. Rights of employers to do the same should be maintained.

Employers should not discharge men for union affiliations and men should not seek non-union employment.

Union conditions should continue in existing union shops.

In mixed, open and union shops, the continuation of such conditions should not be considered a grievance.

Safeguards for workers should not be relaxed.

Women should have equal pay for equal work.

The eight-hour day should be maintained wherever possible.

Many other regulations for efficient work and good conditions are suggested by the committee. The conference report affirms the right of all workers, including common laborers, to a living wage and strongly urges the establishment of a minimum wage standard.

Mr. Taft declares that the plan represents the best thought of all interests for effectiveness in the prosecution of the industrial end of the war.

HOUSE O.K.'S BILL FOR ANOTHER LOAN

Steady Financial Market Promises Issue Quick Sale

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—The campaign for the new Liberty Loan began this week. The House passed the bill with little discussion. The only important debate was over the policy of raising more money without also increasing taxation to provide part of the needed revenue.

Majority Leader Claude Kitchen expressed agreement with the view that taxation should be increased 25 per cent. It is impossible to say at this date if any new taxation bill will pass this Congress, or if it will be left for the next session. There appears to be a strong general sentiment among a large body of the public that taxation should produce a share of the war expenses as a matter of sound finance.

The general outlook for floating the new issue of bonds is undoubtedly good. The financial situation is very steady, and business plainly expects a successful bond sale as a matter of course. The stock market reflects the general equanimity, quotations showing practically no fluctuations.

The market remains steady even in the face of the daily flood of important news from the western front.

SIXTEEN YANKS CITED BY FRENCH FOR GALLANTRY

Medaille Militaire To Be Awarded Hero of Shell-Wrecked Dugout

GENERAL'S PRAISE FOR TEN

Lieutenant Who Laid Down Life Given Signal Distinction of Mention in Army Orders

ENGINEERS ALSO WIN HONORS

Sergeant and Corporal Volunteered for Raid—G.H.Q. A.E.F. Sends Congratulations to Soldiers

Sixteen more Americans have received citations from the French for gallantry in action, in addition to those whose citations have already been noted in THE STARS AND STRIPES in connection with the awards to them of the Croix de Guerre. The list, containing also the names of nine other officers and men whose exploits have already been set forth in this paper and who have been given the War Cross, has been forwarded to G.H.Q., A.E.F., by the French Army authorities.

To the fore in the new list of 16 comes the name of CORPORAL ALFRED S. H. HELMAR, of the Infantry, for it is proposed to confer upon him the Medaille Militaire—a high and rare honor of the French, reserved for deserving enlisted men. It is seldom conferred on officers below the rank of General. Indeed, it is so highly prized that it was the only one of his numerous decorations that Marshal Joffre wore on the occasion of his visit to the United States a year ago. Though entitled to the Legion of Honor and the insignia of other great orders, the Marshal wore only the Medaille Militaire, as if it were enough for any man.

"Although buried under a fallen dugout caused by the explosion of a high-powered shell," the citation says of Corporal Helmar, "he continued to encourage his comrades while the rescue was being organized. Having been rescued from the debris, with several confusions, he refused to have his wounds dressed and instead set to work to rescue the soldiers remaining under the wreckage. He spent the whole night clearing the terrain, giving a remarkable example of fortitude, devotion, and courage."

Cited by General of Division

Ten Americans are cited by the general commanding a certain French infantry division—two lieutenants, two sergeants, three corporals and three privates. Their names and citations are: "LIEUT. CALFB B. LEAR, Infantry: "An officer full of eagerness, and animated by an elevated war spirit. On March 9, 1918, he executed, in a splendid manner, a movement to an enemy position, difficult to approach, in spite of serious impediments, and explored it, with calmness and method, while securing the destruction of the German dugouts."

LIEUT. THORODRE BUNDY, Infantry: "In command of a 27 mm. gun platoon, he promptly directed the installation of his guns, close to the enemy's lines, and coolly ordered the opening of fire, despite intense shelling."

SERGEANT ROBERT M. PAULLING, Engineers: "Just arrived at the front, he asked to take part in the raids of March 9, 1918. At the side of his officer he was the first to enter the enemy's positions. He revealed himself on that occasion as the owner of the most brilliant qualities of coolness and bravery."

SERGEANT EBERHARD JUSTICE, Infantry: "Possessed of remarkable sang froid and an excellent sense of duty, he resumed the fire himself, alone, and at the same time kept command of the other guns."

CORPL. BRUCE LAVERY, Infantry: "Chief of a group in charge of cleaning up the dugout, he was, during the night, the only man who remained."

Continued on Page 2.

"HE WAS A GALLANT SOLDIER"

"(Request you express my personal sympathy to nearest living relatives of Sgt. Peterson. After being mortally wounded, Sgt. Peterson gave detailed instructions to the wounded, and gave first aid to the wounded, in order to save the lives of the men about him. He was a gallant soldier, and I have awarded him a Distinguished Service Cross.—PERSHING.)"

He was a gallant soldier, though he never knew the thrill of charges, or adventure of the raid; His duty lay in healing, not in sullying forth to kill— His hour of trial found him unafraid.

He was a gallant soldier, and he met a soldier's fate Unwhimpering, that others he might save; He saw to their wounds' stanching, while he let his own ill wait— The counsel-words that helped them live he gave.

He was a gallant soldier, for he counted ease as naught While aid to stricken comrades he might tender; Till they were out of danger 'gainst his throbbing ache he fought— Then, smilingly, he made the great surrender.

He was a gallant soldier—aye, there's none desires the name If he is not entitled to its glory! He was a Man—his sacrifice, that night of gas and flame, Is writ—in gold—in Freedom's deathless story.

Continued on Page 2.

HE MAY TASTE CANNED BILL

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—Nelson Morris, chairman of the board of directors of the Chicago packing house of Morris and Company, has just been placed in Class 1A of the draft by the Chicago Appeal Board.

Morris, in filling out his questionnaire, had claimed exemption on the ground that his services were necessary in one of the vital industries and then, a few days later, he announced that he had accepted one of those new war-time positions in Washington for which the salary is a dollar a year.

The Appeal Board promptly declared that as Morris had left for Washington to accept a position in the War Department, it was clear that his services were not so very necessary for the Morris business.

A.E.F. PATROLS MAKE DAYLIGHT CALLS ON HUNS

First Bags Prisoners, Other Explores Enemy Lines in Vain

THIRTY FLEE BEFORE FIVE

Guests Fail to Find Single German in 600 Yard Tour of Hostile Defenses

They're a shameless bunch, these Americans. They'd just as soon stroll around in No Man's Land in daylight as at night. What's more, they've done it twice lately, and gotten away with it both times.

The first time they did it they were out after prisoners. Regimental headquarters wanted some information, and naturally the intelligence officer was selected. "All right," he chirped. "Let's go out and get a bunch of prisoners. Who's game?"

A sergeant and three privates who happened to be nearby were more than game, even though it was 3 o'clock in the morning and it would soon be dawn. Word came that six of the enemy had been seen getting into an outpost in No Man's Land. Warily, carefully, the five Americans stalked them down, crawling from shell-hole to shell-hole. By 5 o'clock they had caught up with the Teutonic sextette.

Circling round in rear of the observation post, the five pointed their four rifles and one automatic at the occupants. Then, "Zigzag each," shouted the intelligence officer in his best High German.

Four of the enemy threw up their hands and yelled the inevitable "Kamerad!" The other two started to comply, then changed their minds.

Only Called Once

They leaped to the ground at the side of the observation post. "Halt!" shouted the five Americans. The Roches paid no heed. The Americans did not call again. They fired, and the two refractory Boches dropped in their tracks.

That little incident quite reconciled the remaining four Germans to staying tethered. They stayed so while the intelligence officer ransacked the clothing of their two dead comrades for papers and identification marks. As he finished he looked toward the east.

"Well," he said, "the sun's coming up, and here we are, back of a German observation post. The only thing I can see to do is to go on home. Come on, boys, let's go."

Since it was the only thing to do, they all went, not knowing when the Germans might start to fire on them. With their captives ahead, they plowed along and then—

Out of a furrow in the ground before them three peeped up three or four heads covered with zercherzche helmets. The intelligence officer saw but one thing to do, and did it.

Right at the helmeted figures he charged firing his automatic point blank. Like a covey of partridges raised by a gun.

Continued on Page 2.

GENERAL FOCH, NEW ALLIED CHIEF, LIVES, TEACHES AND THINKS WAR



GENERAL FERDINAND FOCH

CIVILIAN IN DERBY HAT HEARS ALL ABOUT ARMY

G.H.Q. Chauffeurs Regale Interested Stranger With Views on How to Outfit a Million Soldiers Overnight

Down at—sh, you mustn't give away the town's name!—down at—, then, they have a garage, as is properly the case with all well regulated G.H.Q.s. In that garage are a lot of chauffeurs, as is the case with most garages.

On the day when this happened, the gang of chauffeurs didn't have much to do, and was sitting around the stove in the room just off the garage proper, taking pot-shots at the zinc plate below it with stray gobs of eating tobacco.

Outside the window there passed a civilian, in a derby hat.

"Who's that?" asked one of the chauffeur warriors. "Civilians are rare in G.H.Q.," said another. "Frobly some plain clothes person," snorted another. "He had on glasses."

A third chauffeur looked out the window. "Durned if he isn't coming in here," he exclaimed.

Sure enough! before they knew it the civilian had come stropping into the room.

"Well, how do you boys like it here?" he asked. They answered his question. Some of them liked it, and some of them didn't. Thereupon ensued an argument.

Not Like Old Times

"Tell you what, guy," said one of the hardest of the car-propellers. "Things is better than what they used to be. Time was when we got nothing but canned willy and hardback for Sunday dinner, and didn't get any days off after driving the Big Birds up to the front, and hangin' around all night. Now, though, things is better all along the line. Guess somebody must of tumbled to his job down in Washington?"

"Oh," said the stranger-civilian, with just a little smile around the corners of his mouth. "So you think someone in Washington was to blame?"

"Sure, and why wouldn't we?" answered the informative persons. "We know all the people high up here, and they're onto their jobs; so the chances are, if they can't get things for us,

Leader of Entente Forces in Giant Defensive Never Concedes Defeat

HIS STRATEGY AT MARNE

German Retreat Started by Deliberate Weakening of French Line to Form Powerful Wedge

SOLDIER FROM BOYHOOD UP

Instructor at Ecole de Guerre Now Puts Theories of Lifetime into Successful Practice

Ferdinand Foch, the grey-haired French general to whose hands has been entrusted the task of coordinating the Allied forces on the western front, is a man already in his 67th year who has lived war and taught war and thought war since he was a youngster not yet in his teens.

At the time when he is assuming his new and heavy responsibility, it is interesting for Americans to note that, in the popular French mind, General Foch is chiefly illustrious for his part in the two great crises of 1914 which led him to be known in every French home as "the man of the Marne and the Yser." His share in those events presents him as an offensive strategist of the greatest audacity, as a master of mobile warfare such as the conflict in France has now become, and as an incorrigibly optimistic fighter who never says die.

Those characteristics would have been predicted of him by the students who sat at his feet in the long years before the war when he was first instructor in strategy and tactics and later director at l'Ecole de Guerre, the post-graduate West Point which prepared the commanders of the French Army.

There he used to labor against the military tendency not to see anything but the earthly part of the military art and to leave to one side what Napoleon called "the part divine." War, as Foch taught it in his course on strategy, was not exact science, but "a drama, terrifyingly unimpassioned," and of all his precepts that was his own and his favorite: "A battle won is a battle in which you will not confess yourself beaten."

A Motto That Worked in Practice

This students had occasion to recall that aphorism a good many times in the course of Foch's daring and incredibly stubborn tactics during the battle of the Marne. Then he commanded the Ninth Army in the middle of the retreating French line, and his fellow generals will always remember that in those desperate days after Charleroi, Foch, with his ever-receding forces, began each day's operations with an offensive movement. He always fought and he always voiced an unswerving confidence. This part of the Marne, he once said to himself, would be a battle won in refusing to admit defeat would do the work.

When the famous Prussian Guard pressed particularly hard, Foch cheerfully observed:

"Since they are laboring to smash us with such fury, it must be because their business is going badly elsewhere and they are trying to even things up."

On the darkest day of all, when the poor old chateau used as a French headquarters behind the lines had been retaken for the fourth time, Foch's brief but cheery message was something as follows: "Situation excellent." And it was on that day that he made his ringing answer to General Joffre's call for a report from his armies:

"Je suis enfoncé sur ma droite, je fonce au milieu."

This laconic and unforgettable message loses some of its flavor in translation, but it was a little as though he had said:

"They have smashed in my right, they have smashed in my left. In the center I am doing the smashing."

What That Smash Did

And he was. With troops daringly withdrawn from his already weakened left, he formed an utterly unexpected shock division for the center at that turning point in the history of the battle which was followed by a German retreat all along the line.

As commander of the French forces in the battle of the Yser, when it was decided, come what might, to make a stand on the banks of that little stream in Flanders, General Foch displayed the same capacity to work miracles with scanty forces, always appearing at critical moments with the necessary reinforcements conjured up out of nowhere.

The story runs that it was General Foch, who on October 31, 1914, persuaded Sir John French that a further British retreat was not necessary, and that British French aid to make the line hold. A most extraordinary legend has grown up about this meeting between the two commanders, until you will run across a version which presents the French general as dropping like a bomb on Marshal French's headquarters in the middle of the night, where was enacted a scene which ended in tears and a warm embrace and the English decision to stick it out.

Presumably the meeting at Vlamer-

RUSHING THE CASSEROLE

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—There are poultry speak-easies now—instead of speak-easies for cocktails, there are those for both cocks and hens. Wicked and malfaisant poultry dealers who want to evade the poultry profiteering prohibition have started a side-door trade in the regular old barroom style.

You sneak up to the lateral portal of a poultry shop and whisper, "One pullet, please." Effusions of "hand" passes out a paper about the size of the old-fashioned quart; you pay your money, and beat it. Thus, as you might say, do the poultry dealers avoid running a-fowl of the law.

tinge was nothing like this, but when the final account came to be written, it will probably quote the English general as saying: "Then the only thing left for us to do is to get killed."

To which General Foch replied in characteristic fashion: "No, Monsieur le maréchal, we must hold out first. Only after that can we let ourselves die."

Little Spectacular Work

A good deal of water has passed under the bridge since the battle of Flanders, and while increasingly important tasks have been assigned to General Foch, it has been in work that his appointed less to the popular imagination. He commanded the French forces in the battle of the Somme in 1916, and later he became Chief of Staff, the link between the Army and the Government.

Still later, he represented France in the Supreme Allied War Council at Versailles, and last Fall he went to Italy to take the experience of a supreme strategist in mobile warfare to the aid of the Italians not yet come to a halt at the Piave.

General Foch—whose name is pronounced Fawsh—was born on August 4, 1851. He is, then, a year older than Marshal Joffre. Even as a boy he was a devoted student of Napoleon and had acquired before he was 12 the Thiers history of the consulate and the empire.

He was a simple soldier in the closing weeks of the Franco-Prussian War while he was still in his teens, but his great preparation for the present war was made in his years as teacher and director at the War School, where, like Woodrow Wilson, he expounded the theory of what later he was to practice in the great war he foresaw and for which, like Lord Roberts in England, he ever preached preparedness.

Small, like Napoleon, but Not Stout In stature, General Foch is little, like the Napoleon he knows so well, but, unlike Napoleon, he is not stout. He has grey-blue eyes, bristling grey hair and mustache, and his face is heavily lined. He is not a man of many words and he requires of his staff absolute precision of report. The officer who starts in by saying "I think that maybe..." might as well stop right there. The general once began a conference by saying "It's rather a difficult question," got no further without General Foch's protesting: "Don't say 'difficult.' If it weren't a difficult question, I hope that we, who are, after all, supposed to be the brains of the Army, would not be bothering with it."

On Sick Report Twice Ever since the beginning of the war there have been alarming reports in circulation about General Foch's health. Paris is forever agitated by the news that he is desperately ill. According to one story, his retirement was solemnly proposed at one time, but there came a protest from so high that, however much his body might be ailing, his head was in the field and quite indispensable to the safe conduct of France.

As a matter of fact General Foch has never been on sick report since the war began, except for two brief periods, each due to an automobile accident. When hostilities began and the government laid hands upon all civilian motor cars, an excessively fancy Rolls-Royce, which had belonged to a beautiful star at the Comédie-Française, fell to General Foch, and, with so much to do, he was always in such a tremendous hurry that twice it threw him—once into a ditch.

General Foch is a deeply religious man. As a boy he went to a Jesuit school, and he has lived in the Catholic faith all his days. How great is this source of strength to him, those know best who have campaigned with him throughout this war, who, at the end of many a day, have watched him at twilight in some little Belgian town when he would slip away and go alone to the church to pray. And they have thought how different was his faith and his way from the faith and the way of the German leaders whose religious sentiments could be heard all over the world.

General Foch has given all his hours to the war since it began, and in its first desperate days his son and his son-in-law were killed.

T. R. ON PLATFORM SHOWS OLD TIME PEP

"This Is the People's War," He Tells Maine G.O.P. Convention

PARTIES UNITE FOR NATION Many Former Progressives Announce Allegiance to Democrats or Republicans

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—Colonel Roosevelt has made his eagerly anticipated address at the Republican State Convention in Maine, his first public address since his operation. He spoke with his old-time vigor, declaring for a war to the finish and praising the Republican party for its whole-hearted and disinterested patriotism. He said: "This is the people's war. It is not the President's war. It is not Congress's war. It is the war of the people of the United States for the honor and welfare of America, and of mankind."

Not a Political Bombshell So far, there has been much less news than is expected of the speech when he speaks at important gatherings. This is probably due in part to the overwhelming interest of the daily news from the front.

SIXTEEN YANKS CITED FOR GALLANTRY

Continued from Page 1 The raid of March 9, 1918, among the first to reach the enemy's lines, and although he was entering a German position for the first time, carried out his mission with much coolness. SERGEANT JOHN B. MULLINS, Infantry, "Volunteer for the raid of March 9, 1918. He went out of the trench with much eagerness and conducted his squad in the German lines with the greatest contempt of danger." CORPORAL LAMORIERE, Infantry, "A corporal belonging to a battery in charge of preparing for the raid of March 9, 1918. He showed the finest qualities of calmness and command, despite the enemy's shelling and dangerous fire incidents." PRIVATE CLYDE BOYD, Infantry, "An excellent soldier; he particularly distinguished himself on March 9 by his coolness and splendid behavior under the enemy's fire." PRIVATE CHARLES CAIN, Infantry, "A soldier full of bravery and devotion. Wounded on March 9, 1918." PRIVATE JERRY BROWN, Infantry, "On March 9, 1918, during the execution of a raid, with a revolver in hand, he rushed boldly at the head of the cleaning up group to which he belonged, and was remarked for his eagerness and his contempt of danger."

French Citations The officer commanding a group of infantry battalions cited four Americans—one officer, two non-coms., and a private. They, with their citations, are: SERGEANT JOHN B. MULLINS, Infantry, "During four days and four nights he directed the most arduous and perilous kind of work to save a group of soldiers buried in a dugout." SERGEANT CARL KAHN, of the Infantry, is mentioned in connection with three other American sergeants, all of whom have been cited and awarded the Croix de Guerre. Of the members of this group, the French commander says: "Each of them, by his example of bravery and sang froid, maintained a very good morale among his men during a violent bombardment on March 7, 1918." SERGEANT WILLIAM BAILEY, Infantry, "During a very violent bombardment, he personally assured himself that his men were at their combat posts, and gave to the end an example of remarkable bravery and calmness." PRIVATE CHARLES J. JONES, Infantry, "During a very great bombardment, he several times started the direct communication between the posts of the battalion commander by crossing the barrage fire on an entirely unprotected ground." The commander of the infantry battalions also cites a French officer of the French Mission attached to the American Army, and who is considered as an integral part of the American forces, in the action concerned. Of this officer, CAPT. MERCIER, his superior says: "He distinguished himself during a period of 12 days' occupation of a sector by the American units, displaying the qualities of a first class instructor, especially during violent bombardment. He proved to be a precious help to the French command."

WAR ORPHANS FIND FRIENDS IN A. E. F. UNITS

Continued from Page 1 The Army at the beginning of the war and was reported missing in 1916. They and their mother are living with the mothers' parents, who have also taken in two other daughters, one with her husband at the front. The mother earns 50 francs a month. The boys should be sent to a boarding school. Nos. 6 and 7—ANDRE and SIMONE LAMOLIERE, aged 11 and 10. Adopted by Nos. 8 and 9—LOUIS and VICTOR CAULIER, aged 14 and 8. The Caulier family fled from their home at Armentières following the Hun invasion and came to Paris. Their father fought at the front until he contracted pneumonia, which developed into tuberculosis and resulted in his discharge from the Army. He joined his family, which includes three other children, in Paris. The entire family lived in one room until the father died two weeks ago. Three other children, cousins, arrived from Amiens a week ago, and the mother is endeavoring to house them. The family's only income is 40 francs a month from a French society, and 50 francs a month earned by the oldest son, 16. No. 10—MICHEL FLEURY, aged 9. His father was killed at the front, May 6, 1915. Of his four uncles who might have helped to care for him, one is at the front, two are prisoners of war in Germany, and the fourth is a *général*. The mother, who has another child, Roger, aged 8, is working, but is in frail health. She has to be away from home all day. Michel should be sent to school.

HOW TO ADOPT A WAR ORPHAN

A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs for its support. The children will be either orphans, the children of French soldiers so seriously crippled that they cannot work, or homeless waifs from the invaded districts. The adopting unit may select its child from any of these classes, and specify its age and sex. 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. All of the money contributed will go to the children. The expenses of administration will be borne by the Red Cross. Each child will be sent to its adopting unit, which will be advised of the child's whereabouts and hereafter notified monthly of its progress. The Red Cross committee will determine the disposal of the child. It will either be sent to a practical agricultural or trade school or supported in a French family. No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which the money may be raised. It may be gathered by an assessment upon the members of a unit, by passing the hat, by giving an entertainment—in any way the unit sees fit. Address all communications regarding these children to War Orphans' Department, THE STARS AND STRIPES, G2, A.E.F., 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France.

DELIVERY SYSTEM FOR Q.M.C. WARES

Trucks to Carry All Kinds of Stuff Up Beyond Railheads

REGULAR GYPSY CARAVAN Camions Will Handle Everything from Cut Glass Cuspidors to Iron Ear-laps

It used to be (accent on the "used") "Roll dem bones!" Now it's "Roll dem stores!" The Q.M.C. has long been in the department store business. True, it hasn't issued any green trading stamps, or gone in for fancy crockery or ladies' lingerie or provided rest rooms on the third floor or done any of the other things a department store is supposed to do back in the States; but it is at last going to establish a delivery system. Better than that; it is going to move its wares about on trucks or wagons and invade those portions of France situated beyond the ultimate railheads, on a real spring sales campaign. Its stores are going to be on wheels. Yes, sir! The Q.M. is going to crank his cars like the Arabs, and as noisily steal away up front, in the manner of the most approved gypsy caravans. He is going to invade your peaceful rest billets back of the lines, and shout from behind his board counter across the back of the curtain: "Well, boys, any terbacker, earned goods, knives, napkins, Providence jewelry, beads, trinkets, wampum, cut-glass cuspidors, brown derbies, purple velvet belly-bands, iron ear-laps, folding green tomato pies, or anything else to-day? Nope? All-right—All right! Giddap, Bill; let's drive on, and catch the next bunch of suckers!" Further than that, as a sort of a base for these bring-the-market-to-you affairs, the Q.M. is going to establish a sales store of the permanent variety in each sector occupied by the A.E.F. Each store will be centrally located in advance of the railheads. Articles of equipment or clothing desired by officers may be drawn from the stores at railheads by the sales store of the sector, and then sold to the officers upon their demand. And thus does the A.E.F. fulfill its well-known and popular slogan of "All the comforts of home—with mud thrown in free!"

From Shell-Hole to Shell-Hole

Over they went, pistols and rifles in hand, grenades slung to their waists. They slid head-first into the nearest shell-hole, and from there into the next, seeking cover all the way. Finally, the watchers on "the American shore" saw them make their way through the enemy wire and down into the firing trench. Then, for four hours, they were out of sight. The six who constituted the patrol dropped to the bottom of the trench and scouted the ditches for 300 yards, with arms raised ready to fire. No Germans. They penetrated into every dugout, the muzzles of their weapons preceding them, but still no Germans. Then they returned to their starting point and went along the trench system for 300 yards in the opposite direction. Again, no Germans.

It was just noon when the watchers in our advanced post deserted the head of one of the party up over the enemy's parapet. About the same time the enemy spotted the head, and began to pot-shot at it. Clearly, there was nothing left to do but to beat it. Accordingly, all six moved merrily across No Man's Land, at high noon, and came back unscathed, with all the information required and a good healthy appetite for chow into the bargain.

SERVICE OF THE REAR

We don't know who wrote this, but we are very certain that it has been written. As proof we have on hand some 5,459 copies, more or less, sent us by admiring friends all the way from last-class privates to colonels. It has certainly made a hit in the since-rechristened S.O.R., and we are glad to pass it on to the boys further up and the folks further back.

When this cruel war is over And the boys go marching home, I'm afraid I'll be an outcast And forever have to roam; When would chevrons they exhibit, And their service stripes of gold, And they tell admiring ladies Of their doughty deeds and bold, I'll be missing from the circle And nobody there will hear How I—I was but a hero In the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

CHORUS For I'm an S.O.R. boy—also an S.O.L., I never pulled a trigger, or sent a Boche to hell; I never saw a dugout, in fact was never under any. For I performed my duty in the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

When we passed that Glorious Statue That our liberties uphold, We looked forward to the future With ardent spirits bold; We prated on Democracy, And the fabled land of the seas, And how we'd get the Kaiser And bring him to his knees; How we'd face the German legions Without a trace of fear— But ah, we had not reasoned With the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

CHORUS For I'm an S.O.R. boy—also an S.O.L., I never saw a battle, nor heard a screaming shell; The only Hun I ever saw was a prisoner of *guerre*. A-working just as I was in the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

I've done some provost duty, Took a turn in warehouse "A"; Hit up the docks at midnight When the front was short of hay. Few of us had no business there; Then built a mile of track; Chopped wood and dug some ditches Just to keep from getting slack; But though I've done my duty As I saw it straight and clear, I shall never get a medal In the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

CHORUS For I'm an S.O.R. boy—also an S.O.L., But I've always done my duty and I've tried to do it well; So I hope at the time they will grant my prayer so dear And let me kick the Kaiser in the SERVICE OF THE REAR.

EVERY DAY IS LABOR DAY IN N.J.

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—The New Jersey anti-lounging law has brought several thousand sons of rest to work. In Newark more than 1,000 men have applied at the official departments for opportunities to exert their carefully hoarded energies. An anti-lounging Bill has been introduced in New York State as well, and Georgia may do the same.

G & ANDE MAISON de BLANC LONDON PARIS CANNES No Branch in New York GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, HOSIERY, Ladies' Lingerie LOUVET BROS., Prop. O. BOYER, Manager

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, Angoulême, Bar-le-Duc, Bayonne, Belfort, Besançon, Bordeaux, Boulogne-sur-Mer, Brest, Caen, Calais, Cannes, Celles, Chaumont, Dieppe, Dijon, Dunkirk, Epervaux, Epinal, Fécamp, Havre, La Rochelle, Limoges, Marseille, Nancy, Nantes, Nice, Orleans, Rennes, Rochefort, Rouen, Saint-Dizier, Saint-Malo, Toulon, Tours, Trouville, Troyes, Vannes, Versailles, Vitry-le-François, Bourges, Clermont-Ferrand, Issoudun, Nevers, Saint-Raphaël, Vierzon.

BARCLAY 18 & 20 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris. MILITARY EQUIPMENT, FIELD BOOTS SENT POST FREE TO THE MILITARY. TELEPHONE: CENTRAL 95-16.

Chartered 1822 The Farmers' Loan and Trust Company NEW YORK BORDEAUX PARIS LONDON: 125 Old Broad Street, E. C. 2 41 Boulevard Haussmann 8 Cours des Chapeaux-Rouge Two Special Agencies in the War Zone Convenient to the United States Army Camps Members of the Federal Reserve System. Designated by the United States Treasury Department Depository of Public Moneys in Paris, New York & London. The Société Générale pour favoriser etc., & its Branches throughout France will act as our correspondents for the transactions for Members of the American Expeditionary Forces.

NEW YORK WASHINGTON BRENTANO'S (Société Anonyme) Booksellers & Stationers, 37 AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS. Latest American, English & French Books MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS. Dictionaries, Phrase Books in all Languages. United States Army Regulations, etc. FINE COLLECTION OF WAR POSTERS

BURBERRYS Military Outfitters 8 Boulevard Malesherbes, PARIS SUPPLY AMERICAN OFFICERS Direct—or through their AGENTS behind the lines with every necessary Article of War Equipment. TRENCH WARMS TUNICS & BREECHES OVERCOATS IMPERMEABLES TRENCH CAPS SAM BROWNE BELTS INSIGNIA etc., etc. BEST QUALITY at REASONABLE PRICES. AGENTS IN FRANCE Holding Stocks of Burberry Goods. BESANCON—Goldschmidt. CHAUMONT—Liese, 47 Rue Buxeuilienne. LANGRES—Prudent-May, Rue Diderot. NANCY—Mittelpf, Rue du Pont-Mouja Belle Jardinière. NANTES—Delplance, 15 Rue Croixblanc. RENNES—Gérard, 1 Rue Lo Bastard. SAUMUR—Edgbit Burberry, 1 Rue Beauperraine. TOURS—Edwin, 10 Avenue du Grammont.

BOYS! No War Prices for "SWAN" Fountain Pens

LYONS GRAND NOUVEL HOTEL 11 Rue Gréole Favorite Stopping Place of American Officers Rooms from 6 to 20 francs

WILSON 8 RUE DUPHOT Telephone: Gutenberg 01-25 The SHIRAZ STORE BUT SHIRAZEST UMBRELLA SHOP IN PARIS

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY "My Portrait" FINEST PHOTOS 19 Avenue de Clichy (near Place Clichy) PARIS Tel. No. Marcadet 11-95

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS Plans, Guides, Aeronautic Maps for American Officers and Soldiers. CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE (Librairie des Cartes Campbell) 7, Rue Saint-Lazare, Paris (near Subway Station, Nord-Sud, Notre-Dame-de-Lorette).

STONES for Cigarette F. FLAMENT 11 Rue de la Pépinière PARIS (2e) Fournisseur des Coopératives militaires françaises

Standard-Bearers of America! You have come to the Home of

Perrier The Champagne of Table Waters. Delicious with lemon, sirup, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France. DRINK IT TO-DAY PARIS, 36bis Boulevard Haussmann

DRUG STORE REQUISITES FROM ROBERTS & CO AMERICAN DRUGGISTS. PARIS, 3, RUE DE LA PAIX, PARIS

SNAPSHOT TROPHIES FROM THE LORRAINE LINE



Secretary Baker and General Pershing studying Engineering plans



Sergeant John Letzing and the German prisoner he captured single-handed.



Mr. Baker and General Pershing greet a Red Cross Canteenier



Some of the Boche prisoners captured by Americans

2,300 AT WORK FOR AMERICAN RED CROSS

Vast Organization Has Entire Charge of Twenty Hospitals in France

CANTEENS CLOSE TO FRONT Caring for Wounded Only One of Many Colossal Tasks Successfully Undertaken

Two thousand three hundred persons are working now in the ranks of the American Red Cross in France. Radiating from a central directing headquarters, a five story building of offices, itself a monument to the American capability of organization on a huge scale, they are carrying the sympathy and practical help of the United States into every corner of this country.

Operating Score of Hospitals It has in service 500 ambulances, automobiles and camions to bring wounded from the fighting zones. It is operating 20 hospitals for the wounded and assists in the operation of five others.

Shelters For Children Twenty-six unfinished apartment houses in Paris are being completed at the instigation of the Red Cross to provide shelter for children and other refugees, and in the same connection 70 dispensaries are operated for the French civil population, as well as big tuberculosis barracks.

Win Your Bars and Write Yourself Up Captains and Lieutenants Must Keep Their Own Record Books

Do you want to keep tabs on yourself in a nice, pretty book, write in all the nice, pretty things you want to about yourself, and have no one say you may be untruthful? Then become a captain or a lieutenant; they're the only ones that can get away with it.

Take Out That Policy Only seven days remain in which members of the A.E.F. will be permitted to take out War Risk Insurance. The time was to have expired February 15, but an extension of 30 days was allowed, making April 12 the final date for policies.

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

Not in the Magazines A Few Horrors of War That Writers Don't Mention

Hotel Continental 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

Self-Tuition in French A new, very easy and practical method with Phonetic Pronunciation

MacDougal & Co. Military Tailors PARIS

NEW OVERSEAS CAP NOT A PINCUSHION

Even Insignia of Officer's Rank Can't Be Worn on A.E.F. Millinery

Wear no insignia on your monk—parade, overseas cap. That's the order, a new order. No insignia of any kind are to be worn on the overseas cap.

Win Your Bars and Write Yourself Up Captains and Lieutenants Must Keep Their Own Record Books

IT LOOKED LIKE FLOUR, BUT OH! HOW IT MIXED!

Not the Stomach Kind When the Q.M. person recovered—and his recovery took time—he faced his irate audience, and began:

Not in the Magazines A Few Horrors of War That Writers Don't Mention

Hotel Continental 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

Self-Tuition in French A new, very easy and practical method with Phonetic Pronunciation

MacDougal & Co. Military Tailors PARIS

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

Take Out That Policy Only seven days remain in which members of the A.E.F. will be permitted to take out War Risk Insurance.

Win Your Bars and Write Yourself Up Captains and Lieutenants Must Keep Their Own Record Books

Hotel Continental 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

Self-Tuition in French A new, very easy and practical method with Phonetic Pronunciation

IT LOOKED LIKE FLOUR, BUT OH! HOW IT MIXED!

It looked like flour. But it floured like hell! In brief, is the story—the whole story-in-a-hour-bag of how three nationalities came to grief over a case of mistaken identity.

Not the Stomach Kind When the Q.M. person recovered—and his recovery took time—he faced his irate audience, and began:

Not in the Magazines A Few Horrors of War That Writers Don't Mention

Hotel Continental 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

Self-Tuition in French A new, very easy and practical method with Phonetic Pronunciation

MacDougal & Co. Military Tailors PARIS

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

Take Out That Policy Only seven days remain in which members of the A.E.F. will be permitted to take out War Risk Insurance.

Win Your Bars and Write Yourself Up Captains and Lieutenants Must Keep Their Own Record Books

Hotel Continental 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

Self-Tuition in French A new, very easy and practical method with Phonetic Pronunciation

MacDougal & Co. Military Tailors PARIS

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

Take Out That Policy Only seven days remain in which members of the A.E.F. will be permitted to take out War Risk Insurance.

Win Your Bars and Write Yourself Up Captains and Lieutenants Must Keep Their Own Record Books

Hotel Continental 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

Self-Tuition in French A new, very easy and practical method with Phonetic Pronunciation

CAMOUFLAGED NOISE LATEST FROM FRONT

Burlap Coverings Prevent Tin Derbies from Playing Tunes on Wire

The camouflaged tin hat is the latest in spring styles in the Army. It appeared first among a number of men a few weeks ago, and is now becoming a real sensation.

The camouflaged hat is a home-made affair, in so far as the camouflage goes. You take a piece of burlap, fit it neatly to the helmet, and then bind it in place on the inside rim with threaded cord.

Every day that goes by brings more affection for the tin hat from the American fighting man. There are few who have been in the trenches, or about artillery emplacements who have not had shell pieces pounced off their helmets.

In the raid of March 26, Lieutenant Booth of New York, came out alive to get the Croix de Guerre after seven pieces of shell had registered on his helmet.

It was at a university dinner, held in Paris. A young aviator, who had seen much service in the French flying corps, was among those present, as was a prominent officer of the American university which was celebrating.

Hotel Continental 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

Self-Tuition in French A new, very easy and practical method with Phonetic Pronunciation

MacDougal & Co. Military Tailors PARIS

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

Take Out That Policy Only seven days remain in which members of the A.E.F. will be permitted to take out War Risk Insurance.

Win Your Bars and Write Yourself Up Captains and Lieutenants Must Keep Their Own Record Books

Hotel Continental 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

Self-Tuition in French A new, very easy and practical method with Phonetic Pronunciation

MacDougal & Co. Military Tailors PARIS

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

Take Out That Policy Only seven days remain in which members of the A.E.F. will be permitted to take out War Risk Insurance.

Win Your Bars and Write Yourself Up Captains and Lieutenants Must Keep Their Own Record Books

Hotel Continental 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

Self-Tuition in French A new, very easy and practical method with Phonetic Pronunciation

MacDougal & Co. Military Tailors PARIS

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

Take Out That Policy Only seven days remain in which members of the A.E.F. will be permitted to take out War Risk Insurance.

Win Your Bars and Write Yourself Up Captains and Lieutenants Must Keep Their Own Record Books

Hotel Continental 3 Rue de Castiglione, PARIS

Self-Tuition in French A new, very easy and practical method with Phonetic Pronunciation

MacDougal & Co. Military Tailors PARIS

JOHN BAILLIE & CO.
1 Rue Auber, PARIS
(Opposite Ticket Office of Grand Opéra)

The Military Tailors to United States Officers

All Insignia, Sam Browne Belts, Trench Coats.
Large variety in stock

UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS

HARVARD CLUB OF PARIS

THE ANNUAL SPRING DINNER of the Club which had been announced for April 6th HAS BEEN POSTPONED.

The date for the Dinner will be decided upon later.

Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

OF ALL STATIONERS IN FRANCE

Guaranty Trust Company of New York

Paris: 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens.

UNITED STATES DEPOSITORY OF PUBLIC MONIES

Places its banking facilities at the disposal of the officers and men of the

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES

Special facilities afforded officers with accounts with this institution to negotiate their personal checks anywhere in France. Money transferred to all parts of the United States by draft or cable.

Capital and Surplus : : : : \$50,000,000
Resources more than : : : : \$600,000,000

AN AMERICAN BANK WITH AMERICAN METHODS

LAICAO

FOR QUICK BREAKFASTS

Le LAICAO

Is composed of Cocoa and Caseine (extract of milk). The Most Fortifying Breakfast.

Le LAICAO

Is supplied by weight (not sweetened) to American Officers and Soldiers.

OFFICES:
17 Rue de Châteaudun,
PARIS

Tel.: Trudaine 60-17. (NO AGENTS)

ASK FOR

ADAMS EXPRESS CO'S

CABLE AND MAIL FORMS

When Making Remittances to U. S. A. through the

CRÉDIT LYONNAIS and the

COMPTOIR NATIONAL D'ESCOMPTE

At their Branches throughout France.

THE ADAMS EXPRESS CO., PARIS, open DEPOSIT ACCOUNTS —subject to check—and Funds may be handed to Branch Offices of the above Banks with instructions to remit same to:—

ADAMS EXPRESS CO.
28 Rue du 4-Septembre, PARIS

SAVE TIME IN SECURING YOUR PAY by requesting Quartermaster on your endorsed Pay Voucher to assign pay checks direct to ADAMS EXPRESS COMPANY, for your credit

Officers and Men may send us Shipments from any part of France by parcel post, passenger or freight train service for transportation to the United States or Canada

WALK-OVER SHOES

34 Boulevard des Italiens
19-21 Boul. des Capucines
PARIS

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

LYONS, 12 Rue de la République
NAPLES, 215 Via Roma

The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis any soldier applying for it.

The Stars and Stripes

The official publication of the American Expeditionary Forces, authorized by the Commander-in-Chief, A.E.F. Published every Friday by and for the men of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

Not with drums and trumpets and salvos of artillery and oratory are we, over here, celebrating the anniversary of America's entry into the war. We are celebrating it with a dedication of ourselves, through our Commander-in-Chief's offer to the High Command, "for all we have and are."

AS BAD AS THAT? The Y.M.C.A. has established an enlisted men's hotel in Paris. It provides beds with sheets, baths in red tubs, a library, a billiard room, the only American boot-black stand discovered in France, a canteen where American women serve ice cream and lemonade, an entertainment hall with frequent movie shows.

WATCH YOUR LETTERS That familiarity breeds contempt crops up even in our letter writing. Unless he has kept his ears stuffed and his eye blindfolded, every member of the A.E.F. should by this time be familiar with the rules on censorship. Yet violations still occur.

SACRIFICE Every once in a while you will meet a man in this rising young Army who, having sacrificed much to don the olive drab, feels that he did his bit when he enlisted and that little more—certainly little more initiative—can be decently expected of him.

LETTERS—AND LETTERS Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, of Parnassus, South Norwalk, Conn., and way stations, in the course of an article on "The Art of Letter Writing," in a recent number of Munsey's Magazine, has this to say:—

THE SALVATION ARMY In the old days when war and your home town seemed as far apart as Paris, France, and Paris, Ill., you were a superior person who used to sneaker when you passed a street corner where a small Salvation Army band was holding forth.

and a friendly cruller received in one of the huts nearest of all to the trenches. There the old slogan of "Soup and Salvation" has given way to "Pies and Piety." It might be "Doughnuts for Doughboys."

DOMINIES AND DOUGHBOYS One of the benefits to arise from this war is going to be the knowledge that the average parson (meaning the lucky parson in khaki) will gain about the average soldier (meaning the average man). This knowledge will do the parson a world of good.

WATCH YOUR LETTERS That familiarity breeds contempt crops up even in our letter writing. Unless he has kept his ears stuffed and his eye blindfolded, every member of the A.E.F. should by this time be familiar with the rules on censorship.

LETTERS—AND LETTERS Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, of Parnassus, South Norwalk, Conn., and way stations, in the course of an article on "The Art of Letter Writing," in a recent number of Munsey's Magazine, has this to say:—

THE SALVATION ARMY In the old days when war and your home town seemed as far apart as Paris, France, and Paris, Ill., you were a superior person who used to sneaker when you passed a street corner where a small Salvation Army band was holding forth.

SACRIFICE Every once in a while you will meet a man in this rising young Army who, having sacrificed much to don the olive drab, feels that he did his bit when he enlisted and that little more—certainly little more initiative—can be decently expected of him.

WATCH YOUR LETTERS That familiarity breeds contempt crops up even in our letter writing. Unless he has kept his ears stuffed and his eye blindfolded, every member of the A.E.F. should by this time be familiar with the rules on censorship.

LETTERS—AND LETTERS Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, of Parnassus, South Norwalk, Conn., and way stations, in the course of an article on "The Art of Letter Writing," in a recent number of Munsey's Magazine, has this to say:—

The Listening Post

GIRLS I'VE LEFT BEHIND I, ELIZABETH Lady of whom I am heretofore. Whose features cross mine errant mind. Fairest of all the girls I left behind.

DOMINIES AND DOUGHBOYS One of the benefits to arise from this war is going to be the knowledge that the average parson (meaning the lucky parson in khaki) will gain about the average soldier (meaning the average man).

WATCH YOUR LETTERS That familiarity breeds contempt crops up even in our letter writing. Unless he has kept his ears stuffed and his eye blindfolded, every member of the A.E.F. should by this time be familiar with the rules on censorship.

LETTERS—AND LETTERS Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, of Parnassus, South Norwalk, Conn., and way stations, in the course of an article on "The Art of Letter Writing," in a recent number of Munsey's Magazine, has this to say:—

THE SALVATION ARMY In the old days when war and your home town seemed as far apart as Paris, France, and Paris, Ill., you were a superior person who used to sneaker when you passed a street corner where a small Salvation Army band was holding forth.

SACRIFICE Every once in a while you will meet a man in this rising young Army who, having sacrificed much to don the olive drab, feels that he did his bit when he enlisted and that little more—certainly little more initiative—can be decently expected of him.

WATCH YOUR LETTERS That familiarity breeds contempt crops up even in our letter writing. Unless he has kept his ears stuffed and his eye blindfolded, every member of the A.E.F. should by this time be familiar with the rules on censorship.

LETTERS—AND LETTERS Mr. Richard Le Gallienne, of Parnassus, South Norwalk, Conn., and way stations, in the course of an article on "The Art of Letter Writing," in a recent number of Munsey's Magazine, has this to say:—

FIVE HUNDRED FRANCS WILL SUPPORT HIM FOR A YEAR



A FIELD NOTE BOOK

MOTHER MARIE'S WELCOME When the Hunns broke into Mother Marie's cottage, she was tending three wounded French soldiers. The Hunns ordered her to get out.

PRECIOUS SCARS We were sitting in the inn courtyard of the Pink Owl in Beauville. "Some day," my friend observed, "the scars on these walls will be of real commercial value."

"STRIPERS" When you see an American naval officer strolling around town and you want to know his rank, don't look for the indication of it on his shoulders or his collar, but count the stripes on his sleeve.

ENCORE TIPPERARY One still hears "Tipperary" being sung near the front as a marching song. Yet the British ceased to sing it long ago, and the Americans haven't revived it.

WAR-TIME SEE-SAWS The Tommies describe those big belts of steel that are saved in half to make arched roofs for dugouts as "elephant iron."

AND THE ONLY TUNE Tom, Tom, the corporal gay. Sings all night and half the day; But the only tune that he can steer Is: "Oh, boy, where do we go from here?"

"SOUL OF THE DOUGHBOY" IN PRINT

(From the "Philadelphia Press," March 10, 1918) In homes throughout the United States which are distinguished by the familiar service flag can be found these days copies of a newspaper which is far removed from pink tea journalism, a newspaper which breathes the virile breath of American battlefields in Europe.

OTHER ARMY PAPERS Before this war its own, very little army will have a newspaper all its own. Recently there was some account given here of Aussie, the gay little magazine published by the Australians in France.

WHAT YOU THINK OF US To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:— A distinct success is mild praise for this journalistic enterprise. Its greatest strength lies in its ability to transport the reader "over there" for at least a few moments.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES:— I read with interest your recent comment on the "Old Subscriber," and while I may not be able to sign myself as such I can sign as "One of the First Subscribers" for I was so anxious to get the paper that I was one of four from this company that sent our subscription money to your office rather than wait until arrangements were made to have it sent to this organization in bulk.

HER TABLE IS SPREAD FOR MEN IN THE RANKS

Desolated French Mother Finds Solace in Stuffing Boys of A.E.F. with Goodies that Smack of Home Cooking

This is the story of a little, gentle-voiced, old Frenchwoman, who runs the best restaurant in France—or so its patrons think, at least. There are, or have been in times past, restaurants aplenty for officers only, but here is a place most jealously guarded for enlisted men, privates preferred. Not that a colonel cannot get his dinner there, but it will not be so cheap nor so abundant nor so quickly served, for Madame Cocaud cooks for the love of the thing and her heart is with the boys in the ranks.

It has only been since the arrival of the Americans that Madame Cocaud has run a restaurant at all. For nine-and-twenty years she kept a small, lazy little *bucette* in the square opposite the *Mairie* in a morsel of a French town so old that, with someone to guide you, you can still find portions of the wall the Romans built back in the days when the Germans were just beginning to be a nuisance. There she lived with her son and toiled mightily in order that he might have as good an education as any boy in all that part of the country.

She had her way, and he was rapidly gaining reputations at home and abroad as a teacher and lecturer—a lecturer on peace, as it happens—when the war came and off he went to the front. It was in the second fall of the war that word of his death came to the little house across the way from the *Mairie* and the light of Madame Cocaud's life went out. She was left alone with her memories, a silent, stricken woman who seemed to have forgotten how to smile.

Then Came the Americans
Then one fine day someone hit upon her town as the very site for what is now a rapidly expanding American Army post, and one hot, midsummer afternoon, the first Americans came rattling over the flagstones of its narrow streets. Most of them made for the taverns where the signs swung free and the little green tables invited all and sundry to sit down in front.

But one tired and drowsy boy put his head in Madame Cocaud's door and asked for some eggs. He called them "woofs," but she understood, and as he looked very young and very hungry she prepared him a great plate of them and retired into the back room to wipe her eyes furtively on the corner of her apron. It was only when he insisted with great vehemence on paying something that she reluctantly named some preposterously small price and so found herself hunched unexpectedly in the restaurant business.

Why Madame Is Famous
For, from then on, it has not been easy, any night, to find a corner at Madame Cocaud's—a cramped little place at best, all hung with strange brass pots and pans and festooned with still stranger strings of sausage. From that corner, through the mist of smoke

that hangs like a heavy fog in the old, "lime-stained" kitchen, you can see her bending over the hearth, chuckling to herself as, from a single fire of crackling twigs, she brings forth marvels in the way of omelettes and *biftek* and *pain perdu* and *saucisses* (country style).

Best and most famous of all are her *crêpes*, the delicate French griddle-cake of which no one has even been known to "have enough." They say it takes 20 years to learn to flip-flop them in the pan and then flip-flop them to your plate as she can do it. She used to make them only for that boy of hers when he was at home from school for his vacations, but now she has so many boys to feed, she sometimes has to call upon a neighbor to help with the *crêpes*. She even has hopes—probably vain ones—of training a few of the Americans to cook their own.

Madame Smiles Again
The neighbors have begun to notice that Madame Cocaud is smiling once more for the first time since the second autumn of the war. They notice, too, with no little disapprobation, that she is charging an almost indecent minimum for her dinners. They argue with her about this. Some day the Americans will be gone, for the war cannot last forever, they say, and she should be storing away a little profit against the long years to come. "Dane, non!" is her reply. "What would I do with a fortune? On whom could I spend it?"

Indeed, she seems to think of herself as a sort of special mess sergeant for the American Army. It is a communally affair with her. When business is brisk, she is so preoccupied with her frying pan that she often begs the boys to come around some other night to settle their accounts. When, before the ban on these things, her own stock of sugar or *confiture* ran low, she rather expected them to open up their boxes from home and replenish her shelves. And they did it, too.

Equality and Fraternity
It is true that now and again one of them will bring down a jar of syrup, say, with instructions that it be saved just for his own use (like a shaving cup in an old-fashioned barber shop), but at this point her scant knowledge of English invariably deserts her. When he comes again, he is sure to find she has blantly passed the syrup till the bottle is empty.

Once there went forth a staggering order that no American soldier in that part of the world might so much as cross the threshold of a place where even light wines were sold, on penalty of death or kitchen police. It looked like the end of Madame Cocaud's. There were great sinkings of the head, and one long day with the old silence and the old noises in the place.

After this much suspense, Madame got out her finest lace *coif*, donned her finest gown (slightly low-necked), and called upon the major. She had, she said with a perfectly straight face, long been waiting for an excuse to stop the sale of liquor on her premises. Thereafter, nothing more demoralizing than *café au*

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE FIRST LIEUTENANT—OLD STYLE

He's longer on the setting-up than any loot we've got—
He makes us bend and bust our backs in weather cold or hot;
He's fierce inspecting billets, and he's fierce on mounting guard,
And that poor first platoon of his sure gets it awful hard.

He takes a detail out to work, and works 'em to the bone,
He hikes a detail back from work; you ought to hear 'em groan.
When he starts up the double as they're coming to a hill—
He loves to pass the other gangs, and leave 'em standing still.

You never can get by him with your hands tucked out of sight;
"Your pockets were not made for that," he'll tell you; "p'raps he's right."
Salutes? You've got to snap 'em up until your shoulder burns—
At that, you never match the one the Loot himself returns!

He never seems to sleep at all, he never's known to rest;
The old 'uns all are strong for him; the young 'uns say, "A pest!"
The old 'uns, though, know how he won those silver shoulder-bars,
And, knowing that, they hope some day he'll sport the golden stars!

It should ever be served within her walls.
Once more the doors opened and the frying pan sizzled over the twigs.

It was to such a place, lured by the growing renown of the *crêpes au saucisses*, that a great American lady—known to every ready of society columns and women's pages back home—descended on Madame Cocaud's for one of her "sweet little dinners" and the "quantities and quantities of atmospheres" that went with them.

And Then Came the Captain
Why the enlisted men were treated with such special consideration, few of them guessed and none knew for sure till one memorable night not long ago when a passing captain took *in chambre priée* and ordered wine while the bar was still on it. He was much surprised when the handmaiden replied that they never served it.

Madame was summoned. She confirmed the dreadful rumor. The captain assured her he had the money to pay for it. One did not have to be rich, she replied, to dine at her place. Besides, to sell wine, it was *defendu*. "But," protested the captain, "I am an officer and those rules are local and are for enlisted men at that."
"So is this place," said Madame Cocaud, her voice trembling, but her eyes bright. "I prefer them. My son was in the Army. Monsieur," and this was the end of the conversation, "my son was in the Army and he was a simple soldier."

SCARED?—YOU BET THEY ARE

Cadet Aviators Can See No Romance in Initial Flight

"Are we scared when we make our first flight?" said a cadet aviator talking of his back-home training. "Of course we're scared. It's fun to look at the pictures, and to imagine yourself up there in the clouds, but when it comes to stepping into your machine beside the instructor and expecting all that dead-

weight of engine and blood and bone to shoot you a mile in air on two frail-looking cloth wings—you're scared.

"But it's just that look at the instructor that saves the day. There's no romance of aviation in his eye. He's married and got a family not so many miles from the field, and his kids don't stand crying on the doorstep all day wondering whether papa will be brought home in a wheel-barrow at supper time. And when supper time comes papa always walks up the steps just as sound of body as though he'd been floor-walking all day.

"That's what gives you confidence. This instructor person isn't batting an eye, and if there's a gleam in it, it's at the prospect of a steak at the end of the day's work—if that fool pupil with the quaking legs will only hop into the machine so that the trip can start. And the fool pupil makes his teeth stop chattering and climbs aboard. There's no rah-rah stuff about that instructor, and that's just what keeps your pulse down to somewhere near normal when you shake a day-day at Mother Earth for the first time."

THINGS THAT DON'T INTEREST THE A.E.F.

The "news" that Count von Wiener-schindler of somewhere thinks that he sees signs of peace on the horizon.

The speeches of the Kaiser.

The yawp of the professional "military critic" who has never been any nearer Europe than Eastport, Maine.

The speeches of the Kaiser.

The fear of hypersensitive souls, in great art centers like the stockyards and Grove City, that this horrid war will have a debasing effect on table manners for the next century to come.

The reported discovery that there is just as much graft under a system of municipal government by commission as there used to be in the good old days of a party-elected mayor and board of aldermen.

The speeches of the Kaiser.

The promise of freedom, made by Germany to Poland, and the pledge of electoral reform in Prussia.

Any German promises.

The observation of Professor U. Genix, of Hysteria University, U. S. A., that, due to the war, more babies have been born with red, white and blue eyes this year than ever before.

The speeches of the Kaiser.

WHY IS IT?

That, just after you've located a pal in a camp about four and a half kilometres-away, and have promised to hike over and see him on the following Sunday if it's a day off, you always find your name on the K. P. or guard list the night before, and have no way of letting him know you can't get there?

That, just after the Skipper gives you a hand on something you've done, and you begin to think you're aces high with him and everything's going fine, yours has to be the only gun in the platoon with a speck of rust on it, and you have to begin all over again?

That, just after you've broken in a new pipe, and got it in such shape that it doesn't burn your tongue or take the top of your head off every time you smoke it, and you begin to think it's the best pipe you ever had, you have to go and drop it out of your pocket on the hike, and start breaking in a new one all over again?

That, just after you've got comfortably situated in a billet, and have put up a shelf for all your stuff and a rack for your gun and your harness and everything, and have a bacon-in and custard-and-all fixed up so you can read after taps without the sergeant getting wise, the General has to take it into his head to move the whole blooming outfit and you have to tear everything down?

That, just after you've got your mail all straightened out, and the folks at home writing to correct address, for a wonder, the P. O. department takes it into its head to renumber all the stations, and your letters all go straggling for another month?

DOC DIDN'T MEAN ANY HARM

But One Convalescent Must Have Felt Worse for a Minute

This came from a base hospital. Private X had undergone an operation. He was wheeled from the operating room into a ward and at the end of an indefinite period recovered from the anesthetic, held an inventory of himself and brightened.

"I feel better," he said. "And now I'm glad it's all over."

"Huh," said the man in the cot on his right, "don't be too sure it's all over. They left a sponge in me and had to cut me open again to get it."

"Yes," said the man on his left, "and the doctor left his scissors in me and had to probe for them again."

Just then the doctor entered the ward. "Has anybody," he asked, "seen my hat?"

STOP, LOOK, LISTEN

There's no use pulling a long face—much more is gained by a smile; cheer up, dig in, keep busy, do the best you can all the while. At times you may feel you're ill-treated, but a grinch won't help to show that your estimate of ability is quite correct, you know. Don't forget you're in France for a purpose; discomfort is part of the game that comes with the signal honor of adding U. S. to your name. Remember, by pulling together, morning and noon and night, we'll hasten the doom of the Prussian and prove that our cause is right. So cheer up, smile and keep busy; acquire some hop and spin; we're in this war to the finish; make your motto "Work, Grin and Win."—Major Joseph Caccavajo, Engrs., U. S. A.

ALL KINDS OF TALENT FOR HOSPITAL THEATER

Actors, Actresses, Scene Shifters, Stage Carpenters, Costumer and Playwright are Recruited on Short Notice

It may be some time before E. H. Sothern and his troupe are ready for the A.E.F. circuit and Elsie Janis (*mother-reusment*) cannot be in every Y.M.C.A. but every night of the war, but in the meantime, every camp and post behind the lines can put on its own show. And most of them do.

Not long ago Base Hospital No. Blank decided, apropos of nothing, to go into the theater business for one night only and discovered, upon investigation, that all of the dramatic lights necessary to stage a complete show were hidden under olive drab somewhere about the premises.

The director, bred in that celebrated dramatic school, Dartmouth College, proved, with a howling success, that you have only to scratch an American soldier to find a playwright, a scene-painter, an orchestra leader, a costume designer or what you will.

It was decided that there must be a play, a real play with scenery and costumes and dialogue and plot and everything for at least one part of the program. Did any one have a play in his barrack bag? A canvass was hastily held which yielded nothing but one water-soaked copy of "Macbeth" and this was rejected as being a little too elaborate and not quite so full of sure-fire laughs as the occasion seemed to require.

There could be no recourse to the familiar custom of telephoning Samuel French & Co. to send up 20 short and snappy comedies for selection. There was no way for it but to detail an enlisted man to write a piece at once, so a poor wretch, who had once published an article on the decline of the drama, was obliged, for his sins, to retire with a typewriter and, some time between retreat and taps, come forth with the *Great American Play*.

Plenty of Feminine Talent

He did—thoughtfully making six carbon copies while he was about it so they would not compel him to type the parts for distribution among the cast. Knowing that there were many dazzling nurses in the hospital, he was free to have as many feminine figures in that cast as his heart desired. Knowing that about the hardest thing to find in France would be, not a bowl of sugar, but a suit of Kaunuskit, we-makes-clothes-for-young-men apparel, he thoughtfully made the male characters all soldiers and, just to give the story a special glow, he laid the scene back home shortly after the declaration of peace.

You could see the handsome young sergeant opening an once more the apartment he had locked behind him when he went off to war. You saw him renewing acquaintance with a pair of silk socks and watched him studying as a curiosity a copy of a New York newspaper that had been left at the door the day he shook the dust of New York from his feet.

"Why its front page is all about the Kaiser," he mused. "I wonder whatever

became of him." Thus stealing Will Roger's stuff.

The question of a star was quickly settled. One of the non-coms had played several hundred roles as a preliminary to enlisting, and stuffing his pants into his pocket, he was able to memorize it as he tore about the countryside on an ambulance. But what about costumes? After a brief silence the wardmaster of the first surgical ward shyly confessed what he had kept dark up to that moment—that in civil life he had been a Fifth Avenue dressmaker.

Found—A Real Stage Hand

It took him no time to make the chosen nurses look like the society women in a five-reel movie drama. Fired by this example, a corporal of engineers, enlisted as a carpenter, admitted that he had been a stage-hand for 25 years and knew more about scenery than any other living man except the night watchman at Cain's storehouse in New York.

The workmanlike "center-door fanny" set he then proceeded to execute out of some wood and canvass substantiated his claim, which was proved beyond all doubt when you heard him slipping the ropes on the opening night. You had only to shut your eyes to think you were backstage at the Grand Opera House in Chicago.

It all had to be done in a hurry. It's not safe to dally with rehearsals in the A.E.F. Selected a cast for a performance two weeks later and by that time your company is all over the map of France. Select S. P. M. as a rehearsal hour and you will find your leading heavy has been put on night duty and your *légionne* has just been isolated in charge of a scarlet fever shack. Rehearsals must be held when chance offers. The ambulance driver and his orderly can go over their scene together while burning up the local highway; the nurse and the wardmaster can rehearse their song while giving an ear irrigation at night if the patient is helpless. It had to be that way this time.

At the eleventh hour, the well-laid plans went all to pieces when it was found that neither the scenery nor the audience would fit into the mess-hall. A theater must be found in 24 hours. It was. A detachment of engineers found it. They pitched their tents, evacuated their own barracks, knocked out one end, put up a stage and installed his professional a set of electric headlights, foots and spot as any tragedienne could ask.

AS YOU WERE

"I'm going over the top," observed the truck driver as he finished up the washing of the body.

"Sound off," said the piano-tuner as he played a chord which failed to harmonize.

"Column right," announced the accountant as he finished checking his figures.

ADAMS PURE CHEWING GUM

Relieves the Thirst—Prevents Fatigue—Beneficial on the March

ADAMS PEPSIN

ADAMS BLACK JACK

ADAMS CALIFORNIA FRUIT

ADAMS SPEARMINT

BEEMAN'S PEPSIN

YUCATAN

THE HOUSE OF ADAMS FOUNDED THE CHEWING GUM INDUSTRY

Adams Pure Chewing Gum Is on Sale at Army Canteens and Y.M.C.A. Huts.

Write the Folks Back Home to Send You a Box or Two.

AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY

UNCLE SAM PINCH HITTING ON WESTERN FRONT

This April finds him over the sea, Where, answering a nation's call, On blood-marked plains of Picardy He plays the greatest game of all.

The April perfume in the air One year ago could only mean That soon he should be playing where The chalk-lines mark a field of green.

BASEBALL SCRIBES SPEND DULL WEEK

Funeral of International League Only Really Lively Event

TURN THEN TO EXHUMING

Meanwhile Training Camp Games Begin and Charlie Herzog Roams the Reservation

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—Baseball news was so thin last week that American baseball writers filled the void with tales culled from the depths of antiquity and have had to discuss questions about the pitching style of players before the Civil War. There was little to do except practice games, in most of which major and minor league clubs mixed.

The New York Giants opened a five game series with the San Antonio, Texas, Bronchos, and the Ironhorses did little credit to the game by letting the Giants win by a score of 8 to 1. The Bronchos' left handed pitcher gave the Giants 15 hits.

In Little Rock, Ark., Babe Ruth, the Red Sox's slugging left hander, robbed the Brooklyn Dodgers of victory, Boston winning with a score of 4 to 3. The series now stands three to one in favor of Boston. In each of Boston's three victories Ruth has played a big part, walloping the ball wickedly and breaking up promising hopes for Brooklyn each time.

The Cleveland Americans beat the New Orleans team of the Southern Association by a score of 9 to 7 at New Orleans. The International League conducted its own funeral this week after 26 years' existence. The directors voted to disband, but immediately after the obsequies the rumor was circulating, although the league was not entirely dead and that the league will be reorganized under another name in a lower classification. The National Commission ruled that the International stars now are free agents.

Larry Lajoie is still objecting to his sale to Brooklyn by Tompa and has applied to the National Commission for permission to manage the Indianapolis club of the American Association. Charlie Herzog is still off the reservation. He is wandering between Miami and St. Petersburg, Fla., and is practicing under the name of Tompa, and is being hunted by the police, but is holding out cheerfully and letting the Giants and the Braves do the worrying.

GIANTS MAKE FLYERS DO ASCENSION STUNT

Schaefer Lets the Aviators Down by Pitching Behind His Back

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—Aviators, Abe Martin might have predicted, are all right as baseball flyers if you can keep 'em from going up in the air. The Army aviators training at the Waco aviation camp met the New York Giants in a exhibition game at Marlin, Texas, for the benefit of the Red Cross.

The aviators arrived with enthusiasm, partly in airships. They then demonstrated that they do not play ball as well as they fly. Toward the end of the game Germany Schaefer, who is calling himself Herman this season—who was in the box for the Giants, pitched from behind his back to give the aviators a chance. If the Giants had not cased up, the score might have been 20 to 0. The result was 9 to 7.

Soldiers flung in another game with big league talent. Seventeen thousand men in training in Georgia saw the Yankees defeat the team of the 124th Infantry at Maxwell, Ga., by a score of 12 to 4. The Yankees scored 11 runs in the first inning, but the soldiers refused to let them overcome them and the game finished amid a roar of laughter, and music.

TIGERS' ROWING SCHEDULE

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—The Princeton faculty committee on outdoor sports announced last week that the Tigers will participate in three rowing races on Lake Carnegie. It will race the Harvard varsity and Princeton against the Annapolis regatta on the Severn. Princeton is reducing its rowing expenses to a minimum. There is still much doubt as to what colleges will compete in the Severn regatta.

QUIMET GETS OLD RATING

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—Sergeant Francis Quimet, former national amateur golf champion and present Western amateur champion, has been placed in his old position at the top of the handicap list of the Massachusetts Golf Association with the rating plus 2.

MOLLA'S 1918 DRIVE IS ON

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—Miss Molla Bjurstedt, national woman tennis champion, has added the national indoor championship to her title portfolio of titles by defeating Miss Eleanor Goss 8-6, 6-4, 6-4 in the women's annual indoor championship tournament in the Seventh Regiment Armory.

DUKE KAHANAMOKU ON STAGE

Duke Kahanamoku, the crack Hawaiian swimmer, will be seen in America this summer, having arranged to appear at a theatrical circuit, giving exhibitions in a motor tank.

WORLD'S BOXING TITLE TO BE SETTLED JULY 4th

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 4.—Jess Willard and Fred Fulton have signed papers for a match for the world's championship, to be fought July 4 at a place yet to be named. Willard is to receive 75 per cent of the net profits and Fulton is to get a flat sum of \$20,000. Colonel Miller, former owner of 101 Ranch, the promoter of the bout, has reserved the right to sell or transfer the bout to such persons as he may see fit. A large flock of promoters is already on the scene with large lumps of promised money. Most of these affluent persons scorn any bid lower than \$125,000 as first offer.

BORDER CHAMPIONS YIELD TO ENGINEERS

French Spectators Applaud Stolen Base With Cushions Full

A ball game recently contested between Company A, Engineers, and Company H, Infantry, was made more interesting by the fact that Company H claimed to have held the championship on the Mexican border, during their stay there in the summer of 1916. This was the second game engaged in by the Engineers, but they had too much punch for the doughboys.

STAR SHELLS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4.—Mrs. August Belmont, urging economy at a woman's meeting in New York, said she had worn but one hat all winter—'Herald'.

ADD CAMOUFLAGE

Sir, We saw him again yesterday, the bound in the Metro station who lounges near the 'Lere' Chasse sign until the cars come, then runs like hell to a 2nd class coach. 'Me'.

CORRECT

Football players in the Army Never find they're out of luck; And they make the best of captains, For they're trained to pass the buck.

MUSINGS

Satan, Satan, I've been thinking What a keen old world 't would be If the Huns were all transported To thy boarding house with thee.

THE NEWER VERSION

Said the kernel of a South Carolina regiment, A.E.F., to a kernel of a North Carolina regiment, A.E.F.: 'Good morn'n, kumblin, how many awfuns have you all adopted?'

THE NEWER VERSION

The long-range gun got on his nerves On Easter day; its deadly curves Inspiring him to call the Huns 'The sacrilegious sons-of-guns.'

THE NEWER VERSION

Billy Sunday announces that he will leave the States and come here to fight the devil in the trenches. All together, boys— Gawd help Kaiser Bill!

AIR SQUADRON NINE TRIMS Q.M.C. TEAM

Smashing Getaway Helps to Put Game on Ice for S.O.S. Players

The 49th-497th Aero Squadron defeated the Quartermaster Team in a game played recently in the S.O.S. by a score of 6 to 2. The Aero men started with a comfortable lead of three runs. Hill's pitching was a feature. He had 16 strikeouts to his credit.

FOLLOWING IN GOTCH'S STEPS

Will the next world's champion wolverine smother middle western farmer boys? Evidence points that way. For it now is becoming more and more apparent that the most promising of the contenders for the honors held by Frank Gotch of Iowa is Joe Stecher of Nebraska.

SPORTING COMMENT

It would be interesting to see some accurate figures upon how devotees of various sports have turned out surprises. These might show some interesting world stand high in the list and professional baseball and professional boxing somewhere near the bottom.

NEW JOB FOR SCHAEFER

Although both men have finished their playing careers, Germany Schaefer, famous clown of the coaching lines, and Ed Walsh, the White Sox spitball artist, will still be in the public eye this year.

CHRISTIAN SCIENCE READING ROOM

194 Rue de Rivoli. Open daily 9.30 to 5 p.m.

Advertisement for 'four sardines' featuring a woman holding a sardine can and the text 'EXIGER LA DEVISE TOUJOURS A MIEUX'.

ORDER YOUR "BACK HOME FOLKS" PLACED ON THE MAILING LIST OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

Send 4 francs (Local Chamber of Commerce Paper Money not accepted) for each subscription, with their names and addresses, and the Official A.E.F. Newspaper will be mailed each week for three months to any address in the United States or Allied Countries.

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

CHIEFS SEEK GRIDIRON

There is plenty of baseball talk throughout France now, and it's probably a little early to discuss next season's football prospects, but they are being debated, nevertheless. Two famous Indian players already have held a pow-wow on the outlook for next fall and laid plans for a conquest of the gridiron.

DIAMOND FLASHES

Gus Getz, former Red, is to be given a trial by Cleveland. John Nealon, of Scranton, has signed with the Braves. Hack Ebel, of the Richmond International League club, has been purchased by the Red Sox.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE

The Union is anxious to get in touch with all college and university men in Europe, who are interested in reading by mail, giving names, college, class, European address, and many other details of personal and social life.

SOLDIERS HAVE YOUR PORTRAITS TAKEN BY WALERY

Hotel Plaza Athénée, 25, Avenue Montaigne, Paris. Hotel D'Albe, Av. Champs-Élysées & Patroisné by Automobiles.

WANT TO ARRANGE SCHEDULE

A.G.O. Athletic Association Anxious to Hear From A.E.F. Teams

The A.G.O. Athletic Association, Headquarters, S.O.S., which has 75 members, has formed a baseball team. Equipment is furnished by the Y.M.C.A.

TO SEND MONEY HOME

GO TO ANY BRANCH OF THE Societe Generale. A Bank with more than 1,000 branches throughout France.

WELLS FARGO & CO.

4 Rue Scribe, Paris. LONDON: 28 Charles St., Haymarket.

AMERICAN UNIVERSITY UNION IN EUROPE

SLEATOR & CARTER

PARIS 39 Avenue de l'Opera PARIS English & American Civil & Military Tailors Olive Drab Uniforms and American Insignia a Speciality

TO SEND MONEY HOME

GO TO ANY BRANCH OF THE Societe Generale. A Bank with more than 1,000 branches throughout France.

WELLS FARGO & CO.

4 Rue Scribe, Paris. LONDON: 28 Charles St., Haymarket.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR

No Stropping—No Honing. Gillette U.S. Service Set

UNITED STATES War Service Regulations Require a Shaving Outfit—and the soldier and sailor must provide his own razor.

The new Gillette U.S. Service-Set is the Shaving Outfit that fulfils every need of Uncle Sam's Boys.

PRICE: 25 FRANCS complete with 12 Gillette Blades.

To be had at A.E.F. & Y.M.C.A. Canteens or at all Dealers in France.

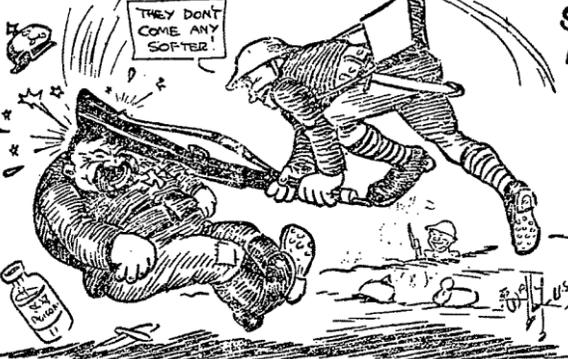
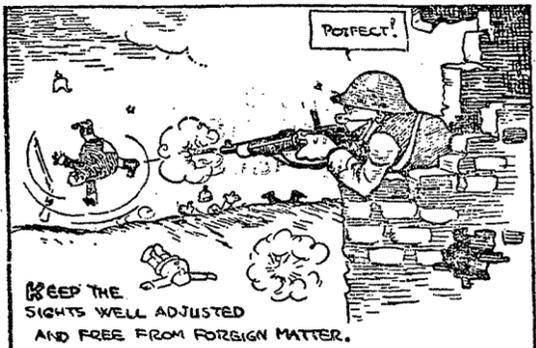
GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR, S.A., 17bis Rue La Boétie, PARIS

Order Your "Back Home Folks" Placed on the Mailing List of THE STARS AND STRIPES

Send 4 francs (Local Chamber of Commerce Paper Money not accepted) for each subscription, with their names and addresses, and the Official A.E.F. Newspaper will be mailed each week for three months to any address in the United States or Allied Countries.

DIRECTIONS FOR THE PROPER CARE OF THE RIFLE

-By WALLGREN



THE BAYONET SHOULD NEVER BE USED TO CONVEY ANY FOOD OR SLUM TO THE MOUTH UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY. SLUM AT ITS BEST IS MOST UNRELIABLE AS TO FORM AND WHILE SOME SUCCESS MIGHT BE ATTAINED WITH HEAVY MARCHING ORDER SLUM THE LIQUID VARIETY IS MOST DIFFICULT TO MANIPULATE. IN THIS CASE YOU MIGHT UTILIZE THE GROOVE RUNNING DOWN THE CENTER OF THE BLADE, FIRST ACQUIRING A LIBERAL GROOVEFUL OF SLUM AND THEN PERSUADING IT TO DRIP FROM THE POINT INTO THE MOUTH OR ANY OTHER VICINITY MOST CONVENIENT. - THE BAYONET MAY ALSO BE USED AS A TOOTHPICK IN LIEU OF A FORK.

YOU GOTTA HAVE A PASS UNLESS YOU'VE GOT ONE

And If You Haven't Got One, You've Gotta Show It Anyway—You Know How It Is at Inspection, Don't You?

You've heard of how closely the captain inspected your gun on that Saturday morning when you forgot to wipe the dust from the trigger guard, and how careful the major was the other morning when he inspected your tent and found that cigarette stub you had so neatly concealed under the tent flap. And, of the other hand, Private Brown cleaned his gun thoroughly and Corporal Smith polished his tent carefully, both anticipating a minute inspection. But when the officer came round at nine o'clock he utterly belated Brown's gun in his hand while he looked at the grimy butt cord and then handed the piece back to its owner. And when he reached Smith's tent all of his attentions were turned upon Smith's torn trousers, and he never once gave the tent an oblique look.

I'm a thorough believer in preparedness now. If you're prepared, you need never expect to be molested; but the minute you're unprepared you can begin to look for the inevitable. Here's more proof of it, and this story can be backed up by Special Order No. — and the A.P.M. records of several different way-points between Inter. Medical Supply Depot No. — and gay France.

A Mission of Great Importance
Armed with a special order pursuant to authority contained in paragraph so and so, Sergeant Schaeffer—he's red-headed, so we call him Red for short—and I detrained at the big city depot and bit off up one of the main big drags bent on a mission of great military importance, as such errands are to all those entrusted with them.

"Here comes one of them M.P. guys," says Red. "I'd better get this pass out so's not to delay us any."

Red gets out the pass and conceals it in his hand, so he'll be ready for this M.P. when we get up to him. We met him and kind of slowed up waiting for him to demand a pass, but he walked by with his eyes on a pretty mademoiselle and never so much as gave us the once-over.

"Huh?" Red grunts to me in surprise. "I guess these M.P.'s ain't so strict as I've heard about."

"Because one dog is friendly that's no sign the next one won't bite," I warns him, and we makes our way on up to the place where we're going. "Duty before pleasure" is always my motto; so we flashed up our little affair and found that we had three hours to the good before our train pulled out.

We were standing in front of the Opera Comique figuring out what kind of program was on for the afternoon, when Red calls my attention to an M.P. sergeant sunning along our side of the street.

"You won't see this sergeant lettin' us get by as easy as that other guy did," says Red. "Guess I better fish out my pass."

"Hello, fellows; goin' to take in the show?" this M.P. sergeant says, and bows on down the street. "Well, well," Red says. "What good's a pass to us anyway?"

through his pockets and making a mighty brave stall, but I could see his fruitless search was telling on him. "Ain't you got no pass?" this M.P. asks.

"Had one a minute ago," Red says. "Well, I ain't got all day," says the M.P.

"I know you ain't," Red tells him; "but give me time. Give me time to look. I got a right to hunt 'em 'round it, an' it?"

The M.P. didn't say anything, but I can see he's growing suspicious. "Maybe it's in your pocket," Red says. "You better look."

I looked, but at the end of five minutes the pass was still a missing article of our equipment. So I started in at the beginning and told the M.P. all about it.

Tough, But It's Rules
"That's tough, all right," he says, with a doubtful ring in his voice. "You know what we're supposed to do with guys without passes?"

"Well, you can call up our commander for that matter," I tells him, "and he'll straighten us out. We ain't trying to run away; all we want now is to get back."

Finally he tells us confidentially that, although he's not supposed to do it, he'll let us get to the train without saying anything about it to the sergeant, but for us to make tracks for home *tout de suite* or we'll be wishing we was on the outside looking in instead of on the inside looking out.

"Merci, beaucoup," says Red, and we takes a roundabout way to the station.

"We're jake now," says Red. "There wasn't a single M.P. at the depot when we got off, and we can make it easy. . . Damn it; I can't imagine what in the world I did with that pass."

I didn't count them, but when we walked in at the depot there was about 15 M.P.'s surrounded us all at once, just like they'd been in ambush and expect-

"This way," says a corporal, and he led us into a little room that he called his office.

He opened a book and wrote down our names, where we were born, what outfit we belonged to, how many times we'd moved since we came to France, where we thought we were going, our ages, serial numbers, verified this with our dog tags, asked our rank, how many times we'd been wounded and—well, I don't remember all of it, or whether that is just the questions he asked in or not, but that's the essence of it. Then he wanted to see our passes.

Almost on the Train
Again I told the same story and presented the same argument as I did to the other M.P.'s up by the Opera Comique. But this corporal was strictly on the job. He went to a booth and called our commander on long distance, and my mother was Irish and my father was regular American Yankee. My present occupation is soldiering, but when I get home, you can put down there on that book, I'm going to get a job as a cop on Broadway. Every time I see one of these guys comin' along my beat that's "Damn it, if it ain't that pass!" he says kind of surprised. "I plum forgot about that pocket. These here made-over English trousers is the bunk any way."

SETH T. BAILEY, Corp. Inf.

THE PLUTE

He may be a plute in the circle back home, but it don't get him nothin' out here: His belly may ache for a glass of champagne, but he's lucky as Hell to get beer. His custom, you know, in the land of the free was to rise from his bed about nine—

A valet would dress him and button his shoes and bring him his breakfast and wine. But how things have changed since the draft sucked him in!—he rises at 6:30 noon. And, drinking black coffee, remarks on the fact that he's walked half a mile for his chow.

His sleep once was lulled by the sound of the storm as it whistled and roared round the house; Perhaps he was awakened, but slumbered again, as snug and as warm as a mouse. But now he is billeted out in a barn on straw in an old cattle stall. While jack rabbits scampering over the field are seen through the holes in the wall.

Oh, how things have changed since the draft sucked him in and cast his small world in dull gloom! He shivers and shakes when a storm whistles now and blows all the snow in the room.

But think of the folks in the circle back home who sigh for the one that is gone: They quickly forget what a nuisance he was and patiently wait for the dawn Of the day that shall bring him from out of the war, and back to his comfort and ease: They dream not how deep he has drunk of the cup, and the knowledge he's gained by degrees.

Oh, how things have changed since the draft sucked him in is told by his coating of tan; He went as a number—and to and behold! He comes to them now as a MAN. SGT. RICHARD C. COLVIER.

"WELL I'LL BE----!"
Somewhere in France, they're all here—or they will be. Private Bill Jones, late customs inspector at San Francisco, walked into a depot quartermaster's office, a copy of Paragraph —, S.O. —, in his hand. It was evening and only a major and a captain were present.

"What do you want?" asked the captain. "Transportation, sir," replied Private Jones, putting forth his best salute. "This order says I've got to go—"

"Well, I'll be—" said the captain, interrupting. "This is the last place I expected to see you!"

"Well, for the love Mike!" exclaimed Private Jones. "I'd 'a' known you in a minute if it wasn't for that mustache and the—a—shoulder bars."

The captain used to be in the immigration department in San Francisco and he and Private Jones used to work together.

NOT LIKE SILVERTON
Private X was strolling along the crooked main rue of an ancient village, displaying a passive interest in spots where German air bombs had dropped not many days before, but only a passive interest, because it was Christmas and he was, for the first time, far from home on Christmas Day.

Private Y promenaded the same rue. They met.

"Well, I be—" They both said it. Private X and Private Y used to live in the same block in Silverton, Colorado.

"I got a letter from my mother and she said you were over here," said Private Y. "But, Holy Jimminy! I never expected to see you."

"Remember Daisy A— Well, she told me you had finished training, but she didn't know whether you had started for France or not."

"Remember last Christmas Eve when we were at that party at Jim Z's house?"

"Yes," said Private Y, "and here we are."

"Yes, here we are."

"But," said Private Y, "they talk a lot about this burg, but can you see anything to it?"

"Nothing. Not a thing. Silverton's got it all over this place seven different ways."

"You bet it has," said Private X.

TRUE TO FORM
"Freddy," says an infantryman who knows him, "was the laziest man I ever knew. When he was away on vacations, he'd take carbon paper along, so as to make the same letter he sent, and nothing we could tell him seemed to make any difference. He jerked at us of the local militia company as we went hiking off with our packs on. None of that for him! Finally we heard Freddy had disap-

FREE BAND SCORES FOR A.E.F. MUSICIANS

Even If Yours is an Orchestra, Write Miss Sawyer Anyway

If any bandmaster in the A.E.F. has failed to receive an allotment of new scores from Miss Ray C. Sawyer since coming to France, it was an oversight or an accident and he should write her at once, addressing his lamentation to her apartment at 79 Hamilton Place, New York City. Miss Sawyer is the New York business woman who has taken upon herself, as a little side line after a hard day's work, the task of supplying new music and plenty of it to all the bands in American fighting forces.

Miss Sawyer, whose undertaking was launched when she recklessly adopted a camp band one day last summer, has established co-operation with all the music publishers, and the pieces she gets are so fresh that the ink is often still wet on them when the bundles are made up for distribution. Those bundles have gone to all the camps in America; they have reached the Marine band in Pekin, have been played by the native scout bands in the Philippines, have been heard far out at sea and have come over by thousands to the A.E.F.

Those units have shifted so often and so rapidly that Miss Sawyer is afraid she has lost track of some of them. If your organization cannot boast a band but has an orchestra, ask for orchestra scores. If you have only a piano and a pianist, say so. If you have none of these things, but want to gather round and sing, and if the latest thing in your repertoire is the Irving Berlin ballad they were whistling about New York when you sailed away last June, write to Miss Sawyer. The music publishers give the music. Miss Sawyer distributes it and the bands and orchestras of the Army and Navy play it.

peared from town, and then we lost track of him. He was, you see, too lazy to write to anybody. But I've found out that, as a general rule, it's lazy people who take the most trouble. So it turned out to be with him—but wait.

"The other day I ran plumb smack into him—and would you believe it? He was all dolled up in an aviator's uniform—wings over his breastbone and all the rest—and his commission and everything. He looked fit as a fiddle and straight as a ramrod. I just held my sides and gasped.

"Freddy," I managed to say, when I had gotten my breath. "Freddy, how on earth did you ever stir up the energy to go through the training camp and the flying work and all the drudgery of it to get where you are now? How in the name of time did you manage to do it?"

"Well," he ventured, in that same lazy matter-of-course tone of his, "after seeing you doughboys hike off like that when you left, I said, 'Six on that proposition I simply had to get some sense out of the service where I didn't have to walk!'"

"Can you beat it?"

MOTHER GOOSE FOR DOUGHBOYS
Slide a big truck through mud, rain and sleet. To see a fat major get quite out of luck; Leaves on his shoulders, and spurs on his heels. The language he uses shows just how he feels.

Jim struck his mug out, right by his dug-out. Eating his rice and beans; A Boche sniper spied him and sent one beside him. And grazed off the seat of his jeans.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner opening his Christmas box; 'Twas then about the end of March, But he found lots of heavy-weight socks!

Military and Civil Tailors KRIEGCK & CO. 23 Rue Royale.

PAPER WAR-MONEY
COLLECTORS OF CHAMBER OF COMMERCE BILLS and BILLS FROM THE INVADED DISTRICTS should apply for CATALOGUE. Write for appointment and consult A. LIONEL ISAACS, 29 Rue de Moscou, PARIS.

HOTEL LOTTI and RESTAURANT 7 à 11 Rue de Castiglione (Tuileries) PARIS

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, 3 King William St., E.C.

ELECTRIC POCKET LAMPS

FLASHLIGHTS, ALL MODELS Agents for Special Pocket Lamps "LA FAVORITE" BULBS - BATTERIES SAFETY RAZORS Shaving Sticks and Brushes EMBROIDERED SILK SOUVENIRS

ROBERT & CO., 58 Rue de la Victoire, PARIS

FRANCO AMERICAN ADVERTISING AGENCY

BASE PORT SOJERS FIGHT IN DUNGAREES

And the Jobs They Do Make War Just One Thing After Another

MEETING PLACE OF RACES

Q.M. Stove Looks Good After Day of "Workin' on de Railroad"

Life in a base port in France is not all to a fighting man's fancy. He may be called upon to do much work not strictly in the line of military duty...

The hardest blow—such as it is—falls when the news is broken to the Old Regiment that for a time, must put by its rifles and bayonets...

Knockout Blow for Romance Then the blow falls. The camp quartermaster comes striding down an avenue of noble shade trees...

Funny Men Get a Chance The working party's column on the wide, dusty highway leads into a route step and sings: "Oh, Boy, Oh, Joe, Where Do We Go From Here?"

Tom Sawyer in Sad Strains It is about this time that Huck Finn and Tom Sawyer put in an appearance. They are a ragged pair of war orphans, about 14 or 15 years old...

Where Every Race Is Gathered Can you imagine watching a construction gang from the Tower of Babel to pass you on the way home from work? The sight here is something along that order.

BALLAD OF OFFICERS' MESS

The officers' mess Was wont to guess What kind of meat They had to eat.

It might be pork, It might be stork, Or might be steak, Or might be cake.

The colonel swore 'Twas deadly bore; The major swore He's tasted bore;

Our wagers rough On meat so tough All come to naught, As well they ought.

France-in-Africa. These other blacks who wear blue overalls with bright brass buttons are stevedores from our southern ports...

Imagine a general and a colonel in any other army knowing a company cook! The general told of a talk he had had with Williams...

Yes, They Know a Cook The working detail marches at attention again through the town and out to camp. Every one is tired, but few are really worn out.

Twenty Years After "Yes, my dear, I simply can't do anything with John. When I wake him up in the morning, he always yawns and says, 'Oh, damn that bugler!'"

Millionaire Major in Dugout The millionaire major was in bed when we called. It had just after midnight of a cold night...

THE GREAT HEARSE MYSTERY [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4. The great Williamsburg mystery of the past winter has just been solved.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

CERTAINLY, GENERAL KNOWS CO.'S COOK

Good Fellowship the Rule Between Officers and Men of A.E.F.

MESS ARTIST'S GOOD LUCK

Moonshiner and Cowpuncher Also Glad to Be Along, Not to Mention Millionaire Major

Six men unknowingly contributed to this story in the course of a night's ramble along the lines. They were a general, a colonel, a millionaire major, a captain, a cowpuncher and a moonshiner.

Yes, They Know a Cook Imagine a general and a colonel in any other army knowing a company cook! The general told of a talk he had had with Williams...

Yes, They Know a Cook The working detail marches at attention again through the town and out to camp. Every one is tired, but few are really worn out.

Twenty Years After "Yes, my dear, I simply can't do anything with John. When I wake him up in the morning, he always yawns and says, 'Oh, damn that bugler!'"

Millionaire Major in Dugout The millionaire major was in bed when we called. It had just after midnight of a cold night...

THE GREAT HEARSE MYSTERY [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4. The great Williamsburg mystery of the past winter has just been solved.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

all youngsters. Not more than twenty-three or four years old, any one of them. Supper in their shack was more like a college "frat" dinner by some alchemy transposed to the woods than anything I could think of.

The cowpuncher used to ride for the Box E ranch in Wyoming. He was a "wig" with the guitar and after supper he sang some of the classics of the range—"The Dying Cowboy's Lament" and "The Little Black Bull."

Yes, They Know a Cook Imagine a general and a colonel in any other army knowing a company cook! The general told of a talk he had had with Williams...

Yes, They Know a Cook The working detail marches at attention again through the town and out to camp. Every one is tired, but few are really worn out.

Twenty Years After "Yes, my dear, I simply can't do anything with John. When I wake him up in the morning, he always yawns and says, 'Oh, damn that bugler!'"

Millionaire Major in Dugout The millionaire major was in bed when we called. It had just after midnight of a cold night...

THE GREAT HEARSE MYSTERY [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4. The great Williamsburg mystery of the past winter has just been solved.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities

Q.Z.—When you write a letter to The Girl, take it to be censored—quick—and then mail it. Don't keep it in your pocket for three or four days and have it get soured with the smell of tobacco.

Yes, They Know a Cook Imagine a general and a colonel in any other army knowing a company cook! The general told of a talk he had had with Williams...

Yes, They Know a Cook The working detail marches at attention again through the town and out to camp. Every one is tired, but few are really worn out.

Twenty Years After "Yes, my dear, I simply can't do anything with John. When I wake him up in the morning, he always yawns and says, 'Oh, damn that bugler!'"

Millionaire Major in Dugout The millionaire major was in bed when we called. It had just after midnight of a cold night...

THE GREAT HEARSE MYSTERY [BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 4. The great Williamsburg mystery of the past winter has just been solved.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

Another War Mystery An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

SHIRTS KHAKI COLLARS A. SULKA & CO. 6, Rue Castiglione, Paris. Mail orders executed. 34 W. 34 Street, NEW YORK.

Solid Silver IDENTITY DISCS AND BRACELETS KIRBY, BEARD & CO. LP. 5, RUE AUBER (OPERA), PARIS.

AMERICAN EXPRESS CO. 11 Rue Scribe, PARIS. TOURS: 8 Bd. Béanger. BORDEAUX: 3 Cours de Gourgue. HAVRE: 43 Quai d'Orléans. MARSEILLES: 9 Rue Beauvau.

BELLE JARDINIÈRE THE LARGEST OUTFITTERS IN THE WORLD. COMPLETE LINE OF MILITARY EQUIPMENT FOR OFFICERS AND MEN.

THE DIFFERENCE

The United States Army, like the United States Senate, is a body of continuous existence—TIDE STARS AND STRIPES.

PILLANTHROPY

Syl (at the hospital): That little nurse kinda likes me. Bill (next bed): Why so? Syl: She gave the others one enema pill, and she gave me a couple.

PHOTO CAMERAS & FURNITURES

TIRANTY 91 Rue Lafayette, PARIS. Sole agents for French, English, and American cameras.

J. COUILLON BOOT MAKER

Trench Boots, Riding Boots, Pumps and Aviators' Needs. FURNISHED TO SAUMUR. 75 Ave. des Champs-Élysées, PARIS.

TIFFANY & Co

25, Rue de la Paix and Place de l'Opéra. PARIS. LONDON, 221, Regent Street, W. NEW YORK, Fifth Avenue and 37th Street.

MEURICE HOTEL and RESTAURANT

228 Rue de Rivoli (Opposite Tuileries Gardens). Restaurant Open to Non-Residents.

Fastep Foot Powder

The deodorizing and antiseptic qualities of PASTEP should render it invaluable in trench life.

Another War Mystery

An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

Another War Mystery

An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

Another War Mystery

An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

Another War Mystery

An infantryman was discussing the tribulations of army life with a member of one of the negro work battalions which recently had arrived.

The AutoStrop Razor

New Military Kit and Other Styles. The Military Kit in Three Styles—Khaki, Pigskin and Black Leather. Contains Trench Mirror, 2 1/2 x 3 1/2, ready for use when hung up attached to case.

The Only Razor That Sharpens Its Own Blades. It strops them, keeps them free from rust, shaves and is cleaned—all without taking apart. A freshly stropped blade is easier to shave with than a new blade.

The AutoStrop Razor can be purchased in French Shops, Canteens and Post Exchanges. ALWAYS A SHARP BLADE.

AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. 345 Fifth Avenue, New York. AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. Ltd. 83 Duke St., Toronto, Canada.

To Dealers: Write to us for full particulars about our 30-day free trial offer, which has proved so successful.

Paris Agents: COHAR ET CIE, 22, Rue de Valenciennes, Saint-Jacques. London Agents: HENRI QUÉLCH AND CO., 2, Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4.

E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc. 90 Beekman St., New York.

Paris Agents: COHAR ET CIE, 22, Rue de Valenciennes, Saint-Jacques. London Agents: HENRI QUÉLCH AND CO., 2, Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4.

E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc. 90 Beekman St., New York.

Paris Agents: COHAR ET CIE, 22, Rue de Valenciennes, Saint-Jacques. London Agents: HENRI QUÉLCH AND CO., 2, Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4.

E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc. 90 Beekman St., New York.

Paris Agents: COHAR ET CIE, 22, Rue de Valenciennes, Saint-Jacques. London Agents: HENRI QUÉLCH AND CO., 2, Old Bailey, London, E.C. 4.

E. FOUGERA & Co., Inc. 90 Beekman St., New York.