

VILLAGES LINKED IN RECORD TIME BY RAILWAY UNIT

Seven Hours, Three Minutes, Sees 2.69 Miles of Track Laid

135 MEN FOREGO SMOKES BUT DON'T GET HOPEFUL

Director General of Railroads Himself Cables President—But Not for Help

While the units that had been engaged in the recent fighting were blissfully enjoying a well-earned rest, 135 members of the first company of Railway Engineers to arrive in France celebrated victory by establishing what is believed to be a new track laying record, completing 2,69 miles of narrow gauge railway in seven hours and three minutes.

The work marked the completion of an important railway line from one French town to another, upon which the company had been working for several weeks. Officers present when the record was made were outspoken in their conviction that the gang could have easily completed four miles during the full working day of 12 hours had there been further track to lay in that sector.

A captain and a lieutenant were in charge of the detail. All necessary materials for the job had to be brought up from behind, two 60 cm. steam locomotives pushing the rail cars forward as soon as a section of track was spiked down. Two motor trucks were used for hauling ties.

The amount of material handled gives more than a hint of the magnitude of the task and the tremendous amount of labor involved—approximately 165 tons of steel rails, 7100 ties, 1830 pairs of fishplates, 8 kegs of bolts and 37 kegs of spikes, making a total of over 230 tons.

"Nous le faisons toujours," replied the captain when complimented upon the showing made by the company. "We always do it," is by the way, the motto of the company although the bucks usually use the free translation, "We produce the goods."

The company had been producing the goods in France for 13 months, erecting warehouses, surveying, laying track, grading, stringing pipe lines, building barracks, installing electric lights, constructing railroads, and operating everything from 15 ton cranes to Ford ambulances, remodeling hospitals—in short, performing all the manifold and endless duties of Yank Engineers. Assignment to the construction of a light railway line was a welcome change, and the work was pushed in a way that earned the commendation of superior officers.

Then came news of the Chateau-Thierry drive.

Determined not to let the Infantry get too far ahead, the men redoubled their efforts. Each day brought to them the pleasure of going through the grinding details, working several miles ahead, finished their end of the job and drove their mules back to the base camp. They maintained that even Heine assisted at the job by loosening the stony ground of logs by means of opening up the amount of track laid. The grinding details, working several miles ahead, finished their end of the job and drove their mules back to the base camp. They maintained that even Heine assisted at the job by loosening the stony ground of logs by means of opening up the amount of track laid.

That's where the rub comes in. It would take much rolling stock to transport several thousand soldiers the length of France every week—possibly too much.

"The doughboys will be in Berlin before we reach the Rhine at this rate," commented one buck private. "We'll have to lay four kilometers a day."

"That's impossible," remarked the French interpreter.

"Impossible, hell," rejoined the buck.

Cable to the President

Next day the men laid 12,300 feet of track, a performance that so pleased the Director General of Railroads, who was present, that he sent a cable to President Wilson commending the company. The interpreter no longer spoke of impossibilities.

The captain believed that the men could do even better, so he called a conference of the sergeants and, after telling them of his plans, regaled them with several selections from Kipling. When the company assembled at the morning of the big day, the G.O. told them that he wanted the job finished by supper time.

"What's the use of working until supper time?" piped a voice from the rear rank. "Let's finish the job by noon and get a half day off."

"Track was laid that morning at an average rate of 33 feet to the minute. Train crews rushed the material over the lines as fast as the rails could be loaded on the cars. One gang worked ahead stringing ties, another unloaded the rails and threw them quickly into place, as soon as one section was completed the rail car was pushed ahead. When one car became unruly and decided to leave the track, it was pushed out of the way by sheer man power.

Speed, speed, and then some more speed, without even a pause to roll a wheel. The track seemed to go forward by leaps and bounds, especially when the gang caught sight of the truck that carried the mess waiting at the end of the line. At 1:33 p.m. the lieutenant, who had been giving a lift on the rails, threw his hat in the air and yelled "Final!"

"Seven hours and three minutes," announced the captain. "Some birds." They were racing for the truck where "Sammy," who can make even bread pudding palatable, was shouting, "Come on, get it!"

Everyone was pleased, including Spike, the hard-billed wild boar mascot, who strutted around as if claiming credit for any new records made in that neck of the woods. The captain congratulated the doughboys who passed on the congratulations without sending them through the proper military channels. The mess sergeant showed his appreciation by serving canned salmon

MONTE CARLO IS OFFERED A.E.F. AS PLAYGROUND

Prince of Monaco Visits Aix and Gives Army Glad Hand

Little Principality Is Far from Line and Trains Are Already Overburdened

Monte Carlo, world famous playground, and the entire principality of Monaco of which it is a part, situated on the French Riviera where the breezes of the Mediterranean exercise a soothing influence on the winter thermometer, have been offered to the A.E.F. as a leave center.

The offer was formally made by His Serene Highness, the Prince of Monaco, ruler of the little country, and is now being considered by G.H.Q. Whether or not it can be accepted is a question. There are difficulties as to fuel, distance and transportation which are serious, but there is a possibility that American soldiers will toast their shins this winter in the Palais du Soleil where, heretofore, nobody much lower in financial rating than a near-millionaire has trod.

The Prince of Monaco has been among many notable visitors at Aix-la-Bains, the first American leave center in France, during the last few weeks. He became a familiar figure around the Casino of Aix, which has been converted into Y.M.C.A. headquarters, and where wealthy and famous civilian guests are mingling with 832-a-month-and-up dough boys. He speaks English perfectly and had a chance to use it among Americans when he made a trip to the United States a few years ago.

Renews His Acquaintance On that trip to the States he learned to like American methods of doing business with the American soldiers recently intensified the sentiment. A few days ago he called on J. A. Springer, in charge of the Aix Y.M.C.A., and Colonel French, American commander of the leave center, and formally offered his whole principality for the use of American soldiers on permission. There were some steps to be taken, he said, as regards the international situation of Monaco and possibly some local laws to be changed. But as for the laws, he would change them in 24 hours.

The offer was forwarded to Y.M.C.A. headquarters and G.H.Q. and is under consideration at both places. The hotels of Monaco would harbor from six to eight thousand soldiers. The prince offered the Palais du Soleil as a Y.M.C.A. headquarters to be utilized as a dining hall, billiard room, and billiard rooms, theaters and cafeterias.

But No Gambling The famous gambling casino of Monte Carlo is not now open to soldiers of any nation, and this rule would not be changed. But the Americans could have the pleasure of going through the Casino outside of business hours and seeing where speedier games than crap or black-jack are played.

Monaco is one of the smallest independent countries in the world. It is near Nice and touches the Italian border. It is 30-odd hours from the nearest front line trench in France.

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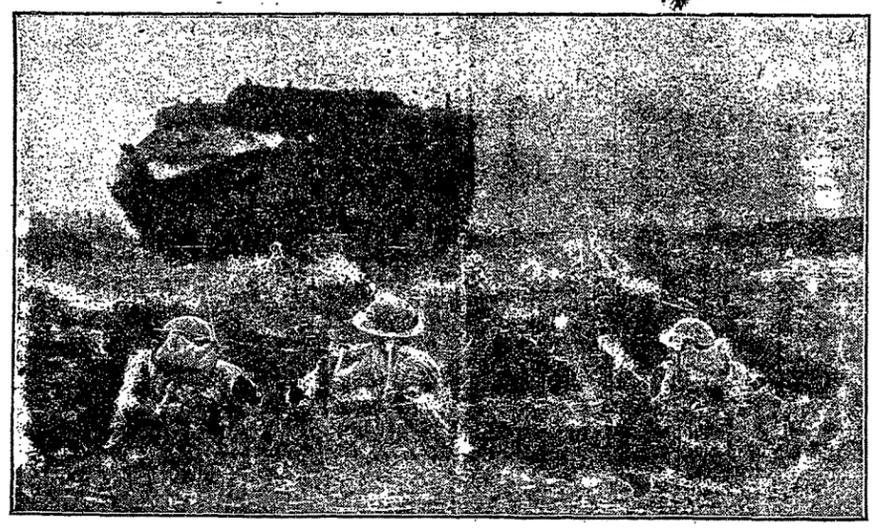
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GOING AFTER 'EM IN THE BEST OF COMPANY



BRITISH STRIKE HINDENBURG LINE AS FRONT WIDENS

Germans Are Squeezed Into Dangerous New Salient, Lose Heavily

SOMME NAMES RING AGAIN

Advance Takes in 1916 Battlefield—Bapaume Entered—New French Attack

The week that ended Wednesday, August 28, saw the Allied attack spread like a flame in two directions, widening the battle front of the previous week, which had seen the German withdrawal from Montdidier and the crushing of the great salient that since March had been bulging westward toward Amiens.

It saw the British, after a series of splendid advances, battling, over-coming, still advancing, squarely on the so-called Hindenburg line.

It saw the creation of another great German salient, no more formidable than the Amiens bulge, which later the enemy could hold only by his possession of the initiative and a preponderance of officers. Now, thanks to the Allied offensives of the past month and more, he no longer possesses either of these advantages.

It saw that second salient badly dented by successive blows struck at the heels of a retreating enemy who could not extricate all his guns, material or men.

Enemy's Morale Impaired

Leaving the ground rewon out of the question, considerable though it is, and judging the course of the battle by the enemy's losses and the extent to which he has been compelled to draw on his reserves—not to mention the unquestionably impaired morale of his troops—we find that the toll of prisoners since July 18, when the counter-offensive south of Soissons opened, must now have reached 125,000.

The steady British advance between the south of Arras and below the Somme brings back into the official chronicle of the war the names of the German villages and redoubts that were overcome in the battle of the Somme in the summer and fall of 1916. But with a great difference. Whereas such a fortress as the plateau of Thiepval held out for months in 1916, this time it fell to the British in a single night.

On Tuesday the French again attacked, pushing well ahead toward the Somme where that winding river runs almost north and south.

By Wednesday night the advance had reached the heights overlooking the lower and liberated two score villages in two days.

At the same time it was announced that American troops between the Oise and the Aisne had repulsed enemy counter attacks. The Germans also made strong efforts to recross the Vesle south of Ranzelles and Fismes in the face of American resistance.

BIG SUMMER FOR CARUSO

He was married this week to Dorothy Park Benjamin. The wedding, which was staged at the Marble Coastline church, New York City, created a mild sensation for several reasons. For one thing, Caruso is Caruso. For another, there were no announcements and the press agent, who did not hear about it till after it was all over, is said to be in a great state of the sales. Then, the family of the bride, well known in New York society, was conspicuous by its absence from the ceremony and by its frozen silence thereafter.

The Signora Caruso is a daughter of Park Benjamin, the New York parent lawyer and a sister of Queen Park Benjamin, who has twice been wounded in France. She is some 20 years younger than her tenor-husband, who is 45.

14 STATES RATIFY BILL FOR DRY U.S.

Strong Meat May Replace Strong Drink—Ostrich Roasts Now

NOBODY'S TOWN JUST THEN

Trail Through Disputed City Followed by Means of Rubbish—Covered Telephone Wire

AMERICA, Aug. 29.—The legislatures of 14 States have now ratified the national prohibition amendment to the Constitution, the 14 being Mississippi, Virginia, Kentucky, South Carolina, North Dakota, Maryland, Montana, Texas, Delaware, South Dakota, Massachusetts, Arizona, Georgia and Louisiana, named in the order of their ratification. Only 22 more States are needed to make the amendment binding.

In the midst of this tribulation news comes of a holocaust in Kentucky, where the Green River Distilling Company's plant burned down. Forty-three thousand barrels of whisky were destroyed without trace. It is a \$9,000,000 loss, and Uncle Sam loses some millions in prospective revenue.

Strong food is promised, however, to replace strong drink. The Food Administration has permitted the Phoenix, Ariz., ostrich ranch to slay 700 nice, strong birds for the market. They will produce the old bird is really displacing 15 cents a pound, and for the first time in the history of the poultry business the dealers will not try to weigh the feathers.

When the first reports say our troops have "captured" a city or village, it may mean one of several things. It may mean, for instance, that resolute dough boys have stormed the town, bayoneted a driven out all the enemy hiding there and then themselves withdrawn to doleful deluge from the guns. When next they sleep in among the half-pulverized houses, they are apt to find that both sides have also filtered back on the trail until the whole line has pushed on beyond, the town itself remains a sort of treacherous No Man's Land that must be mopped up again and again. It was that way at Serzy. It was somewhat that way at Fismes.

HAPPY NATION BANS SPREAD-EAGLE STUFF

Country Sober and Sensible, Boasting Forgotten as Victories Thrill

AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Newspaper comments on your achievements and the war situation generally are refreshingly sane, sober and sensible, and our once favorite spread-eagle stunts in considerable dignity now that the old bird is really displacing his ornithological abilities.

The whole country seems to have a keen sense of the fact that you over there have set your face against boasting. The big steady temper of the country daily gives a fine revelation of the character of the nation for which you fight.

Not one of the various sensations springing in past months has been able to start our people off on any tangent, and it is ever newly astonishing to learn how justly the great American mass appraisal events and issues, and how sober its judgment and verdicts are.

SERVICE STRIPES TO DATE FROM ARRIVAL

Time Spent on Transport Is No Longer to Be Counted

The computation of time for the wearing of the gold service chevron will in future be made from the date of arrival at a French, British or other European port, according to a cablegram from Washington just received at G.H.Q.

In the past this time has been reckoned from the date on which the transport left United States territorial waters. Now, instead of counting from the first day out, we shall have to count from our first day in.

VENEREAL RATE DOWN

The venereal rate in the A.E.F. is only one-fourth as much as that among troops in the United States.

This information comes from the office of the Chief Surgeon and is taken from a report compiled from statistics relating to venereal disease both here and at home.

In May the venereal rate of the A.E.F. was slightly lower than that of the troops at home. In the latter part of July it was only about one-third as much.

Early last spring it was announced that in only one week since the year opened had the rate here exceeded that among troops at home.

COUGH AIDS THEM IN NIGHT PROWL THROUGH FISMES

Battalion Finds Colonel's P.C. Amid Shower of Shells and Rain

NOBODY'S TOWN JUST THEN

Trail Through Disputed City Followed by Means of Rubbish—Covered Telephone Wire

In the nights of storm and battle that American soldiers have written into the archives of Fismes, there must be a chapter for the story of the battalion commander who was seeking a headquarters to which he might report his men for duty and, in the depths of that black and perilous town, traced it by an unintended cough.

It was a night when the guns on both sides were thundering without let-up. The rain fell ceaselessly. The battalion stole forward through the unrelieved darkness to the assistance of the regiment that had captured the city.

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BIG CAMPAIGNS UNITE

AMERICA, Aug. 29.—A million drive to raise \$131,500,000 will be undertaken in November jointly by the Y.M.C.A., the Y.W.C.A., the War Camp Community Service and the American Library Association. The National Catholic War Council, the Jewish Welfare Board and the Salvation Army will make a joint drive in January. Thus there will be two big national subscription campaigns instead of seven.

EIGHT DIVISIONS CITED BY C.-IN-C. IN GENERAL ORDER

First, 2nd, 3rd, 4th, 26th, 28th, 32nd and 42nd Win Distinction

"FIT FOR TESTS OF WAR"

First and Third Corps "Came to Battlefield at Crucial Hour of Allied Cause"

The following general order has been issued citing the eight divisions, comprising the First and Third Corps, A.E.F., which were in action during the Second Battle of the Marne:

"It fills me with pride to record in General Orders a tribute to the service and achievement of the First and Third Corps, comprising the First, Second, Third, Fourth, Twenty-sixth, Twenty-eighth, Thirty-second and Forty-second Divisions of the American Expeditionary Forces.

"You came to the battlefield at the crucial hour of the allied cause. For almost four years the most formidable army of the world has as yet seen had pressed its invasion of France, and stood threatening its capital.

"At no time had that army been more powerful or menacing than when, on July 18, 1918, it again took to the offensive in a battle the issue of which depended on and to enforce its brutal will upon the world and civilization.

"Three days later, in conjunction with our Allies, you counter-attacked. The Allied Armies gained a brilliant victory that marks the turning point of the war. You did more than give our brave Allies the support to which as a nation our faith was pledged. You proved that our altruism, our pacifist spirit, our sense of justice had not blurred our virility or our courage.

"You have shown that America's initiative and energy are necessary always, and claim for our history and our literature, their bravery, achievements and sacrifices.

"This order will be read to all organizations at the first assembly formation after its receipt.

"General, Commander-in-Chief, "August 27, 1918."

NUTRITION EXPERTS SHOWING COOKS HOW

Mass Sergeants Also Learn New Things About Diet Methods

Beaighted cooks and mess sergeants—the other kind, too—are being converted into chefs and army dietitians.

The chief of the bureau of nutrition of the Chief Surgeon's office are traveling about company kitchens and even to the set-up quick cookeries back of the trenches. They are correcting faults in diet, methods of cooking and care of food. Most of the nutrition instruction was given by food chemists before they put on uniforms.

While the work is expected to take in the service of the whole Army, special cases are being made of those units in which complaints are made of quality and service of food.

"One thing the experts are emphasizing is the care of meat after it is issued to company messes. This meat comes frozen from the refrigeration ships. The food inspectors show the mess men how to wash off the meat with a solution of salt water and hang it in the air behind screens so that it may be kept almost as well as fresh meat.

The nutrition bureau has been testing the possibilities of having meat shipped to France in solid carcasses instead of in quarters, with a view to saving cargo space.

NEW CAP FOR TRAIN CREWS

There's to be another new piece of hardware in the A.E.F.

No, it's not another overseas cap. It's a new cap for locomotive engineers and train crews.

COSTUMES GALORE, WIGS AND POWDER, FOR O.D. THESPIANS

Y. M. C. A. Barnstorming Program Begins Successful Operation

AMBITIOUS EFFORTS NEXT

Joan of Arc Pageant Now in Rehearsal—Props Already North of Oureq

In an out-of-the-way room in Paris, some French sewing women are busy cutting, basting and hemming several thousand Santa Claus and minstrel costumes for the A.E.F.

This is a result of the Y.M.C.A.'s growing conviction that even if all the bright stars on Broadway were to come over to tread the boards in the huts of France, still the livelier and more hilariously enjoyed shows would be the shows put on by the men themselves.

Maude Adams and Douglas Fairbanks and Mrs. Castle may be all very well, but they cannot hand you the laughs that you get from a burlesque love scene between the mess sergeant and the colonel's orderly, with soft music from the chief muleskinner at the piano.

Clamor for Grease Paint

At every point where Yanks are gathered, there is a clamor for grease paint as well as war paint. Since the Quartermaster's store can be ransacked in vain for such items as a ballet skirt or a tendor's hat, it is up to the Y.M.C.A. During the six weeks ending August 1, the one bureau furnished out more than 1,000 costumes, more than 100 wigs, more than 700 pairs of shoes, more than 1,200 songs, to say nothing of rouge and powder by the gallon.

Thus equipped, a bunch of O.D. barnstormers from one of the big ports has recently wound up a tour at Saumur, and with more of the same equipment, a bunch of the activity of this sort will soon be witnessed at Tours.

And the Costumes—

These costumes come from every corner of the world. Some are made in Paris, some could tell tales of famous actors and famous productions back in the States. Do you remember the big minstrel show at the Hippodrome the winter before America decided to take up war as her chief occupation? Well, some of the huge collars and the shiny black and white jackets that adorned that entertainment are now being worn in the great, roofless Hippodromes of the A.E.F.

Of course, minstrel shows are the favorite form of amateur dramatics in these parts and the coach or mediator to do no more than to get the show to take down a book of rotten jokes, but these are only useful as baits for better. The end-man, who begins by swearing he hasn't any stuff he can use, will glance over the proffered supply.

For example: "See that the canning factory manager has been arrested for cruelty to animals."

Smith—What did he do? Jones—He bottled cats-up. "Gee, that's rotten," says the end-man fairly enough. "Now, I remember a good animal and Frank Tinney used to pull. It was something like this—"

And the show is under way.

Some Ambitious Productions

Often the productions attempted are far more ambitious. Recently, in the Z. of A. there was a most successful production of that weird tragedy, "A Night at an Inn," by Lord Dunsany. There have been several productions of impressive scope and more are in preparation.

There is a Joan of Arc pageant now in rehearsal, with Mrs. John Craig as the Matchless Maid, and with other characters drawn from the A.E.F. It will be given in many places, and those at work on it have set their hearts on playing it, before the war is over, in the village where Joan was born. Meanwhile, plans are being laid for a Christmas pageant in every camp from the front line to the rear.

In some cases, the soldiers who have talent for the stage use that talent here and no other. One division has its troupe of show folks who work from reveille to taps on shows for the rest of the bunch. Some of the ablest American actors, some of America's foremost musicians, composers and singers are in the Army now.

We could, with a wave of the hand, give a show with Robert Warwick and Schuyler Ladd in the cast, with Albert Spalding playing a violin solo between the acts and with Irving Berlin at the piano.

VILLAGES LINKED IN RECORD TIME BY RAILWAY UNIT

Continued from Page 1 and canned potatoes instead of the usual canned Charlie horse and canned tomatoes.

But the men in the company aren't satisfied. They believe that they can lay five miles of track a day.

"Nous le faisons toujours," declare the bucks.

The company clerk—we suppose it was the company clerk—who sent in this story, says, "I can write about the affair with propriety because while the bunch was plugging away on the line, I was merrily pounding on the company typewriter." And to show that it isn't all bunk—or any of it—he incloses the following self-explanatory official document:

Department of Light Railways and Roads. A.P.O. 703.

21 August 1918. Memorandum to C.O.—Engrs. A.P.O. 703. I herewith copies of letter from the Director of Light Railways and Roads and memorandum from the Chief Engineer, A.E.F., and the Manager of Light Railways and Roads, commending the work done under your direction by a detachment of your command.

The commanding officer of this project desires that you convey our appreciation of their good work to all those who participated, and also read to them the letter and memorandum above referred to.

(Signed) SAM A. ROBERTSON, Maj., Engrs., N.A.

480 ORPHANS NOW UNDER EAGLE'S WING

Eighteen More Fatherless Boys and Girls Provided for in Week

NAPOLEON COINS AID FUND

Five Children Are Adopted Across Ocean—Engineers Want One Who Can Say "Hello"

Table with 2 columns: Name and Amount. Includes Louisa and Helen Connors, Y.M.C.A. Base Hospital, etc.

Taken this week... Total... 480

The total of the A.E.F.'s war orphan fund moved up 18 notches nearer the half thousand mark this week. There were five separate contributions from the States—

W. I. Kelsey, Y.M.C.A. secretary at Base Hospital No. 5, who previously had transmitted money for eight orphans, sent in France enough to insure three other fatherless children care for a year.

A good many Napoleon coins have been finding their way into the contribution box since these pieces of money lost their purchasing power, writes Secretary Kelsey—which will serve as an object lesson as to the proper thing to do with Napoleon coins.

To Make Two Babies Happy

Ambulance Co. No. 1 held a meeting last Sunday night and collected 1,000 francs, which they forwarded with this message: "We feel sure that this money will make two babies of France happy, and in a few weeks we shall be able, beyond any doubt, to buy another pair."

Balloon Observers Again

We will take up this matter, but we can't guarantee an "h" on the front of the word.

The balloon observers, whose battling average is well above 300, stepped to the front this week with 500 francs more to care for a fatherless child for a year and a promise of more to come.

"We have subscribed 701 francs," said the Balloon Company. "The oversubscription of 201 francs will be held until the company contributes enough for another war orphan. The balloon companies have been contributing liberally, and we intend doing our best to keep up the good work."

WAR PRICES FOR SHAVES

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Even the unassuming barber, who hitherto has been the one national industry that has not advertised that it is helping the war, has seen a new financial empire and New York hair experts have raised the price of shaves to 20 cents.

Haircuts cost 40 cents; shampoo, ornamental beard and shins, 40 cents each; oil shampoo, 50 cents. Hotel shops are placed in a special war zone, with extra charges of their own.

HOTEL PLAZA ATHENE

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HOTEL D'ALBE

AVENUE CHAMPS-ELYSEES AND AVENUE GEORGES V, PARIS

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Illustrated booklet mailed free on request.

CHESEBROUGH MFG. COMPANY (Consolidated) 17 State Street New York

COUGH AIDS THEM IN NIGHT PROWL THROUGH FISMES

Continued from Page 1 caught in the shower of a caving house. Now and then they would strike a dead man and make a detour.

Wire Vanishes in Stubble

Down this street, around the corner, down the next, around another corner and so on, through the black wetness. Then they lost the wire. Somewhere in a heap of new-fallen rubble, their guide had vanished—broken, perhaps; gone, anyway. They crept painfully over every inch of the street thereby. There was no wire.

They squatted down on their haunches. It looked as though they would have to wait till dawn to find the lost P.C. It was midnight. That would mean a loss of six hours and the disposition of the reinforcing battalion by daylight, but there was nothing else to do, unless by some chance—

He Was Looking, Too

There he was, looking at a cough. It might be from friend or foe. The captain, as he groped his way into the house, kept calling out: "Who's there? Who's there?" There was no answer. He groped on and then, suddenly, he walked into one.

The captain grabbed the unknown quantity by the throat. There was a moment of silence that hurt, then a few whispers and the stranger proved to be a Yankee runner. He was looking, he explained, for the colonel's P.C. He thought it was in this house.

In the darkness they reconnoitered. The runner stepped leading to a wine cellar. Below, a thick curtain did not quite hide a lighted candle. Someone was below there. They called out. No answer. They called again. No answer.

"I have a hand grenade here," said the captain loudly, "and if you don't speak, I'll take you for Germans and throw it."

He could hear someone whispering: "I guess they're Yanks all right." Then below in the darkness, the curtain lifted. It was the colonel's P.C.

CANOE UPSET, 17 DROWN

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Seventeen girls and women were drowned off Rockaway Point, L.I., when an enormous string of canoes being towed by a motor launch got into a heavy sea. The canoes were swamped and capsized one after another. The launch, which picked up many who were struggling in the water, then capsized in its turn.

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VARDAMAN LOSES IN MISSISSIPPI CONTEST

Congressman Harrison Is Victor in Senatorial Primary

SUFFRAGE CAMPAIGN LIVE

Republicans in Upper House Urge Early Consideration of Federal Amendment

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Congressman B. P. Harrison of Gulfport, Mississippi, has beaten Senator Vardaman in the Senatorial primary elections for the United States Senate.

Other political pots continue to simmer in a desultory and discouraged sort of way. The candidates cook heatedly, but the results are only a pallid sort of stew which the public languidly declines to take a keen interest.

The New York State fight has petered down for the time being to a daily shelling by Attorney-General Lewis, with the projectiles mostly aimed at Hearst, in the Christian hope that they will ricochet and find Governor Whitman's head, without a trench being hit.

Suffragists Battle Ahead

The only live campaign is the women's campaign for the suffrage amendment, which goes on regardless of the fact that the anti-suffragists have repeatedly and firmly announced that it pains them and that it is a shame to talk about it during a perfectly good war.

The Republican United States Senators, in caucus, have adopted a resolution urging early consideration of the amendment, and have pledged the Republican side to take it up immediately after the draft bill.

Congressman Jeanette Rankin is making a mighty lively fight for the United States Senatorship from Montana, causing considerable casualties among old-line statesmen, who are beginning to wonder with some apprehension if the sacred Senate is not actually in danger of a petticoat invasion.

There are 15 women on the New York City Socialist ticket, two for Supreme Court Justiceships, four for Congress, six for the State senate and one for alderman or alderwoman.

WHEN YOU COME

to London, come and see us. We wish to show you what an up-to-date London Restaurant really is—in vinds, service music and all that makes for refinement and comfort. You are sure to be in our neighborhood! We are within a stone's throw of Piccadilly Circus, which someone has said is the Hub of the Universe.

We are the Elysée Restaurant Coventry Street, London, W.

'PUBLIC BE DAMNED' NO LONGER WORKS

Railroad Delays Are Not to Be Laid at Uncle Sam's Door

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Director General of Railroads McAdoo has issued a fatherly but firm notice to railroad employees that Government control has not made rudeness desirable.

He points out that the public-begged policy, lost its passionate popularity some decades ago, and suggests particularly that employees cease camouflaging delays and other irregularities under the excuse that "Uncle Sam is running the railroads now."

There is much joy over the manifesto by passengers who have been Uncle Sammed to death as an excuse for everything from wrong reservations to smashed baggage.

Single control of railroads has brought a big and welcome innovation in the form of mileage books good for any railroad in the country and usable by any holder—500 miles, \$15; 1,000 miles, \$30. It will save huge trouble in buying tickets and cut the expense of ticket agencies enormously.

HOTEL LOTTI

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For ACTIVE SERVICE WEAR there is nothing better at the price than

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Should you be unable to obtain, write to the Manufacturers for name and address of nearest or most suitable retailer—Wm. HOLLIS & Co., Ltd. (Trade only) 467, Newgate Street, London, E.C.4.

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IN every army post, port, camp and cantonment, at home and abroad, Kahn-Tailored Officers' Uniforms are serving with the colors, and serving with honor.

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Berkman Scout Camouflaged

This is the first American-built camouflaged airplane. It is equipped with 100 h.p. revolving engine and can climb higher than the Woolworth Building and also return to earth in a single minute. It is Valsparred.

Airplanes Camouflaged with Valspar's Aid

The new system of camouflaging used on this Berkman Scout was invented by W. A. Mackay, an American, and Valspar (also American) is an important factor in its success.

To insure absolute permanence under varying conditions of service the non-fading monochromatic colors which produce the camouflage are ground in Valspar.

The marvelous durability of Valspar, under all the super-strenuous trials of active war-service, has given it the supreme position as the varnish for both airplanes and seaplanes in the Allied service.

Valspar is used by the American and Allied governments because it is not only water-proof but resists the action of gasoline, oils, and greases, and is immune from weather conditions.

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WORDS OF CHEER
BROUGHT TO A.E.F.
FROM BACK HOME

Governors and Senators
Send Messages of
Congratulation

STATE IS YOURS, SAYS ONE

Mississippi Statesman Praises the
"Johnny-Yanks of Our Indis-
soluble Union"

A sheaf of letters and telegrams has just arrived in France which were written in America by our governors and senators as messages of congratulation and good cheer to the soldiers from their home States. They will be delivered as occasion offers by Julius Rosenwald of the Council of National Defense, who has come to France on a special mission for the Secretary of War.

These messages, from Maine to California, are of every length and phrase, but they all voice the same glowing pride, the same hearty support, the same hearty and of the greatest welcome ever known when Johnny comes marching home.

"Say to them that when they return, the State will belong to them."

That is what Gov. Holcomb of Connecticut says in so many words, and that is what the others say in effect. Here is the message from Senator Borah of Idaho:

On Enemy's Chosen Field

"That men could be taken from the peaceful avocations of a peace-loving nation and in so short a time and with such hurried training, with such endurance, valor and success meet the most thoroughly trained and disciplined soldiers in the annals of war is one of the marvels of warfare. And as that splendid courage has been displayed on the enemy's own chosen battlefield and the news has come back laden with the report of their unmitigated and individual daring, you could feel the bonds of national unity tightening and the spirit of national pride and purpose growing stronger day by day. Please say to them that language is inadequate to express to them our gratitude and our pride."

"Tell the men of Illinois," writes Gov. Lowden, "that we rejoice with solemn pride in their achievement and know that the honor of Illinois is safe in their hands. We shall have a welcome for those who return to us as only a free nation can give to its brave defenders."

New Hampshire's Message

"Tell them, please," says New Hampshire, through Governor Keyes, "that their old home State fully appreciates the magnificent way in which they are upholding her honor—that we at home are not only willing but anxious to do everything we can to aid in accomplishing that grand result in which the final factor will be the American Army, as fine a fighting force as the world ever saw."

This is from Senator Gore of Okla-

homa: "The deeds of those who fall in battle, as the deeds of those who survive, will be commemorated by your countrymen so long as valor is sustained a virtue and so long as heroism is honored among the sons of men."

"I, as my Mississippians," writes Senator John Sharp Williams, "that here at home we are holding our hearts up higher for those who are fighting afar, and that such wisdom as lies in our poor gray heads is behind the strong hands and brave hearts of all our boys, whether Johnny's or Yank's—our noblest and most loved and bravest and truest, as they are—the new Johnny-Yanks of our indissoluble union of indestructible States."

Knew Boys Would Make Good

"We knew our boys would make good, and they have fully come up to expectations," says Gov. Burnett of Minnesota. "Tell them that the folks at home will go the limit to back them up."

"The splendid traditions of our State have been nobly upheld by you and a lusty added,"—Gov. McCall of Massachusetts.

HORSES WILL WEAR
OWN IDENTITY DISCS

"Some day they will return to us as the conquering heroes of the great war of the twentieth century."—Gov. Goodrich of Indiana.

"Pennsylvania is constantly thinking of her boys,"—Governor Brumbaugh.

"The boys from South Dakota, let me say that the folks back home are eagerly and fondly watching you at a great distance. Their admiration is supreme."—Senator Johnson.

"Say to them that every man, woman and child in America is proud beyond all words of the magnificent record they are making."—Senator Sheppard of Texas.

"Our Everlasting Gratitude"

"Our everlasting gratitude goes out to you, and because of your deeds, we every one are increasingly proud that we are the Americans."—Senator Lenoir of Wisconsin.

"Tell them that Arkansas has unbounded faith in their ability to lick the Hun and that we know, before they return to us, that the principles and teachings of the Fordham dynasty will have been blotted from the face of the earth."—Governor Brough.

"Say to our boys that Alabama stands behind their heroic service to the last man and our last dollar."—Senator Underwood.

BAD MAN, GOOD COOK

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 29.—The terrible scarcity of cooks has impelled a barge captain to plead for the freedom of a cook who went for him with an axe. The captain freely, even eloquently, admits that the cook is a dangerous character, but declares that this is no time to jettison cooks for mere trifles.

He paid the cook's fine and promised that he would take it out of his wages. Lovers of humanity are waiting to see what else he will take out.

CARDINAL FARLEY RALLIES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Cardinal Farley, who is seriously ill at his country home at Orienta Point, near Mamaroneck, N.Y., has rallied somewhat. Physicians say he is improving, but his condition continues critical, owing to his weakness and advanced age.

AT LIEUT. ROOSEVELT'S GRAVE



MILLIONS TRIFLES
IN BILL TO YIELD
EIGHT BILLIONS

Corporation Tax Alone to
Give \$2,400,000,000
Towards War

FROM SMOKES, \$350,000,000

Uncle Sam Passes \$200,000,000
Around Country in Power
Plant Scheme

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

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 29.—The next big measure to go through Congress after the Army bill will be the revenue bill. The preliminary discussions have been pretty well ended, and the provisions adopted will produce the pin money of eight billions that we want to spend on goodies for you, such as nice little canoes and other toys.

The Treasury sharply estimates the revenue bill will raise one hundred million more than the eight billion sought, but nobody pays any attention to trifles like that.

The individual and corporation tax is expected to yield \$2,400,000,000; the estate inheritance tax, \$110,000,000; beverages, hard, soft and medium, \$1,100,000,000; smokes, \$350,000,000; automobile manufacturers, \$125,000,000; and automobile and motorcycle users, \$75,000,000. Taxes on luxuries will make up the larger part of the remainder.

\$200,000,000 for Power

Your Uncle's intention of being a good provider for you is indicated in the Army engineer bill just introduced to pass a little handout of \$200,000,000 around the country for the construction and improvement of power plants at industrial centers.

The Philadelphia district is to receive \$15,000,000; the New Jersey district, \$5,500,000; the Pittsburgh district, including Eastern Ohio, \$35,000,000; the tinne district, \$2,900,000; New England district, \$14,000,000; Southern States, particularly North Carolina, Florida and Alabama, \$15,000,000; and the Pacific Slope, \$10,000,000. Scattered territory is to receive \$21,000,000 additional.

A \$5,000,000 power plant is to be constructed immediately in the Allegheny valley by the Government in conjunction with private power interests. This little bit is so petty nowadays that it never carried only small headlines and was shoved away in unimportant corners.

James Douglas, a mining engineer, left a \$20,000,000 estate the other day and the news got less than a stickful.

HORSES WILL WEAR
OWN IDENTITY DISCS

That Is, Those for Hospital
Will—Missouri Meadow
Canary, Too

"Tag day" for the horses, mules, tortoises, hares, and other beasts of burden and expedition in the A.E.F. is about to become a reality. Bulletin 58, G.H.Q., lays down the principles on which it will be worked.

The tagging will apply to animals evacuated from the Zone of the Advance to the Advance Section veterinary hospitals and the intermediate hospitals. The veterinary officer with any mobile organization is charged with the supervision of the job.

He is to see that each animal has tied securely to the hair of his (or her) tail a tag on which appears his (or her) veterinary officer's name, the number of the horse (or Missouri nightingale), the unit, and the reason for evacuation.

On such animals as have no hair on the tail, the tags will be attached to the mane, and in case the animals are totally bald, the tags will be tied around their uncomplaining necks.

The tags will be of a neat and tasty tin—neat, but not edible—and will be furnished to the veterinary officers with suitable stamping outfits, as soon as obtained. Until the issue comes along, they will have to use ordinary linen paper tags, with the notations thereon made by pen or indelible pencil.

CARDINAL FARLEY RALLIES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 29.—Cardinal Farley, who is seriously ill at his country home at Orienta Point, near Mamaroneck, N.Y., has rallied somewhat. Physicians say he is improving, but his condition continues critical, owing to his weakness and advanced age.

DUD AT WEST POINT
IS HERO AT FISMES

Lieutenant, Short on Math,
Delivers at Vesle
Bridgehead

A man who was disconsolately flunked out of West Point and graduated *summa cum laude* on the River Vesle.

Born of Army folk and raised as a youngster in a long succession of Army posts, he had seemed destined from the cradle for high command, but at the still school on the Hudson he developed such vagaries in mathematics that he was sent on his way.

Then for a time it seemed as though the Army would see him no more. Just about then, however, America mobilized on the Mexican border, and the ex-West Pointer appeared on the Rio Grande as a private. By the time his outfit reached Fismes, he was a lieutenant.

Beyond Fismes lay Fismettes, the part of Fismes that lies across the river. It used to be reached by an arched bridge of stone and concrete, but the retreating Germans blew that bridge, and it is on the rubble of the bridge that these fragments make that you cross the river now. The hurling of Fismettes into an American bridgehead on the northern bank of the Vesle was an exploit carried out through a violent storm from the massed guns of the enemy, so that the river there looked for a time like the most lurid lithographs of war that imagination ever conceived.

In Charge of the Runners
When the hour came to create that bridgehead, our ex-West Pointer's battalion lay in support in Fismes and below. So he volunteered his services to the battalion that was to lead the way across the river, and the major put him in charge of the runners.

He had five runners in Fismettes and five in Fismes to relay the tidings to the rear. Their path was perilous beyond description, and there came a time when an important message was turned over to him and there was no runner left to carry it. Of the five in Fismettes, two had been killed and three badly hurt. The lieutenant carried the message himself, that one and several more, making trip after trip through the rain of shells and the easy fire from the machine guns, carrying word across to Fismes, never making the return trip empty-handed. Usually he came back with sorely needed letters.

He came out of the fight unscathed. But not unscathed. All along the line from Fismes southwards, you could hear the song:

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THE LONDON COLISEUM CHARING CROSS, Facing Trafalgar Square Europe's Principal Variety Theatre CHANGE OF PROGRAMME WEEKLY From September 2nd. The Original Russian Ballet and Star Varieties TWICE DAILY 2.30 & 7.45 TEA ROOMS AND CAFES

NEW MIDDLESEX THEATRE IN THE FAMOUS DRURY LANE THE HOME OF REVUE A New Revue Every Week Through the Year And Varieties TWICE NIGHTLY 6.15 & 8.20 High-Class Refreshments.

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"YES, UNCLE!" THE MOST SUCCESSFUL OF ALL LONDON'S MUSICAL COMEDIES —ENGLAND'S PRETTIEST GIRLS— —ENGLAND'S FUNNIEST COMEDIANS— Every American has heard of the London Gaiety Theatre. The company appearing in "Yes, Uncle!" is the one that crowded the Gaiety for three years. It was recently transferred, lock, stock and barrel. NOTE "YES, UNCLE!" is a GROSSMITH and LAURILLARD Production. A GROSSMITH and LAURILLARD PRODUCTION IS ALWAYS WORTH WHILE; AND THIS IS WORTH REMEMBERING.

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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.

FRIDAY, AUGUST 30, 1918. The net paid circulation of THE STARS AND STRIPES for the issue of August 23, 1918, was 192,029, an increase of 8,490 over the previous week.

LABOR DAY

Next Monday is Labor Day. If we were back home, those of us who didn't go fishing or take to the woods for the week-end would probably find a place in the parade, formed down by the American House, opposite the station, to march up Main Street in honor of Labor—in honor of Labor, whose part in the scheme of life some Americans never really saw till the cleansing whirlwind of war stripped our national existence of all its pleasant, peace-time camouflage.

THE UNTOLD TALES

More often than not, when the runners bring back word from the battlefield that a town has been taken and the communiques flash the tidings to a waiting world, it does not mean that a specially stubborn citadel has fallen.

LEADERSHIP

In the greatest of all dog stories, "Bob, Son of Battle," there is set forth the chronicle of a mighty shepherd dog, the Tailless Tyke, who, with teeth bared and hackles bristling, could sweep the sheep across country, over the stream and into the pen by driving them in terror before him.

COALS OF FIRE

Once in a while the temptation to grumble seems overpowering. Back home or back of the lines where monotony often enters, some piece of drudgery or some sacrifice may bring out a complaint.

FOUND—BUT WAIT

To those outfits of the A. E. F. which had indicated their desire to adopt French war orphans provided those orphans had red hair and freckles, we replied some time ago that there wasn't no such young human animal in France.

BULL ABOUT PULL

"When a fellow brags that he has a pull, he's either a liar or his employer is a fool," wrote old Gorgon Graham. Though it was written about business, it holds just as true with regard to the Army.

TRANSPORT DAYS

Old transport days, no I'll never regret 'em. Days when this life seemed too good to be true. Blue afternoons, will I ever forget 'em?

MY BEST GIRL

I stood on the transport deck As the ship went down the bay And saw your dear form slowly In the distance fade away.

MY JOB

It brings a smile, this job of mine; I meet adventure every minute. Finding a fresh, little white. Some new fun in it.

LEAVE IN ENGLAND

England is outside of the designated leave area, but Paragraph 9 of G. O. 6, governing the leave system, says that leaves for soldiers to visit immediate relatives may be granted for other areas than those allotted to their units.

WHERE'S THIS VIOLIN?

Some time ago, knowing that I couldn't carry it much longer, I gave my violin to an ambulance driver in the Chateau-Thierry district. I told him to take it to a hospital for whoever could use it.

WHEN BUDDY MEETS COBBER

The Yankee troops who played a small but eminently satisfactory part in the early stages of the third battle of the Somme have, as it happens, spent the greater part of their soldiering in France in close comradeship with the soldiers who volunteered for this war from under the Southern Cross.

The Army's Poets

TO THE MARNE Marne! Thou thrice historic stream. That slow meanders through Champagne. Thou couldst tell what thou hast seen Of peace and peril, joy and pain.

OUR DEAD They lie entombed in serried ranks. A cross atop each lonely grave. They rest beneath the peaceful banks They fought so valiantly to save.

MY COMRADES Albert and Ben were both fighting men. Strong soldiers of the National Guard; At the President's order, they went to the Border.

LET'S GO Let's go, boys, let's go; Let's go to strike for freedom's right. Let's go to down the creed of might;

MY BEST GIRL I stood on the transport deck As the ship went down the bay And saw your dear form slowly In the distance fade away.

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THE LITTLE TRANQUIL PLACES Les petites places tranquilles, the little shaded quiet parks, noiseless save for the soft play of fountains and the shrill laughter of happy children, studies in black and white and olive drab by day, studies in varicolored uniforms of all sorts by night or on the festive Sunday—what would the towns and cities of inland France be without them?

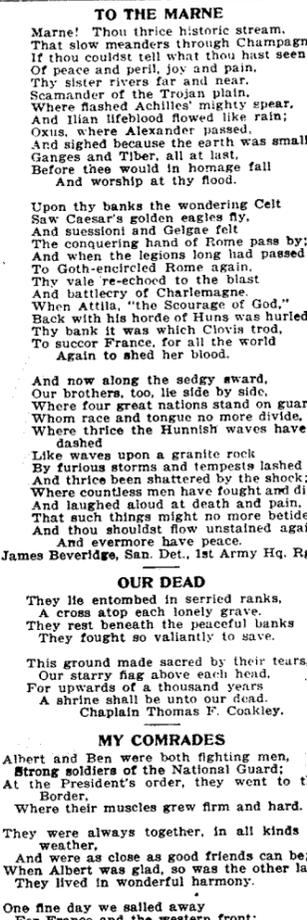
THE LITTLE TRANQUIL PLACES (continued) In them is quiet and repose and coolness for the wounded, the toll-worn and the homesick. It is a dull, dreary prison of a town, unfit for mortal habitation. But there is no such parkless town; at least, none has yet been discovered.

THE LITTLE TRANQUIL PLACES (continued) There, on the benches under the trees, they loil in luxuriant ease, letting their eyes rest on the pleasing uniform flower beds and well-shorn hedges, and unconsciously playing the hero to the wide-eyed little children who sidle up beside him first in timorous awe and then, reassured by the friendly grin, in open and hand-holding admiration and friendship.

THE LITTLE TRANQUIL PLACES (continued) There, in the quiet and well-ordered little place, they gaze with half shut eyes at the cooling green and the splashing water before them; draw large inhalations of smoke, let them surely and with full enjoyment of every breath of it, and forget, insofar as it is humanly possible to forget, the times and scenes.

THE LITTLE TRANQUIL PLACES (continued) When men leap on to victory With lunge and curse and crash. There they sit, allowing themselves to vegetate in sheer animal delight at being quiet and alone, save for the trusting and adoring children. With amused eyes they watch the youngsters tread primly through the aged and the ultimate time marked upon the Yanks' precious passes. And then, with a last pat for the youngsters and a last look around the little spot of restfulness, the real children of France and the grown-up children of America say good-night, and go away.

MADE IN AMERICA



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AMERICA IN FRANCE

VII—Chalons

When, on July 15, the armies of the German Crown Prince made their futile lunge in Champagne—a blow in the void, as a great French military critic has called it—they sought to sweep down through Chalons and across the Marne through a broad stretch of country that, just 1567 years ago, was the camp of another great Hun who essayed to perform the same feat and met with more success.

The Hun of today did not get that far—not in 1918, though he did in 1914—but in its march to the front, at least one American unit, advancing to stop the Crown Prince in the very ground where the legions of Attila were bivouacked in the year 451 on the eve of a defeat which has come down in history as the Battle of Chalons.

Like many another battle which we have been fondly taught to believe occurred in the immediate vicinity of some town with whose name it has been labeled—like the Battle of Tours, for instance—the battle of Chalons was not fought near enough to Chalons for that town to suffer much as a result of the barrage of bombardments that Attila might have employed.

Between Chalons and Troyes

It was fought between Chalons and Troyes, nearly 80 kilometers to the south as the Roman road runs to this day—and to say that it is exactly like saying as the crow flies. And it was fought rather nearer Troyes than Chalons. The fact that Chalons gave its name to the field, however, is not so confusing as it might appear. The fight actually occurred on the Catalaunian plains, and it was from the Catalauni that Chalons got its name.

Attila suffered his defeat at the hands of Attilius, "the last of the Romans," who commanded a mixed force of Romans, Burgundians, Visigoths and Franks. The blow was so severe that Attila seems at first to have despaired of getting further, for he had a pile of equipment heaped up which he intended to make his own funeral pyre in the event of his rout. Possibly this was only pique propaganda, for the holocaust did not come off, and as the victory spread discord among the victors more completely than their defeat could have done. "The scourge of God" suffered only a delay, albeit a serious one.

Site of Two Great Camps

It is not, therefore, with the battle itself that America in France is much concerned. The great camp to the north of Chalons, however, has won its place in our history. It still bears vestiges of Attila's occupation, which the Yankee host march has noticed if it was not in too great a hurry.

West of this lies the present great camp of Chalons, used by the French Government since 1857 as a field for military instruction and field maneuvers. Up to the end of the Empire, in 1871, French troops of all armies assembled there to the strength of an army corps and went through their evolutions. Every summer the Emperor himself came to look on.

Naturally the camp played an important part in the war of 1870. The army corps which broke out of the camp, commanded by Marshal Canrobert. It became the Sixth Corps of the Army of the Rhine, which it joined at Metz after the affairs of Woehr and Forbach. In August of that year, just 48 years ago, the mobile troops of the 38e were sent to the battle of the Marne. After the battle of the Marne, the First Corps came back to the camp of Chalons to reform, and there became the nucleus of the Army of Chalons. A few days later it left for Sedan and disaster.

In the years preceding the present war, only cavalry divisions and regiments, and batteries of artillery have practised mass maneuvers at the camp of Chalons. The permanent camp sheltered various infantry and cavalry units and two Ecoles de Tir, or firing schools.

The City of Chalons

The city of Chalons-sur-Marne itself deserves some notice as the center of this region, though its connection with America in France is not so direct as is that of other cities whose story has been narrated in this series.

Before 1771 it was a case of Marne-on-Chalons, as the river used to flood the city regularly. In that year the course of the stream was rectified.

Chalons presents, to the American, the anomalous aspect of a town which, eight centuries ago, had nearly twice the population it has today. It was a bishopric in the fourth century, was the third city of Belgium Gaul. The Germans captured it before the First Battle of the Marne in 1914, and left it in considerable haste shortly after, for it was the French-Champagne, come to the south-west, that General Foch delivered the stroke that ruptured the German line and flung it back on the Aisne.

It was Chalons, too, which was the great objective of the great Peace Offensive of July 15, 1918, for the German left, and the capture of which they believed to be such a vital matter that they had confidently drawn up a list of city officials to preside over its destinies during their occupation. At last reports, not even the dog-catcher had arrived at Chalons to assume his duties.

BENEDICTS SCORE AGAIN

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES] AMERICA, Aug. 29.—The 1916 income tax returns, just in, show that the income wealth of the unmarried, single men have double that of single women, except in New England, where the single men's incomes are only 15 per cent more than those of the spinsters.

The legal profession enjoys the largest incomes among the professions. New York, Pennsylvania and Illinois reported, in that order, the greatest total incomes. Net personal incomes reported showed a 48 per cent increase over the pre-war year of 1913. Corporate incomes showed an increase of more than 100 per cent.

A REGULAR SURPRISE

"I've got an idea," said the Guard House Strategist. "You know, the way they fight now, the Engineers go in and dig trenches, the Infantry comes up and occupies them, and then the Artillery backs up the Infantry. Now if you turned them around, with the Artillery first, the Infantry next and the Engineers last, just think what a surprise it would give the Germans!"

"What would the Engineers do?" asked Number Seven Post of the Third Relief.

And before the Guard House Strategist could answer, Number Three Post of the Second Relief butted in and spoiled it.

AS THE POET REMARKED—



NIGHT HAS A THOUSAND EYES.



THE DAY—BUT ONE.

HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

He had been pretty badly bungled up, up on the line, and had had a tough time pulling through. He wouldn't have pulled through at all if it hadn't been for the devoted efforts of a certain nurse in the base hospital. Finally he was out, and it was a happy and smiling boy who "sat attention" in bed as his captain came in to see him and congratulate him.

As they were talking, in came the nurse, with his hourly ration of medicine. He looked up and grimaced. "Miss Blank," he said, "this is my captain. Captain, this is Miss Blank. She's an awful mean girl—she cheated my poor family out of \$10,000 life insurance."

The heartfelt and oft expressed desire of many of the enlisted men in the Air Service that they be allowed to qualify as pilots has met with a response. A precedent was established recently when a group of enlisted men, mostly non-coms who filed applications to become flyers several months ago, were ordered to report for training. They will go through the same course as the cadets who have been trained in the A.E.F. and, after qualifying as pilots, will get commissions.

Mark another score for the humble Ford. At the aviation centers now they save time and trouble with a diminutive automobile which, hooked to the rear end of the fuselage, tows airplanes from hangars to the field or wherever they are going.

This unit has hard rubber tires and a single spring seat like those used on farmers' hay rakes. It is short and narrow, but unmistakably a Ford. At the same time we can record the threshing machine engine as among those present in the A.E.F. "Thrashing machine engines, belted to the main shafts, are proving ideal power plants for small machine shops. They provide the maximum of mobility, being able to move under their own power at a moment's notice.

A gang of ten soldiers, not American, stood watching one of the musical Chinaman one bright Sunday, as he made his rounds like the gent who sings "A Wandering Minstrel" in "The Mikado," and the thoughtful show of ivory teeth they put on was a sight indeed. "Lowd Gawd!" one of them exclaimed.

HUN OFFICERS' HOME NOW DOUGHBOY CLUB

Yanks Move Into Chateau-Thierry Biltmore, Full of German Loot

Doughboys, Artillerymen and other wearers of uniforms furnished by Uncle Sam have an exclusive club of their own now at Chateau-Thierry. Marble topped tables, a billiard room and a grand piano are among the furnishings. It may be mentioned before going any further that the doughboys didn't pay for this furniture out of their pay. The furniture is in Hotel Biltmore was left behind by the Germans.

The cafe du Nord, a three-story building, or to be more exact, the remains of a three-story building, is the new club. The Knights of Columbus, while hunting through the ruins of the town for a likely club site, discovered the place and the furnishings in it. A conference was held with the mayor of the town and he not only turned the place over to the K. of C. but also refused to accept any rental for it.

While the Germans were occupying Chateau-Thierry their officers evidently thought it was a good place to establish themselves in comfortably, so they gathered the best furniture they could find in other sections of the town, and installed it there. A shell dropped in through the roof and spoiled the interior before Fritz decamped, but the K. of C. men, with the aid of the soldiers, have renovated the building now, and the "Everybody Welcome: Everything Given Away" sign is on display outside.

RELIEVING THE TENSION

Some time ago a regiment of colored stevedores was en route overseas on a transport. A large number of them were cornfield and cotton workers, accustomed to the water. Of course, there had been much talk of submarines.

On the sixth day out, one of the cannons of the transport suddenly boomed, and call to quarters was sounded, soon followed by "Abandon ship" call. There were several more shots, and the feeling was intense. It was not known whether the submarine would fire a torpedo or not. After a series of shots, with the tension at its highest pitch, there was sudden dead quiet. All faces were peer- ing over the rail for the unknown peril.

Suddenly from the rear ranks was heard "Is dere any nigger present want want to buy a gold watch and chain?" The tension was immediately relieved.

ARMY SURVEY GOES, AFFIDAVIT ADOPTED

Officer's Sworn Word Will Be Accepted in Loss of Property

No more surveying officers. The old bogey of the survey, feared and shunned by all in the Army in time of peace, is, like many other things, suspended during "the present emergency." In all cases where Government property in the keeping of the A.E.F. has been lost, damaged or destroyed, in its stead, the following procedure is substituted, by the terms of a new G.O. 133:

"The responsible officer shall furnish the accountable officer with his affidavit or certificate of loss occurring to the satisfaction of the Chief of the Supply Department concerned . . . that the loss . . . occurred through no fault or neglect upon the part of the responsible officer.

"When the loss . . . has occurred to property belonging to troops which have not yet rendered final returns, and the value . . . is in excess of \$500, the approval of the commanding officer of the unit to which the property belongs should be shown upon the affidavit or certificate in the case of loss occurring to the accountable officer. The accountable officer shall submit the original papers in such case as vouchers to his property return."

But when field conditions prevent the gathering of evidence in this way; where there is doubt as to just who is the responsible officer; or—upon this is where you come in—upon the request of an enlisted man who is to be charged with the value of the lost property, the action of a surveying officer will be requested, as formerly.

The order does not retroact so as to cover cases of loss occurring to organizations' property before those organizations were ordered to leave the States.

AFTER THE BATTLE

The doughboy swung back from the fight. The hard fought battle won; And in his eyes a shining light Out-gleamed the noon day sun; Did he then boast about the fray And tell each "why" and "how?" The only thing I heard him say Was, "Where the hell's the chow?"

TIFFANY & Co

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



PHILLIPS & PAIN FIRE-ENGINEERS 1 Rue Taubout, PARIS 15 Rue Néricault-Destouches, TOURS

Standard-Bearers of America!

You have come to the Home of



Delicious with lemon, sirops, etc., and a perfect combination with the light wines of France.

DRINK IT TO-DAY

PARIS, 36bis Boulevard-Hausmann

MUSICIANS

Musicians having had experience on clarinet, oboe, bassoon, flute and piccolo, or saxophone, desiring transfer to one of the best artillery bands in the A.E.F., communicate with Artillery Band Leader, The Stars and Stripes, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris.

GUILLON

TELEPHONE CENTRAL 93-33 PARICUTING, SERRING, IRON, & WIRE-ELECTRIC. FACE MESSAGE. AMERICAN BARBER CHAIRS. 5, Boulevard des Capucines, 5 (OPERA)

Advertisement for 'The J.B. Wrist-Watch' featuring a watch illustration and text: 'Another "STAR" Among Stars THE "J.B." WRIST-WATCH Luminous dial and hands. Visible at night. Precise movement. 100 rubies. Guaranteed 10 years. Price \$29.00 with unbreakable glass. Price \$32.00. When ordering, please allow money to be sent by 50 percent down payment. The above watches are produced by the finest craftsmen at Besancon, the center of the French Watch-making Industry. STRONG - ELEGANT - PRECISE JEAN BENOIT FILS ET CIE Manufacture Principale d'Horlogerie BESANCON (Doubs) Established 1791 Direct sale at wholesale prices.

PICCADILLY CIRCUS

A Tale We Can't Repeat!

Quite recently an American Warrior came to the Advertising Department of the JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores with a Serious complaint—the American Edition of our Equipment Booklet differed from the facts as he found them



New York Harbour to Piccadilly

HAVE you noticed strange Khaki in this London of ours? Fine men all of them, but distinguished from our previous visitors by the brown stung cap peaks, and their leggings. They are, as you perhaps know, the advance guard of a mighty host hammering and drilling itself into efficiency that the War for Freedom may be the quicker won.

WHAT do our American comrades really think of London now they are here? Are they preconceived ideas knocked flat? Do they find gaudy and frivolous where they expected profound emotion; do they find neglect instead of the cheering crowds which should be there—but such is the English way. A fine description of our famous writer WILLIAM HARDY says: "There should be no plays in London—nothing but reviews—the whole load of English language should flow." For so we like our trouble.

THESE Americans, Allice, soon to fill our streets, are born to sentiment just as we. They possess the most famous statue in the world. A statue erected to an Emblem, the tokens of which form the foundations of the American constitution. This STATUE OF LIBERTY in New York Harbour is recognized by all even though we have never seen it.

WHAT A SIGNPOST TO A NATION! What a signpost to a people anxious to help out without respect to party, class, or nationality! Has not its welcome brought freedom to millions of the oppressed? Does it not always indicate better living for all who enter through the gate it guards?

So in a less degree does the little god Eros, hovering on the fountain in Piccadilly Circus, indicate the route to the JUNIOR ARMY & NAVY STORES.

For EROS and our SIGNPOST, his arrow is aimed direct to 15, Regent Street, London, S.W.1. Like America, THE JUNIOR ARMY AND NAVY STORES ARE OPEN TO ALL. (We were the first Service Stores to abolish the Ticket System.) By heading the Signpost you will find freedom from Shopping Wrecks, an enormous facilities which mean better living.

All of which is vital to you, but it only becomes vital when you buy. The Signpost is yours for only one penny. It points the way to the road for Wise Economy as you may see by seeing the price quoted every day in the Evening News in the top left hand corner.

Whenever you see it remember the direction of the arrow and the flight will take you to the JUNIOR ARMY & NAVY STORES

One of our 'Signpost' Ads. July, 1917

Now Piccadilly Circus is the center of the British Empire, beloved by Britishers as you regard New York Harbour, talked of, longed for, and typified by a statue "quite like home" to you. We have told the story of this statue in our American Booklet, how that it surmounted the Shaftesbury Memorial Fountain and represented EROS, the god of love, as having shot an arrow from his bow. And further, how that the flight of the arrow was straight to the Stores, thus making a wonderful Signpost.

It was quite a good "stunt" don't you think? Every American who came to London would find himself in Piccadilly Circus and there was the continual pointer to 15 Regent Street on the South side.

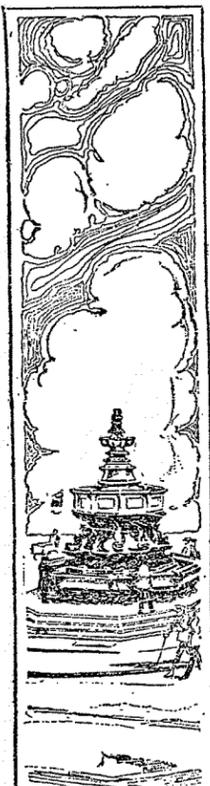
Unfortunately it doesn't quite work out, for the valuable statue has been removed "for the duration". Sculptured by Gilbert in aluminium (the only statue in the world of this metal) it is absolutely irreplaceable, so the Powers-That-Be have placed it in safety against any aerial attack that might reach the hub of London.

Now the basis of successful advertising is honesty, better a poor advertisement based on facts than a stroke of genius that will not bear investigation, and so we have been compelled to withdraw a talking point we favoured greatly.

To tell you this is costing money, but it isn't wasted money, for as the American Warrior (an Advertising Man himself in Civil Life) informed us—You boys are ove. here in strange conditions—and strangeness begets suspicion, without intention. We at the JUNIOR Army & Navy Stores are known to British Soldiers as a firm to be relied upon for "every soldier's every need"—we understand the soldier—we have studied American needs right in U.S.A. and invite its citizens to look to us for their requirements.



The Piccadilly Fountain THEN



The Piccadilly Fountain NOW

WRITE FOR our SPECIAL BOOKLET

JUNIOR ARMY & NAVY STORES The First Service Stores WITHOUT TICKETS

15 REGENT STREET, LONDON, S.W.1 in Piccadilly Circus—the Center of London and 17 & 19 UNION ST., ALDERSHOT, etc.

HOSPITAL PLACE TO HEAR FINEST STORY OF BATTLE

Stretcher Bearers, Doctors, Nurses, Orderlies Learn All About It

SPIRIT SHOWN ON TABLES

Boy With Wound in Thigh Counts the Stitches—Tightened Lips, No Complaints

Undertone in the mill of battle, gasped in last words where the trenches cross, numbed in half-delirium from stretchers being borne to the first aid dugouts, whispered to the surgeon holding the knife in the shell-shaken dressing stations, spoken and confided on the motor ambulances and trains and talked of conversationally at the base hospitals, the personal, living history of America at war is being told every day by the doughboys who have gone into the mill of death.

It is the words of the wounded fighting man, spoken while he is still under the spell of battle, that give the measure of the spirit of the American Army in France. It is these words which preserve the glory of individual heroism and wholesale bravery. And added to the spoken word is the fortitude of wounded men, the little things they do and do not do, which carry more conviction of the unbreakable spirit of the new armies than all the oratory ever uttered on pleasantly-lighted platforms.

Every stretcher bearer can tell you a story of heroism with uncounted details. So can every surgeon who has gone over the top with the doughboys. So can the medical officers and nurses and orderlies in the base hospitals who have seen men come to help and operating tables marvelling at the things they have seen and heard. And about these men there is growing a vast, many-chaptered tradition that is being preserved wherever American soldiers meet, and is being transmitted back home in letters.

When the Goshes Came

In a certain American hospital, whose officers, nurses and men landed in France in May last year, they have many of these stories to tell. Stories that they tell you at the same time they tell of the heroic deeds of the fighting men under a harvest moon, deliberately dropped fire bombs down on wards whose metal roofs shone like mirrors in the moonlight, three of the bombs landing the frail woodwork that sheltered scores of wounded men, helpless on cots, two of the bombs killing five of the hospital men and wounding 20 others.

They tell you of the doughboy from a middle west town who came down to the hospital with the healing stump of a leg and could not be comforted. The first day he lay there gloomily looking out into the steady drizzle of the rain, and they thought he must be thinking of home. He wasn't. He revived hopefully. "Fix me up in a hurry, doc," he said to the ward surgeon. "I don't care how you do it. Get me an artificial leg a damn leg will do if it's quicker. I want to get back up to the old bunch. They're the best gang in the world, and I'm damned sure there'll be work up there for me to do in the mess, the headquarters, anywhere. They can't count me out while I got one good leg."

Dozens of Big Stitches

They remember him, just as they remember the other doughboy who had stopped a piece of shrapnel at close range. When he came in, he had been fixed up at the casualty clearing station. The surgeons had taken dozens of big stitches in a line down the inner side of his leg, the part of his leg where the innermost of his pants would come was stretched like the cover of a baseball.

They found out his spirit first when he rolled off the stretcher, trying to reject the aid of the men who had carried him in. Then he showed dissatisfaction because the orderly had to lift him when he landed him a bad pain. Three days he tried to "help himself," as he put it, but the orderly always came to the rescue. The fourth day, however, he was independent.

Then there was the case during the push up Amiens way—the doughboy with the wound in the thigh. This doughboy, taking the anesthetic, didn't go "clear under" before the surgeon started in. So the operation of sewing up his wound was delayed until the nurse and medical officer thought he was completely under the influence of the "gas."

Counting the Stitches

All through the operation of sewing the patient did not stir. But almost on the last stitch he wriggled on the table and began to speak. "That was a pretty tough job, lieutenant," he said. "I felt every stitch you made. There were five of them. And on the fourth one you missed it a little the first time and took two jabs."

Always it's the same story wounded doughboys trying to make tight of wounds. Always the tightened lips—maybe they hide grinning teeth but never a word of complaint. It is the spirit that requires watchfulness, too, lest a doughboy, weary of lying on a stretcher with a fractured leg bound in splints, should swing off the side of the stretcher and go hopping around on his leg, holding onto his splints with his hands. That's what one of them did.

Going back to hospital traditions and that night the clothes came free under the harvest moon. There are at least two nurses in that hospital whose names will always be remembered with that raid. Incidentally, both are wearing medals.

The arrival of the Boche was just at the crucial moment in the fight for life of a pneumonia patient. The alerte sounded, but the nurse in the pneumonia patient's ward did not move from his bedside. Twenty-two minutes after the alerte the five bombs rained down on the hospital. In an instant the quiet, dark camp became a place of horror—fumes of explosives settling down over buildings whose wounded men were crawling out of burning wreckage. Through it all, a nurse stood at the bedside of a man whose lungs and heart seemed at the last gasp and stroke of life.

At the same time in a ward of the surgical division a fragment of a bomb had found a mark in a bed where a Scot was lying, already on the seriously wounded list. The bomb fragment tore its way past one of the purely-headed wounds and opened an artery. The nurse who had stayed by her post after the alerte rushed to the aid of the bleeding man, and in the darkness, smoke and noise checked the hemorrhage.

ENTERING THE WEST FRONT SUBWAY SYSTEM



HEAVY SOCKS ALWAYS FOR BEEF HANDLERS

August Becomes January in Storage Refrigerating Plants

NO ICE AND NO SMOKING

Ammonia Keeps Army's Slum-to-be in Condition to Suit Fussy Mess Sergeants

You can't smoke around a refrigerating plant. That's a new one, what? If anybody told you that you couldn't smoke around an ammunition dump, or a garage, you might understand. But the reason why you can't smoke around the biggest refrigerating plant that the Army has in France is that there's an awful lot of lumber tied up in it—7,500,000 feet, to be somewhat near exact—and the main building isn't far from 1,000 feet long and a good 75 or more wide. And if anything should set fire to that place, your big quarters of beef would very likely become prematurely roasted.

The next of beef goes over here in a refrigerating ship. It is put into big refrigerators cars—our American cars carry 36,000 pounds of it to each one, and the French cars 16,500—and brought aboard to the big freezing depot. There 5,200 tons of it is kept on ice, frozen up, and can't thaw or get melt. Near by there it is shot along up to the front, again in refrigerating cars, posted and refilled by its solitary will that it is quite ready and willing to be carved up into steaks, or ground up into hamburger, or—in the last analysis—chopped up into slum.

Ice Doesn't Do It

It isn't ice that keeps the beef hard and cold in the big storage and refrigerating plant somewhere in the S.O.S. It is a cold-producing mixture of water and ammonia and a lot of other things, run through pipes that go through the roof and sides of the big shed where the beef is kept.

Back and forth, back and forth, this mixture keeps flowing, urged on by three mighty 200-horsepower machines brought over from America for the purpose. And they and the mixture put out a chilliness that forces the boys who tend the beef inside the big shed to wear three or four pairs of heavy socks, all their winter heavies, all the knit stuff they can beg or borrow, with heavy leather jackets to top it all off, in the worst of August.

In addition to the refrigerating plant, with its artificial snow-frosted piping and its Eskimo-resembling attendants, there is a big plant right across the way that can make ice if it wants to, and that at very short notice. It has the big central vat, the cutting machinery, the slides, and the forms for the cakes, and all, and could be operated right along in connection with the meat processing, if need came.

Takes Lots of Huskies

That need, however, has not yet arisen; the beef is conserved so well as it is, without the manufacture of large chunks of ice, and the hospitals of the A.E.F. have installed small ice plants of their own so ample for their needs, that the call has not yet come forth. But if it does go a little tightening up of machinery, little overhauls, you and whistles. "Do you want ice in your 'Colonel'?"

It takes a lot of husky men to handle those big slabs of beef, and they are at it 16 hours a day, in two eight-hour shifts, pulling the slabs off the refrigerator, taking them to the big plant, showing them in hand trucks into the interior and there hanging them up on hooks, then pulling out other ones that have had their revivifying freezing baths and showing them into the cars again.

In the interim, the cars are carefully inspected by officers who have unusually keen noses for scum. If there is anything at all "bad" about a car, the officers point; and then up comes the gang to clean and scrub and fumigate. The way the beef is treated and handled, they can tell just what quarters were in that car, and they are looked up right away. If there is anything wrong with them, you don't get them.

In conclusion, you have one guess as to where the refrigerating plant crew—the Merry Freezers of the A.E.F.—came from. Chicago? Right. Will it how'd you know?

HIS COMPENSATION

The A.E.F. take it from everybody who knows anything about it, is remarkable for its temperance. But temperance has its drawbacks, sometimes. Witness the plight of a French gentleman of middle age, who has a home and the things that go with it, up in the Marne country. "Ah, Monsieur," he will tell you, "I like the Americans very much—es braves gens! Only—they drink too much of the water? Wine in plenty—beaucoup de vin—was there about my place, but not one drop would the young Americans touch. Instead, they emptied of water my cistern—and now it is as dry as a bone!"

"But I—do not care! There will be rain again soon. Besides, to repay me, have they not taught me the English?"

THE SADDEST DOUGHBOY

The saddest guy that I've ever seen Packed in his Army host, Was one who'd nothing to growl about, Nothing to pan or roast.

LONG SILENT ORGAN AGAIN PEALS FORTH

Two Engineer Privates Volunteer to Clean All 3,000 Pipes

VILLAGE SEES A MIRACLE

Ancient Ruin Becomes Vocal Once More When Birds' Nests Disappear from Works

This is the story of how two American privates fixed the morale of an entire French village without firing a shot. The story developed through the town in question. They dropped in to see the cathedral, one of the oldest and most beautiful in France. Much to their surprise, they heard the strains of an American love song filling the cathedral as they stepped inside. And the next thing they saw was a Yankee private at the organ, playing for all he was worth. The private had been an engineering student at Cornell, but he had also taken a deep interest in music with pipe organs as a specialty. When he and a friend, another Engineer private, came to the town, they found the cathedral and the unused organ, over a hundred years old but out of repair for 15 years, much to the sorrow of the cure and the townfolk, who had known the beauty and inspiring effect of the instrument.

Job for a Platoon

The two Yankee Engineers at once secured permission to try to reestablish the ancient instrument, and when it was clearly given they went to work. In fact, their enterprise they found over 2,000 pipes, some of them 20 feet high and a foot in diameter, that required cleaning and other adjusting, a job for a platoon. Their only opportunity for work on the big organ was after 1 p.m., at the end of a hard day's engineering grind, but they stuck to the job.

Before they had finished, they removed from the different pipes a dozen ancient birds' nests, vast quantities of plaster and other debris, and all the known varieties of dirt. By employing a sulphuric acid process, equally applied to each of the 3,000 pipes, they got the organ completely ready for use.

No one in town had believed there was even the remotest chance that the organ would ever play again. But one day the two Yanks told the cure that a concert would be given on a certain Sunday afternoon and at the appointed hour the entire village gathered, most of them still doubting that any such miracle would ever take place. But the miracle did take place and the organ today is one of the leading features of village life.

"I can't understand it," the cure remarked to one of the visiting officers. "We had made many attempts to have the organ repaired, but without effect. And then here come two privates from your Army, and not only make complete restoration during their off hours, but, in addition, are able to play as wonderfully as they build and fight."

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LYONS GRAND NOUVEL HOTEL 11 Rue Grölee Favorite Stopping Place of American Officers Rooms from 5 to 30 francs

SUPER FOOTWEAR for OFFICERS

Regulation Patterns AMERICAN OFFICERS



should obtain Copies of our new Military Brochure fully illustrated Willow Coll. Hand Sewn Welt. £6-15-0 Willow Coll. Real Hand Sewn. £8-8-0 Slips and Half-size in stock ready for new. Will take a brilliant polish or can be left dull. W. ABBOTT & SONS, LTD. 54 Regent Street, LONDON, W. Opposite Swan & Edgar's. 434 Strand, LONDON, W.C. (next to Gaiety). 121 High Holborn, LONDON, W.C. (Opposite Holborn Station and Piccadilly Tube).

CHAPLAINS OF ARMY TO HAVE OVERSEERS

Seniors Will Be Named for Armies, Corps, Divisions and Brigades

To supervise the force of chaplains in the A.E.F., recently augmented in the proportion of one to every 1,250 men, a senior chaplain is going to be assigned for each army, corps, division and separate brigade, and for the headquarters and sections of the S.O.S. Authority for this is given in G.O. 133. It will be this chaplain's duty to exercise general religious oversight over the unit to which he is assigned, and to keep himself and his commanding officer informed of the moral and spiritual needs and opportunities within the unit. He is also charged with submitting a monthly report to the chaplains' office at G.H.Q.

JEWISH HOLIDAY PLANS

Wherever it will not interfere with military operations, all Jewish soldiers in the A.E.F. will be excused from all duty so that they may observe, according to custom, the Jewish New Year, from sunset September 6 to sunset, September 8, and Yom Kippur, from sunset September 15 to sunset September 16. The Commander-in-Chief further directs that passes be granted them for these observances wherever such a privilege is deemed practicable.

MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

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

HAWKES & SON

THE BAND INSTRUMENT AND MUSIC HOUSE, LONDON. Instruments and Music supplied for: Military Bands, Orchestras, Drum, Fife & Bugle Bands, Jazz Bands, etc., etc. THE HAWKES' INSTRUMENTS are used by BRITISH GUARDS, the STAFF BANDS, and the majority of the Bands attached to the Allied Expatriate Forces. Write your wants. Catalogues and quotes post free. HAWKES & SON, Duncannon Street, Piccadilly Circus, LONDON.

MEURICE

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

THE CHRISTIAN SCIENCE WAR RELIEF COMMITTEE

Has opened reading, writing and rest rooms at 3 Avenue de l'Opéra, Paris. These rooms are open daily from 9 a.m. to 10 p.m. and all Soldiers and Sailors of the Allied Forces are cordially welcome at all times. The Christian Science Monitor, other publications of the Society, the Bible and the Text Book of Christian Science, "Science and Health" with "Key to the Scriptures" by Mary Baker Eddy, will be furnished free by the Committee to any Soldier or Sailor of the Allied Armies upon request. 3 AVENUE DE L'OPERA.

AMERICAN BARBER SHOP

5 Edouard VII Street Opposite Y.M.C.A. Information Bureau MASSAGE SHOE SHINE MANICURE AMERICAN CHAIRS Best Service - Most Reasonable Prices.

THE JEWISH WELFARE BOARD

Announces the OPENING of its Overseas Headquarters, 41 BOULEVARD HAUSSMANN (near Opéra), PARIS The Overseas Commission will be glad to welcome all comers and to answer all enquiries addressed to it by mail.

The dates of the High Holy Days are as follows:— NEW YEAR'S DAY begins on Friday evening, September 6 First Day of New Year Saturday September 7 Second Day of New Year Sunday September 8 Day of Atonement begins Sunday evening, September 15 Day of Atonement Monday September 16 Arrangements are being made for the accommodation of our men at Synagogue services. Special services are being organized at certain points. The J.W.B. will be grateful for information as to where services are wanted and as to Synagogues where, for some reason, there is no probability of regular services being held. Please investigate immediately. All correspondence will be thankfully received. Watch Official Orders and Bulletin Boards.

Keep HIM Fit With a COMFYKIT

Thousands Now in Use in the Army and Navy

Contains everything needed by the Soldier or Sailor for Safety Pins to First Aid Combs. Also indispensable to the comfort of Automobiles, Tourists, Camping Parties, etc.

Most Complete Kit On the Market

(1) Sanitary Wash Bag (The pocket contains the washes runs full length of "COMFYKIT" and can be used to carry handkerchiefs, etc.) (2) A handy kit of medium size safety pins. (3) One complete Durham Brush Safety Razor. (4) Rubbers, Collapsible Soap Dish. (5) Six inch flexible non-breakable comb. (6) High grade Ebony Military Hair Brush. (7) On "Nathan Foot Powder" superabsorbent foot powder. (8) One emergency case of Zinc-Oxide Active Flanin. (9) Sewing outfit, consisting of two spools of cotton with easy-thread needles, thread and pins. (All kept up in compact metal carrying case.) (10) Handmade Aluminum Soap Box, full size, for large care of soap. (11) Extra pocket for Stationery, Pens, Post Cards, Letters, etc., and Pocket for extra Razor Blades. (12) Darning Cotton and Sewing Needle. (13) A superior Tooth Brush, flexible handle, with Special Sanitary Tooth Brush Board. (14) Williams' Soles. Pads in handy collapsible tube. (15) One emergency case of Zinc-Oxide Active Flanin. (16) Sewing outfit, consisting of two spools of cotton with easy-thread needles, thread and pins. (All kept up in compact metal carrying case.) (17) Handmade Aluminum Soap Box, full size, for large care of soap. (18) Extra pocket for Stationery, Pens, Post Cards, Letters, etc., and Pocket for extra Razor Blades. (19) Sewing outfit, consisting of two spools of cotton with easy-thread needles, thread and pins. (All kept up in compact metal carrying case.)

Price Complete, \$5.00

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The Soap That Floats Brings Thoughts of Home

Back in the States, no matter where you go, you find Ivory—the soap that floats.

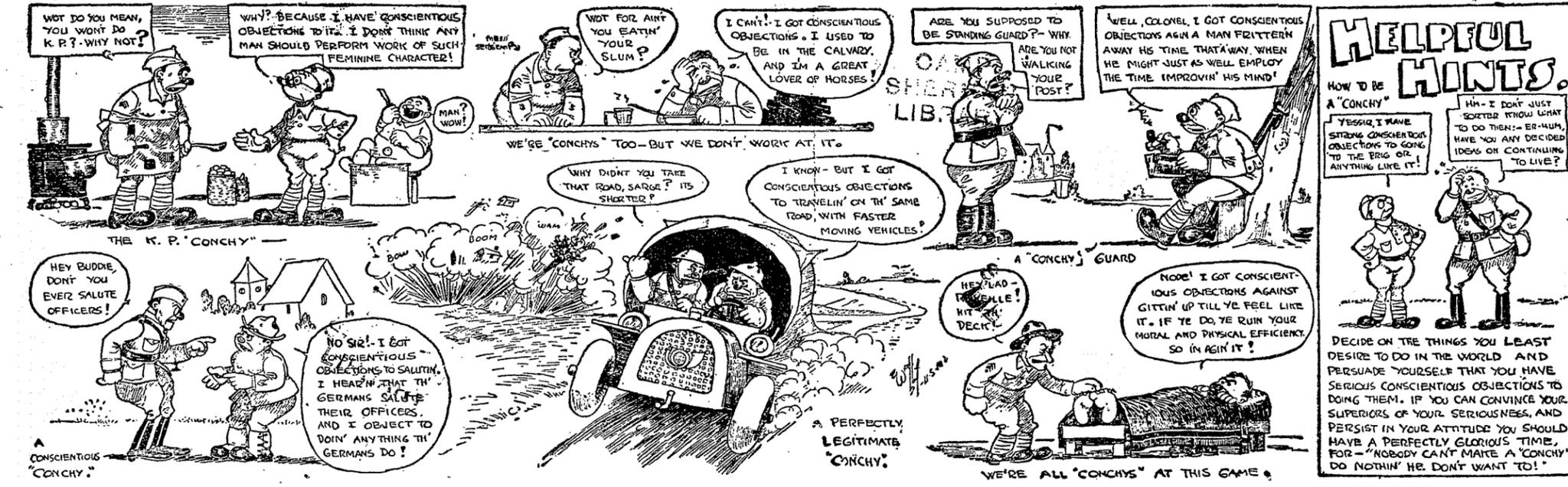
On all the battle fronts wherever Gen. Pershing's brave boys are fighting, Ivory also is doing its share in bringing cleanliness and health to Uncle Sam's lads in Khaki.

After the heat and dust of battle, or the routine of a busy day back of the lines, an invigorating bath in the copious suds of Ivory is a reminder of home. Ivory is the only soap needed for toilet or laundry. It is so pure that its use is a pleasure.

IVORY SOAP ... It Floats ... 99⁴⁴/₁₀₀ % Pure

CONSCIENTIOUS OBJECTORS

-By WALLGREN



NEW TOM SAWYER ROUTS FOUR HUNS; SPIKES WEAPONS

Up-to-Date Chapter Written in Career of Mark Twain Hero

LONE HUNT AMONG WOODS

Doughboy Smashes Everything That's Too Heavy to Be Carted Off

RAISED IN GERMANY, NAMED FOR KAISER

But That Doesn't Prevent Kaler from Bagging Six Huns

"GEHEN SIE" AND THEY DID

Sharp Command in Pure Prussian Sends Dutiful Boches on Wrong Scent

UNIT IN EACH ARMY FOR WATER SUPPLY

Engineers Will Develop Resources to Care for Men and Animals

SANITARY CORPS TO HELP

Laboratory Examination and Filtration Provided for—Quality to Be Indicated

SHIP SCHEDULES BEING REGULATED

Vessels Now Clearing from Some Big Ports on Hourly Time

WOMEN IN NEW FIELD

(By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES) AMERICA, Aug. 29.—The cigar stores of New York City are training women for clerks, a field hitherto sacred to men.

MODERN OPTICAL Co.

(AMERICAN SYSTEM) EYE SPECIALISTS AND OPTICIANS

SEND MONEY ORDERS AND CORRESPONDENCE TO N. QUENTIN, DIRECTOR, 5 Boulevard des Italiens, PARIS. 10% Reduction to Americans.

SLEATOR & CARTER

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Uniforms and all Insignia British made Trench Coats

HOTELS

St. JAMES & d'ALBANY PARIS

211 Rue Saint-Honore & 202 Rue de Rivoli

MOST CENTRAL, QUIET, MODERN. MODERATE TERMS.

Shades of Mark Twain! Tom Sawyer has been in mischief again. He has been over in the German lines cutting barbed wire, frightening Boche machine gun crews, and stealing ammunition, locking pieces and other things. He has been very naughty to Fritz, and his colonel has had to write to the Commanding General about it.

Yes, it's Tom Sawyer all right. If not the original himself, then as worthy a namesake and successor as any hero of two novels—and part of another—ever had. "Private Thomas Sawyer," it reads on the company roster, but of course, as he himself says, everybody has always called him just Tom. What else could he do with a name like that?

Private Sawyer is a member of an Infantry regiment which was holding a sector where the line wasn't at the moment very definite, and he was assigned to an intelligence squad, the duty of which was to find out what the enemy was doing or likely to do. As the result of one night's work, he won the distinction of being one of the very few men, of the millions that have fought in this war, to capture two machine guns single handed. And he did it without firing a shot.

This is the story of Corporal Kaler of Company M.

There may have been some suspicion of him at first because he was born and raised in Germany. Some doubts may have lurked in certain minds in the company even after he was made a corporal for his excellent work under actual battle conditions. But all doubts were dispelled forever when he jumped into the light south of the Vesle and came out of it accented with six Germans—two killed and four taken prisoner. And his folks had named him after the Kaiser.

He was named Wilhelm when he first saw the light of day in Munich 23 years ago. But he grew up a Socialist, distrusting the German government in general and the crown Prince in particular.

That is why, smelling the battle from afar, he cried "Ha! Ha!" and deserted from the German army shortly before the war broke out, at a time when his ship happened to be in Liepoken. Therefore, while his three brothers were serving in the German army, he was out of reach in Grand Rapids, Mich.

To safeguard the health of the A.E.F. a water supply service has been organized as a branch of the Engineer Department. It consists of certain officers and special engineer troops experienced in water supply work, including examinations, design and construction.

For each army the service will consist of Army Engineer troops not to exceed one regimental headquarters and six companies. This organization will investigate the water resources in the region where the army is operating, secure itself with the further development of water supply, and construct and operate such works as may be necessary to make water available at "water points."

This will include, also, the providing of conveniences for the watering of animals, filling water carts and water tank trains, buckets, canteens and other containers.

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5 Rue de Marivaux, PARIS (across from l'Opera Comique)

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After a Machine Gun Nest

The other day it became imperative that the Americans determine the whereabouts of the German line in general and locate a certain machine gun nest in particular. It was a ticklish job—stealthy reconnaissance across No Man's Land and through half a dozen clumps of brush and woods which, if it was not silent, was almost certain to be fatal. It was decided to send one man and, from several volunteers, Sawyer was selected.

At midnight he left the American lines, stripped to his shirt sleeves and carrying, in the way of arms, only a revolver. It was bright starlight, but the moon had gone down. The first 100 yards was across open ground pitted with shell holes. He made the distance and gained a strip of underbrush in which, somewhere, was the German line. Through this, with redoubled caution, he advanced. At the end of 20 minutes on his hands and knees, he ran into something that wasn't a bush. It was barbed wire—the Boche line.

From its location, Sawyer realized that the Germans must have their gun emplacements behind their line. If he was to finish his job, there was only one thing to do—go through. So, lying on his back, he cut, one by one, the strands of wire. This can never be done silently, but, with caution, the noise can be minimized—and maybe it was the old Tom Sawyer luck, there wasn't a German within hearing this night.

Handy Man in Regiment

Then came a time when America decided to enter the war. So did Wilhelm—the very next day.

The knowledge of German made him a handy man about the regiment when it was ordered into the line, but it was not as an interpreter that this knowledge served him in good stead during the savage, free-for-all, wide open warfare which marked the passage of Company M from the Orono to the Vesle. He used it to baffle and bewilder the Boches by more than one order roared out gutturally in the dark.

Once, when Kaler and part of a platoon were almost marooned as an outpost that had overreached itself, he could hear a column of Germans filing along the edge of their woods with evident intent to surround them. The German order was straight ahead, and from where Kaler and his pals lay quaking in the underbrush, they could see an endless succession of gray legs trotting by. Then, sharp and authoritatively, a voice from the bushes ordered: "Gehen sie zur rechter Seite." The column veered off obediently to the right, and before it could be steered back again, Kaler and his bunch had made good their escape.

"Kommen Sie," and They Came

Again when, from his vantage point on the edge of the woods, the corporal saw four German prisoners break away from an American who was trying to bring them in, he called out across the field:

"Kommen sie vorher."

The escaping four stopped dead in their tracks, wheeled and hustled docilely over to the spot whence the voice had issued, and a moment later Kaler had them covered and started for the rear. Those were his four prisoners.

Another Boche he killed with his rifle and another died at the end of Kaler's bayonet. In spare moments between such tasks, he harangued the prisoners on their sin of working for the Kaiser. But how could they help themselves, they asked plaintively.

"Why, that's easy, come and fight with us," said Wilhelm the Second.

Assistant to Chief Engineer

The commander of the army's water supply regiment will normally be the water supply officer of that army, serving as assistant to the army's chief engineer, under whose direction he will direct laboratory and sanitary inspections needed to determine whether or not water is drinkable, and to prevent contamination of pure sources.

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Last Strand Is Severed

Sawyer severed the last strand and wriggled into Hun land. Twenty yards further he gained the cover of a wood. He stood up and, finding his way more by touch than sight, explored the whole clump of trees. No Germans.

He spotted another group of trees, crawled across to it and continued his exploration. Still no Germans.

He decided to try a third clump. He gained its cover and walked cautiously from one tree to another, flattening against the trunk of each as he gained its shelter. He had worked into the center of the wood when, as he started across a small cleared patch, a German arose directly in front of him.

But nothing serious happened. The German promptly, albeit silently, paid the American soldier a compliment. He bent it—with much haste—for the rear. And, as he went, three more Germans got up and followed. One of them said something which sounded like *Amerikaner*, and the fleeing quartet was joined immediately by four others.

Back Through the Wire

It wasn't until he had done all this and started back with the cartridge belt, the ditty bag, some tools and other plunder that Sawyer began to get excited. He can't remember getting back through the Boche wire. But he arrived at the American lines at 3 a. m. with 50 pounds of trophies after being gone three hours, most of the time within the German lines.

So we add the single handed, shotless capture of two machine guns to the exploits of the Tom Sawyers of fiction and fact, and, if the young lady who recently announced telegraphic contact with Mark Twain will get in touch with the great humorist and let him know that Tom Sawyer in flesh has been brought to the attention of the Commander-in-Chief of the A.E.F. by his colonel for obtaining highly valuable information, we'll be obliged. He would probably be interested.

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He had taken two machine guns—but he couldn't bring them back with him. He found that out by lifting them. So he decided to do the next best thing.

With the Germans' own tools he took out the locking pieces and otherwise proceeded, with a pair of pliers and a

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Here's the glad hand, boys, and I wish with all my heart I were there with you. If I can do anything for you let me know.

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PRISONERS TOTING THEIR OWN WOUNDED



MOTHER'S BREAD AT ARMY'S BAKERY

Punk for Fighters Waits 48 Hours Before Going on Train

KNEADING DONE BY HAND

But Kneaders Wash Their Mitts in Special Chemical Preparations First

There's a homey, kitcheny aroma arising from the six long, low, squat buildings over there by the railroad tracks, with the freight cars partially hiding them. Mess snacks? No; who would be cooking mess at this hour of the day? Fire? No; there's the M.P. on duty right up there, within good nose range, not a bit concerned.

To be sure, there's a fire in the six buildings. It's a fire that doesn't go out any hour of the 24. For in them is kneaded, brewed and baked the daily bread of a group of six American fighting divisions.

Day in, day out, those fires are kept going, with coal, wood, anything kindle-able. Day in, day out, the bakers and kneaders and toters of the finished product work in 12-hour shifts, under the omnipresent blanket of heat. And in spite of the long shifts—which, as soon as more help comes from the States, are going to be cut down—in spite of the heat and all, those men are turning out in the neighborhood of 270,000 standard 12-pound Army loaves a week.

Six Companies on Job

There are six bakery companies on the job in this particular place, only a fraction, of course, of the number of bakery companies now in France, busily engaged in producing the punk for an Army that is growing like a growing boy and eating like two growing boys. In every company there are 101 men and two officers, the officers having been for the most part either master bakers in civil life or Army bakers in the old Regular establishment.

Unlike many of the projects now being engineered by the Quartermaster Corps in the S.O.S., the bakery outfits are manned solely by Americans, no French or neutral labor being employed. Similarly, with the exception of the yeast, and the water, they use only American products in the bread. It is good American whole wheat flour, plus good American salt—then yeast and water, and much good American elbow-grease in the kneading, for it is the working of the bread is done by hand.

Waiting for the Train

But the kneading and actual baking of the bread, in firm, reliable brick ovens built into the sides of the baking sheds, 15 to each shack, isn't the whole process, by any means. Once baked, the loaves are stacked on big wooden drying racks, and there wait for 48 hours before being put into the bread cars which swing in on the tracks right outside the bakery plant, and which swing out again to be hooked on trains and sped up to the ultimate railheads from which the Army in the field is fed.

The loaves are kept 48 hours for the simple reason that fresh bread would get mouldy in transit; and once every 24 hours, as they repose in the drying racks, they are turned to air and dry them the more completely.

The bakery plant, furthermore, is amply provided against emergencies. In case a shell should make bread crumbs out of one of its precious shipments and the word should come back for more to duplicate the order, the plant would be ready. It keeps from 600,000 to 700,000 pounds of bread in reserve, and there is always on hand 1,000,000 pounds of flour, 20,000 pounds of salt and 10,000 pounds of yeast.

Special Stuff to Wash In

"Spotless town" has nothing on the bakery outfit. There's a special chemical preparation in which the kneaders and bakers must wash their hands before starting on their jobs, and their clothes must be absolutely clean, as must the woodwork on which the bread may be rested; the pans, and the five-loaf sacks in which the bread finally reaches the consumer.

FROM THE OURCQ TO THE VESLE

Planted by the French, cultivated by the Germans, eaten by the Yankees—that is the history of many a bean, tomato, potato, carrot, cauliflower, the most common of the Ourcq and the Vesle. Sweeping over the fertile Tardenois in late May, the Boches found the gardens all hopefully planted, and their soldiers were detailed to tend the rows of vegetables which they fondly expected to eat at harvest time. Amid the great welter of things it pained them to leave behind was this juicy crop of garden truck, and that is why fresh celery and new green peas have graced many a Yankee mess on the Vesle front.

It would do Mr. Hoover's heart good if he could see—and probably he did—the harvest being brought in from the reconquered farms between the Marne and the Vesle. Marshal Foch's dashing counter-offensive must be measured not only in territory regained, prisoners captured, guns netted, but in rich crops seized at the critical time.

The Germans, who are harder up for food than any other country, lost not only the harvest they held but the harvests they hoped to capture. Now, close behind the troops, the reapers and binders are at work.

The other day, a battalion commander at the front, spotting a strange machine that looked like some fantastic tank wobbling along a crest across the valley, caught it in the focus of his field glasses and laughed outright. It was that eminently pacific engine, the hand plow.

Here and there a threshing machine plays chorus to the song of the airplanes overhead. Old soldiers in faded blue, old women, buxom young wives, little children, all have been tugging away at the great stacks of wheat, and if you cross a newly harvested field at sundown, you are sure to see the women rolling out from under the heiges, shaking the dew from their hair, and going to work at the gleaming.

The Yanks in hospital, who got their wounds in the fields near Vaux and Boursches and Belleau Woods, will be glad to hear that from those fields a golden treasure has already been gathered, and the crickets in the stubble sing a song of peace.

As a sign post which says "Nach Seringens" is just as good a guide as one that says "Vers Seringens", the M.P.'s don't bother to take down the signs they found decorating the walls and houses above the Marne. Most of these are quite intelligible, even if you couldn't read "Die Lorelei" to save your life. "Arresthaus", for instance, wouldn't fool anybody, though it might take some of us a good while to recognize "Flieger Keller, 30 Mann" as the notice of an abri where 30 dirty Germans could hide in hours of stress.

Pvt. Herbert Ploughman, battalion runner in the thick of the fighting below the Vesle, carried his message forward to the platoon and dropped flat a few feet from the commanding lieutenant, who was helping bandage a wounded man's leg.

"What's the matter, are you wounded here?" the lieutenant asked. No, Ploughman was only playing safe. The message was important. Should he come out in the open and deliver it? The lieutenant nodded and Ploughman stepped to his side. He was just in the act of handing the message over when a shell crashed between them, tearing away the lieutenant's leg with a wound so grievous that he died before the day was spent. Somehow, Ploughman got back to his battalion commander.

"The message was delivered, sir," he said, and, from force of habit, saluted. It was when the hand was thus raised that the major noticed two fingers had just been shot from it.

A number of our soldiers recently joined some French in a raiding party. After it was over, Sgt. Edward Horrikan, a wiry little chap from Big Rapids, Michigan, was seen sporting a Croix de Guerre. His own company and particularly some of those who had shared in the raid were not so much curious as a little curious. Horrikan grinned and explained that the French just sort of issued the darn things and it was a question of luck who got them. It was not till the citations were published in orders that the others in Company M got the missing details. Horrikan had forgotten to mention that straying when the hand was thus raised, he had brought in a German prisoner and, by going back and carrying him in through the barrage, had saved the life of a wounded polli.

indignantly, by his own crowd. He had been a prisoner in France all his repatriation, not long ago, and had been escaping from Germany after four days at the front. He expressed the greatest distaste for all Germans and emphasized his point of view by taking a gun and bringing down two German snipers.

Then he lent his expert hands to the bandaging of about 40 American wounded, and feeling much relieved, retired gracefully to the rear. The Yanks didn't think much of him. But they let him live.

The pursuit of the Germans from the Ourcq to the Vesle was a terrific strain on the American Army because the villages recaptured were so hard to pronounce.

Seringes suffers either as Seringa or Seringe. Sergy is served up with either a hard or soft G. Clerger is pronounced as it were the same village as Serger, a slip of the tongue very confusing to the traffic regulations, as they are several kilometers apart. Saint Gilles is called either Saint Giles, Saint Gillus or Saint Gilbooley. Fismes, which the French have an odd, unreasonable habit of calling Feem, emerges from Yankee lips as Fis-mus or Fizzmus.

Yankee tongues suffer terrible casualties going over the top of Fismettes. Fismettes is the part of Fismes that overlaps the Vesle. It is the Caudein, the Jersey City, the Kansas City, Kansas, of Fismes.

One battalion commander who fought his way into the possession of Fismettes made several assaults on its pronunciation and retired in discomfiture. "I'm damned if I can say it," he growled, "but I can take the darn thing."

All the Yankees fighting or toiling in or near the Vesle River battle line have wondered why such a high proportion of the German shells falling in their neighborhood within recent weeks have been dud. No sound on earth is half so pleasing as the sweet silence of a German dud. One man, lying on his back under the stars, not long ago, counted the whining passage of 75 enemy projectiles. Only four of them exploded. Of course, the average proportion is nothing like that, but the run of duds has been so strong that no end of speculation has arisen therefrom. It has been guessed that in the hasty and difficult retreat Fritz made from his treasure-laden Chateau-Thierry salient—a retreat made for the most part through days and nights of spasmodic rain—it was found impossible to carry out the routine precautions for keeping the ammunition dry.

A platoon of American doughboys emerged from a wood about a mile south of the Vesle singing "They Go Wild, Simply Wild Over Me"; "they" meaning a company of Germans who were running toward Germany across the open field in front of the wood.

The Americans pursued, still singing their song. A back private, who sang in the chorus, said it was the best interpretation of the song he has ever known.

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HERBERT L. SMITH; WHICH ONE, PLEASE?

Only Five of Them—So Far—Are Getting Their Mail Mixed

A gay little war, trifling in size but furious in reprisals, is being waged among the Herbert L. Smiths in the American E.P.

The other day 2nd Lieut. Herbert L. Smith, Q.M.C., was viciously passing out cigars and cigarettes that had just arrived in the latest American mail. "They may be mine, but I don't think so," he said, with an insane light in his eyes. "I only hope they belong to the Herbert L. Smith who snagged the box of cookies and winter comforts that were sent to me."

This H.L.S. No. 1 has an Uncle George, and so has No. 2. He also has an Aunt Mary, and so has H.L.S. No. 3. But when a letter comes telling of the knitting record of Aunt Mary and Aunt Elizabeth, he knows he is reading No. 2's mail, because he hasn't an Aunt Elizabeth.

No. 4 wrote sarcastically once, upon receipt of a bitter note from No. 1. "If you'll tell me what Herbert L. Smith you are, I'll tell you the one I am." To the information, "I am the H.L.S. of the Gas Service," came the response, "I am the H.L.S. who used to be in the Q.M.C. at Providence, R. I."

No. 5 has a wife whose handwriting is exactly like that of the spouse of No. 1. She calls the roll of a platoon of No. 1.

So they read each others mail, making notations on the original envelopes such as "Not H.L.S., A.P.O. 713, but glad to see that your Aunt Mary is feeling O.K." Each has the interests of five families to keep track of, and probably 1/5 of them share equally in the spoils sent across by the solicitous relatives.

TO A DUGOUT RAT

Hurry! Scurry!
Run across the floor,
Stop! Drop!
Out the dugout door,
Can't you see that Yankee,
With a shoe held in his hand?
He is waiting just to send you
To the Promised Land.

AND NO GATE RECEIPTS

"Who's going to win the world series?" a doughboy asked a recent arrival from the States.

Another doughboy had the correct answer in a flash. "The Allies are going to win the only one that counts."

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"TELL THE WIFE--" BUT NOT JUST YET

Corporal Gets Away With Wild West Stuff Along the Vesle

A platoon of Americans were advancing on a machine gun nest near the banks of the Vesle.

The advance was being made in an open field where the Germans had planted their machine gun on a high bit of ground which enabled them to deliver a sweeping fire on the Americans.

Try as they might, the Yanks could not flank the German position. They covered themselves the best they could and waited in hopes that they would get a pot shot at Fritz and then they would continue their advance.

But Fritz was not inclined to expose himself to pot shots and kept his gun working.

"Say, sergeant, gimme that gat of yours," said Corporal Browne. The sergeant handed it over. Corporal Browne drew his own pistol and, with an automatic in each hand, he got up on his hands and knees and took a peep at Fritz.

"Say, boys, tell the wife for me that I was one game guy! So long to all of you guys!"

After saying all that Corporal Browne went out after the Boches. He got them, too—four of them and a perfectly good machine gun. When his comrades came up Corporal Browne had loaded the machine gun on to his back and was ready to go on. All four Boches were dead in the pit.

"How'd you do it?" some one asked him after it was all over.

"Barned if I know," he answered. "It was awfully easy. Kind of surprised myself, in fact."

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