

of adventure. And Grandpre, Long will tell the tale of the little town above the Aire which changed hands several times and finally settled down...

In their approach to it, after clearing the Argonne Forest, the Americans were confronted by a bridgeless, unfordable river with a steady downpour of German shells balking all the efforts of the ready doughboys. Then, one afternoon at dusk, approaching the river from the southwest, the doughboys themselves found a tree that had been washed down the Aire and become moored for a time in midstream.

Planks were rushed to the spot. On these with more impatient soldiers swimming alongside, some 200 infantrymen passed over to the tree, then over to the other shore. They hid in a shadow on the southern outskirts of the town until dawn. The first German outposts encountered them gave one startled "Was das?" before they were silenced, and a few moments later Yanks were swarming into the town, routing the half-sleep enemy, catching them in bed and working great havoc before the German artillery took a hand.

Cloudburst of Shell Machine guns fired at them from the fine old chateau and also from a building which the enemy had marked with a huge red cross. They fired also from the old church steeple of Grandpre. The infantry told the Artillery about that position. It is no more.

American Artillery has been ordered to send month for month deluging the German area with such night and day cloudbursts of shell as the popular mind associates only with the launching of a great offensive. The reply from the German Artillery has been comparatively feeble. Indeed, it is an altogether agreeable fact that the vast majority of our wounds, perhaps 80 per cent, are from light machine gun and rifle fire, from which the men will recover quickly and be better soldiers for their experience.

There is fresh evidence that the enemy is suffering from a grave shortage of ammunition as the battle continues. Two great developments stand out above all others in the week of continued Allied advance from October 16 to October 23. The Belgian coast has been cleared of the enemy. The great industrial area of northern France has been reoccupied.

The victory in western Flanders which drove the Germans from the naval bases of Ostend and Zeebrugge and lost to them the only segment of sea coast they had gained in the four years brought with it the capture of Bruges, fifth city of Belgium, and saw the Allies approaching Ghent, which is larger than Bruges.

The extreme Allied left and the extreme German right now rest on the erratic frontier of Holland or rather more along it. An unconfirmed report from Amsterdam states that 15,000 Germans, unable to escape by the narrow corridor between Bruges and Holland fled over the little neutral country's boundaries and were interned.

The Week of Liberation The week might well go down in history as the week of Liberation of the Cities. Most important is the redemption of the Lille-Roubaix-Tourcoing cluster, the chief textile region in France, with a combined population of a million. Courtrai and Douai have also fallen. Tournai and Valenciennes were the next. The total population of the great industrial centers now won for France and Belgium is well over 6,000,000, not including the scores of towns and villages that lie between and about them.

The German reply to President Wilson's note protests against the charges of illegal conduct of the war; denies submarine atrocities, but adds that instructions have been sent to U-boat commanders to sink no more passenger ships; asks for an opportunity to arrange with Allied military leaders the conditions of armistice and evacuation, and attempts to show that the Reichstag as now constituted really represents the will of the German people.

Q.M. BRANCH HEADS HOLD CONVENTION, UNIFORMITY GOAL Continued from Page 1 off his coat and go to work with no special or local instructions. He would know just where the Havana twofers were kept and where to look for the Pittsburgh stogies.

The new plan is designed to work about the same with the Q.M. depots. Commanding officers can change, personnel can change, but the business will not. The whole staff might move out in a body and be supplanted by another, acquainted with the general plan, and there would be no confusion. Everybody would know where the canned innos and the candles are kept without asking a question.

In addition to discussing the change of policy in the Q.M. and adopting the first big change, the Depot Quartermasters of the various departments at Q.M. headquarters, including the huge salvage plant near by. The session ended in trade convention style—with a banquet.

The banquet was given by the visiting Depot Quartermasters in honor of Major General Rogers. It had been secretly arranged and was a surprise to the new Quartermaster General of the Army.

20,000,000 BUY NEW LOAN BONDS; QUOTA IS PASSED Continued from Page 1 thought was going some in the way of a popular loan. It we really reached 20 million subscribers, it means that we have knocked history out cold for no such popular answer to a government's call has ever been recorded.

New York City girded its loins just before the last day and jumped from ninth to first place in the percentage race over night. The police force reached its 50 million quota at three p.m. of the last day and busted the city wide open with sirens.

ORPHAN TOTAL 378; 500 LIMIT TAKEN OFF

Continued from Page 1 AND STRIPES announced its plan last week. The women of Centralia heard about it and forwarded money to refund the company. But the company didn't want any refund. It just forwarded the new amount and doubled the size of its family.

There were numberless other noteworthy adoptions. Co. A, Engrs., colored, became a paragon and expressed the sympathy which the colored troops feel for the bereft children of France, and the officers of Base Hospital 69 celebrated the completion of their first month's foreign service by adopting one.

Two Adoptions in Memoriam The memory of two soldiers who have died in the cause of Liberty was perpetuated in France by French orphans being selected in their name. One was Private J. D. Rankin, whose father is a captain in the Air Service, and who died in action on July 19, 1918. The other was for Sgt. Roy S. Butler, Engrs. Sgt. Butler's sister is an Army nurse in France.

THE STARS AND STRIPES has received several queries regarding the rule established for the purpose of the plan is wholly to assist a soldier for France the children who will be most vitally needed in the days of reconstruction after the war, and that legal adoption, under French law, is practically impossible.

Also, we are still receiving requests for red headed children, twins and others that we can't fill. Red headed orphans are as elusive as ever, and twins, if obtainable, would be ruled out—or half ruled out, we mean—by the rule.

We are, we might say, the only firm doing business which guarantees the sex, age, disposition and adaptability of children before delivery—and that ought to be about enough.

How to Adopt an Orphan Any company, platoon, detachment, office staff—in short, any unit or individual—can adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan simply by contributing 500 francs for his support for one year. The money is sent to THE STARS AND STRIPES, and by it turned over to a special committee of the American Red Cross for disbursement. The Red Cross itself stands all expenses incurred in administering the War Orphan funds. Thus, every cent contributed to take care of a Christmas War Orphan is spent on the actual care and comfort of the child.

No restrictions are placed upon the methods by which money may be raised to adopt a Christmas Gift War Orphan. But the sooner it is raised, the better. Christmas is not very far off, and it is up to the A.E.F. to give itself a merry Christmas by seeing to it that at least 500 needy orphans of French soldiers

who have given their lives in defense of their country and the common principles for which both Frenchmen and Americans are fighting can look forward to a year filled not with anxiety, but with real Christmas happiness and good cheer.

This Week's Adoptions Send all communications regarding the Christmas Gift War Orphans to THE STARS AND STRIPES, 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France. Orphans were adopted this week as follows:

TAKEN THIS WEEK Table listing names of soldiers and their units who adopted orphans, including Co. B, Motor Co., Co. C, Motor Co., etc.

YANK DIVISIONS BATTLE IN FOG

Continued from Page 1 valley of the Selle one of the strangest battles in which American soldiers in France have yet engaged. In front of the doughboys a battalion of tanks—Americans at the steering wheels and Americans at the guns— nosed into the drizzling cloud and lumbered toward the enemy. In the fog they loomed large as locomotives, and their motors roared and chugged with a sound, intensified by the fog, terrifying above all other battle noises. Guided by compass and instinct, they lumbered on and on over the rough slopes, while the artillery barrage, lifting and rolling ahead on the time table, searched out the German lines and contributed terror of its own.

Then the inevitable happened. In the fog the tanks, the attacking doughboys and the Germans became mixed in one confused mass rushing back and forth on the lower slopes. All sense of direction was lost. The flare of guns lit the dense mist until the whole slope seemed aflame. Almost by the law of gravity prisoners began to filter to the edge of the river, to be gathered in by the fresh incoming wave of attackers. The prisoners began to come even before the main infantry attack was launched.

One tank, scornful to use a bridge for such a stream, plunged into the Selle at a ford near St. Martin Riviere, walled across and started ahead. It could be heard thundering on its guns rattling ceaselessly. Engineers laying down a bridge where the tank crossed had just started their work when they were astonished by a dozen Germans appearing, specter-like, with their hands held up. They shouted their surrender when the engineers dropped the planks and grabbed for their rifles.

On Toward the Slope The confusion of the blind battle ended with the clearing of the fog, and the Americans pressed on toward the slope. They kept on in spite of machine gun fire which met them from such positions as the Arbre de Guise, a knoll wooded and banked with redoubts. The advance was steady on the whole front. At nightfall the whole ridge was in American hands, and in Arbre Guernon, a crossroads village at the center and farthest point forward of the American front, a tank was being used as an outpost.

Another instance of the speed of the tank advance was furnished by a captured German marine officer. He had left his machine gun command behind the ridge to go to a telephone post. Returning half an hour later, he was amazed to find his command prisoners and himself squarely in front of the guns of an American tank which had settled down for a rest after cleaning out a machine gun nest. During the afternoon American planes bombed and raked with machine gun fire the advancing lines of a German counter attack, launched to recapture the northern part of the ridge.

In this one day's work the Americans gathered in 1,000 prisoners. Among

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TERRESTRIAL GLOBE 14 inches in Diameter Very interesting in order to follow the operation of the war. That sphere, manufactured with great care and remarkable by its accuracy, contains numerous indications about regions of interest in the different regions of the world.

UNIFORMS FOR AMERICAN OFFICERS DARIC 95 Avenue des Champs-Elysees

WHEN YOU GET THAT LEAVE Under General Orders No. 6 and 38, Enlisted Men in the American E.F. may go to leave areas for 7 days, with board and lodging paid by the Army. The three areas now open are: SAVOIE—French Alps, lakes, etc. Center: Aix-les-Bains. BRITANNY—Sea Coast. Center: St. Malo, Dinard, Paramo. AUVERGNE—Mountain Section of interior France. Centers: La Bourboule and Mont Dore.

them were many from a German naval division which had been thrown into the front opposite the Americans in the hope of checking the steady advance. The impetus of this battle of October 17 was held for two more days, and nightfall of last Saturday found the Americans in front of Cattillon, five kilometers ahead of their starting place on the Selle—37 kilometers from the place where they had broken the Hindenburg line two weeks before. The prisoners taken in those two weeks total more than 4,500, including almost 100 officers.

In recognition of the work of the Americans, Field Marshal Sir Douglas Haig, commander-in-chief of the British Armies, has sent to the commander of the Second American Army corps, with the Fourth British Army, the following message: I wish to express to you personally and to all the officers and men serving under my warm appreciation of the very valuable and gallant services rendered by you throughout the Fourth British Army. Called upon to attack positions of great strength held by a determined enemy, all ranks of the 27th and 30th American Divisions under your command displayed an energy, courage and determination in attack which proved irresistible.

SWEDISH CLUB FORMED American officers of Swedish origin will find at 58 bis Rue de la Chaussée d'Antin, Paris, a Swedish club where they will be welcome without paying any entrance fee. This club furnishes good meals at a very low price, and has a file of Swedish and other newspapers.

Officers desiring further details of the club's operation and facilities should communicate with the club's vice president, A. H. Nordin, 37 Boulevard Haussmann. The Swedish colony in Paris, under the leadership of the Swedish Minister to France, is anxious to be of the utmost possible assistance to American soldiers.

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Blade Economy And as a consequence Steel Conservation—and the highest quality of steel at that THE only RAZOR that strops itself THE AutoStrop Razor is the only safety razor which sharpens its own blades. For this reason its blades last on an average much longer than those of other razors. We have for years guaranteed 500 smooth cool shaves from every 12 blades. Without stropping this razor will shave as well as any unstropped blade can. The stropping feature in the AutoStrop Razor insures smooth clean shaving such as is obtained by the first class barber, and as a consequence lengthens the life of the blade.

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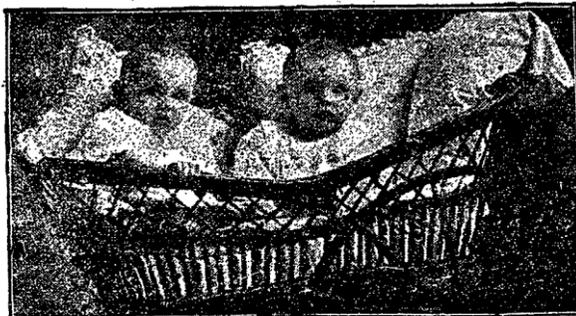
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BASEBALL LOSES BIG LEAGUE STAR IN GREATER GAME Capt. Eddie Grant of Reds and Giants Killed in Argonne AT HEAD OF HIS BATTALION Men Who Went to Relief of Major Whittlesey's Command Fought Like Grim Automata

THE TWINS, NINE MONTHS OLD



These are "The Twins." They are nine months old. That much can be gleaned from the back of the postcard from which this picture was taken. The information is written in a round, childish hand—probably an elder brother's or sister's. It represents all that is known about the twins—all that is known, at least, to the man who found the card in Non-Man's Land on the Toul front, to the man who sent it in, and to this newspaper. The man who found the card added this inscription on the back of the card:

"Who wouldn't fight for them?" With the card came a letter saying: "Am sending you a photo that a soldier gave me that he found at the front. He was wounded and was on the train, and told me to send it to THE STARS AND STRIPES to put in the paper. Don't put my name in the paper, as I am just doing a favor for him. Yours truly, A Soldier." The soldier did not sign his name, so it can't very well get in the paper, anyway. Who are the twins? Whose are they? What was their father's fate? And who wouldn't fight for them?

FIRST CLASS PRIVATE M. P.'S LOWEST RANK

G.O. Provides for One Company for Every 20,000 Men in A.E.F. FIVE FEET SEVEN OR OVER Guardians of the Peace and Crossroads Must Also Be at Least 21 Years Old

Every man in the reorganized Military Police Corps must be over 21 years of age, over 5 feet 7 inches in height with proportionate weight, and must have sufficient education to write reports, draw up charges, and read maps intelligently, although by the terms of G.O. 180 dealing with the organization of the corps, variations from the physical requirements are authorized when they are in the best interests of the service. In addition, the general order states that a private in the M.P.'s must possess "in a marked degree all of the qualities usually required in a non-commissioned officer." The ratio of M.P. companies to other troops in the A.E.F. will be approximately one company to every 20,000 men. These companies are to consist of five commissioned officers—a captain, two first and two second lieutenants—and 200 enlisted men, all of the privates being private first class. Above the company organizations will be battalion headquarters, staffed by a major, a first lieutenant as battalion adjutant, and one battalion sergeant-major. The office of each provost marshal at army headquarters will be organized with one lieutenant-colonel provost marshal, one major as assistant provost marshal, and one regimental sergeant-major.

S. O. L. CLUB QUILTS, 710 FRANCS COME IN

Everyone Who Wrote for Special Extra Sure to Get One

Us and the orphans are out of luck. We announced two weeks ago that we had 525 copies of the Fourth Liberty Loan Special Extra of THE STARS AND STRIPES, a million and a half copies of which were distributed in New York City before the close of the recent campaign, and that we were ready to offer them to the A.E.F. at five francs each, provided (as the Statute Books say) That if more than 525 members of the A.E.F. accepted the offer, all the names would be placed in a list, and that only the 525 men whose names were drawn therefrom would receive papers. The rest could have their money back if they wanted it. Or they could simply let it go into the S.O.L. Orphan Fund as their initiation fee into the S.O.L. Club. It is, as was earlier reported, us and the orphans who are out of luck. Only 110 names were sent in, representing 142 remittances, or a total of 710 francs. In other words, everybody gets a copy of the Special Extra and everybody will continue to get a copy as long as the 525 hold out. The 710 francs, and as much as shall accrue thereafter, will go into the orphan fund, either as an addition to the miscellaneous account or to clear up the accounts of some units which, through losses in battle or other changes which have largely altered their original personnel, are honestly unable to send us the second installment of their 500-franc adoption total. Club members and orphans will not, therefore, be so S.O.L. after all. "Still a luck private, aren't you?" "Yep, but I rank hell out of my brother." "What's he?" "Third class seaman in the Navy."

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FREE LETTER PAPER GOES BY THE BOARD

Crested Stationery Is Now Allotted Bona Fide Hotel Guests Only

FREE LUNCH IRON RATION America Bans Restaurant Sugar Bowl to Aid in Shipping All Food Possible to Europe

Like the Eddie Grant of Old The men of Company II testify that they never went into action without their captain in the lead, and one of them used to be a traffic policeman on duty at the Polo Grounds in New York—says that to the onlooker there never was any difference between the Captain Grant who walked forward, smiling and unconcerned under shell fire, and the Eddie Grant who led troops out from the trench to third base. When, several days later, the scribes of the battle made their way to that ravine where former Major Whittlesey, commander of the beleaguered battalion, was encamped, he met them with words that ran something like this: "The real story is with the men who, day and night, fought their way to our relief."

The Vanished Platoon When, if ever, it is fully told, it will give some account of the lost platoon, the platoon that moved forward Indian file and vanished forever into the all-prevailing fog. They seemed to have found a breach in the encircling line. They went ahead. At a certain point each man came under a cross fire from hidden guns, and at that point each man fell, his body pitching silently down the steep ravine, his falling unseen behind the curtain of mist. Yet, to that point, approaching he knew not what, each man advanced. Above all, it is a story of a fight begun and finished by troops wet, cold and weary beyond words, in a hotly pitched, almost senseless battle through an exhausting forest. They were so tired that they would not move to take shelter from the falling shells, so tired that the runners could not grasp, much less repeat, the messages; so tired they did not know what they were doing. Their knowledge of their business and all their cannicness was gone. Their faculties were paralyzed. They were automata. But within them something was functioning, and that something was their acter. They knew, every man of them, that Americans were imprisoned in the forest beyond, imprisoned and depending on them for relief. They knew what was expected of them. They knew there was and could be no question of giving up so long as any of them lived. Their minds had ceased to work. But their hearts had not. That is how the relief came to "New York's Own."

TRENCH KNIFE KNOB LATEST IN ARMORY

Acorn-Shaped Lump of Iron Added Just Below Hilt

The trench knife has just been refined. A nice little knob—an acorn-shaped lump of iron—has been added to it just behind the hilt. And the hilt is really only a pair of brass knuckles. The blade is a modest affair, three corners, thin as a sheet of about six inches long. Trench knives have long been issued, but the earlier ones were rather crude, having wooden handles that broke sometimes. The new one is scientifically designed to make every blow count. For instance, the knob of iron on the end opposite the blade is splendid for a down-sweeping blow in case the first jab with the blade has failed to land. But the brass knuckle hilt probably will be the most popular feature of the knife. Previous to the adoption of the new trench knife, probably the most artistic weapon used in this war was the German clean-up club—a stick of wood about as long as a policeman's club, with a knob of iron on the end about as big as a fist. The iron knob had little peaks all over it, so that the knob wouldn't slip off the human head when it landed.

WALL STREET BUCKS UP

Specialties such as copper, oil and motor shares gained from five to 15 points. Ralls reached high marks of the year. The bond market also stiffened decidedly with very active buying. At that, nothing soared exactly skyward, and it's a long road ahead to the Tipperary of pre-war figures for non-war industrials.

SON FALLS IN FIGHT, FATHER TAKES PLACE

Major, Chafing in Division P.O., Joins Battle When Lieutenant Dies

Major Clay C. MacDonald, of Missouri, did not consider his one and sixty years any reason why he should stay at home in St. Joe when his old regiment was ordered to France last spring. No one in the old outfit is more named than he today, and not a mile of their hiking over the long French roads has been missed. But it was not until his division was at the height of its job in the Argonne that he took a command in the field. He had long been chafing over his sheltered task as divisional postmaster, and the thought of it became insupportable when the fighting ahead became hot and he knew that somewhere in the thick of it his son—Lieut. Donald Malcolm MacDonald—was leading a platoon. Then one day—the third day of the Battle of Argonne—a courier brought the news to the wreck of a village then serving as divisional headquarters that Lieutenant MacDonald had been killed in action, shot and killed instantly while leading a little knot of his men in an attack on a German machine gun nest. When young MacDonald fell the machine gunners had thrown up their hands and cried quits, but they spoke too late. To the General's Dugout This was the news the courier brought the major. Those near him in the village street, when the courier had finished, saw him turn and walk to the general's dugout. "General," he said, "they've killed my boy. I want a battalion." And before the sun set that day he was in the field with a battalion of battling Kansans, officered, here and there, by men who had seen service under Funston in the great days of the old 20th Kansas. One after another, three of the officers were killed at the head of that battalion in Argonne, and when it came out of the line Major MacDonald was in command. The sight of his mud-crustec overcoat, slit and torn by machine gun bullets, today bears witness to the nature of the fighting into which he went.

Q.M. CORPS BADLY HIT

AMERICA, Oct. 24.—A bit of bad news which will shock the A.E.F. horribly is that the attack of roses crop is frightfully short. There is also a calamitous reduction in whiter-are-we-drifting editorials because of the failure of 850 newspapers. "Going into French much?" asked the corporal. "No," answered the private, "but as soon as this war's over I'm going right back into piano moving."

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HOTEL PLAZA-ATHENE

25 Avenue Montaigne, PARIS

PAPERMILLMEN

Enlisted men of the American E.F. who have been employed in mills manufacturing white print paper for newspapers are requested to write to this office at once. Names of men formerly of the International Paper Company and other big mills specially desired. State your qualifications for transfer to this work, subject to commanding officer's approval. Address: The Stars and Stripes 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris, France

WALK-OVER SHOES

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All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for any information and where all possible services of any kind will be rendered free of charge.

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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. Written, edited and published every week by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F., all profits to accrue to subscribers' company funds.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1918.

A SOLDIER

An incident that will linger long in the memory of those who took part in the gallant advance of the Second Division in Champagne came when, as will happen sometimes in all armies, the artillery was falling short.

THE FATHERLAND

Picture yourself a German—not a roaring Prussian junker, or the embusqué son of an emperor, or a Berlin banker, or a member of Krupp's directorate, but a plain, untitled, unblooded, hard-working, everyday German.

THE SPIRIT OF THE S.O.S.

A week's trip through a certain portion of the S. O. S. area brought out these facts: At one port some Engineers from the Pacific Coast were allowed 30 days in which to remove the concrete superstructures from two piers.

MUD

The semi-liquefaction of the ground in Champagne, Picardy and "the other sectors occupied by our troops," the peremptory searching of suspected overcoats for secret marks and initials, the arguments over the extra blankets which have been kicking around, unnoticed and unclaimed, all summer, all are signs of the times.

them good. It is generally recognized as a worse enemy than the Boche. We have, however, the consolation of knowing that the end of the front which we now mostly occupy isn't as bad as the British end for mud, at least, and that the Q.M.C., along in the shirt-sleeve days of last July, had completed arrangements to do the best it could for us.

"DO UNTO OTHERS"

Courtesy is almost unvarying in the A.E.F.—in the offices of R.T.O.'s, A.P.M.'s, everywhere, in fact, where soldiers are serving their fellow soldiers. The Golden Rule seems to be observed as if it were a general order.

STERILIZED, BUT—

The American soldiers flagrantly conspicuous in uniforms which, from any angle, look like a relief map of the Peruvian Andes, are hospital guys. They are, or have been, in or around a hospital, and their clothes have been sterilized.

SOUL SAVERS

All the way across on a ship that docked at a base port the other day, a certain Pharisee among the passengers unctuously let it be known that he was coming to France "to save the souls of our boys."

HOW MANY MORE?

First it was the Hindenburg line. Behind it, to sustain the fitness of things, should have come the Ludendorff line, but Ludendorff was probably too modest to accept the notoriety.

ALL WRONG

Stripes for being gassed are the same as stripes for being wounded. They are to be worn in the same place, on the right forearm, and to be pointed the same way.

The Army's Poets

ME—AN' WAR GOIN' ON!

Me—a-leadin' a column! Me—a-leadin' a column!

THE HOLOCAUST

Not since Thine own most bloody Sacrifice Upon the sacred Hill of Calvary, Has such a flood tide set toward Paradise.

THE ABSENT QUAD

"The Quad truck waits without, my Lord!" "Without what, Captain Bunk?" "Without the steering arms, my Lord."

THE DOUGHBOY PROMISES

When you come back— An' I'll be such returning As only lips like mine can testify!

WHEN PRIVATE MUGRUMS PARLAY VOOS

I can count my francs and santeams— If I've got a basket near— An' I speak a wicked "bon jour,"

THE PEACEMAKER



11,000 DOUGHNUTS

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Having been located at the First Corps School for over eight months, and having observed very closely the activities of the S.A. since it has been located here, I beg to bring to your attention a few accounts of its work which has been so commendable and of so high an order that it should be brought to the attention of the A.E.F. through our official newspaper, THE STARS AND STRIPES.

SHE LIKES YANK, TOO

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Will you allow me a personal opinion, although I am "but an Ally and worse—a woman?" Yet I may have some claim to your indulgence; my husband, a soldier, has had three years' front service and six months' rear service, while I myself am doing my bit for my country as a secretary in a War office.

CONFIDENCE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Your paper being the only really official organ of the A.E.F. over here, it occurred to me that it might interest you to get an opinion of the American soldier from the Frenchman's point of view.

SEEN GINGER?

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Just a few words to ask you if you will try and locate our mascot for us. We brought him all the way from California. He was only a little fellow, one and a half months old, when we got him on December 22, and he has been with us ever since.

SIGN HERE

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Ducking into a shell hole to get a moment's rest from Boche machine guns just before we drove 'em out of Montauville, September 27, I found a blood-stained war-income tax bill (received) lying in the mud. I seemed to hear it sing this little song as I shook the mud from it:

ITALIANS IN THE A.E.F.

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: Please announce in your newspaper that at 18 Rue de Varenne, Paris, the Italia gens Federation has established a secretariatship of information and assistance for the soldiers of Italian origin in the American Army and in all other Allied Armies.

A BOOST FOR OSCAR

To the Editor of THE STARS AND STRIPES: In reading your paper I often notice interesting letters concerning members of the American E.F., so I decided to tell you of a case in my company.

AMERICA IN FRANCE

XII—The Meuse

It would be presumptuous to include the river Meuse in this series without stating beforehand that the Meuse is, before all else, France in France. For the Meuse, in 1870, saw France locked in an heroic but vain struggle with Prussia, and 48 years later saw her engaged against that same enemy in a more epic struggle still, in a defense that has never been surpassed in history, before which Prussia and Prussia's crown prince recoiled beaten. The Meuse is Sedan. The Meuse is Verdun.

Had the Meuse, in the weeks that followed February 21, 1916, would have been enough to illumine it with eternal glory. The daily persistence of "the right bank of the Meuse" and "the left bank of the Meuse" in the communications proved to be a breathless word that the Hun should not pass. The enemy at that time—over since September, 1914, and up to September, 1918, in fact—was across the Meuse at two points. He held the stretch north of Verdun to where it disappeared within his lines at a right angle up through the country in which the First American Army is now advancing, and he held the Meuse bridgehead opposite St. Mihiel.

Rises Near Marne

The Meuse, like the Marne, rises on the plateau of Langres; the sources of the two rivers are scarcely 20 kilometers apart. For some distance they roughly parallel each other, the Marne running through Chaumont and St. Dizier, the Meuse through Neufchâteau and Commercy.

The Meuse turns northwest, and then west, passing Chalons, Epervain, Chateau-Thierry and Meaux, and after a series of meandering loops, flows into the Seine two kilometers below the walls of Paris.

The Meuse continues slightly west of north past St. Mihiel, Verdun and Sedan, where it makes a great loop in an unsuccessful attempt to cross the barrier of the Ardennes, and finally succeeds in entering the western tip of the forest at Metziers and Charleville, after winding in and out even more eccentrically than it does at Sedan. North of the Ardennes, the Meuse is joined by the Sambre, flowing in from the west, at Namur. Thence it flows north across Belgium into Holland, where it becomes the Maas as it passes Maastricht on the Dutch frontier, and mingles with the many-mouthed Rhine, which enters the North Sea just below Rotterdam.

The Meuse is a river of three countries and a thousand battles. Scarcely a village, certainly not a good-sized town on its banks but is a redoubtable cluster of fortifications—with the exception of Neufchâteau, for instance, was from the eleventh century surrounded by a wall of seven towers, and of this wall two gates, the Porte de France and the Porte St. Pierre, still stand.

The Battle of Sedan

Before 1916, Sedan was undoubtedly the most famous town on all the stretch of the Meuse. The battle of Sedan was fought and lost September 1, 1870. MacMahon's army of 100,000 left Chalons on August 23, Napoleon III, to rush to the relief of Bazaine, shut up in Metz. The road to Metz was cut by the Prussian and Saxon armies, numbering 250,000 men, which forced MacMahon to fall back to Sedan.

The battle began at 4 o'clock in the morning. MacMahon was wounded, and Ducrot took his place, after yielding to de Wimpfen. These changes in leadership had their effect on the outcome of the battle, but the French cause was doomed from the outset, and at noon the encircling German armies had effected a juncture.

The French attempt to break through was futile, though it was carried out with such a hardihood that it won the admiration of the King of Prussia, who was watching the battle from a height across the Meuse. The French were forced to capitulate, and the surrender was signed the next day at Donchery on the bend in the Meuse opposite Sedan. The German losses were about 10,000; the French, over 11,000.

Sufferings of Prisoners

North of Sedan, in the great loop of the Meuse, is the promontory of Iges, where the more than 80,000 French who were made prisoner were encamped for ten days before being sent to Germany. It rained continuously, and as the 80,000 had no shelter and only one biscuit a day to every two men, their sufferings were intense.

Typhoid fever, smallpox and other pestilences broke out among them. The Meuse, surrounding the camp on three sides, was thick with bodies, and dead horses were swept down in such numbers that hundreds of them often jammed and became stinking dikes of putrid infection.

Twenty kilometers northwest of Sedan, at Charleville, the aspect of the Meuse valley suddenly changed. Herebefore the river has flowed through pleasant rolling country, between the gentle slopes of a peaceable farming countryside. Now it courses through deep, thickly wooded passes, at times rounding rocky escarpments, and through one of the chief industrial regions of western Europe.

Juncture With the Sambre

Eighty kilometers or so further north, as the crowd rises, which is far from being the way the Meuse runs—Honnin and the juncture of the Sambre with the Meuse. The words Sambre and Meuse have a little thrill all their own in French history. It was the Sambre et Meuse regiment, the Sans Culottes, or pantalooned unconquerables under General Jourdan, who, operating in that region during the Revolution, had as its marching song the air that has since been embodied in the famous "Sambre et Meuse" march. To hear the Garde Républicaine band play the "Sambre et Meuse," particularly to hear them play it at the head of marching polka, is to know France.

How important the Meuse is strategically can readily be seen. It is the great natural water barrier of Europe west of the Rhine. That is why Germany is fighting so desperately to defend her positions east of the Ardennes for the American attack, striking north on both banks of the Meuse, is battering at the very hinges of the door which she is trying desperately to shut in the face of the Allied advance. And if the hinge goes, of what use is the door?

MR. SCHWAB TO A.E.F.

The following telegram for the A.E.F. has been received from the Director-General of the Emergency Fleet Corporation:

"Please say to the boys on the other side that we are producing the ships and will keep them supplied; and that the workmen of this country are soval enthusiastic and determined to do their part in this war; that our hearts, our spirit and our energies are with our boys abroad."

"C. M. SCHWAB."

HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY

SHOWING HOW TO MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES WHEN YOU HUNT UP YOUR OLD OUTFIT



It was a little German Henry about 4 ft. tall

France, Oct. 16, 1918.

Dear Henry: Well Henry if you ever chased after your old shape in a wind storm and seen it rolling up a street and when you got to the end of the street you ask some guy if he seen it and he says it went down an alley and you went after it and when you got to the end of the alley you ask somebody else if they seen it and they said it was going up the boulevard also. Maybe you got a pretty good idea of how Buck and me got back to our outfit after we had been away for a week at Aix.

We got back to our old co. camp Henry about breakfast time and there wasn't no co. there. There was a guy out at the crossroads who claimed he was a M.P. and we ask him where they went and he said the last he seen of them they was chasing Boches off toward Germany.

By this time he says they ought to be in Berlin by the way they was traveling the last I seen of them. He says there was a top cutter long here about 15 p.m. this morning that was looking for the same outfit. Do you know who he was he says.

Do we know that bird Buck says. I guess we do know him I says and if we ain't back to camp before he is we will be on K.P. for a month.

Well Henry we hit off toward Germany and from the way it looked there had been a war going on all right. We counted about a 100 machine guns that had been left behind by the Germans and a lot of the Germans was kookoo on their guns.

Well we got to where another M.P. was and ask him if he had any dope on our outfit. Sure he says I can tell you where Gen. Pershing's orderly sleeps and what the general had for breakfast this morning. What is the name of your outfit he says and fished in his pocket for a diary or a dictionary or maybe it was a worlds almanak or something.

When Buck told him which outfit we belonged to he says Sure I know where they are at. Just keep rite on up this road and the crowd will be on the road and Boches along side of the road and then turn to the left. Your co. is up there burying dead.

We kept on up the road all rite Henry and turned to the left where the dead Boches was but when we got there first thing we seen was a colored man who was digging a grave beside a dead horse. What outfit is here Buck says.

He says Dis am de colored regt. from Dixie what am here to bury de dead Bushes what you folks leave behind.

What plantation did you all come from Buck says to me, and then he wanted to go back and beat up on the M.P. But I talked him out of the notion and then we went on up the road to the town. It was a town onse Henry. There was another M.P. in the town and he said our regt. was up in the woods about 3 kilos from there in reserve. So we hiked up there Henry and found out that it was an ammunition truck train that was camped there. They didn't have any idea where our outfit was but said they might be over in the next valley camped in another one of them places that had onse been a town.

Well Henry it was about noon when we got over there and it wasn't our outfit at all. It was a transport outfit of some kind and we had to go down there said he thought our outfit had been all shot up and there wasn't nothing left of it worth speaking of. Buck said if the cook stove and one of the cooks was still all together it would be all rite with us because our outfit had to breakfast. Then the food said for us to go up and get something to eat.

Well Buck and I borrowed a couple of mess kits and got in line. They had some big juicy stakes and some good looking gravy and some coffee all set out to serve and Buck and I was about to faint waiting for our turn to come when we got up to where the mess sergt. was serving the stakes and he looked at us like we was a couple of AWOL guys or something and says What outfit are you 2 birds from.

When we told him he says Why in hell ain't you messing with them and not hanging round here by the road? Well Buck says we don't know where our outfit is etc. and he says That's a old story with me. I heard that before. You are a couple of guys beating it away from the lines ill bet.

I showed him our orders where we had been sent to Aix on leave and that convinced him I guess. He give me a stake that you could use for a quilt and Buck got one that you could use for a carpet or something. Buck said we could stand it for another day and so we hit off again toward the lines.

On top of the hill we was going along through some shell holes and dugouts when we heard some guy cough down in one of the dugouts. We thought maybe it might be some bird who knew where our co. was so Buck says Hello down there. Who are you and etc.

Gott in Himmel ach Dunderwittler or something that sounded about like that what this bird down there said back at us.

What kind of a language is that Buck says. It might be been Swede or Russian for all I knowed about it Henry but when this gink come out of the dugout and stuck his head up above the parapet Buck nearly fainted.

It was a little German Henry about 4 ft. tall and who looked like Ikey who used to have the peanut wagon on Main street. He stuck his hands up in the air and says ho's our kamamad.

Don't go blubbering like that Buck says. You ain't no nut no nut. What in hell are you doing here anyway Buck says. Then he rattled off a lot of stuff that would of took a motorcycle speed cop like old Toney was to keep up with

LOST BAGGAGE PLAN WORKING OUT WELL

Business Has Increased 200 Per Cent a Month Since December

The Lost Baggage Bureau of the A.E.F. wants to have the A.E.F. know, for its own good, that it has a separate department for finding the A.E.F.'s lost trunks, bedding rolls, clothing rolls, suit cases and handbags, not to mention the rifles that the otherwise careful doughboy may leave on the train.

The bureau has a branch office at 36 Rue de Bac, Paris, which handles the difficulties arising in transfer and the losses due to transfer from one line to another in Paris.

At Tours it has a central warehouse and office, where all baggage is handled on a 30 day basis, being held for that length of time before a formal notice has been sent out to the owner that his baggage is there. At the end of that period, all unclaimed baggage is sent to A.P.O. 713 for storage, and a record of the shipment is made at Tours.

The Lost Baggage Bureau was established by general order last December, and since that time its increase in business, or rather in lost baggage, has been about 200 per cent a month. The Bureau functions all over France, and is notified by the R.T.O.'s of any baggage that remains in their possession for over 48 hours. During September it handled at Tours alone about 5,500 pieces of baggage, not including that handled out of Paris or other points in France.

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NEW CHEMICAL INSIGNIA

The Chemical Warfare Service has a new insignia. It shows the salamander, that horned and winged legendary monster that was invulnerable to fire, mounted above a pair of gas shells. You can tell they are gas shells, because they are longer than shrapnel shells. The insignia has been approved at G.H.Q. and is awaiting indorsement from Washington.

The new insignia is to supersede one adopted only a few months ago. The old insignia was so highly symbolical that it didn't hardly symbolize anything to unscientific and war-hardened minds. Its two crossed chemical retorts looked to the uninitiated like the irons of golf sticks, and were reminiscent of ancient pottery and clay pipes of the mound builders.

Also, officers thought crossed retorts were not sufficiently warlike. After the chemistry end of their work, they have to do with the mechanics of making shells—with the business of making deadly things to throw at the Germans. They wanted an insignia that had something fierce about it. And now they've got it.

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FIRST DOUGHBOY PRISONER ESCAPES FROM HUN

The first doughboy prisoner of war to escape from Germany after completing the cycle of experiences which befall American captives of the Boche is back in France. He spent two months and a half behind the German lines.

He saw men robbed of their valuables and personal effects, even to their shoes. He went days without food or water. He was beaten several times by guards for trying to pick grass from the roadside to eat.

He worked 14 and 15 hours a day for the Boche, first on military work, later on a farm, when, for the most part, the daily diet consisted of two meals of a so-called soup made from grass and horse manure, a single piece of bread, and a substitute for coffee which hardly discolored the water in which it was made.

He went through the big internment camp at Rastatt, near the eastern Lorraine border, in which were quartered several hundred American prisoners. He saw it all, and more; he saw something of life as it is today in Germany, and escaped with his story.



Private Frank Savicki

Russian Pole by Birth

This escaped prisoner of the Germans is a Russian Pole by birth, an American citizen by inclination, declaration and demonstration. His name is Frank Savicki. He is 23 years old, of less than average height, but sturdy and well built. He was born at Vilna, in Poland.

At 16, with a sister only a few years older, he sought a future in the United States. He arrived there, an immigrant, and joined his uncle at Shenandoah, Pa., where he got a job in a coal mine. He was a mule skinner and well-grounded, and afterward a timberman.

He learned his English—still far from perfect—from the men about him, but before he had progressed far enough to learn the meaning of the word "bo-hunk," applied to many of his fellow-workers, he removed the danger of his application to him. He took the first step to become a citizen of the United States, and, afterward, when he had completed his necessary term of residence he raised his right hand and swore allegiance to the country he had adopted.

It was only a few months later that he got an opportunity to prove that allegiance. America declared war on Germany. A few weeks later, in April, 1917, he raised his right hand again and swore to defend the flag of the United States unto death.

North of Chateau-Thierry

It is a far cry from Shenandoah, Pa., to a shell hole north of Chateau-Thierry, France, but given a year and three months and a sacred cause to defend, fate worked it out with the same weird incongruity with which she has, in the last year, shaped so many American destinies.

In that year and three months she led Savicki through the recruit camp, through the intricacies of squads right and squads left, across the ocean, through the final training area, into the first line trenches of a "quiet sector," and, finally, in that memorable week in July when the Germans were started home, into the inferno of the Chateau-Thierry battlefield.

Savicki had been the liaison man between Company B of the — Infantry and C Company, his own company, and the Marine and the town of Chateau-Thierry behind. B Company was going ahead to maintain contact with the Boche and C Company was following. It was uncertain going through scattered underbrush.

Roar of Machine Guns

Suddenly B Company found the Boche. There was the roar of a dozen machine guns opening from concealed positions, a few shouted commands, the explosion of a score or more hand grenades, and Savicki passed the signal back to C Company, and dropped into the shelter of a shell hole. A few minutes later he was joined by a corporal and a private of B Company. That company had fallen back to C Company's line, they explained, and they had become cut off. So they had crawled to the hole in what had suddenly become "No Man's Land" to await an opportunity to join their comrades.

This was about 2 o'clock in the afternoon. At 3 o'clock the corporal, peeping over the edge of the shell hole in an effort to locate the American positions, received three bullets in the head. He died instantly.

For two hours Savicki and the other private sat in the hole. Then the second private said, "We might as well make a run for it; we'll be killed anyhow."

Making a Run for It

Savicki agreed. They started. The second private was killed by machine gun fire before he was fairly out of the hole. Savicki dropped his blanket and Savicki continued his wait alone. Once he put his helmet on his bayonet and held it above the edge of the hole, to draw it back a moment later with six bullet holes in it. That decided him that escape in daylight was impossible.

He waited until midnight, but as he was about to chance a getaway in the darkness, seven Germans surrounded his hole with fixed bayonets and took him prisoner.

Savicki was taken a mile to the rear to the support trench, which were filled with Germans. He was handed over to an officer who spoke English.

"How many Americans are in France?" asked the officer.

"Five million," replied Savicki.

"How many American soldiers are there in the United States?" queried the German.

"Ten million," said the Yank.

The captain was impressed by these round estimates. He was so impressed that he gave Savicki a shove which sent him to the ground.

"Raus!" exclaimed the officer.

Goodbye, Three Francs

Savicki was taken two miles further to the rear. He was locked in one room of a French farm house after the Germans had searched him and taken three francs in silver, his watch, a safety razor, and his spare puttees. Savicki had almost nothing to eat for two days prior to his capture. His water had given out several hours before he was taken. But his requests for food from his captors were disregarded.

They left him in the farm house for two days. There was no article of furniture in the room, the only window was boarded up.

On the morning of the third day came two Germans. They made signs that the captive was to accompany them. Then started a hike which lasted all that day and all the next night, and ended at daylight of the second day at Laon.

Four days Savicki had been without food, but when he asked one of his guards for a piece of bread the latter only waved his rifle threateningly at him. They did, however, allow him water before they started. All the way to Laon the two Germans accompanied their lone prisoner.

At Laon, weak from fatigue and hunger, Savicki was put in prison barracks which were quartered several hundred

other Americans, French, British and Indians.

The barracks had been converted from some public building and was surrounded by a barbed wire fence. On the morning of his arrival, three days and 16 hours after his capture, Savicki was given his first meal. All the prisoners were lined up and every seventh man was handed a chunk of black sour German bread, weighing three pounds. This was the ration for seven men. The man to whom it was handed shared it equally with six comrades. To supplement this, half a can of liquid was given each man. Savicki thought it was hot water until he was informed that it was supposed to be coffee. Whatever ingredient it had been made of hadn't destroyed the transparency of the water.

For a month and a half Savicki was at Laon, and this is how he describes his stay there:

"There were several hundred prisoners, about 50 of whom were Americans. We worked every day from 7 o'clock in the morning until 8 or 9 o'clock at night. We were divided into small gangs of from six to 12 to work on the roads, on the railroads or unloading supplies. Always there were almost as many guards as prisoners. If they saw eight men out, they had five or six guards.

Long Walk to Job

"We had to walk one, two or three miles to our job, and usually we worked hard. Sometimes we would get a good bunch of sentries who would let us rest occasionally, but mostly we were made to work hard all the time. Those who did not work were beaten by the sentries with their rifle butts.

"Every morning we were given our bread ration—three pounds for seven men. At morning and at night we were given a can of the so-called coffee. At noon we were given soup made of some kind of grass and horse manure. There never was much meat in it, though. This noonday issue was the only presence of a meal of the whole day. I lived on it for a month and a half, but I don't know how long it lasted.

"In the morning and at night, marching to and from work, we used to try to gather grass along the roadside. We would take this back to camp with us and make soup of it. The Frenchmen cooked it in the prison yard, flavoring it usually with salt. Salt is the only thing in Germany, so far as I know, of which they have plenty.

"But only infrequently would the guards let us gather grass. Usually, if we tried it, they would attack us with their rifle butts. Twice I was struck across the back for this offense.

No Beds, No Blankets

"Living conditions were terrible. There were no beds in the barracks and none of us had blankets. We slept on the bare floor. There was cold water in the yard, but no means for taking a bath. No one had a change of clothes and there was no means of washing those we had. In all the month and a half I was at Laon I did not have my clothes off. Everything was covered with lice.

"The Germans issued us nothing, not even a moss tin. We ate out of old cans, and if we happened to get a piece of meat in the soup we had to drink, we had to eat it with our fingers."

From Laon, Savicki was sent to the prison camp at Rastatt to which, early in the war, many French civilians were deported. He made the trip in a box car with 400 other Americans. They were three days and two nights en route, during which they subsisted on one piece of bread each and two drinks of water. At Rastatt conditions were better. It had felt the effects of the work that the American Red Cross is doing for American prisoners in Germany. A shower bath and two boxes from the Red Cross, containing each 10 pounds of canned meat, beans, tobacco and hardtack. The Red Cross forwards one of these boxes each week to every American prisoner in Germany.

From Rastatt, Savicki was sent to work on a farm. The farm was near a little town of 50 houses. It was presided over by an aged German and his wife. Their son, 30 years old, was at the front. The old farmer put his charge to digging potatoes with a fork. Savicki worked from daylight until dark, about 10 hours.

After dark he had a late supper at the same table as the German couple. Sometimes the Germans had eggs and occasionally a little milk—never any meat—but usually their sole article of diet was potatoes, and potatoes was all they ever gave Savicki.

Quartered With Russians

After supper a German soldier came for the prisoner and marched him to a sort of guard house in which were quartered a group of Russian prisoners who worked on other farms. These Russians, although peace between Russia and Germany had long since been signed, were still held in captivity despite their protests. They were treated the same as the lone American except that, whereas the latter was locked in his prison all day on Sundays, they were allowed the freedom of the farm.

Speaking their language, Savicki soon gained the confidence of the Russians. Some of them had been captives for nearly four years. All of them were restrained from efforts to escape by the rigorous punishment inflicted upon fugitives when caught. This punishment consisted of 20 days' solitary confinement in a bare room on a diet of bread and water—bread one day and water

the next, alternating through the 20. You got this punishment if you were not shot, but, they explained, escaping prisoners usually were shot.

Despite this prospect Savicki decided to chance it. He learned from the Russians that a snow-capped mountain, visible in the distance, was in Switzerland; it would serve to guide him. On the fifteenth day of his stay on the farm came his weekly box of provisions from the Red Cross. He and the Russians ate it between them, all except two cans of corned beef and two packages of hardtack. This the American reserved for his flight.

One on the Guard

That night, as usual, the guard came to the farm house for his charge. As usual, the Yank started to the guard-house. As usual, the sentry followed about 20 feet behind. In fact, the only unusual thing that happened this evening was that Savicki stepped aside at the door of his jail and when the guard entered, as was his habit, he shut the door and locked it. Then he quietly made off.

He cut straight across country avoiding all highways. His path lay over the tops of several hills, through knots of woods and stretches of ground heavily with underbrush, across several small cultivated valleys. He traveled all night, guided by the knob of the mountain. He paused when he saw before him, glistening in the moonlight, a little river which he knew separated Germany from Switzerland.

Down found him in a clump of shrubbery on a hillside, less than 300 yards from the nearest of the little vine-covered German sentry boxes spaced scarcely more than 100 feet apart along the international boundary. He breakfasted on corned beef, hardtack and water.

In the Cover of the Bushes

In the cover of the bushes he remained all day. Across the valley he could see the peasants tilling the soil. They, he knew, were in Switzerland. Before him, in the foreground, too, he could see the river and the difficulties before him in crossing it. Paralleling the river was a railroad, the string of sentry boxes and a wide belt of barbed wire, obviously put there to prevent the escape of such as he. At noon he saw the sentries changed, and again in the evening.

The sentries, he discovered, did not walk post, merely maintaining a watch from their boxes. The wire, he decided, he could get through. The sentry boxes, he calculated, was too broad to jump—but it could be vaulted. He stirred during the afternoon just enough to get a sturdy stick and trim it for a vaulting pole.

After dark he started. He crawled. So slowly and cautiously did he go that the trip to the edge of the barbed wire took five or six hours. There he rose and threaded his way through the strands, pausing after each step to unfasten the barbs which clung to his clothing.

He came to the railroad track and crawled over that. He could dimly discern the sentry boxes. He heard a guard cough in one of them. He crawled on, laying a course midway between two of them.

He gained the edge of the river. He stood on the bank. The other bank, ten feet away, was Switzerland and safety. He poised his vaulting pole and sprang for the further side. The pole sank four feet into the mud of the river bottom. Private Frank Savicki landed, belly deep in the water with something of a splash.

There was a tense minute. Clinging to a clump of grass on the Swiss bank, Savicki waited for the bullets he was

certain were coming. But none came. Evidently the Boche had not heard him. Finally, he pulled himself on to the land. He was a prisoner no more.

By daylight he made a little Swiss village in which he met an old man who dried his clothes before a fireplace and gave him breakfast. The town received him graciously and bought him a ticket to Berne. At Berne the Red Cross fitted him out in a new uniform, and the American colony outdid itself in affording entertainment worthy of an American expatriate in Germany.

His trip through the prison camps, and especially his 15 days on the farm, gave Savicki a store of information on how the Germans themselves are faring. Soldiers and civilians alike are stolid, unsmiling and miserable. They have very little to eat and they seem to have little interest in who wins the war so long as it is soon ended.

Eat Well on Line

"German soldiers actually on the line eat fairly well," said Savicki. "They all have bread, meat once a day, marmalade, coffee substitute and tobacco made of leaves. They do not have all they want, but they have enough to keep them in good health.

"The soldiers at the depots, 20 or 30 miles behind the line, however, do not get the same ration. They have meat only two or three times a week, and they subsist mostly on war bread and vegetables grown by themselves. French civilians forced to work in their gardens, and prisoners of the United States in Germany itself there is little food of any kind. During the 15 days I worked on the farm I ate at the same table with the old farmer and his wife. They had chickens and cows, but only rarely did they have milk or eggs themselves, and never did they give me more than a boiled potato in hot water. With my box from the Red Cross I had a far better meal than they.

Farm Premises Searched

"Every week German soldiers came to the farm with a wagon and took off the week's accumulation of eggs and the weekly harvest of potatoes. Once they took over the farmer's protests, two live chickens. They had a book with sentry boxes and they give me more than an inventory of what he had on the farm.

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From the Minute Man of '76 to the Minute Men of 1918 in France

COMRADES:

A few weeks ago a transport loaded with Anzacs bound for France arrived in New York. These boys certainly were shown the town. Last night I took one of them to a midnight cabaret—some show. The costumes of the girls imitated every uniform in the Allied armies, including not a few meant for hot-weather campaigning around Bagdad where it is never cooler than 180° in the shade.

The hit of the evening was a corporal's guard of misses—believe me, they needed a guard—that wore knapsacks with glass sides so that you could look right inside of them. But there was nothing to eat inside—not even bon bons. Instead, quantities of cold cream, paint and powder—lucky they had the powder.

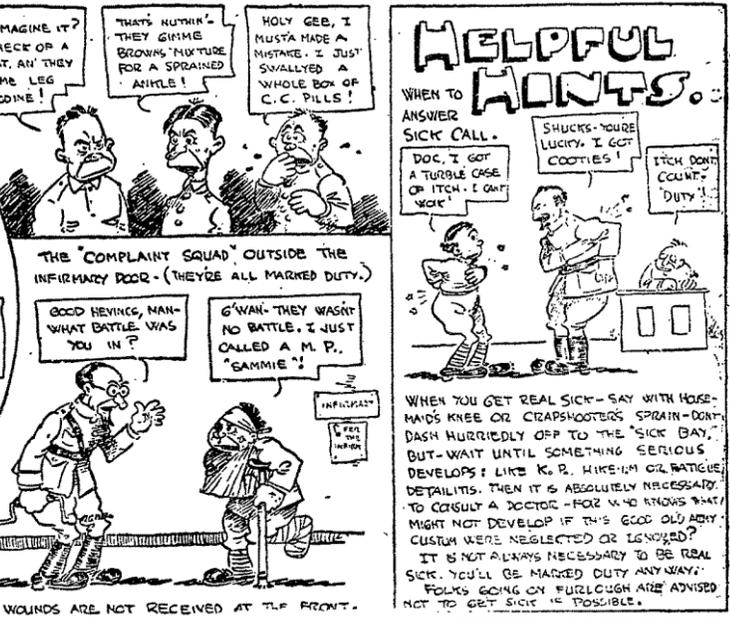
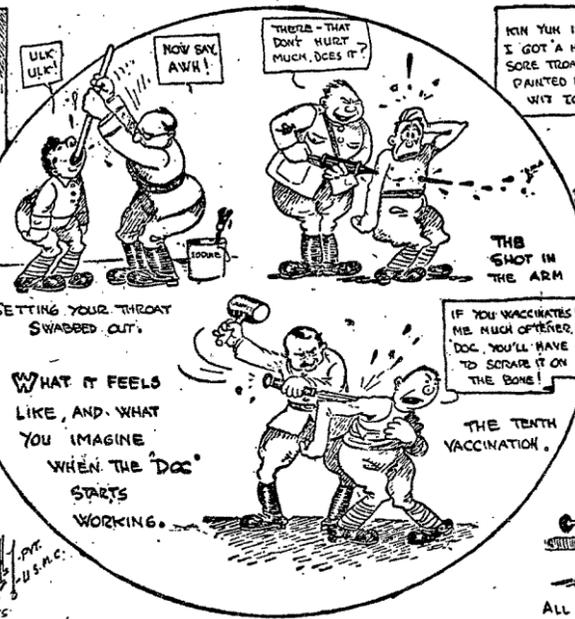
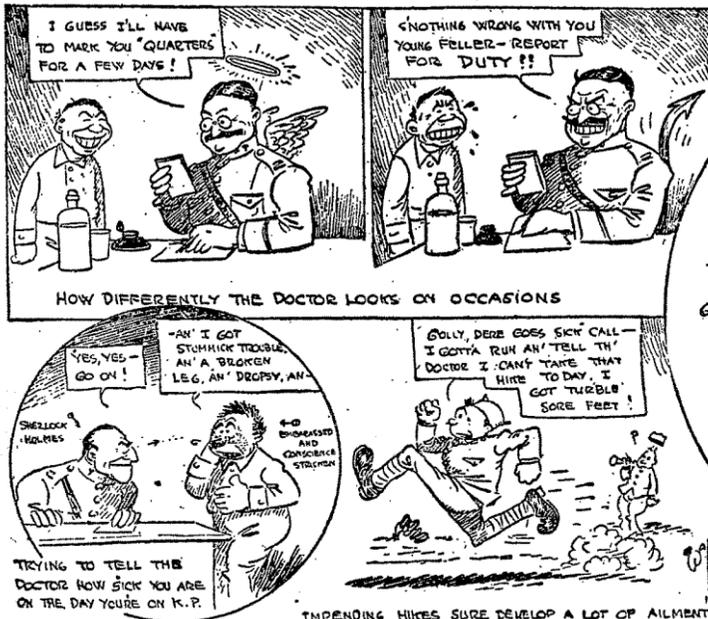
My friend, the Anzac, ventured the opinion that though light to carry, he thought that the fair burden bearers would get terribly hungry when on the march. An English army officer at the next table overhearing this remark, added that when at the front his troops had always received plenty of jam and marmalade, as was the custom in their army, but those maidens certainly were well supplied with peach preserve in their knapsacks.

A veteran who had served two years in the trenches and displayed four wound stripes on his sleeve remarked that he would like to arrange a battery of the new Browning machine guns on the allied line, and then parade a few of that knapsack squad near by, and he would bet that every damn Hun on the bald-headed row of his trenches would keep his head up until those Brownings had separated every one from its shoulders. At this, my Anzac, who had not eaten a bite, let out a roasting cheer which almost stopped the performance—said he—sure was coming back by way of little Old New York. We hope you all shall. I salute you!

THE MINUTE MAN OF '76.

ANSWERING SICK CALL

-By WALLGREN



VERDUN SLEEPS IN RUINS, DREAMS OF HER RESURRECTION

Doughboys Camp in Silent City Peopled Only By Soldiers

AMERICANS HOLD CITADEL

Walls Will Rise Again When Tourists Walk Where Pollus and Yanks Swap Tobacco

So common are blasted villages on the Western front that a traveler passing through Verdun today would pay little attention to the shattered buildings and ragged walls of that once gay and prosperous city.

Verdun—the city that was like a magnet to the German armies for nearly four years, but in which the enemy never set foot—stands today silent and lonely. Its only inhabitants are a few French soldiers and a unit of American doughboys which helped to launch the successful attack east of the Moselle last week. There is not a civilian within its walls, although German shells ceased to whistle and crash upon its battered architecture several days ago when the Boches sent over a few snoring farceful shells before hauling their artillery back to safer positions.

Within the past few weeks various American units have camped overnight in the city, either going to or from the lines. Pioneer units have cleaned the streets of their debris in order to enable the lumbering caissons to pass forward with their loads of ammunition and food. So well has this work been carried out that one passing through the city streets would hardly distinguish them from the streets of any French city far back of the lines—except for the boarded-up windows and the ugly holes made in the walls where shells have penetrated.

Letter boxes, where the postman once made his daily rounds, have long since been eaten by rust. Some have fallen to the ground, others have been pierced by shell fragments.

Streets that have not been used by military traffic have long lost their marks of usage. Grass has grown up between the cobblestones and along the sidewalks. The bureau de postes, which has received many a shell during the past four years, would hardly be recognized by its former patrons.

In front of one of the few buildings that are still intact save for a shattered roof, a French poilu stood last Monday and gazed upon the neighboring ruins. Questioned by a Yankee comrade, he said that he was home on permission. His face wrinkled with a hard smile as he spoke.

"Four years ago," he said, "I left my father and mother here and went to war. Now I return here for the first time since I departed, and find this."

The Lonely Citadel

Verdun's citadel, to the passerby, is like a curious shape in a Lullaby. It stands to itself on the hill, as lonely as Verdun itself. It is now being used as a Yankee headquarters, and Yankee dispatch bearers, with roaring motorcycles ride in and out of its gates at all hours of the day and night. Occasionally, within the past week, batches of German prisoners have passed in and out of the gates.

The ancient guns that once spoke from concealed positions in defense of the city have since been returned to their old positions in the citadel. They were too ancient to follow up the retreating Huns, as did the other and more modern pieces of like caliber.

In front of the city, toward the German lines, horses now feed over shell-pitted fields. Grass is growing green in the shell holes, and when spring comes again blood-red poppies and sun flowers will grow where, for four years, no living thing could exist.

Within sight of the city, marked by zig-zagging rows of trenches and twisted barbed wire, is what was once the front line and No Man's Land. But now American soldiers going to or from the lines pass over the old battle ground ground that only a chance shot from a long range German gun could cause any immediate danger.

Verdun is only sleeping after four years of hardships. In the days to come the carpenter's hammer will awaken the stilled city and rock masons will spill their plaster on the sidewalks below as the shattered buildings are rebuilt.

And in the years ahead many an American will tell the story of how he, with his regiment, camped over night in the city when Verdun was nothing but a rock pile, and how the American doughboys and French poilus swapped tobacco on the street corners and lit their cigarettes in a secluded spot where the match glow could not be seen by enemy aviators.

FROM THE SELLE TO THE MOSELLE

On October 15, in the midst of the advance beyond Romagne in Argonne, a pigeon arrived breathless at one corps headquarters with the news that the Infantry was holding the line at Nanville, a point several kilometers behind that from which the new advance has been launched. There was some bewildered and anxious telephoning before any one noticed that the date of the message was October 6. The bird had been AWOL for nine days.

"I was just coming down that hill," narrated the M.P., "not having had a thing to eat in two days, being so busy bringing back Heinecks, when I sniffed hot cakes brewing at the bottom of it. Going around a clump of bushes, I looked at the place the smell was coming from and there, sure enough, was a real kitchen, smoking up to beat all get-out.

"You can be sure I stepped along. But before I stepped very far—bloody! A shell landed square on that kitchen, blew the stove and the cook and all to smithereens, and scattered torn-up hot cakes all over the map of the salient."

"I went in and asked to be taken off M.P. duty. After that, I didn't dare trust myself leading droves of Heinecks back, and me with a loaded gun!"

The men at the front die many times. Take the young Artillery liaison officer from Topeka who had just left the dug-out telephone where he had been talking for three hours and had not gone a dozen yards when the man who followed him at the mouthpiece was killed by a shell. Then another shell dropped just outside the trench along which he was making his way.

He heard it coming. He tried to flatten himself like cigarette paper against the trench wall. He could smell the powder, feel the heat against his face, see the flash before he heard the report of the explosion which buried him under an avalanche of dirt. A moment later and he could hear his friend calling out from 15 feet ahead.

"Are you all right, old man?" "I think I'm dead," he replied.

Afterwards, he realized that it must have sounded strange. But at the time, he had meant it. He really thought he was.

One Infantry sergeant, badly wounded in action in Argonne, did not really come to till he woke one morning in a snowy bed in a distant hospital. The nurse, a benevolent vision, was bending over him.

"Are you feeling better, Lieut. Johnson?" she asked.

He thought that over for a while and then decided the voice was not part of the strange dream that had been haunting him.

"You've got me wrong, miss," he said, "I'm Sergeant Johnson."

"Oh, no, you're not," said the nurse, "you were promoted while you were asleep."

A batch of 200 German prisoners filed down a hill north of Verdun. At their head marched a German captain. He halted the line at a crossroads and asked an American M.P. which was the shortest way to divisional headquarters.

The Americans fighting on the British front advanced so rapidly to the little river Selle that the headquarters behind them had a slight work to do in order to keep up.

Even the well-stocked prisoners' cage had difficulty in staying put. Prisoners sent back toward the end of the nine days' attack, on arriving at the cage, complained with some justice of sore feet.

Mr. Adrian, the man who invented the barracks, ought to shake hands with Mr. Nissen, the man who invented the hut.

There are plenty of Mr. Adrian's barracks along the British front, but they seem to be outvoted by Mr. Nissen's huts. And the latter, as the Yanks in those parts can tell you, are not so wretchedly uncomfortable.

They are certainly more homelike than dugouts in what used to be the front line trench last spring—and that front line trench may be so far in the rear now that, despite the silence of the devastated Somme basin, you have to strain your ears to hear the sound of the guns.

This fact might be construed as likely to give aid and comfort to the enemy, but here it is, anyway. The Americans with the British are fed on British rations, and British rations mean tea.

The other day a quantity of coffee arrived in the mess shack of one American unit. The report that seven army corps had been detailed to stand guard over that coffee is exaggerated, but only slightly.

The Tommy is a fine scout, individually and collectively; his M.P.'s, for instance, are the soul of courtesy to a brother soldier, whatever his flag and his uniform. But the Tommy has one shortcoming in which, through no lack of good will or politeness, he still persists. He calls the American soldier a Sammy.

Sometimes he shortens it to Sam,

which is at least not quite so feminine. Sometimes, never having experienced the delights of a minstrel show, he distorts it into Sambo.

You may not like it, but you haven't the heart to tell him so. He uses it in utter friendliness, and as a mark of friendliness the Yank receives it.

There are a few tolerably intact houses in the Somme region, but there ought to be a reward for anyone who can locate a whole window pane. The windows in a division C.O.'s office, if the room is fortunate enough to have a whole sash left, will probably be covered with oiled paper, which lets in the light, but keeps out the cold and the scenery. Anyway, there is not much scenery left thereabouts.

Shortly after it had been rumored through the American lines that Germany had made a bid for an armistice, an evacuee near a certain field kitchen north of Verdun would have heard three K.P.'s of a certain doughboy regiment discussing the peace question.

Darkness had settled down and hid the kitchen in its oddly camouflaged position in the edge of a forest. There were no lights other than the faint glow of a few live embers from the supper fire. Two of the K.P.'s, bending over a wash tub, were peeling potatoes, while a third scrubbed away on the blackened pots and pans.

"I got a life-sized painting of me

doin' this when peace comes," said one of the doughboys.

"Hub! What else would you do to earn a living?" retorted the one washing the pans.

"Oh, don't you worry about Smithy," said the third K.P. "His old man's got enough jack to buy the Brooklyn brewery. I know Smithy all right; he's pretty well fixed."

"Yes, and that ain't all," said Smithy. "I got a wife, too. I can just see her comin' down the path to meet me." He threw down the half-peeled potato and brought forth a well-preserved photograph.

"This," he said, "is her. And do you know that in a letter the other day she said, 'When the war's over—'"

"Come on there! Get busy on them sands! Remember we got a bunch of hungry men to feed in the morning who's goin' to be fighting all night. Where you think you're at, anyway—a rest camp?" The mess sergeant's voice was everything but friendly.

"Oh, hell!" said Smithy, as he replaced the photograph and picked up the half-peeled potato. "This is too busy a place for a fellow to talk peace."

A Yank entered a certain divisional

It seems that Americans look upon Holoproof Hosiery as a purposeful factor in America's economic program. (And it is.)

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THE CENSOR

I suppose I'm the only one "doing his bit," who doesn't share in the joy of receiving letters "from the Front" or from Blighty." You see, I get so many of 'em through my hands. Why, bless you, I sometimes find myself censoring the letters written—

One can learn a lot from letters, too, and between you and me—it was the frequent mention of "Army Club" that led—

to the discovery of that best of all smokes. I may say that all mentions and enclosures of

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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.

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ARGONNE PLAYERS STAGE THEIR SHOW IN GERMAN'S WAKE

Divisional O.D. Troupe Also Delights Replacements and Wounded

FIRST VIOLIN POLICES UP

Harry Cahill and Company Find That Every Man Has His Place Even in the Army

When the selective draft law touched the young manhood of America on the shoulder...

He had read a good deal about the selective draft and with what unflinching discernment it would assign each man to the task for which he would be best fitted...

On the day he landed in the Infantry, Cahill little guessed that before he had been many weeks in France they would be issuing him not only "socks, woolen, 3 prs., but stockings, long, white, girls."

On Their Own Ground

For Cahill is the ingenu of the theatrical unit called from the 77th Division and assigned to the entertainment of that division until further notice.

Any night you could go down five flights of rustic steps, turn to the right and follow the laughter. There, in the heart of the forest, the show was on, though the floor was still stained with blood.

As the 77th Division was drawn, in large part, from New York City itself, Broadway is well represented in all its batonions, and it was no hard task to find musicians and singers, comedians, librettists, costumers, everything needed in the show business.

The Three Musical B's Of course the show is good. It ought to be, for all the players are old-timers at their job.

The songs, dashed off in odd moments by Privates Rath and Dublin, are up to the minute. One bonus owing to this refrain: "The drive we started at Chateau-Thierry will finish in Berlin."

"We're going to be home for Christmas, But nobody knows what year. Listen to this chorus: All for a dollar a day, Kill sixty Germans before you mess, Can't get your coffee for killing less; Count all the Germans you slay Each night before hitting the hay, Then when you're through with your duties, Sit down and count up your cooties, All for a dollar a day.

The playlet in the current show (frequent change of program) may be a little one-act thriller built around the 1917 G.O. which warns against spies, but the jokes are in their third and fourth enticement. The more veteran the gags, the better they go.

"See, General, here is a spy." "What kind of a spy?" "A mince-pie." "How do you know he is a spy?" "He has the papers on him." "Has he got the makings, too?" "Yes, sir, sixty bugs of Durham." "My God, the spy is full of bull." It may seem at first blush that the O.D. mummies have an easy assignment, but compared with the job of a troupe that must give two shows a day, rehearse in the mornings on its own day, do all its own housework and carry all the lights on the life of the stevedore is a life of flowery ease.

The tenor who, in New York, would probably have swooned away and been unable to sing for a week if his morning bath was not at exactly the required temperature will sleep in a puddle in the Forest of Argonne and yet take his encores unperturbed. The first violin will sweep the stage with a murmur, the leading heavy will make the cooties.

The ingenu, the props, the first base, the low comedian, the second violin and the librettist must all lend their muscles to the task of carrying the piano down a flight of 173 German steps to have it ready for the grand overture. And when the audience has retired to its dugouts and the lights are out, the whole company lies down and goes to sleep on the floor of the theater.

EVERY CUBIC INCH TO WORK FOR HIM

Christmas Package Engineer Doesn't Allow for Any Air Space

HOW ABOUT FRENCH KIDS?

Private Suggests Home Bundle Be Devoted to Someone Besides Soldier

Christmas package ideas came in in greater volume this week. Just as expected, the A.E.F. was taking plenty of time to think deeply over a vital matter, so that its response during the first week of the ideal package campaign was not over strong numerically.

Things to eat, particularly sweet things, continue to lead in the package suggestions. But before discussing that aspect of the Christmas box to be, we must ask for time out to present an idea that is bound to find a happy echo in more than one soldier's heart.

Writes Private First Class Charles M. Powell, Engls., Sappers: "I have that microscopical 9x4x3 rectangular Christmas box filled with something that a beaucooup little French child would enjoy, and you'll both get a piano box full of happiness out of it."

There's no use in stopping to comment on Private Powell's suggestion. It speaks quite loudly and wholeheartedly for itself.

Box in Two Parts

Here's another suggestion from a Q.M. private who has done a lot of deep thinking: "Box to be divided in two parts, the top layer to consist of some good American chocolates—no other, as stick candy is to be obtained at reasonable prices at commissaries."

"The bottom layer to consist of razor blades to fit the Army issue razor, a cigarette lighter—nothing high priced—a pencil or two, a few cookies like macaroon snaps—something hard and unbreakable—and a couple of cigarette papers. If any room is left they know his fanatics."

"Donate your summer's knitting to the Red Cross," he advises the folks back home, "and they will see that we are taken care of. No smokes of any kind, as they are much cheaper for us here than for the people at home, and cigars and cigarette holders are of no use to the boys over here."

If scientific packing were ever applied to any package anywhere, it ought to be employed to make the 9x4x3 bundle as cram full of things as a pile driver can make it. Here is a man, a sergeant in the Q.M. corps, who has got every one of the 108 cubic inches present and accounted for.

"In order to cover the most possible requirements of the boys over here, I recommend that the folks back home be asked to send the following in the 108 cubic inches at their disposal:

- Cubic Inches 20 Candles, silver wrapped..... 20 1/2 Box sweet biscuits..... 25 1 Small can jam..... 25 1 Box figs..... 15 1 Quantity shelled nuts..... 12 1 Supply cotton, needles, shirt, underwear and pants buttons..... 4 1 Dozen razor blades, popular brand..... 4 1 Face cloth..... 4 3 Handkerchiefs, khaki..... 8 Space for sundries..... 7 Total..... 108

Speaking of Old Times

A soldier in an Aero Construction Squadron voices his complaint over the non-receipt of seven packages which he knows were started on the way to him and wants to know what rood the 9x4x3 idea will be to anyone if the package never reaches the hands of the man for whom it was intended.

Far less difficulty will be experienced this year than last for the following reasons: The whole package plan has been thoroughly systematized.

As there will be but one package to a man, and as all the packages will be uniform in size, the handling of packages can be speeded and the transportation required to get them to various units figured to a nicety.

IF YOU ALLOT TOO MUCH

If your C.O., through a misunderstanding of the War Risk Insurance act's requirements, has gipped you out of more of your pay than he ought to, this is what he is to do, at your request, according to the terms of Bulletin No. 78, G.H.Q.:

He is to file a request with the Quartermaster General through military channels asking for permission to refund to you the amount due, setting forth all the facts in the case in full. This request will be forwarded to the bureau of War Risk Insurance, with a further request that a statement of the payments made to your allottee be given in detail by endorsement on the original request.

When the papers will be returned to the Quartermaster General. The Quartermaster General, then, with all the facts before him, can authorize your C.O. to refund to you any amount over and above the payments made by the War Risk Insurance bureau to your allottee.

FIELD CLERKS' DEPENDENTS

Army field clerks and field clerks, Quartermaster clerks, are entitled to the benefits of the act of Congress of April 15, 1918, which authorizes the payment of commutation of quarters, heat and light on account of dependents. A War Department cablegram (2026-R) has advised G.H.Q. of this ruling, which is set forth in Bulletin No. 78.

"My Division always gets very bad toward the first of the month." "How's that?" "Can't make both ends meet."

INCOME TAX ISSUE IN COMING ELECTION

Certain Clauses Likely to Figure in Short Congressional Campaign

NATION'S EYE ON N. Y.

Upstate Democrats Seem United for Smith, but Republicans Are Registering Heavily

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] AMERICA, Oct. 24.—The Congressional election campaign will begin at once, now that the Liberty Loan campaign is out of the way. The Republicans will make an intensive drive to gain the majority in the lower house. Republican leaders on the floor of the Senate and elsewhere have formulated decisive views on peace and after-war settlements and the various utterances by various leaders in and out of office are so nearly identical and agree so thoroughly in tendency and principle that it would seem as if these statements were intended to strike the keynote on which the fight for Congressional seats is to be conducted.

The past week has, however, brought such continual and sensational shifts in the aspect of world affairs, and the situation promises so many other sudden and startlingly unexpected phases and occurrences, that the difficulty and risk of resting a nationwide political campaign on so confused a political issue is apparent.

Certain of the income tax clauses in the great revenue bill will presumably be used as campaign issues. The bill has not yet emerged from the Senate, and while the Administration urgently requests its immediate passage, there are many prophecies that it will not pass until considerably after the coming elections.

The greatest national interest in the forthcoming campaign is how New York will go. The Republicans claim that Governor Whitman will carry the State by a quarter million votes. The Democrats claim a victory for Smith by from 100,000 to 300,000. One important point that appears reasonably sure is that the upstate Democrats are unusually united for Smith and against city and State will work hand in hand. Certain rock-ribbed Republican counties, however, have shown amazing increases in registration, so that at the opening of the short campaign it looks like anybody's race.

Share for Everyone The bulletin further provides that enemy aircraft brought down and confirmed should be credited to every one who has contributed to the result. Thus the pilot of a monoplane machine gets the credit for his victory, but the pilot and the observer of a biplane machine get credit; and in airplanes that carry more than two in the crew, the pilots and such observers and machine gunners as took actual part in the combat that brought down the enemy plane get credit.

The names of the officers and men of the Air Service entitled to official credit are to be furnished G.H.Q. twice a month.

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Condensed Statement, September 10, 1918

Table with 2 columns: Real Estate (140 Broadway, 66 Liberty Street, Madison Avenue and 60th Street) \$5,000,000.00; Bonds and Mortgages 1,595,225.53; U.S. Government Bonds and Certificates 80,823,290.30; Public Securities, including British and French Treasury Bills 94,473,698.93; Other Securities 46,794,659.90; Loans and Bills Purchased 345,509,911.61; Cash on Hand and in Banks 100,277,048.62; Exchanges for Clearing House 11,989,447.68; Foreign Exchange 16,687,068.52; Credit Granted on Domestic and Foreign Acceptances 49,999,578.23; Accrued Interest and Accounts Receivable 4,308,475.55; Total \$757,359,703.87

LIABILITIES

Table with 2 columns: Capital \$25,000,000.00; Surplus Fund—required by law 5,000,000.00; Additional Surplus—not required by law 20,000,000.00; Undivided Profits 2,084,578.51; Bills Rediscouted with Federal Reserve Bank 27,335,847.93; Due Federal Reserve Bank Against U.S. Government Obligations 45,000,000.00; Accrued Dividend 975,000.00; Outstanding Treasurer's Checks 7,779,866.41; Foreign Accounts 7,779,587.49; Accrued Interest Payable and Reserve for Taxes and Expenses 3,863,891.38; Deposits 562,541,355.92; Total \$757,359,703.87

HOW YANK AVIATORS GET CREDIT FOR WINS

One or More Written Confirmations Needed to Establish Victory

American aviators who force enemy airplanes or balloons to land or fall within the American lines or who destroy them in enemy territory as a result of aerial combat are to be credited with wins, according to Bulletin 76, G.H.Q. However, enemy airplanes forced to land on enemy territory as the result of combat, and which make normal landings, will not be considered as having been brought down, and will, therefore, not count as wins.

In order that official credit may be given to American aviators for German craft brought down, one or more written confirmations, in addition to the reports of the combatants themselves, must be made to the proper authority. The persons who may submit such confirmations are: Pilots or observers who were observers of the combat; pilots or observers who saw on the ground, at the point stated by those who claimed the victory, debris from the enemy aircraft brought down; balloon observers who witnessed the fact; observers at anti-aircraft observation posts; and ground observers of any sort. In addition, the declarations of enemy prisoners may be submitted.

The bulletin further provides that enemy aircraft brought down and confirmed should be credited to every one who has contributed to the result. Thus the pilot of a monoplane machine gets the credit for his victory, but the pilot and the observer of a biplane machine get credit; and in airplanes that carry more than two in the crew, the pilots and such observers and machine gunners as took actual part in the combat that brought down the enemy plane get credit.

The names of the officers and men of the Air Service entitled to official credit are to be furnished G.H.Q. twice a month.

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Condensed Statement, September 10, 1918

Table with 2 columns: Real Estate (140 Broadway, 66 Liberty Street, Madison Avenue and 60th Street) \$5,000,000.00; Bonds and Mortgages 1,595,225.53; U.S. Government Bonds and Certificates 80,823,290.30; Public Securities, including British and French Treasury Bills 94,473,698.93; Other Securities 46,794,659.90; Loans and Bills Purchased 345,509,911.61; Cash on Hand and in Banks 100,277,048.62; Exchanges for Clearing House 11,989,447.68; Foreign Exchange 16,687,068.52; Credit Granted on Domestic and Foreign Acceptances 49,999,578.23; Accrued Interest and Accounts Receivable 4,308,475.55; Total \$757,359,703.87

LIABILITIES

Table with 2 columns: Capital \$25,000,000.00; Surplus Fund—required by law 5,000,000.00; Additional Surplus—not required by law 20,000,000.00; Undivided Profits 2,084,578.51; Bills Rediscouted with Federal Reserve Bank 27,335,847.93; Due Federal Reserve Bank Against U.S. Government Obligations 45,000,000.00; Accrued Dividend 975,000.00; Outstanding Treasurer's Checks 7,779,866.41; Foreign Accounts 7,779,587.49; Accrued Interest Payable and Reserve for Taxes and Expenses 3,863,891.38; Deposits 562,541,355.92; Total \$757,359,703.87

BIRD LIME AND GAS TO COMBAT RAT PEST

New Trap Also Requires Bait to Lure Rodent Inside

The dollar-a-word traveler who settled the question whether Rocky Mountain squirrels eat pine cones with their front feet may be able out of the lore of the Congo and the Orinoco to tell the Chief Surgeon, A.E.F., and the Chemical Warfare Service whether there are any zoological stumbling blocks in the new method the Army is trying out to kill rats.

Old-fashioned Lucrezia Borgia methods having fallen somewhat behind in this war—except in certain German circles—the Chief Surgeon proposes to catch rats in a sort of a fly paper trap which will kill them in the very latest gassing fashion. The Geneva Convention is ignored again.

In a circular the Chief Surgeon tells Army rat killers to use a preparation similar to bird lime. The bird lime is smeared on wood or iron trays with a bait in the center. The rat goes after the bait, sticks in the bird lime, and is gassed—that is, he dies of suffocation.

Captain (who has just brigged a pair of scrapping K.P.'s): I want you men to understand that we'll have no fighting in this Army.

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What's the good word?

NOT long ago we heard an American soldier, who had been fighting in France, address a big meeting. He was one of the slightly wounded men General Pershing sent back to the United States.

And this big fine looking soldier said, "What word am I going to take back to the men in the trenches on the other side?"

Every man in that big audience jumped to his feet and shouted, "Tell 'em we're back of 'em to the last ditch and the last dollar."

That soldier can't tell all of you how proud we are of you men and how gladly we'll all work for you. This little message may serve to pass the good word along. It's something you all feel, of course; but it always sounds good to hear it.

Hart Schaffner & Marx Chicago U. S. A. New York