

HOW AN ARMY CHAPLAIN ESCAPES FROM BOREDOM

Besides His Sermons and a Long Round of Calls He Looks After Mail, Statistics and the Officers' Mess

"What does a chaplain do, anyway?" It's an irrelevant question, perhaps; and yet, after all, it's rather a natural one, if one considers the source. The average soldier doesn't see half as much of his regimental chaplain as he does of his colonel, and not one quarter as much as he sees of his battalion commander. When he does see him the chaplain is engaged in the performance of his priestly functions, on one day a week. And, like the army doctor, the army chaplain doesn't go around prying into the personal life of the soldier; sole inspections and soul inspections are two very different things.

So the question of what a chaplain does is a perfectly natural, perfectly honest one to put. The soldier who knows something of the routine of ministers' and priests' lives at home doesn't see any particular job for them over here on their off days. The civilian population is pretty well cared for by its own clergy; and the army is too busy or—well, too army—to turn out for Thursday night prayer meetings, to organize discussion groups, to form Deacons societies, to give fairs, socials, and the like. Naturally, the man in the ranks wonders just what the chaplain, outside of composing his weekly straight-from-the-shoulder talk, finds to keep himself from boredom.

His Work At The Front

To be sure, the man who has been "up front," or who has been in hospital, knows the chaplain's work, and honors it. He knows that the chaplain, when one wants a chaplain, one wants him in a hurry. Often there are more who need him than he can take care of conveniently; and the same holds true for the hospital. There is no question in the mind of the man who has availed himself of a chaplain's services in either of those two situations as to whether or not the good man has enough to do. The man who has been brought around, inwardly healed and consoled by the chaplain in his hour of need, would be perfectly willing to see that saintly, uniformed gentleman have it soft and easy for the rest of his life, with a yearly pension equal to John D. Rockefeller's entire capital.

Back of the lines, though, in the training areas, it is different. The chaplain appears at church time once a week, to be sure; always adds a few words of cheery greeting to the salute he gives in return for the one tendered him; is usually on deck when the Y.M. or the K. of C. is staging anything out of the ordinary; is always interested if anyone seeks him out for conversation or advice, but is, well, rather unattached. He seems more like a salesman with a roving commission than a "regular home office man," as the colonel does, for example.

Many Personal Letters

But the chaplain is busy—far busier than the average man, who doesn't seek him out or doesn't run into him often, would ever suspect. Just try to follow him around on one of his normally busy days, and see how quickly you'll ficker out. Or as a STARS AND STRIPES reporter recently did, just wlay one of his spies, and put that question to him: "What does a chaplain do?"

"Do?" repeated the good man, with a hearty laugh. "Oh, nothing! Every morning he has to make the rounds of about three hospitals about five miles apart, see that everything is up to snuff, and out of any of the men are in urgent need of—well, his professional services, if you want to call it that, and jolly the doctors. Then he has to run back to headquarters and see about the officers' mess. That's just one of the side jobs wished on him, you know.

"Next, along in the afternoon, he's got to be on hand at the distribution of mail, and see that as far as possible every man gets at least one letter out of it. Then there's more ordering to do for the officers' mess, the laying out of a menu for the next day, the answering of a lot of personal letters (for a chaplain gets more mail than anybody else; I'm coming to that), a talk with the fellow who is down on his luck and who has come to the chaplain as a sort of last resort, and, more often than not, a hurry call to some one of the hospitals, or to a distant cantonment. That's only one day around headquarters.

"Then, the way troops are scattered around in this country, a chaplain has to do a lot of trotting round in his Henry, visiting outlying detachments of the organization to which he is accredited. He is official burial officer, you know." The chaplain's voice halted a bit. "Then, too, he's the official statistical officer, and has to get off all those reports the first of every month—reports on personnel, on strength, and all the rest. About the only books he has time to read are his own prayer book or breviary, the Bible (in bits), and that interesting but puzzling little volume on 'Army Paper Work.'

Troubles With The Mail

"About the mail? Oh, yes; it's quite a job over here, when, say, the Blank T. Company isn't carrying near the Blank Regiment, and the Blank Motor Truck company isn't anywhere near the Blank Machine Gun Battalion. Of course, the postal people help out all they can, and—considering the job they're up against—they do pretty well; still, there's an awful ball-up every time a heavy mail comes in. But the people at home don't understand that; they're always writing me personally, asking me to look up Jimmy C.—in the Blank Auxiliary Fire Parts Company, say; since I'm attached to the Blank Regiment, they think Jimmy must be right around the corner. Usually the message is, 'Please find out why Jimmy isn't writing to me any more; so it's up to me to go around and prod Jimmy—gently, to be sure, but still to prod him—up to a sense of his duty to the folks back home.'

The chaplain chuckled. "I had a funny one the other night. A girl who was in my old flock wrote to me and said: 'Will you please find out why Tom isn't writing to me any more? Has he got a French girl he likes better than he does me, or is some other girl over here sending him sweaters and Sox and things?' As I don't know Tom, and consequently am not familiar with his wardrobe, I couldn't tell her; but I finally looked up his address and had the letter forwarded to him by courier, with a note of my own on the bottom.

I said: 'It seems to be up to you to tell the young lady whether you still love her or not.' His name? Friend of yours? Oh, I'd never give it away!

"Yes, they've got me saddled with about every job in the army—clerk, cleric, cook and Cupid in the blank. At that, though, it isn't a great deal busier than it was at home. Marriages? No! The boys seem to be saving that up for the return trip, from what they tell me. I haven't had to officiate over here yet, and I don't expect to. "Baptism, though, has taken up quite a bit of our time. The other Sunday there were baptized twenty-six men out of one regiment, with the colonel as the sponsor for all of them, and proud to be so. It was a fine sight; you ought to have been there. To be sure—and he suppressed a grin—"we had to use a mess tin for a baptismal font, and, as it didn't hold enough water to care for the twenty-six, we had a reserve tank down below the motor truck upon which our temporary altar was placed. When we were about half through, and looked down for more water, we found some irreverent French dogs had gone to work and lapped it all up!

"But it was a great success, just the same. One of the boys was christened Theodore Roosevelt, and another Frank Leslie. And there isn't anything will please their mothers more than to know that those boys, without any urging on anybody's part came forward in the sight of their comrades and were baptized in the Christian faith.

Working To Beat Hell

"Hard work? Oh, don't talk about hard work, son; it's all part of the game and I never felt better or happier in my life. For one thing, my congregation can't go out motoring or playing golf on Sunday mornings. And I don't have to worry about church expenses. Music—there's the regimental band, and if I want a quartet, I have to offend about a dozen quartets that I don't pick out. Church repairs? Why, the sky is my ceiling. No, the church finance idea doesn't enter into this field at all. In fact, I'd like to see anybody pass the bat at one of my services.

HOW YOU FEEL

"Well, I must be on my way to see a lad down in one of the contagious wards at the hospital. They try to keep me from going in there, but I manage to go, just the same. Work? Yes, working all the time—as you boys put it, a chaplain is literally 'working to beat hell!'



When You Unslung Your Pack at the End Of A Twenty Mile Hike

BOMBS FAIL TO STOP SALES

Y. M. Huts Close to Lines Keep Going in Spite of Boche

Sh-b-b-Boom! Sh-b-b-Boom! "Gimme some of them cigars in the green box." Boom! Boom! "How much for the chocolates?" Boom! Boom! In this fashion the first Y.M.C.A. huts established near the American trenches in France were opened. Four Y.M.C.A. workers were on the job five days after the doughboys went into the line.

One hut located within a few minutes' walk of the first line trenches. The other is farther to the rear. Both are within easy range of German guns. The inaugural ceremonies consisted solely of two simultaneous rushes by steel helmeted soldiers and the banging of German shells.

It seemed as if the Boche artillery had planned a little reception for the Y.M.C.A. Anyway, as the doors were swung open, the German gunners began pouring in an assortment of big and little shells—little shells that whizzed like Fourth of July fireworks and exploded with dull thuds, and big shells that came rushing through the air with the noise of an express train and burst with great roars.

The whistling and the roars broke in upon the clamor of the boys from Minnesota, California, Illinois, from every State in the Union, shouting for their favorite brands of cigars or for chocolates. And the noise of bursting shells affected them about as much as the rattling of a passing street car affects a mob of women in a bargain counter rush. Two days later it was an old story.

"We were a little nervous at first," admitted one Y.M.C.A. worker, "but now we turn on the phonograph when they start shelling and forget it. But right here under the counter is my gas mask. And when they seem to be getting close in I grab my tin hat." Keeping plenty of tobacco and chocolate in stock is one of the problems confronting the Y.M.C.A. men down in the zone of fire. It is next to impossible to bring up supplies in the day time. It is necessary to move everything up at night.

YAPHANK MAY CLAIM CREDIT

Loyal ex-Yaphankers will be proud to hear that a Long Island girl, Florence Flower, has won the women's pocket billiard championship of the United States, defeating Mary Johnson 60 to 85.

STANDING IN LINE

We stand in line at reveille. We stand in line for mess; Just why we always stand in line I don't know, I confess. We stand in line for clothing. We stand in line for church. We stand—you bet!—in line for pay So's not to be in the lurch.

We stand in line at drill time. We stand in line at guard. And, when the weather's nippy, It surely does go hard. We stand in line for muster. And also for reviews; We stand in line for everything From helmets down to shoes.

When we get back to Homeburg, It surely will seem queer. The old commands, "Fall in! Right Dress!" And "Steady!" not to hear. But, though we grumble at em—"A waste of time," we say— You bet your pair of extra boots We'll miss em—sure—some day!

CAMERAS BANNED FOR MOST OF A. E. F.

Orders Permit No One but Authorized Photographers to Take Pictures

So much doubt has existed in the minds of so many A.E.F. men as to whether or not they were to be allowed to take pictures to be sent home in letters that orders on the subject have been issued, definitely settling forth with may and may not take photographs. In general, the permit for military purposes may be permitted to use cameras in the zone of the American armies.

"Hereafter," says the order, "no photographs will be taken in the zone of the American armies except by the official photographers of the Corps of Engineers, of the Air Service, and Signal Corps," by accredited or visiting correspondents, or members of photographic sections of Allied armies duly authorized by these headquarters.

A Picture Story of War
The order charges the Corps of Engineers with the duty of taking technical photographs connected with engineering construction, surveying and reproduction. The Air Service is charged with the photography pertaining to aerial reconnaissance, and the Signal Corps with the general photography of military operations and the obtaining of pictorial history photographs to "form a pictorial history of the present war."

It is further provided that all photographs taken by the Signal Corps photographers, accredited and visiting newspaper correspondents, and members of photographic sections of Allied armies will be sent to the Signal Corps photographic base laboratory for development and for censorship under the direction of the Press Officer, Intelligence Section, General Staff. In case the films are developed at a Signal Corps field laboratory, they will be sent to the base laboratory for censorship; and no photographs, negatives or prints will be released unless so ordered by the censor.

All Prints Censored
All prints released by the censor will bear his stamp, and released negatives will be accompanied by suitable stamped identification slips, and a record of all released photographs will be kept by the Signal Corps laboratory. Negatives made by the photographers of that corps will be deposited in the base laboratory during the period of the war.

Prints that are suitable for reproduction, and duplicate negatives, when practicable and desirable, of all pictures taken by Signal Corps photographers will be forwarded to the Chief, Military Intelligence Section, War College, Washington, D. C. The Signal Corps laboratory will furnish, through the war offices of the Allies, such photographs for purposes of publicity as may be directed by the Press Officer.

Negatives developed for accredited and visiting newspaper correspondents and authorized Allied army photographers will, when released by the censor, be delivered to the owners thereof, but the United States reserves the right to make copies of all such negatives for official and historical purposes. All negatives and prints not released by the censor will become the property of the United States and will be disposed of as may be directed by the Commander-in-Chief.

HEARD AT THE CENSOR'S

"For the love of Mike, Lieutenant!" "A Lieutenant, a perfectly harmless! Why, the President said that in Washington a month ago! Why can't I say it too?" "Sure, Lieutenant, that's straight stuff! I got it from a corporal whose bunk mate knew a guy in the regiment that did it, and that guy told this corporal's bunk mate all about it! Of course it's official!" "Why, Lieutenant, the Germans know that already. There's no use cutting that out. They know that when I went through Belgium in '14!" "All right, Lieutenant, if you must say it! But I will say you're slashing the daylight out of an imperishable story!" "Aw—HELL!" "Say, Lieutenant, where's that car I ordered to take me up from here to the front today? It was supposed to get around at 8 o'clock, and I haven't seen hide nor hair of it. Oh, it's just 8 o'clock now, is it? I beg your pardon! All right!" "Say, Jim, what day was it to go on this trip at all for? You're reporting for the Christian Science Monitor, aren't you? Well, what good will it do you to write up a hospital when they won't let you say anything about pain!" "Lieutenant, I just got a cable from my home office, asking why I wasn't sending any news. Can't you get a general killed or something for me, so I can have something to send?" "Lieutenant, I just want to be able to say in this story that—(business of whispering). Now, why would it? That wouldn't do any harm, would it?" "Well, Lieutenant, can't I put this some other way, so the Boche won't get wised up to it but so the people at home can get it? Remember, there's 90,000,000 readers with their tongues just a-hanging out of their mouths waiting to know that it was a red-headed guy that did it!" "Aw, say, Lieutenant, that's one of the best sentences I ever turned out. The way you cut it up, there isn't any verb to it, and a sentence without a verb is as bad as a man without clothes."

"Aw—HELL!" And so on, and so on, ad infinitum.

"AMERICAN TOMMY" IS LONDON'S PET

Week-end House Parties Not Complete Without Yankee Guests

PALATIAL OFFICERS' CLUB

Run by Famous Pilgrims in Magnificent Place Loaned by Lord Leconfield

By GEO. T. BYE
LONDON STAFF CORRESPONDENT OF THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, Feb. 14.—The entertainment of Americans in uniform in London has reached such proportions that there is almost basis for complaint that A.E.F. men and officers are being overdone with favors. When the American and British Governments joined together in comradesly embrace, a spontaneous movement seemed to animate the people of our "grandmotherland" in smiles and compliment and dinner parties for everybody and anybody wearing the glorious double eagle.

So now today there are grins that won't come off, and down Piccadilly and the Strand—thoroughfares that are most popular to our boys—American liners and English grins; and the old timer tourist from Boston in London polishes his eye-glasses to make certain that he is seeing right. For "boarding-house" sociability of the kind you get in daily life in Emporia, Kansas, or Chicago, or Fort Worth was not common in Britain in pre-war days. Now there are none of the polite barriers to chumminess that formerly kept international visits at arm's length until introductory negotiations had been concluded.

"American Tommy"

It would never surprise me to eavesdrop on a London policeman and an American Tommy—as the bobby calls our fellows; see the cop bang his fighter on the back and hear him say, "I say, old son, how's every little thing?" The bobby came to my mind for illustration because he was among the first to come home again, a few days ago, on street corners with one of Columbia's grandsons, passing the time of day, or, as is usual, exhibiting their truncheon or night stick, which is the only weapon they carry.

Or you will hear the Yanks kidding a hobby when he has given them directions like "First turn to the right, then 'child turn to the left, then a sharp pull up." "Sing it again," say the Yanks, and the good-humored London policeman probably tells them to go home themselves.

They are adopting our slang all in a bunch here. Also, practically every evening playing the English stage is saturated with Americanisms and compliments for America. American vaudeville performers are in such great demand in Britain that they command higher salaries here than at home.

But getting back to impromptu and organized hospitality, I know of many a case of English folk trying to get American soldiers in their homes to entertain them. I had a staff captain at my hotel as dinner guest a few days ago. After dinner he was practically taken away from me by the English folk living at the hotel, and I am sure if he accepts all the invitations that were given him, he will seriously disturb the food regulations of Lord Dunsford.

Begging for Yankee Guests

There is a society in London organized to make more apparent the kinship which binds the fellow-people of Britain, America, and Canada. It is called the Atlantic Union, and was in existence long before the war. I was recently appealed to by the secretary to aid them in introducing American soldiers and sailors to their weekly parties. They longed into a little cafe and sat down at a table. Up came the waiter, a young French soldier on leave. Jones, in his very best New Haven French, ordered the drinks—three mild and very light beers. "They don't grow Clover Clubs and Manhattan in France, and even if they did they couldn't beat 'em."

In course of time the flock of beers blew in. "Not much like the beer we got at Rusty's," said Smith, sipping his casually.

"You know Butee's?" piped up the waiter. "Ah, moi! J'etals a New York avant la guerre! Been feckt, I was a—what-you-call—omnibus-waiter at M'sieur Butee's for three years!" "That so?" chorused Jones and Smith and Brown. "What's become of old Louis, who had the table over in the corner of the second floor? Why he become of Henri—didn't he leave about the same time Louis did? Funny you don't remember you—why, sure! Bon jour, Jacques! Well, well, well—"

The end of it all was that Jacques, despite much protest on his part, simply had to sit down and demolish a beer of his own with his former patrons. They wouldn't let him go until he did. And thus is the world made safer for democracy.

OLD-TIMERS IN CONFERENCE

The first brigadier general to command an American brigade in action in the war on the Hun knows how to enforce discipline among his men and still preserve their love for "the old man." Many years of service in Cuba, the Philippines, and along the Mexican border have taught him how. Two days after his troops went into the trenches, the general was making a tour of the trenches. He encountered a swarthy faced private, veteran of many a hard fight, squatted against the side of a trench cleaning his rifle, with his belt tossed carelessly over one of the telephone wires that carries such precious information back to headquarters when things are happening in the first line.

"Good morning," said the general, "seems to me I've seen your face before. Been in the service a long time?" "Yes, sir," responded the veteran, "nineteen years, sir."

"Well, I've been in longer than you," the brigade commander remarked; "thirty-five years this month. And I was just thinking as I saw you sitting there that we old fellows have a lot of responsibilities in this war."

"Yes, sir, I suppose we have, sir," said the private with a puzzled expression. "Yes, sir, I suppose we have."

"We ought to set a good example to all these younger men," continued the general. "For instance, what if a lot of these new boys saw you sitting here cleaning your rifle with your belt thrown across that telephone wire. They'd say, 'Well, if old Bill Kelly does that, it must be right, because he's been soldiering

Informed her husband of various offers for the dogs on exhibition.

"Sell Wu Ting Fang two fifty, King Joy Lo three hundred, but hang on to Chin Chin for higher offer." The message got as far as Paris where there was a hurried meeting of all the available spy-boards and code experts. They concluded that the major was instructing his broker in a stock transaction.

So the message was returned with the note, "Code messages are forbidden." There was no way in which he could get across the information without using the secret code words.

So the major's wife didn't get the message. And she didn't sell the dogs. A fraternity man figured in another cable mix-up.

On the evening when his chapter was scheduled to entertain some new members he cabled the Grand Exalted Whosoo: "Make the neophytes hump it for Del-tism."

The new brothers were members in good standing before the investigators would abandon their suspicions and let the fraternity man's message pass.

"WELL, I'LL BE—!"

THEN—AND NOW!

This is the way Private B. H. Umpty-umpty Umptles tells the story. "Dee and I went to school together, at Exover. He was graduated, and went to Yeevard, and I—well, I wasn't graduated and have been bumming around the world ever since. 'Spouse you'll say that's why I'm in the army now, eh? Well, go ahead and say it; I've been in lots worse places!"

"Well, one day not long ago I was waddling over one of these artists' clay waddles through the fog, going back to my station from a town where I had been to see about the company's mail. I was plowing along with my head down, butting the fog, when—smack!—out of the fog looms up a lieutenant about six feet two in the air, just a foot away from me, coming in the opposite direction.

"I snap up to salute of course, quick, but, just as I get my hand up— "Binks!" hollers the Loot. "How in the name of time did you get over here? I haven't seen you in an age! Shake!" "Dee!" I holler back—then, correcting myself—"I beg the Lieutenant's pardon—"

"Can it, Binks," says he, laughing all over. "What's your outfit?" "I tell him. One thing leads to another. We got talking about Exover. Neither of us had cared very much about reunions, and we hadn't seen each other since leaving there.

"The last time I saw you—the Lieutenant—Dee, I mean (oh, hell!) say I, 'Well, I've been sitting before wood fire in Harmscott Hall, up at Exover, trying out our conversational German on a Boche exchange professor imported direct from Berlin!"

"That's right," says he, 'stupid old beggar, wasn't he? If he's anywhere up front now, my battery has some guns that'll give him all the conversational United States he wants to hear. Drop around and look 'em over some one of these fine days, Binks. They're cokers! So long!"

"I salute. He salutes. Off we go. Funny, isn't it? Six years ago we were learning German together. Now we're out to get Germans together. It beats the devil the way this war turns the tables!"

WAR DIDN'T CHANGE THIS

Jones, Smith and Brown were New York clubmen before they enlisted, but they're good scouts for all that. They knew their Broadway as well as their social register, and had many acquaintances among the famous characters of that street of streets. One Saturday afternoon their outfit, for a wonder, didn't have a thing to do, so Jones, Smith and Brown strolled over to a neighboring city.

Being ex-New York clubmen, they lounged into a little cafe and sat down at a table. Up came the waiter, a young French soldier on leave. Jones, in his very best New Haven French, ordered the drinks—three mild and very light beers. "They don't grow Clover Clubs and Manhattan in France, and even if they did they couldn't beat 'em."

In course of time the flock of beers blew in. "Not much like the beer we got at Rusty's," said Smith, sipping his casually.

"You know Butee's?" piped up the waiter. "Ah, moi! J'etals a New York avant la guerre! Been feckt, I was a—what-you-call—omnibus-waiter at M'sieur Butee's for three years!" "That so?" chorused Jones and Smith and Brown. "What's become of old Louis, who had the table over in the corner of the second floor? Why he become of Henri—didn't he leave about the same time Louis did? Funny you don't remember you—why, sure! Bon jour, Jacques! Well, well, well—"

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for nineteen years. Then what do you think would happen to that wife if all the rest of them hung their belts on it? What are we old fellows going to do about a thing like that?" Bill Kelly flushed a crimson that came right through the tan that had been accumulating for many years. Then he jerked the belt off the wire. "I'll tell you, general," he grinned, "we old fellows will have to see that it never happens again."

WOMEN—TWO VARIETIES

Pvt. Hager Seeks Another Sort Than Ministering Angels

Private Hager of C Battery can understand some women and some he can't understand.

Take the little girl who waits on the canteen—American from the top of her golden head to the soles of her little hob-nailed field boots. Husband an officer, no children, and wants to be doing something for the soldiers. So she came out to this little mud-wallow of a town to put in nine hours a day standing on slippery duck-boards behind the counter. "I can understand a girl like her," said Private Hager. "Between us, this is the third time I've come up to the counter this evening. Last time I bought chewing-gum—me who's been in the field artillery seven years. Now I'm going to have a cup of chocolate if it chokes me."

"It's so doggone fine to see her smile and hear her voice say 'Thank you'—as though I'd done something for her instead of she for me—that, I'll keep on remembering things I want to buy until the canteen closes.

"This isn't a stunt where she does two hours work every third Wednesday just for the fun of it. She's on the job every day and she lives right here in this village. The Colonel and the Town Major went around to the best room in the best house in town—but it isn't much of a house."

Private Hager got a letter last night from the kind of a woman he can't understand. It was postmarked "New York," and was addressed to "An Orphan Soldier." Having had no parents for several years, Private Hager ranked as senior orphan of his battalion and so drew the lot.

"It's from a society girl," he said. "She says: 'I'm going to take a Red Cross course and come over to France and nurse the soldiers on the battlefields. Who knows,' she says, 'but what maybe some day I shall bandage your head with the dead and dying screaming all around us and the shells crashing everywhere and maybe save your life? Who knows, dear lonely Orphan.'"

Hager said any girl having that conception of what war is like after three years of it must be lonely upstairs. He wrote her a polite reply, the kind of girl he can't understand, saying: "Please don't trouble about that Red Cross course. In the first place I'd rather be tended by a man on the battlefield, if I get wounded, which, in the second place I won't be. And in the third place I'd a lot rather ride with you on top of a Fifth Avenue bus and hold your hand than have you holding my hand with the dead and dying screaming all around us."



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