

**AMERICA IN GERMANY**

**I—The Rhine**

The Rhine is by no means the longest river in Europe; the Danube, for example, is as long again, and three Rhines laid end to end would be more than equal the Volga. But no river in the Old World is more important commercially or historically. It has figured in the campaigns of Caesar, Clovis, Charlemagne, Frederick Barbarossa, Frederick the Great and Napoleon. It has conditioned the whole development of the country to the west of it, notably of France, just as the English Channel has conditioned the development of England.

But it is by no means purely German. It is 730 miles long, and not quite 300 of those miles are in other countries than Germany. It rises in the Swiss Alps, on one side of the St. Gothard pass, not far from the famous tunnel of the same name. Near at hand, but flowing in an opposite direction, are the head waters of the Rhone.

It enters the sea through its many mouths in Holland. But its importance to Germany and its legends are German, even though the German boast of the 19th century, "The Rhine is Germany's stream, not Germany's bound," was something of an overstatement. The part of the stream with which Americans are likely to be concerned is the Middle Rhine, the stretch of 118 miles between Cologne and Mayence. Here its width varies from 430 to 500 yards, and its depth from 10 to 75 feet. Nowhere is the river more surpassingly beautiful, more storied, more vital as a barrier of defense.

**From Cologne to Mayence**

The traveler usually begins at Cologne and goes upstream, as the Rhine below Cologne is rather too highly industrialized to be beautiful. And, while the occupying Americans are scarcely tourists, still it is more convenient to follow the customary route and proceed from Cologne to Mainz, or Mayence, than to drift calmly downstream from Mayence to Cologne.

Cologne, the chief commercial city of the Rhine basin, with a pre-war population of nearly 500,000, and one of the principal towns of the old Hapsburgic league, would be famous, if it had no other claim to distinction, for its great cathedral. Cologne cathedral was begun in 1248, and its completion had not even been achieved in the last century. Its two towers, 512 feet high, are the tallest in the world, and are only 42 feet shorter than the Washington monument.

South of Cologne the traveler enters almost at once into the country about which the famous legends of the Rhine center. A few miles upstream is Drachenfels, the rock where Siegfried slayed the dragon. Every eye and ear is attracted to its story—and a good story, whether it is true or not. The river here flows north and south in a reasonably straight line, but just north of Coblenz it performs a semi-circular loop, on whose southern bank stands the fortress city itself.

**Where Rhine and Moselle Meet**

Coblenz is at the junction of the Rhine and the Moselle—that same Moselle from whose western banks American troops set out, on the morning of September 12, 1918, to reduce the salient of St. Mihiel. The Moselle is not a great river at Pont-a-Mousson, but by the time it has passed Metz, Trier, and Treves it has become a worthy tributary to the mightier stream. Opposite Coblenz, on the east bank of the river, is Ehrenbreitstein, "the Gibraltar of the Rhine," a rocky promontory towering 400 feet above the river and forming one of the strongest fortresses in Europe. Members of the military profession who are considering a short stay in the Rhine valley will be interested to know that this fortress can accommodate 100,000 men.

Coblenz itself is a city of something more than 50,000 inhabitants. It goes back to Roman days, and was long in the possession of the Frankish kings. There gathered Charlemagne's grandsons to settle the division of the territories that ultimately evolved into France, Italy and Germany. The French occupied it from 1794 to 1814, and through it, in 1812, passed Napoleon on his way to conquer Russia.

**"Seen and Approved"**

He passed through it with such high hopes that he stopped to erect a fountain bearing the following inscription in French: "Year MDCCCXXII. Memorable for the campaign against the Russians. When not many months later Napoleon retraced his steps, a beaten man, his Russian pursuer, General St. Priest, saw the fountain. He did not have the inscription erased. He merely added: "Seen and approved by me, Russian commandant of the city of Coblenz, January 1, 1814." Fifteen miles or so south of Coblenz is the rock of the Lorelei. The Rhine here is deep and treacherous, and whether or no the alluring maiden, combing her hair with a golden comb, and singing her baleful song to the white, still tenants the sheer fastness, the stream throughout is truly no place for an amateur carman. The Lorelei rock produces a wonderful echo, and small boys (German) passing it on Rhine steamers were wont to yell, "Who is the mayor of Oberwesel?—Oberwesel being the next town up the river on the western bank—in order to catch the reply, "Esel"—to wit, jackass.

A dozen miles further upstream is Bingen, where the river turns due east, curving southward again just north of Mayence. Opposite Bingen is the great statue of victory, which the German people erected after the obliterated victory of 1870.

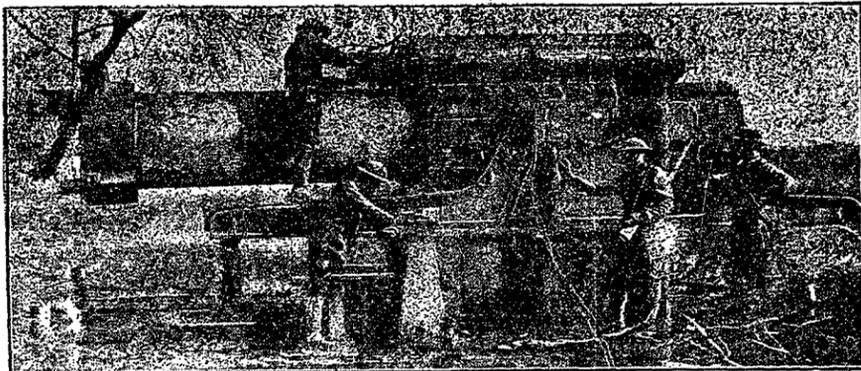
**The City of Two Wheels**

Roman legions under the Emperor Constantine once camped at Mayence, and holy men preached Christianity there who had heard it directly from the lips of the Apostles themselves. St. Boniface, who converted all Germany, was archbishop of Mayence in 751. The son of an English wheelwright, he chose for his coat of arms two wheels, and these are still the device of the city. Mayence was also the birthplace of Gutenberg, the father of printing.

The French held Mayence many times during the Revolution. It was ceded to France in 1797, but in the great map shuffle of 1814 it became a part of Hesse—that same Hesse which sent its troops overseas to be routed by Washington at Trenton on Christmas Day, 1777. Mayence, like Coblenz, is also a fortress.

It was a Frenchman—Victor Hugo—who wrote: "Of all rivers, I prefer the Rhine." "The Rhine," he continued, "is unique; it combines the qualities of every river. Like the Nile, it is rapid; broad, like the Loire; encased, like the Meuse; serpentine, like the Seine; limpid and green, like the Somme; historical, like the Tiber; royal, like the Danube; mysterious, like the Nile; spangled with gold, like an American river; and like a river in Asia, abounding in phantoms and fables."

**15 INCH GUN TAKEN NORTH OF VERDUN**



**MAJOR SPOILS 72 HOUR WORK RECORD**

**But Light Rail Man Sticks to Job Sleepless for Three Days**

**90 MINUTES LOST IN BED**

**Officer's Order Obeyed, so Long Labor Feat on Mountain Can't Be Called Continuous**

Every now and then a major insists on butting in and spoiling things. It hadn't been for a major it would have been possible to say that Private Jacob H. Wolfe, an engineer, working without sleep for a continuous period of 72 hours, most of the time under shell fire, got two ditched light railway locomotives back on the tracks, tinkered with their machinery until he had them in working order, and succeeded in delivering several train loads of much needed material and equipment to a point near the front.

The whole trouble was that the 72 sleepless hours were not continuous, for Private Wolfe actually enjoyed one and one-half hours in bed during three days by direct command of the same major. Nevertheless, word of the performance got back to the Chief Engineer, A.E.F., who sat right down and wrote a letter to Private Wolfe congratulating him on his work. The story is contained in official correspondence from the Division of Light Railways and Roads, signed by the major who caused that word "continuous" to be qualified.

**Trains Broken Up**

One night recently three light railway trains were started on a trip to a camp seven miles away, but after they had covered only a couple of miles the grade proved to be too heavy for the tiny locomotives, so it was decided to break up the trains, send a few cars forward and leave the others where they were until the locomotives could return and pick them up.

The things began to happen. The Boches singled out the light railway trains as objectives and began to drop shells all around them. In the mixup two of the locomotives jumped the rails and landed up in the ditches alongside the track and things looked hopeless as far as the quick delivery of the trainloads of supplies was concerned.

The major of the Engineers who is in charge of this section of the light railway system hustled out of the scene of the ditched locomotives, and—let him tell the rest of it: "I came up a few minutes afterward and found that the locomotives were in such bad shape that inexperienced men would be unable to get them on the rail and ordered the balance of the men into the engine house. The engineer, Jacob Wolfe, begged me to allow him and his three helpers, Cook Montgomery and Privates Herman and Walsh, all of the Engineers, to try and put the engines back on the rails and move them to the top of the mountain.

"I finally consented to let them do so. At that time these men had been on duty continuously for 36 hours and Wolfe and his three companions worked throughout the night, rerailed the locomotives, and got the train back up the mountain. The shelling was heavy throughout the night in the vicinity where these men were working.

**No One to Take His Place**

"Early the next morning I ordered Wolfe to turn in and get some rest and he stated that there was not another man in the outfit to take his place and as the tools, equipment and food had to go to the camp he asked to be allowed to continue working. He continued to work throughout the day and got the tools, equipment and food to the top of the mountain. At about 7 p. m. I found Wolfe still on his engine at work and ordered him to go in and go to bed and let the work go. About an hour and a half later I found him on the engine again and I asked him why he did not obey my order. He said that he had been to bed and I did not state how long he had to stay there, and as there was lots of work to do and no one else could handle the engine with the exception of those who were working, he desired to remain on duty until we could get someone else to get the work going. "Wolfe continued to work during the night and got relieved the following morning, thus making 72 hours continuous duty with the exception of the hour and a half which he claims he was in bed."

**DUTY MUST BE PAID**

The approach of Christmas, with the already booming tide of home-going bundles from France to America, makes it essential to call to the attention of the A.E.F. once more the fact that dutiable articles are still dutiable, even though a soldier sends them home. Bulletin 35, G.H.Q., says: "All members of the A.E.F. are informed that there is no authority of law under which packages containing articles included in the dutiable list of the Tariff Act are exempt from duty, even though sent by soldiers or sailors in France to their friends or relatives in the United States."

"Private Spink is a frank sort of person, isn't he?" "Yes, and he'll make his mark in Germany, too." "Guess we'll have to give up studying French before long." "Guess we will. By the way, what's the English for 'tout de suite'?"

**FLEDGLING AIRMAN BREAKS FIRST RULE**

**But Boche Opponent Comes Tumbling Down Just the Same**

Follow your squadron leader is one of the first laws of flying. There's a young airman, however, who is being envied by his fellow eagles because of what happened when he went counter to this primary flying axiom the third day of the battle that centered about Montfaucon.

This flyer had been over the German lines only once or twice when he found himself in formation with his squadron on what promised to be a lively afternoon. Both German and American observation balloons were up in numbers, and patrols of planes were sweeping back and forth. The crackling of machine guns when skirmishing planes met the enemy was almost continuous.

Gradually the squadron mounted higher and higher and headed in the general direction of the Rhine. The fledgling was last in the formation. He saw the planes ahead of him rise sharply to pass over a cloud, and perhaps just out of curiosity he decided he didn't care to dodge that cloud at all—he would go right under it.

**Enter the Fokker**

He made the dip, but to his amazement almost plopped into a Fokker which had been flying directly under the cloud. The Fokker immediately got on the American's tail with machine gun fire. The fledgling returned the fire. Then mysteriously the German airman's machine gun stopped firing, and the Fokker took a tumbling nose dive far downward. The American followed with a spinning dive. The German straightened out, but, strangely enough, did not open fire. The American opened up again. This time the German fell straight to the ground.

This was the American flyer's first plane. So he made a landing—that is he tried to for his machine got badly mugged up in a shell hole. While the doughboys were raking over the wreckage of the German plane—they found an iron cross on the German machine gun body looked at the German machine gun in the wreckage. Then everybody knew why the German plane had stopped firing so suddenly when the battle had only started. The first round of the young American flyer's bullets had clipped into the German machine gun near the breech, putting it out of action.

**POOR MARY MUST PAY**

(BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.) AMERICA, Nov. 21.—Poor Mary Pickford has been ordered by the court to pay her agent \$100,000 as commission for securing a raise in salary for her. The evidence showed that Mary's income the last two years was \$670,000 a year. If you think Mary stopped at that beggarly pittance you must guess again. After the lawsuit gave Miss Pickford fat space in all the newspapers, she grabbed more space by announcing a new contract for six pictures yearly at terms that will reach \$1,500,000 annually.

"Haven't even made you a first class private yet, eh?" "Nope. Only thing they've put on my arm since I joined up is a vaccination mark."

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**NO FOURRAGERE YET FOR ANY A.E.F. UNIT**

**Only Few Men With French Service Entitled to Decoration**

With the exception of a few—very few soldiers with previous service in the French Army, no members of the American Army in France are entitled to wear the fourragere or other unit decoration.

During the last few weeks soldiers have appeared in numbers with the fourragere entwined on their shoulders or, more modestly, its miniature pinned to their breast. In nearly every instance the ornamentation was without authority.

In the French army a division is qualified to wear the Croix de Guerre fourragere after two army citations. But even after this, they can wear it only upon authority of a special order from the French C-in-C. or Minister of War. In the American Army there are divisions which have been cited twice or more in army orders, but none has received the additional necessary authority of the French higher authorities.

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