

ALLIES ADVANCE NEAR ST. QUENTIN; MACEDONIA BLOW

Franco-Serbs Gain Almost Ten Miles in Two Days in 20-Mile Push

LINE NEARER MARCH FRONT

French Capture Heights Flanking Chemin des Dames—Total Prisoners Nearly 190,000

The week that ended Wednesday, September 18, saw, in addition to the reduction of the St. Mihiel salient by the First American Army, the opening of a new British offensive in conjunction with the French to the south. It saw, too, the auspicious opening of the Franco-Serb offensive against the Bulgarians on the long quiet Macedonian front.

The British, attacking Wednesday morning on a 16-mile front between St. Quentin and Cambrai, had before night advanced three miles, taken 6,000 prisoners, and at many points reached the positions from which the Germans set out on March 21 to conquer the world.

The French, continuing the attack from the point where their line joins that of the British, advanced on a six and a quarter mile front, gaining much ground and making many hundreds of prisoners.

Chemin des Dames Enfiladed

Further south, the French have made gains in the course of the line where it turns towards the east which, though they do not appear extensive on the map, are none the less of prime importance, involving as they do the capture of important heights along the Soissons-Lagny road, taking the strong position of the Chemin des Dames in outline and, to a slight extent, in the rear.

The attack of the Bulgarian positions in Macedonia, while its full extent has not as yet been disclosed, is undoubtedly an operation of the first importance. It opened Sunday on a front of seven miles, French and Serbian troops reaching the front by the next day, when Jugo-Slav troops also went into action, it had spread to 20 miles. By that time the advance had extended to a depth of not quite ten miles. The first two days' captures include 1,000 prisoners, 50 guns, machine guns and many other things.

Including the prisoners made in the new Macedonian attack, the total of Allied captures in men since July 18 is now well up toward 190,000.

American, British and French detachments, operating on the Archangel front in northern Russia, have come into contact with Bolshevik forces, according to a telegram received from Moscow by way of Berlin, which means that it must be taken with a grain of salt, and the Bolsheviks, the message states, have been compelled to retire.

BELGIAN WORKERS ESCAPE BONDAGE AS HUNS ENTER IT

Joan of the Fields Flees Across Lines and Brings Valuable News

Long convoys of men led back of our lines under guard the first few days of the American attack presented an amazing melange of soldiers and civilians of many nationalities. Young and old German soldiers, jostled Austrian fighters and stray Slovak and Hungarian warriors. Italian soldiers who had been captured by the Americans and put to work by the Germans trotted along a path crowded with jubilant French civilians escaped at last from bitter bondage.

The most interesting of all was a group of 30 Belgian civilians who had been obliged to toil for Germany just behind the lines. It was dawn, when his first little Belgian comrade reached a headquarters which offers the parting of the ways for all persons caught in the Yankee dragnet, where Abshtaus and Germans take different routes and where stray civilians get passports to liberty.

The Belgians sat them down then and there to a breakfast that consisted not only of steaming coffee and meat, but of the first really warm bread they had seen in many weary years. After breakfast they were placed in the care of a neighboring French mission.

A Modern Joan

One Yankee division in this sector is athrill over the serene beauty of a young Joan of the fields, a French girl of 19 or 20, who ever since war began had lived on her invaded farm near the waters of the Moselle, praying for the day when the invaders would be driven out. At the battle of the St. Mihiel salient broke in fury on the morning of the 12th and the Germans began their disorderly retreat across her acres, she believed the day of deliverance was approaching.

But the swaying battle line came to a halt at such a point as to leave her home still under the German yoke. So on Saturday night, though it meant slipping past watchful sentries, though it meant a journey over nearly four kilometers of treacherous country plowed by big shells and sprayed by machine guns, she set forth alone and on foot for the Yankee lines.

She not only reached those lines, but she had kept her bright eyes so wide and her mind so alert that she had much useful information to give the astonished troops.

CIGARETTES ARE HERE

At bases in France there are 200,000,000 cigarettes waiting for transportation to haul them to the front. The Army recently commandeered a large percentage of the Y.M.C.A.'s motor trucks.

Here are some things for the Army to be delivered to the Y.M.C.A. in France next month: 77 tons of chewing gum, 1,325 tons of flour, and 2,850 pounds of sugar for cookie making, 167 tons of chocolate bars, 200 tons of jam, 94 tons of condensed milk, 31 tons of condensed soups, 179 tons of chewing tobacco, 9 tons of plain soap, 17 tons of tooth paste, 6 tons of towels, 1 1/2 tons of razor blades, and 7 tons of playing cards.

FIRST ARMY NIPS OFF SALIENT OF ST. MIHIEL

Continued from Page 1

pioneer Engineers, armed with wire cutters and dynamite, planned to go forward at the start to clear the paths and explode whatever of treacherous mines might lie in waiting. Behind on the roads, tolling silently forward, were the trucks of ammunition and the ration carts and kitchens, those faithful trails that work so doggedly in these great hours to the end that guns and doughboys shall be fed, come what may.

Behind, too, at many a headquarters switchboard, American telephone girls were working overtime and tickled to death at the chance. Then, somewhere—was it one kilometer, or 20 or 50?—somewhere in the mysterious, midnight darkness, was the Commander-in-Chief.

It was raining. It had been raining for several days, so that the ground was spongy underneath, the carts were making headway with difficulty. But that same rain, with its black, laden clouds had hid behind the German machine guns, from the skies, and they knew less of what was afoot than they might have known had the days been fair.

One Bundle of Confidence

And from one end of the line to the other there coursed a quickening current of confidence. The Army joined for its first blow, was just so many millions, pounds of confidence. They were set for a task they thought might be easy, but which they were determined to fulfill no matter how hard it should prove.

Shortly after one o'clock Thursday morning, the artillery preparation began. Suddenly out of the darkness, guns innumerable spoke. Spoke? They roared. They sang. They cursed. They filled the air with such a deafening and disconcerting din as soldiers seldom have heard since the world began. It was the tremendous overture of the score.

So it went for hours. Then, just before five, came the drum-fire, the steady, synchronized, harmonized barrage, the multitude of cannon firing as if a single hand. At its first notes, the spasmodic signals from the German lines changed suddenly in hue and quantity. Instead of the occasional impulsive flares came rockets and star-shells, the lights that call for information giving way to all the fireworks known to the German signal corps.

And then, as the smoke cleared, the countryside and men—"F. G. G. G. G.," give us everything you have," they are a cry in the night for help.

Dawn—and the Tanks

The rain had stopped and dawn was streaking the east. The tanks were under way. The aircraft hummed in the skies. It was such a concourse of airplanes as Orville and Wilbur Wright must have beheld in their first, little credited visions—and perhaps not even they.

As a result of the artillery preparation, arms and aids, were working with but a single purpose, working in a single service, the service of the doughboy, working to bring him food and ammunition and information, working to clear his path and simplify his job. And now the doughboy, on the stroke of five, rose out of his trench, his rifle slung over his shoulder, and went pouring over the top.

The Infantry swept across No Man's Land, across the trenches the Boches had been widening and deepening for four years, past dugouts whose men too hopeful occupants were still in hiding as a result of the artillery preparation.

They were advancing over a battlefield which, with its easy vistas and its gentle undulations, seemed made for maneuvers. The well-posed observer could sweep his operations for miles around. A movie man would have died of joy at the opportunity.

In Unbroken Ranks

Indeed, it was a little like a movie war, that serene, unchecked advance, the Infantry waves mounting and disappearing over crest after crest, their ranks unbroken, their jaunty trot unslackened. Generals went by on white horses. Twenty minutes after five the first prisoners came trickling back. Had anyone seen it in the movies he would have looked with laughter at the ignorance of a director who thought a battle over went as prettily as all that.

The ease of it, speed of it—those were the two topics of the day. "The speed! Within little more than 24 hours after the first Infantry charge, a division coming in from the west and a division coming in from the south met and clasped hands. The salient had been cut. That peninsula in the German war map had been inundated.

That was an electric hour at dawn last Friday morning when scouts from these divisions, groping their way into the town of Hattonville, each from its separate side, came face to face in the streets and, each finding that the other was not Boche, whooped for joy and grasped each other's hands.

Why They Called It Speed

You may gauge that speed by a dozen facts. By the fact that a task which should, according to the most hopeful expectations, have taken two days, took only one. By the fact that before seven o'clock on the first morning, an entire company of German Infantry was busy mending French roads for the passage of American trucks laden with American breakfasts. By the fact that at the same hour prisoners were being examined in positions as far back as corps headquarters. By the fact that one brigade paraded nine kilometers in five hours, the brigade P.C. moving breathlessly after, establishing itself in a ditch perhaps and yet suffering to stay there only long enough for the lieutenants attached to get the chocolate out of their musette bags and eat it with about one bite each. By the fact that only cavalry and airplanes could keep up with the doughboys, who were scarcely loitering to send back their hundreds of Huns, but letting them drift back unguarded.

The master of one battle-scattered field kitchen, who had sworn a mighty oath that he would keep the coffee going apart with his clamorous Infantry pals tried hard for a while and gave it up in despair.

"These travelin' fools!" he said, and roared with proud laughter. "The prisoners come in droves. It was an unaccountable sight on that first day to see a thousand paddling back four abreast through the late summer rain—each and every one displaying an incorrigible cheerfulness that would have deeply grieved the firm of Ludendorff and Hindenburg.

Regimental commanders, majors, lieutenant colonels, a colonel or two and one bespectacled professor who had invented a poisonous gas and ought to have been ashamed of himself, were among the first day's bag.

They surrendered in groups large and small. They came not singly but by battalions—actually. Some were caught in their dugouts, from which they emerged trustfully as soon as the doughboys arrived. Some surrendered in batches to Cavalry. Some—notably the machine gunners—gave in only when they were quite surrounded and had done all the damage they could. Others yielded when Cavalry had rounded them up, and still

others lost all their stomach for this war at the sight of the first tank.

It is enough to disconcert the stoutest heart to be crouching over a machine gun watching anxiously for some explanation of the noise in the woods just ahead, and then to see the fringing foliage of that woods part here and there with the emergence of a group of terrifying monsters that spit lead and are themselves indifferent to lead—wildly painted monsters whose coats are as many-colored as Joseph's and whose hides are so tough that compared with them, the rhinoceros seems a sensitive jelly-fish.

They tell of one impatient sergeant who climbed out of his triumphant tank and sat on its turret with his rifle while it rounded up a terrified group.

In the Nick of Time

Where Germans were not caught, it was obvious that they had escaped just in time. An American general taking over a dugout would find the still-burning cigar and the half-quaffed liqueur of his predecessor waiting on the table, or prisoners might be taken to bathtubs, not because they wanted to surrender, but because their flight was cut off just in time.

It was that way with the major commanding the 65th Landwehr Regiment. As the French Colombians came into St. Mihiel, he decided that the tank had come for himself, his adjutant, his surgeon and his orderly to go away from there. They went, leaving the rest of the regiment to its fate. But on the way back through the corridor that led out of the salient, they walked straight into American troops. They were much obliged to learn that the salient had been cut, a fact of which they might have been informed by their own officials had not the Allied guns played such havoc with the German communications.

Thus it befell that of this regiment, the first representative to reach the American pen was the commanding officer. By that time his orderly was not very respectful, and when his air of indifference, to his chief was made a subject of inquiry, he said with the first free speech he had ever known: "To hell with officers!"

The Ruling Passion

Later 40 prisoners arrived from the same outfit. Did they know where their commanding officer was? Oh, safe in Germany by that time, they opined solemnly. The commanding officer looked toward the adjoining pen. They looked. Their eyes bulged. Then the whole lot burst into prolonged and hearty laughter.

Indeed, laughter was the mood of the 15,000. Here and there an officer was snaky. One officer who had dressed up regardless and packed all his belongings in a neat kit ready to go to France was somewhat pained when he found that, for all his spotless white gloves, he would have to lend the hands within them to the portage of the nearest stretcher.

But for the most part the prisoners, after they found that they were not to be boiled in oil or scalded by the aboriginal Americans, were immensely jovial. You could see converging groups of them laughing and waving to each other. You could hear them telling how they had been studying the information about Yankee railroads that they had dropped over their lines, how they had compared the menus with their own dreary fare and how, in talking among themselves, they had confessed a secret determination to go over and get some of those rations at the first opportunity.

Beginning with the third day of the attack Saturday, the Germans were not down to the task of adjusting their new positions and making them habitable. By Wednesday they were leaving more and more of the combat to the artillery. All day and all night the big guns pounded away. Three times the Germans counter-attacked, but these assaults were brief and local, rather less than half-hearted blows which got nowhere and of which the sole result was to leave more prisoners in our hands.

Just such an attack was made Monday night, and the task was entrusted to a lucky Boche storm battery which had been instructing at a school for "night-rooms" just across the frontier when trouble broke loose, and it was rushed forward to reinforce the line. It was this battalion which led the fierce assault on the newly arrived New England troops at Setcheprey late last winter.

Right Among the Boches

The records of the air fighting beyond St. Mihiel contain many such exciting incidents. Major Louis H. Brereton, in command of the observation planes in the fighting, decided to make a flight over the salient. He went in a biplane, accompanied by Capt. Vallois of the French army. At a height of 2,000 meters they were attacked by a Fokker which landed a lucky shot in Major Brereton's engine. The American started a spiral to the

AIRMEN IN FIGHT WHOLE DAY AHEAD, HARASS RETREAT

Continued from Page 1

almost continuous bombardment and machine gun fire from American airplanes.

Many times that day the retreating line of men and transport was thrown into confusion and the road choked after bombs had made disastrous, direct hits on convoys. Everything which passed eastward over that six kilometer stretch had to run this gauntlet of fire from the air.

The day following, after the Infantry had closed in on Vignoulles and the road to St. Bonoit was within easy artillery range, the harassing fire from the air was continued farther eastward. In the meantime, bombing planes carried out raids far into the enemy's back areas, photographic and artillery directing bursts of Hun shrapnel, and chasse planes, in addition to protecting the others, kept our side of the line as clear as possible of Boche planes and went over the line to dare the enemy to combat.

Four-fifths of the combats in the three days following the Infantry attack took place over the German lines, and as far as knowing what was going on behind the American lines, the Germans were practically blind. A few reconnoitering planes got through our lines, but still fewer of them returned.

Lieut. Putnam's Death

It was in winning and maintaining this supremacy of the air that Lieut. David Putnam, leading American ace, went to his death.

He had been a member of a patrol of 12 planes which went up in the face of a rainstorm. The weather compelled the patrol to separate. It divided into three groups of four each. Lieut. Putnam taking command of one. Flying actually in a rain storm, the group was attacked by eight Germans. Two of them fastened themselves on to Lieut. Putnam's tail and shot him down. The skill in maneuver of the daring lieutenant, which had made him victor in several such combats, was useless on this occasion because of the weather.

It was in this same sort of fighting, too, that Lieut. Charles D'Olive performed the remarkable feat of accounting for three Boche planes in less than 10 minutes.

Lieut. D'Olive was a member of a patrol which came upon a group of five Fokkers. He dived at the first one, followed by Lieut. Purlow, his machine gun open. The Boche went down vertically, a Pflanze circling, regained an altitude of 500 meters and attacked a second Fokker. It went into a fluttering spiral. Again he regained his altitude and opened fire on a third. It fell like the first. The day before Lieut. D'Olive had pursued a Fokker into a cloud and shot it down. His score was four in two days.

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ground. The Boche followed with his machine gun open. One bullet went through Capt. Vallois' cheek and another took off Major Brereton's cap. The machine landed safely on a level patch between trenches and barbed wire entanglements. Boche soldiers were all around.

"Here's where we're taken prisoner," said Major Brereton. He was immediately greeted by a cheer from two doughboys who had run to the scene. The Germans—there were 250 of them—were prisoners. The two doughboys were taking them to the rear.

Lieut. J. D. Estes was leading a patrol of five American planes which met an equal number of Fokkers. The Americans attacked and shot down two within five minutes.

Lieuts. Brody, Guthrie, Stiles, Stivers and Biddle met a strong enemy combat group. The first three attacked one Boche machine. It dived vertically. Lieut. Stivers dived at a second and saw it fall. Lieut. Biddle tackled a third and it escaped. The enemy formation was broken up and it fled back to its own lines.

Lieut. Irving, his engine disabled, was forced to land in No. Man's Land. He came down amid a hail of machine gun bullets from the Boche lines. Unharmed, he got back into the American positions.

A ST. MIHIEL PARTY

One Infantry company at the end of several hours' advance found that it had cut off several score Germans in a wood. The Germans didn't show any fight. Most of them didn't even exhibit enough nerve to come out and surrender. When it came time for the captain to make his periodical report to his battalion P.C., this sentence concluded the message he sent back: "Have about a hundred friendly troops in woods on my right."

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