

ARMY'S MOTOR ARMADA TO BE 50,000 STRONG

Uncle Sam's Garages and Assembling Shops Demand the Services of 150,000 Chauffeurs and Repair Men

FIRST AID AMBULANCES FOR BREAKDOWNS Experts from American Factories to Take Charge of Efficiency Problems

Uncle Samuel has gone in to the garage business here in France. He has gone into it feet first. He knows the importance of the automobile game in modern warfare...

When one stops to consider the factories, repair shops, rebuilding stations and what not that will be required, one can see that Uncle Sam's garage is going to be no five-and-ten affair. It is going to be a real infant industry...

These Are Real Experts

The A. E. F.—and this is news to many of its members—has, right here in France, a fully equipped automobile factory which is able not only to rebuild from the ground up any of a dozen or more makes of motors, but to turn out parts, tools, anything required from the vast stores of raw materials which has been shipped overseas for the purpose...

People who dwell within the desolate region bounded by the Rhine on the west and the Russian frontier on the east have been in the habit of considering our national Uncle as a superficial sort of an old geezer; but the way he has taken hold of his automobile business proves that they have another good thing coming. He hasn't overlooked a thing. Hard by his big new factory there is an "organization ground," a "salvage ground," a supply depot, and what is perhaps most important of all, the headquarters of a highly trained technical staff.

This is a staff of experts; not self-styled experts, but the real thing—big men in the automobile business representing all the important motor factories in the United States. Some of these experts inspect the broken down machines and pieces of machines in the salvage grounds, and report whether the wearing out process was due to a chauffeur's mishandling of the car, to the use of poor material in its construction, or to something wrong in its original design.

Working "On the Ground"

If it is the chauffeur or mechanic who was responsible, he, wherever he is, is hauled up on the carpet. If the fault is found to lie with the factory in the States that turned out the machine, the representative of that company on the board of experts reports the facts to the home office himself, with recommendations for future betterment. In making out his recommendations for a car of a new design, peculiarly fitted to traffic and combat conditions in France, his co-workers on the board lend him their assistance. In this way defects in the cars are detected "on the ground" and the responsibility placed at once, so that future errors of the same sort will be avoided.

This is, in brief, the journey that lies before an American made auto shipper, say "F.O.B. Detroit." Knocked down, or unassembled, it is packed and put aboard a transport at "an American port." It takes the same voyage that we all made to "a French port," gracefully thumbing its nose at any passing submarines. As the port it is assembled, painted, duly catalogued and numbered, and given a severe once-over and several finishing touches by the experts of the technical staff and their assistants.

For Emergency Calls

Having passed this examination, it is loaded with supplies—for even a car has to carry a pack while travelling—and headed towards the interior under charge of a picked crew of mechanics, who try to keep under actual traffic conditions and adjust it. On the way it is held over at the "organization grounds," where it is given its supplementary equipment of tools, water cask, and the necessary picks, shovels and tow cables to get it out of the mud. This done, it is turned over to a new crew of men, and, as one of the component parts of a train of cars in charge of a transport company, it is sent "up front" if the need is urgent, or, in case there are cars aplenty in that interesting locality, it is run to a reserve station to await call.

When the car, after days or months at the front, begins to show, by its coughing or wheezing or other signs, that it is about due from a new lease of life, the journey is reversed. If the car is able to get back under its own power, it goes back that way; if it is not, a hurry call is sent for the auto-doctoring-train, which is nothing more nor less than a repair shop on wheels. There the blue-jacketed doctors of the train do their best for the car, and if it doesn't come around in a day or so, it is towed back to be overhauled from A to Z.

THE ANAC DICTIONARY.

ARCHIE.—A person who aims high and is not discouraged by daily failures. A.W.L.—An expensive form of amusement entailing loss to the Commonwealth and work for one's pals. BARRAGE.—That which shelters or protects, often in an offensive sense, i.e., loud music forms a barrage against the activity of a bore; a barrage of young brothers and sisters interferes with the object of a visit; and an orchard is said to be barraged by a large dog or an active warner.

BEER.—A much appreciated form of nectar now replaced by a colored liquor of a light yellow taste. CAMOUFLAGE.—A thin screen disguising or concealing the main thing, i.e., a camouflage of canvas covers the liguity of stale fish; a sutor camouflage his true love by paying attention to another girl; ladies in evening dress may or may not adequately camouflage their charms; and men resort to a light camouflage of drink to conceal a sorrow or joy.

CIVILIAN.—A male person of tender or great age, or else of weak intellect and faint heart. COMMUNIQUE.—An amusing game played by two or more people with paper and pencil in which the other side is always losing and your own side is always winning. DIGGER.—A friend, pal, or comrade, synonymous with cobbler; a white man who runs straight.

DUGOUT.—A deep recess in the earth usually too small. As such it is a hopping over the bags, or, indeed, venturing into the open air in a trench. At times the word is used to denote antiquated relics employed temporarily. HOME.—The place or places where Billzack would fall in when the job is done. Also known as "Our Land" and "Happyland."

HOPPOVER.—A departure from a fixed point into the Unknown, also the first step in a serious undertaking. IMSHI.—Means "go." "get out quick." Used by the speaker, the word implies quick and noiseless movement in the opposite direction to the advance.

IMPLEASANTNESS.—Generally connected with delay, danger or extreme discomfort. Hence a special meaning of baseness in "his name is mud." OVER THE BAGS.—The intensive form of danger; denoting a test of fitness and experience for Billzack and his brethren.

RELEVE.—A slow process of changing places; occurs in Shakespeare: "for this relief many thanks." REST.—A mythical period between being relieved and relieving in the trenches, which is usually spent in walking away from the line and returning straight back in poor weather and at short notice.

REUSE.—To reuse unused property and make use of it. The word is also used of the property rescued. Property salvaged in the presence of the owner leads to trouble and is not done by an expert. SOUVENIR.—Is generally used in the same sense as salvage but of small, easily portable articles. Coal or firewood for instance, is salvaged at night, but an electric torch would be souvenired.

SOUND.—A successful enterprise or undertaking usually involving surprise. A large scale stunt lacks the latter and is termed a "push," and the element of success is not essential. TRENCH.—Long narrow excavations in earth or chalk, sometimes filled with mud containing soldiers, bits of soldiers, salvage and alleged shivers.

WIND UP.—An aerated condition of mind due to apprehension as to what may happen next, in some cases amounting to an incurable disease closely allied to "cold feet." ZERO.—A convenient way of expressing an indefinite time or date, i.e., will meet you at zero; call me at zero plus 30; or, to a debt collector, pay day at zero.—Aussie, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

Loggings in Leave Zone. On their arrival at destination, all men will have their leave papers stamped with the date of arrival, and will have noted on them the date and hour of the train to be taken on expiration of their leave, by the American Provost Marshal at the railroad station, or by the French railroad officials. They will report to the Provost Marshal for information, for the looking over of leave papers, and for the selection of an assignment to lodgings and registry of address. If there is no Provost Marshal in the place to which they go, they will register their addresses and submit their leave papers for O. King at the French Bureau de la Place of a garrisoned town, or else at the Gendarmerie, of police station. They will exhibit their leave papers to the French authorities at any time upon request.

Loggings will be paid for in advance. If they prove unsatisfactory, a man may apply to the Provost Marshal for a change. Men who are unable to pay, or who commit any serious breach of discipline, will be promptly returned to their units. Misconduct will be reported by American Provost Marshals direct to the man's regimental or other Commander for disciplinary action—and for consideration at the next turn of leave. In case of groups of men on leave traveling to the same place, the non-commissioned officer will be responsible for the conduct of the men. No liquor and no firearms or explosives of any sort may be carried by any soldier going to or returning from leave.

HIS MORNING'S MAIL IS 8,000 LETTERS

Base Censor Reads Them All, Including 600 Not in English

"Now, how the devil did he pick mine out of the pile?" Shuddering, a young American in France gazed at the envelope before him, addressed in his own handwriting, to be sure, but with its end cut open and a stout sticker partially closing the cut. Stamped upon the face of the envelope were the fatal words "Examined by Base Censor." And the words, because of the gloom they brought the young man, were properly framed within a deep black border.

It was this way: The young man in question had been carrying on, for some time, a more or less hectic correspondence with a mademoiselle tres charmante in a not far distant town. That in itself would be harmless enough if he had sent his letters through the regular military channels—that is, submitted them to his own company officers to be censored. But dreading the "kidding" he might receive at the hands of his postman, he decided to take a more direct route. Result: The much dreaded bogey-man, the Base Censor, knew just how many crosses he had made at the bottom of his note to Mlle. X.

But he needn't have worried a bit, for the bogey-man isn't a likely rival of any one. In fact, he isn't a man at all, but a System—just as impersonal as if he wrote his name, "Base Censor, Inc." Also, he is pretty well-high fool-proof, and puncture-proof—which again removes him from consideration as "a human."

Remembers No Secrets. All delusions to the contrary, the censorship, though it learns an awful lot, doesn't care a tinker's hoot about nine-tenths of the stuff it learns. It isn't concerned with Private Jones's morals, with Corporal Brown's unpaid grocery bills, with Lieutenant Johnson's fraternity symbols. It is, however, actively concerned in keeping out of correspondence all matters relating to the location and movement of troops, all items which, if they fell into the hands of the enemy, would be valuable to him in the conduct of his nefarious enterprises.

In addition to keeping such damaging information out of soldiers' and officers' correspondence, the base censorship is lying in wait for everything and anything in the mail line which the senders hope to slip through uncensored. If regularly goes over a large proportion of the mail which has already been visited by company officers. It sifts through all mail for the army from neutral countries; and finally its censors all letters in foreign languages, written by men in the A. E. F.—letters which company officers are forbidden to O. K.

In the exercise of this last-named function lies perhaps the greatest task allotted to the base censorship. One of the most important of the "international" in history, and its sends letters to the base written in forty-six different languages, excluding English. Out of 600 such letters—a typical day's grist—the chances are but half will be written in Italian, followed in the order of their numericalness, by those in Polish, French and Scandinavian. The censor's staff handles mail couched in twenty-five European languages, many tongues and dialects of the Balkan States and a scattering few in Yiddish, Chinese, Japanese, Hindu, Tahitian, Hawaiian, Persian and Greek, to say nothing of a number in Philippine dialects.

A Few Are in German. An interesting by-product of the censor's work is the discovery of foreign language interpreters within the ranks of the army. One soldier, for example, wrote in Turkish and wrote so well that the censor handing the letters in that tangled tongue passed on his name to those higher up. As a result, the man was detailed to the interpreters' corps where he is now serving his adoptive country ably and well.

Seldom, say the members of the censor's staff, is anything forbidden found in the foreign language letters. The only striking feature about them as a whole is the small number that are written in German. In fact the Chinese letters as a rule outnumber those expressed in the language of the Kaiser.

Besides all this thousands of letters are sent direct to the base censors every day, in case where soldiers are unwilling that their own immediate superiors should become acquainted with the contents. To himself, therefore, the enlisted man in a former National Guard unit whose censoring officer he suspects of trying to cut him out with The Girl Back Home, the base censor takes the responsibility off the company officer's shoulders; and the enlisted man feels oh! so much relieved.

These clever chaps who devise all sorts of codes to tell the home folks just where they are in France, meet short shrift at the censor's hands. For example, one of them was anxious to describe a certain city in this fair land. "You know grandmother's first name," he wrote naively, thinking it would get by. But the particular censor it came before, having a New England grandmother of his own, promptly sent the letter back with the added comment, "Yes, and so do I! Can't it?"

Another man was so bold as to write: "The name of the town where I am located is the same as that of the dance hall on Umptumpus avenue in —" well, a certain well-known American city. He was also caught up; for the censor, being himself somewhat of a man of the world, shot the letter back with the tart comment: "I've been there, too."

Those two men, however, were more fortunate than the average in having their letters sent back to them for revision. The usual scheme is for the censor to clip out completely the portion of the letter carrying the damaging information. In case, therefore, a man has written something innocuous—but interesting none the less to his correspondent—on the other side, he is simply "out of luck." One can see it pays to be careful.

On the whole—aside from the mania which seems to have possessed some men to give away the location of their units in France—the censoring officials declare that the army deserves a great deal of credit for living up to both the letter and the spirit of the censor's code. They do, however, find fault with the men who continually "over-address" their letters—that is, who persist in tacking on the number of their divisions to the company and regimental designations. This, for military reasons, is forbidden, but many men seem as yet unaware of the fact.

Many Thank-you Letters. During the first half of January the base censor's office alone handled more than 8,000 letters a day—two thousand a day increase over December, due, no doubt, to the thank-you letters which our dutiful soldier-men felt compelled to write in return for those bounteous Christmas boxes. In the spring, though more transports will be coming over, more men will be writing letters, but still the work will go on. The abuse of the letter-writing privilege by one man might mean the loss of many of his comrades, so the long and tough job of censoring must be "seen through."

So, you smarty with the private code to transmit all sorts of dope to the folks, have a care! No matter how the letters pile up, old Base Censor, Inc., is always on the job! Like the roulette wheel at Monte Carlo, he'll get you in the end, no matter how lucky and clever you think yourself. Or, as Indiana's favorite poet might put it, "The censor-man 'ull git you if you don't watch out!"

MIRABELLE. One striking feature of the war is the number of women and girls engaged in various kinds of work back of the lines. The British Army has thousands of them doing clerical work or driving ambulances, while in the A.E.F. their activities so far have been limited to canteen work with the Red Cross or Y. M. C. A.

Most of the are practical individuals doing a lot of good, but occasionally one slips over imbued with the idea that soldiers are sort of overgrown bacteriological specimens to be studied and handled only with sterilized gloves. Possibly one of the latter inspired a certain E.F. private to lapse into poetry after he had stowed her baggage away and heard her dissertation on what the camp needed. His verses were:

The ether ethereal, The cosmos coughed, Mirabelle whispered— The words were soft: "I shall go," Mirabelle said— And her voice, how it bid— "I shall go to be hurt By the dead, dead, dead. To be hurt, hurt, hurt— Oh, the sad, sweet pain, And the dreepy droop Of that all-but-bean!"

"One must grow," Mirabelle wailed, "And one grows by the knife. I shall grow in my soul In that awful strife. Let me go, let me grow." Was the theme of her dirge: "Let the sobbiest of sobs Through my bosom surge."

The sergeant took a lean On the canteen door. The captain ran away: "What a bore! What a bore!"

WAR RISK INSURANCE. February 12 is the last day to take out war risk insurance. DO IT NOW!

THE MACHINE-GUN SONG.

(As rendered by a certain battalion of Amex mitrailleurs, to the tune of "Lord Geoffrey Amherst.") We've come from old New England for to blast the bloomin' Hun, We've sailed from afar across the sea; We will drive the Boche before us with our baby-beauty guns To the heart of the Rhine country! And to his German majesty we will not do a thing But to spray his carcass with our hail; And when we're through with pepp'ring him, we'll make the lobster sing As we ride him into Berlin on a rail!

CHORUS. Oh, machine guns, machine guns! They're the things to raze the Kaiser aft and fore! May then never jam on us 'Till we've gone and won this gosh-darn war! Oh, machine guns are the handy things to drive the Fritz out. When he hides back of bags of sand; And machine guns are the dandy things to put the Hun to rout. If he tries to regain his land. So just keep the clips a-comin', and we'll give her all the juice. As we speed along our glorious way; And von Hindenburg and Ludendorff will beat it like the dence. When the little old rat-rattlers start to play!

CHORUS. Oh, machine guns, machine guns! They're the things to raze the Kaiser aft and fore! May then never jam on us 'Till we've gone and won this gosh-darn war!

CAN'T DO WITHOUT 'EM. Scene: An A.E.F. cookshack, during sanitary inspection. Enter, to the cook standing at attention, one major, U.S.M.C., accompanied by one major, British Army Medical Corps. U.S. Major: "Well, cook, how's everything going?" Cook: Rotten, sir; men are either all sick or away on D.S., and there's only the mess sergeant and myself to look out for things. You can't get along without K.P.'s."

U.S. Major (to his British friend): "Major, you told me you knew a good deal of American Army slang; what would you say our friend the cook meant by 'K.P.'s?" British Major: "K.P.'s? Why, ah-er, I should say that cook was undoubtedly referring to the Knights of Pythias!"

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ONE EYE IS NOT TRUE BLUE.

So a Hoosier Patriot Tries to Return It to Berlin. Paul Gary of Anderson, Indiana, is all American, with the exception of a glass eye. The substitute optic is alien. Gary tried to enlist in the U. S. Marine Corps at their recruiting station in Louisville, Ky., but was rejected when his infirmity was discovered by Sergeant G. C. Wright. "Didn't you know that the loss of an eye would prevent your enlisting?" asked the sergeant. "I thought it might," explained Gary, "but this glass blinker is the only part of me that was made in Germany, and I want to take it back." He was advised to mail it.

QUITE RIGHT. "Do you suffer from headaches?" queried the M. O. "Certainly I do," rejoined the hurried infantry officer. "If I enjoyed them as I do whiskey and soda, I wouldn't have consulted you!"—Aussie, the Australian Soldiers' Magazine.

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FREE SEEDS FOR SOLDIER FARMERS. Continued from Page 1. doughboy. Consider their ways. Get wise. They're hard up for food, as you know; and at that, to judge from the reports from back home, they're no booming curiosities. But look at what they do about it. Instead of folding their hands, saying, "C'est la guerre," they go out and dig, and then plant, and then hoe, and finally they have fresh vegetables—and backaches—to show for it. You can't go anywhere along the roadsides or up the hillsides these days without stumbling over their neat and well-kept up little garden patches. And, with butter selling at what it is, and eggs selling for what they do, and everything else in the eats line skyrocketing in price, those little garden patches come in mighty handy. It's worth trying.

No Favors for Lemon Squads. Although an official announcement has been made as yet, it is safe to surmise that some company commanders will offer prizes for the squads producing the biggest pumpkins, the best summer squashes, and the most luscious water-melons. (Texas troops please heed.) Company commanders, you know, have never been in the habit of awarding prizes for the squads producing the most lemons, but, then, war changes every thing. So keep your old campaign list for garden wear (if the Q.M. will let you); make a pair of overalls out of the bur-lap the meat comes done up in; use your trench pick and shovel, plus your bayonet, to do the plowing, and scatter the seedlings. If a few acorns come along with the rest of the plantables, plant them, too, for if we're going to be over here a good long time the shade from these oaks will come in mighty handy when we're old men and have time to sit down.

OUR OWN HORSE MARINES. Horace Lovett, U. S. Marine Corps, on duty "somewhere over here," has just been appointed a horseboer of Marines with the rank of corporal. The owner is some sergeant and Corporal Stanley Smith is saddler. No, you have guessed wrong. The captain's drum is not Jinks but Drum—Captain Drum of the horse and other marines.

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