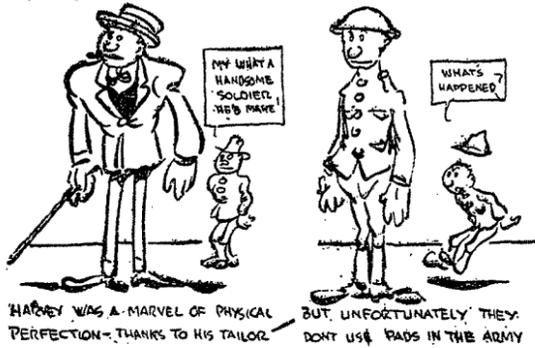


THEY'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!

-By WALLGREN



HARRY WAS A MARVEL OF PHYSICAL PERFECTION—THANKS TO HIS TAILOR. BUT UNFORTUNATELY THEY DON'T USE PADS IN THE ARMY.



BUT THAT WAS BEFORE HE GOT HIS TRENCH HAIRCUT.



WHILE FOOT 'EATS' DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE.

THE ARMY SHOWED HIM WHERE TO CARRY HIS LUNCH.



HE WAS CALLED "HANDSOME HARRY."



UNTIL THEY TRIMMED HIM DOWN FOR TRENCH UTILITY.



GUSSIE NEVER LOOKED ANYTHING BUT ORNAMENTAL.



UNTIL HE WAS REMODELED A.I.F. STYLE.



YOUNG GRIMES HADN'T A CLAIM FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY UNTIL HE BLOSSOMED OUT IN C.O.



KID RUFFENBERG'S MAP NEVER MADE A HIT IN POLITE SOCIETY BUT "/>

HELPFUL HINTS

No. 13—NEVER USE THE TOP SERGEANTS TOOTHBRUSH

FOR GODNESS SAKE! GOSH YOU GOTTA NERVE USIN' MY TOOT-BRUSH!

REMEMBER YOUR TOPS? LANGUAGE? NO—HOW RECURIAL?

CANUSE ME 'TOP'—I THOUGHT IT WAS THE COMPANY BRUSH

MOST TOPS IS VERY SENSITIVE ON THIS SUBJECT AS THEY USE IT THEMSELVES ONCE IN AWHILE—(MOST OF 'EM) EVEN COMMON SERGEANTS, AND BESIDES YOU SHOULD ALWAYS WAIT FOR AN INVITE AS HE MIGHT HAVE PROMISED IT TO SOMEONE ELSE. OF COURSE IF YOU ONLY WANT TO USE IT TO CLEAN YOUR GUN WITH IT'S ALL TO THE MERRY.

FREE ICE CREAM ON MOTHER'S DAY

Soldiers' and Sailors' Club in Paris Plans Fine Celebration

BRANCH SOON AT HQ. S.O.S.

Officers Only Americans Who Are Denied Privileges of Popular Institution

Mother's Day will be observed at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club in Paris by the serving free of charge of ice cream and cake in unlimited quantities to every mother's son in the ranks of our Army and Navy who may chance to drop in on the afternoon of Sunday, May 12.

It will be a characteristic celebration of an American fête in that hospitable hang-out for enlisted men which is so thoroughly American that it can boast the only American pool table in Paris and the only chocolate ice cream soda in all of France.

Plans for S. and S. Number 2 In all, more than 12,000 of us have sampled the hospitality of the club since its doors were first opened last October, and the success has been so marked that before June the S. and S. Club Number 2 will have been launched at the French city within whose gates is the headquarters of the S.O.S.

These luncheons, and, indeed, everything at the club in the Rue Royale, are for the enlisted men of our Army and Navy and for the enlisted men only. The Canadians share it with us, for, of course, Canadians are Americans. Tommies and Poles can come and do, but they must come as the guests of our boys.

But it's not for officers. Officers are not actually thrown out, but the club is not for them. They may not dine here, and a Sam Browne belt is a sign for the girl behind the counter in the canteen to hide the tobacco and refuse to sell so much as a single Fatima.

How One Officer Was Served Once a young American, who is an officer in the British Army and who had just come in from six months at the front, made a bee line for the Rue Royale because he had heard there was ice cream there. When they told him that it was not for the likes of him, he looked so dejected that Mrs. Lawrence Brown, who presides over the canteen, relented, escorted him clandestinely to the kitchen, and watched him gorge himself as her guest while no one was looking.

AS WE KNOW THEM THE MESS SERGEANT

He's up too god-darn early to rout out his poor K.P.s—He keeps 'em round too god-darn late with spuds upon their knees; There's too much god-darn sameness in his daily bill-of-fare—But plenty of variety when once he starts to swear!

It's always "No more seconds!" and it's always "Scrub that pan!" And always for inspection must the shack be spick and span! It's always "Eggs for officers!" which you have got to fry—And all the good it does you is a promise "bye and bye."

You're always lugging water when the sergeant is about, You're always peeling onions, till the odor in your snout Brings forth the tender toilet—'but a lot the sergeant cares, So long as his old non-com mess get double extra shares.

He rides in cars to market, and he spends the day in town—His beans are always underdone; his hash is never brown. It doesn't get you anything to stab him with your looks Of "how-could-you?" reproachfulness—he blames it on the cooks!

SPORTING NEWS AND COMMENT

Jeff Tesreau, who started off with two wins for the New York Giants this year, had the hardest kind of a time to break into fast company. Jeff's real name is Charles M. Tesreau, and he is now 29 years of age. He was born in Fronton, in southern Missouri. Jeff says he cannot remember the time when he was less than six feet tall. As a kid he played on a team in his home town, but he was told to beat it, as he was too clumsy. Jeff then went to Perryville and got a job in a lead mine and was hired to twirl for a semi-pro team. A scout for the Austin club of the Texas league spotted him, but when Jeff reached Austin he learned that that town had dropped from the league. Jeff then went to Houston, where he held only a short time, the manager telling him he was any good. Jeff stuck around, however, playing with several other Texas teams. At Shreveport he finally began to make a name for himself and McGraw decided to give him a chance. But he did not stick in Toronto getting him for a year, when he was recalled. The next year he won 17 and lost seven for the Giants, and he was a maven man.

Col. Miller, the promoter of the Willard-Fulton fight on July 4, was practically unknown to the fight game until about two months ago. He was at Jacksonville, Fla., idling away his time when he learned that the world's champion also was there. Willard had worked with Col. Miller's 101 ranch show for 20 weeks right after he had won the title from Jack Johnson, so the Colonel visited the champ. Later he witnessed

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Brig Manners By BRAN MASH

As the season advances and the dough-boy, like the frolicsome lamb gamb (o)ling on the green, begins to disport himself, the chances are that week-end guardhouse parties will be increasingly popular among the younger set in the A.E.F. These parties promise to be very exclusive affairs, though not at all hard to get in on if one is really determined to climb, socially or otherwise.

Once on the visiting list of a guardhouse party, be sure to conform to all the rules, and regulations of the household. By so doing you will save your host great annoyance, and may not be invited to come again. Besides, that is the only way to make sure of catching the train back to town on Monday morning.

WHOA, THERE, GIANTS! WHAR YOU GWINE?

Cubs Go Along Well Despite Great Loss of Alexander

The New York Giants continue to make a runaway race of it in the National league, and unless some team can step out and stop McGraw's bunch, the old league's pennant race will be spoiled. This will mean thousands of dollars loss for the other clubs, as baseball fans do not like a one-sided race.

The Chicago Cubs, despite their loss of Grover Alexander, continue to travel along at a fairly good pace, and appear to be about the only team that has a chance to overtake the runaway Giants. The Phillies and Pirates continue to prove surprises and are holding their own with the other teams, while the Cards, Dodgers and Braves are 'way down in the rut.

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS Jack Dempsey gained the verdict over Billy Miske in their ten round bout at Minneapolis. Dempsey must be a fairly good man to beat Miske in his own back-yard.

Branch Rickey of the St. Louis club expects a lot of Lefty Sherdell, the little blonde southaw twirler whom he bought from the Milwaukee club last fall. While Rickey was in Milwaukee looking over Marvin Goodwin, the star hurler of the Brewers, Sherdell was on the mound, and although beaten 2 to 1 by Indianapolis, he worked well and Rickey thought he had the makings of a good heaver.

A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Fraulein Bertha Krupp von Bohlen paid a flying visit to Paris recently, by proxy.

Mother's Day will be celebrated widely by the members of the A.E.F. now sojourning in France and England.

The patronesses for the Inter-Allied Charity Peace Ball have not yet been announced, nor are they likely to be for quite some time.

Life is becoming quite gay again among the members of the fashionable base port colonies, owing to the number of fascinating new arrivals of late.

European travel will be increasingly popular this summer among the younger American set whose ages range from 21 to 31. Several members of the older set are expected to come along also, as chaperones and nursegirls.

Musicians of the National Army, especially those being professed by former officers on clarinet, oboe and trombone, desiring to join an army band recognized as one of the finest in the service, apply at once, giving experience and qualifications. Address: Bandmaster, care of "The Stars and Stripes," 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris.

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Owen Floyd has been elected captain of the Rose Poly basketball five for next year. Yale, Harvard and Princeton have agreed to cut down their expenses in the coaching line.

John Griffiths has resigned as athletic director at Drake and is now at Camp Dodge.

Charley Brickley, former Harvard football star, has enrolled in the Naval Reserve.

Dennis O'Connell, crack Harvard middle distance runner, has enlisted as a camion driver in the Red Cross.

Edward ("Bull") McCreary, '10, has been made assistant football coach at the University of Pennsylvania for next fall.

Gilmour Dobie, former famous western coach, has been signed to handle the cadets at Annapolis for the next two years.

Norman Ross recently swam 500 yards in 5:58 1-5, this breaking his old mark for the distance. Ross is now in Army service.

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MEURICE HOTEL and RESTAURANT

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