

"NO SMOKING" SIGNS SOON TO FLOURISH

But Only in Places Where Butt Might Start Something ROARING FIRES UNDER BAN

French Hearths Weren't Built to Accommodate Monster Blazes

"Gate that butt!"
"Douse that bougie!"
"Put out that pipe!"
"Yep; tough luck, but, in rooms of billets wherein straw, hay, ammunition, gasoline or other inflammable materials are stored, there is to be no more striking of matches, no smoking, no use of candles or lamps. It's forbidden—*de-fendu, verbotten*—by a new general order.

Said order begins rather caustically by remarking that "the number of fires which have occurred in billets, barns and outbuildings occupied by the A.E.F. indicates that adequate precautions against fire have not been taken." It is undoubtedly right. Remember—the fire down the line when Private John Doe, of the Boston Prides, rescued the pig from the upper story of his barn-billet? That was the first fire which the town in question had had in 50 years; and the French, like most other sensible people, have a natural aversion to fires. So would you, if you'd lost a bunch of mail, or a supply of tobacco, in the course of one.

The order goes on to say quite a number of things about fireplaces. It says they should be inspected before use—not necessarily to ascertain if Santa Claus got hung up there, but on general principles—especially in buildings (such as jails) which have not been occupied for some time before the arrival of troops.

Another thing: The order puts the ban on the open-hearth idea. "Fireplaces and chimneys in France," it says, "have generally been constructed with a view to accommodating fires of only moderate size, hence the building of large and roaring fires is dangerous." From which it would seem to follow that the A.E.F. must do its roaring outside.

In case there isn't any fireplace, you must be careful about building one of your own. The order has this to say:

"Extemporized fireplaces will be built only after the location and manner of construction have been approved by the commanding officer of the unit concerned." So, if your billet is cold and everything, and the Jack-of-all-trades in the squad or section is able to rig up a fireplace, don't start it up until you have invited the Old Man down to your little housewarming.

To help along a favorable decision, you might, you know, serve refreshments. And—oh, yes!—let the Old Man have the honor of laying the hearth's cornerstone, with an intrenching spade for a trowel. Perhaps he'll be so overcome as to make a speech.

FIGHTERS, WITH THEIR FRIENDS AND COUNSELLORS



New England Doughboys receiving the Croix de Guerre

Anti-aircraft gun protecting 75 amoullaged American 75

French and American Priests at the front

Sec Baker and Lafayette Descendant, Count de Chambray, in the American front line

Photographed by A.E.F.

REAL GUARD MOUNT DAILY G. H. Q. EVENT

They Put on Regular Oom-pah Concert Every Noon, Too

They're getting awfully flossy down at G.H.Q.

They've always been on the job down there, running a thoroughly American headquarters in what we like to think is the thoroughly American way. But, now that they've got everything else fixed up, they've had time to go in for a few of the frills of the game. For one thing, they stage, every forenoon at 11 o'clock, a real, honest-to-Abraham Minut-of-Interior-and-Exterior-Guard-Duty guard mount—band and all.

Not only do they stage it; they Belasco it. They're right in every detail. The guard comes up and dresses as snappy as you please in good old West Point style, and the band goes compah-compahing down the line in most approved fashion. Hereafter people from Ceylon and Singapore and the Malay Peninsula and the Straits of Magellan will not go up the Hudson to see a real guard mount; they will go to G.H.Q., American E. F. But the guard mount isn't the only

show they put on down at G.H.Q. They put on a concert every noon, with the band mounted on one of those affairs such as the elephant does his contortions on in the course of the greatest show on earth. The band leader is busy "keeping time, time, time in a sort of runic rhyme," while the musicians tralalae away with all the native melodies of Berlin (Irving, not Germany) and of the fair land of France.

Peasants from the outlying districts try to arrange their marketing trips to the town in which G.H.Q. is situated in order to have time to enjoy the noon concert by the great American band, and sit around there enthralled while the Americans ta-dee-la-tah-tee-TAH!

HIS DECORATION

The doughboy's sentiment has not been killed by war.

After a recent raid in which the Germans were beaten off, and six Americans so distinguished themselves as to receive the *Croix de Guerre* from the French government, the body of a German officer was found with others, dangling in the American wire entanglements.

From his neck hung an Iron Cross. On his body was his identification tag. Papers and documents were taken in the search for military information. But the Iron Cross was carefully watched.

It is now being sent to the officer's family in Germany through the representatives of a neutral power.

WHAT TO SEE IN PARIS The Arc de Triomphe

The Arc de Triomphe, situated at the crest of the Avenue des Champs-Elysees in Paris, is one of the sights of the French capital that should under no circumstances be missed by the soldier on leave in the city. Besides its architectural importance, the deeds it commemorates make it of a singular interest to all connected with the military establishment.

The motive for the erection of the great Triumphal Arch was to honor Napoleon's *Grande Armee*. The bas-reliefs decorating it represent the most important events during the martial career of the first emperor. Of these, perhaps the most famous is the one by the great sculptor, Francois Rude, on the pillar to the right of the span of the arch as one advances from the Champs-Elysees.

It represents the departure of the Volunteers in 1792, to stem the threatened European invasion of France. An heroic winged figure points with a sword, showing the marching men which route to take. In the minds of many Frenchmen, and many lovers of France who have visited the arch, this figure has been identified as "La Marseillaise."

The massive monument, which is 140 feet high and has a span of about 100 feet, was begun in 1806, but not completed until 1835. The cost of its construction was nearly \$2,000,000. It has been so set up that, on the anniversary of Napoleon's death—May 3—the ball of the setting sun is, as one stands facing it, framed exactly within the arch.

THERE'S A LIMIT

(By a Sufferer.)

My heart leaps when harmonicas The strains of "Dixie" play; But when they shift to "Hearts and Flowers" My heart, not noted for its powers, Gets car-sick right away!

THEY HAD SHARPER BAYONETS, ANYWAY

But Supply Officer Wanted To Use Those Whetstones on Axes

Whetstones were what the supply officer wanted; just plain whetstones. He had 1,000 woodchoppers working under him, and they just naturally had to have whetstones for their chopping implements. But whetstones were exactly the articles he couldn't get.

Finally, after much parleying and consultation of "Army Paper Work" and burning of the midnight candle, he succeeded in making out a requisition for whetstones, and in getting somebody further along the line to forward said requisition to somebody a little further along the line, who forwarded it to somebody still further along the line, who forwarded it to somebody almost to the end of the line, who forwarded it to somebody at, or approximately at, the end of the line. That being done, he sat back and waited. Supply officers, whatever else they may be short of, are always long on patience.

In the fulness of time, a reply to his requisition came back over the overland trail saying that there were no whetstones then on hand with which to requisition his painfully composed requisition. That was Paragraph 1.

He was just about to tear his hair and the reply all to bits, when he happened to glance down at Paragraph 2. Paragraph 2 referred him to an accompanying order which empowered him to go out and find a French factory that made whetstones or that could be induced to make them if it hadn't done so before. That, at least, was some consolation.

Interpreter Goes Along

Armed with the order and an interpreter, the supply officer sallied out. In the course of a week or so, he found a French factory that, in the course of a week or so, promised to take on the contract for making 1,000 whetstones. In the course of six weeks more, the factory authorities assured him they would deliver the 1,000 whetstones, F.O.B.—

Then—but let the supply officer finish the story; he's fairly bursting to do it: "The French factory evidently thought it knew better than I did where I wanted those stones sent. They went to a regimental headquarters.

"The first thing I knew about it was when I got the invoice, which told where they had been shipped, I went over to see them.

"Why," said the regimental supply officer, 'I thought they must be a new issue; I hadn't ordered any whetstones. I tried to figure out what they were for and concluded they must be for sharpening bayonets. So I issued 'em, and every squad in the regiment has got a whetstone, and has put in two or three days whetting up bayonets.'

"Well, I put in a letter requiring him to account for them, of course, and he indorsed it properly. But he affixed to it, when he forwarded it, a photograph of a private shaving himself with his bayonet. That whole blessed regiment went up to the front with

practically every bayonet sharp enough to shave with!"
The supply officer is still trying to get whetstones for his woodchoppers. At least, he was up to going-to-press time.

THE COLONEL COULDN'T KID HIM

An Indiana boy of 20 was doing sentry duty at a certain point in the line and he had been firmly admonished by his captain to let nobody pass his post without the proper password.

A few hours later a middle-aged soldier came down the trench and was halted by Dick, the Indian.

"Advance and give the password," Dick commanded.
"Oh, that's all right, I'm your colonel," said the other. "I don't happen to remember the password just now."
"Nix on that stuff," said Dick. "How do I know you're my colonel?"
"But I am your colonel and I demand to pass," returned the other, apparently in anger. "You can see from the insignia on my shoulders that I'm a colonel."

"That doesn't tell me anything," Dick came back. "We caught a Boche the other night who said he was an American captain and he almost got away with it. Don't come another step without the password or I'll stick this bayonet into your belly."
"I'll go and report you to your captain," said the other, and he turned on his heel and left.

Pretty soon the captain came to Dick's post.
"Dick," he said, "you're a corporal from now on. That was fine stuff you pulled on the colonel awhile ago. He was just around testing you fellows out. He got by two or three by bluffing them and they'll face charges in the morning. He might have been a German spy."

A CIGARETTE ADVERTISEMENT

"Send him —"
Yes, send them to him!
"They satisfy!"
Perhaps they do.

The name is new,
But now, all is changed,
Perhaps it's roasted,
Or toasted,
Or just plain mixed.
What's in the name?
He used to smoke —,
Name, brand, all desired.
But "She" doesn't smoke,
"She" knows no difference
And he —
Just the thought
"She" sent them
Is enough.
So,
"Send him —"
Pvt. JOHN KUNNS.

MEDICINES REPLACE WINE

More than a million mildewed bottles of wine, some of which have been undisturbed for half a century, are being removed from the aging cellar of one of the most famous wineries in France to provide a place of storage for perishable medicines for the A. E. F.

The cellar will serve as a distributing center for hospitals back of the front. The American Red Cross sought several weeks for a place of darkness and constant temperature before finding the cellar, and when they did discover it and inquired about its use, the owners insisted on removing their stock, valued at several million dollars, and turning it over to the use of the organization gratis.

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