

HIKE TO BATTLE TO THE TUNE OF DOUGHBOY'S HYMN

In Sleet, Along Icy Roads, Amex Regiment Goes "Up There"

COVERS 16 MILES IN A DAY

Unit Long Trained in France Shows Itself Eager and Fit for First Lines

FRENCH FOLK BID GODSPEED

Single Somber Happening of the Day the Sudden Suicide of a Private

By LINCOLN EYRE Correspondent of the New York World with the American Army in France

In Paris not long ago I saw a film depicting a regiment of infantry marching down Fifth Avenue on its way to a training camp. Flags were flying, bands were playing, crowds were cheering, and the sun was shining.

A few days later I saw a regiment of infantry marching down a country road in France on its way to the front. No film was made of this march, nor were flags flying, bands playing, crowds cheering or the sun shining.

Yet the spectacle shown on the screen, with all its colorful drama and pathos, was simply New York's farewell to a few of the tens of thousands of soldiers she has given her country, while the event I witnessed out here is a momentous chapter in American history.

Teeth and Feet Important Then things began to move fast. Bulky automobiles containing bulky generals with critical eyes stopped at regimental headquarters almost daily.

Finally, toward the middle of January, the news was noised about that the day was close at hand. In the words of the brigade commander by whom they were overheard, "We're about ready to leave our teaching officers and begin fighting them blanket blank Bushes."

Not until the night before did orders from the brigade commander stating the day and hour of departure and the route to be taken reach the colonel.

"Local Pride" in the Boys I stood where the main highway debouched northward from the village square and watched them go by. The temperature was four degrees below freezing, a piercing wind was blowing, a chill rain was falling, and every inch of the road was coated with ice, hard and slick as a mud pie.

It was a wonderful hike. Have you ever marched ten or fifteen miles with a sixty-pound pack on your back and a rifle on your shoulder even under the best of weather conditions? If so, maybe

JUST THINKING

By HUDSON HAWLEY Standin' up here on the first-step, Lookin' ahead in the mist, With a tin hat over your ivory And a rifle clutched in your fist; Waitin' and watchin, and wond'rin' If the Hun's comin' over tonight— Say, aren't the things you think of Enough to give you a fright?

Things you ain't even thought of For a couple of months or more; Things that 'll set you laughin', Things that 'll make you sore; Things that you saw in the movies, Things that you saw on the street, Things that you're really proud of, Things that are—not so sweet.

Debts that are past collectin', Stories you hear and forget, Ball games and birthday parties, Hours of drill in the wet; Headlines, recruitin' posters, Sunsets 'way out at sea, Evenings of pay days—golly— It's a queer thing, this memory!

Faces of pals in Homburg, Voices of women folk, Verses you learnt in school days Pop up in the mist and smoke. As you stand there, grippin' that rifle, A-starin', and chilled to the bone, Wonderin' and wonderin' and wonderin'— Just thinkin' there—all alone!

When will the war be over? When will the gang break through? What will the U. S. look like? What will there be to do? Where will the Boches be then? Who will have married Nell? When's that relief comin' up? Gosh! But this thinkin's hell!

THE TUSCANIA

The traditions of America's fighting forces are enriched and ennobled by the story of how those men trapped aboard the Tuscania, with peril facing them on every side, calmly lined up at attention and sang—that their British companions might sing with them—"My Country, 'Tis of Thee." They proved themselves the equals in every sense of the Birkenhead's crew, and of the men who, doggedly retreating under a withering fire, still had the heart and spirit to sing out their prayer to—

"Send him victorious, Happy and glorious"

They proved themselves the spiritual heirs of "Don't give up the ship" Lawrence, and of "Damn the torpedoes" Farragut, unafraid to die. They faced the stars together with the silence coming, and the honor accorded them for the way they laid down their lives should be no less than that accorded to their comrades who fall in actual combat with the enemy on the field of battle.

We can guess how this long predicted blow at our transport service must have shocked the good people at home; but we know how it must have rallied them and heartened them to learn with what fortitude, with what coolness the blow was met by the men who were the victims of it. For our own part, we know how we feel about it—and what sort of measures we will take to avenge it.

The challenge of the Hun will be answered. The people nearest and dearest to the men of the Tuscania's gallant company are rest assured of that. After ten months' uninterrupted passage of troops from America to Europe, a German submarine succeeded in making a successful attack; and, the success, from the purely Germanic point of view, is at best somewhat doubtful.

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To discipline and courage, but above all, to discipline, the 2,288 survivors of the disaster—for it was a disaster, and must in no sense be regarded as unpreventable—owe their lives and their consequent opportunity for future service to the discipline and courage of their fellow soldiers who were with them on their obedience to the ship's regulations, on their self-attained proficiency in boat drills, on their natural American hardihood and resourcefulness. If ever men have learned the value of discipline, of strict obedience, of coolheaded following out of plans, those men have learned it. A costly and a terrible lesson it was, and there are no words worth heeding. Discipline, first of all, is meant to save lives—the survivors of the Tuscania afford a striking example of its efficiency in combating the devices of the Hun.

Just what has Germany gained? She arrayed the sentiment of the entire civilized world against her when she sank the Tuscania and sent American women and children to a watery grave. She brought the vast power and unlimited resources of the United States into the war on the side of her enemies when she sank the Laconia, a bare year ago. By the sinking of the Tuscania she has made more indomitable than ever before the will of the American Army and Navy and the will of the great people behind them, to resist not an instant until the struggle against German tyranny, against Germany's unclean methods of warring, against Germany's inordinate ambition is concluded with a clinching victory for the Right.

"BUSHES" THEY ARE, THEN "Boches" Doesn't Lend Itself to Amex Pronunciation They may be "Boches" to the French and the British, but the Hunns across in the German trenches will never be anything but "Bushes" to Uncle Sam's doughboys.

AMERICA DROPS POLITICAL GAME TO WIN THE WAR

New Public Spirit Insists On Big Constructive Work

WAR MACHINE RUNS WELL

Governments Railroad and Finance Measures Meeting Little Opposition

HOUSING PROBLEM TO FORE

Freight Congestion Drastically Relieved by Milder Weather and Enforced Holidays

By J. W. MULLER American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES (BY CABLE.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The dominant thought suggested by the events and discussions of the past week is that, without minimizing the difficulties encountered during the vast efforts of the past months to erect a huge national machine for war, the American talent and genius for constructiveness begins clearly to display itself.

Even in the emergency legislation this constructive idea appears clearly. Thus, the congressional discussion of the conduct of the war shows a real striving for a full understanding of the problems involved and an efficient solution. The public is displaying remarkably good sense of political values. Politics is decidedly secondary to a sweeping national desire for a true soundness and constructiveness that shall make enduring the governmental edifice. My belief is that the whole national situation, materially and spiritually, is extremely encouraging and gratifying.

War Machine Shaking Down

The indications are accumulating that the whole big machine, governmental and individual, is shaking down to a solid working basis, and that the nation's huge efforts are shaping gradually for a sound future as well as for the present vital war purposes. Significant of this is the full page newspaper advertising campaign paid for by big business organizations, railroads, industries, and banks, for the purposes of educating the public to conserve life, limb, and health, and to avoid carelessness. There is also contemplated a moving picture campaign on "safety first."

Discussion of the Government's railroad control bill shows the same desire for big, constructive work. Hardly any attempt is being made to inject the question of Government ownership into the present problem. The Government ownership advocates presumably could muster formidable support, but public opinion evidently favors a strictly practical test of the whole subject by means of the present form of control.

A Vast Experiment

Practically the only issue in the bill now before Congress is the time of return of the railroads to private ownership. The Government's action is as to their return at a fixed date immediately after the war, or an indeterminate continuation of governmental control for an unstated reasonable period. There is no doubt that no better method could have been devised, even in time of peace, to study the whole railroad problem and discover a sound solution than by this vast experiment.

It appears obvious that American railroad management will never be the same again as before the war. I believe that under any circumstances the result will be the creation of the railroads and all other transportation agencies into a magnificent peace machinery for constructive, co-ordinating, producing, transporting, marketing, and financing.

A Rush of Workers

Another public activity excellent for immediate war activity and splendidly constructive for America's future is the intelligent attack of the housing problem throughout the Union. This is directly due to a rush of workers. Towns that never thought of it are now planning or beginning scientific modern housing on big lines, realizing that beauty and hygiene make for the moral betterment, happiness and inspiration of workers.

Proportional representation in elections is making headway. The scheme provides for the representation of minorities according to vote. The city of Kalamazoo, Mich., has already adopted a new charter containing such a provision, and there is a bill in the New Jersey legislature which proposes to apply the system to the legislative elections in the eight largest counties of the state. Astabula, Ohio, and Boulder, Colo., operate the system now.

Freight Block Broken

The splendid improvement in the weather has greatly aided in the solution of the freight problem. The weather has been excellent in the East during the whole of the past week, and fairly good throughout the country at large. Freight congestion has undoubtedly been drastically relieved, and perhaps broken. The present three holidays, Sunday, Monday and Tuesday, are giving the country a fine opportunity to rush freight through. We can now face any anticipated bad weather in the future with comparative fearlessness.

The fuel suspension order and other

"A PICTURE WITHOUT A TITLE"



What do you call him? Sammy? Say not so. He'd been you proper if you tried it! Yank? Hardly the name for a lad who may be one of the native sons of sunnneece Californerrrrreeeah? Johnny? He's hanging around a dugout door, not a stage door—just try calling him Johnny! Tommy? Somebody beat us to it and copped that name for the bully boys of Britain.

Polli? Polli means hairy, and this bird has the shaving habit. Jack? The flatfoot out on the battle-ships took that name long ago, about the time they began wearing a skirt on each leg. Buddy? Uh-hum; you hear it a good deal, but there are those who don't like it. Bill? Hell! That's this fool Kaiser's monicker. Nix on Bill!

Jim? No, Charlie? Hardly; there were two Charlies running a couple of years ago and they both got licked. Woody? Sh, man, mind your manners! Joe? He's neither old nor black in the picture. Bert? Oh, we give it up. Try, please everybody is just as impossible in the name-choosing business as it is in the newspaper game.

Just the same though, he really ought to have a name. He has a home and a country and everything else; the only thing he lacks is a name. He's had his baptism of fire, but he was too busy then to pick out any handle for himself. He's either a doughboy or a leatherneck,

NEW VALOR MEDALS MAY BE CONFERRED

President Has Power to Grant Them—Border Vets Get Badge

Distinguished service medals, to be conferred on members of the American forces for deeds of gallantry in action and other exceptionally meritorious service, may be granted by the authority of the President of the United States alone, acting in his capacity as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States. A recent opinion of the Judge Advocate General states that the President has the power to provide for such decorations, and upon those medals now sanctioned by legislative action.

This decision will be of particular interest to the men of the A. E. F., who for many months past have been looking with covetous eyes upon the Croix de Guerre, the Medaille Militaire, and the Legion d'Honneur worn on the breasts of their French compatriots; upon the Victoria Crosses and the D.C.M.S. won by their British cousins, and upon the insignia of the Order of Leopold awarded by their Belgian Allies. So far as they knew, the only similar decoration awarded by their own Government was the Congressional Medal of Honor, granted only in the most exceptional cases, and then only by a favorable vote in both houses of Congress.

It has rightly been styled the most difficult to gain of all the decorations in the world, and the man who receives that emblem, inscribed with the word "valor," must have proved himself valorous indeed. Such decorations as the President may authorize will not interfere in any way with the award of the Congressional medal, which presumably will be granted in the same way as heretofore. All future decorations will be in addition to the service badges and other insignia—as for border, Philippine, Porto Rican, Cuban, and Boxer service—which have already been authorized.

By authority of the President, a service badge with ribbon, to be known as the "Mexican Service Badge," will be issued to all officers and enlisted men who are now, or may hereafter be, in the military service of the United States and whose service has been under the following conditions: In Mexico, afloat or ashore, as members of the Vera Cruz expedition, between April 24, 1914, and November 26, 1914.

THE STARS AND STRIPES ANNOUNCES

An American News Service—by Cable. American Sport—by Cable. American News from England—by weekly London letter. The whole-hearted co-operation of the American newspaper correspondents in the field with the Army—all to the end that the A. E. F. may have a typical American newspaper of its own.

WHERE ERRING FEET ATTEND REFORM SCHOOL

Reclamation Camp Rescues the Fallen Arch and Gives the Cure to Bunions—and It Isn't a Hospital

A not unknown soldier who rests within a splendid mausoleum in Paris once remarked that an army moves on its stomach. Of course, the great Napoleon was speaking figuratively, with reference to the need for keeping up food supplies. If he had been speaking literally, his remarks would have applied only to extended order skirmish drills, as we Americans know it. But Napoleon, if he had been minded to speak literally, would have said, of course, that an army moves on its feet, as every doughboy knows without being told.

Feet, then, are at the basis of an army's success. Feet have got to be strong and springy and unnumbered by corns and bunions and the like. To be in good condition, feet have got to be watched and tended with the same care that a doting mother expends on a new-born babe. But, if they are not good and strong to start with, feet are not of much use to a mobile army.

At least, that used to be the idea. The affliction of flat-footedness used to be considered as incurable as leprosy. So it was that army recruiting officers instituted the fascinating indoor sport of making the applicant hop, first on one foot and then on the other, the length of a dusty floor (floors in recruiting offices are always dusty, you know). If a man's naked sole, after that pleasant exercise, showed a neat little patch of white about the arch, he was considered foot-fit and acceptable. If, however, his sole was one flat smudge, he was thrown out into outer darkness.

How Flat Feet Got By Sometimes, however, army doctors, listening to the impassioned pleas of the flat-footed applicants would now and then relent and pass the men for service with cavalry or light artillery outfits—organizations that are supposed to be easier on the feet than is the hard-trudging infantry. But when cavalry commands were turned into machine-gun commands overnight—and machine-gun commands have to do a good deal of walking and lugging the men thus passed showed up as distinctly out of luck. And sometimes, though this is sacrilegious, flat-footed men got by anyway, just out of sheer necessity.

Feet, feet, feet! After a mushy winter of wetness in France, feet became the sole topic (no, that isn't meant for a pun) of conversation at all doctors' messes, and when doctors talk a mess time, they always talk shop. Consequently, when they talked nothing but feet at meal time it could be seen that the feet of the army, so to speak, were on their minds; which, with feet shod as they are now, with hobnails and all sorts of things, is an uncomfortable place to have other people's feet.

At length, one amongst the doctors who gave a determination remarked that something must be done. And this is the marvelous dictum he laid down: The visiting chaplain looked out over the congregation of freshly-shaved, khaki-clad gunners for some one to lead in prayer.

Somehow his eyes fastened on re-haired Butch sitting only a few feet away. The little congregation of soldiers crew tense as they waited for the chaplain to speak. You could just feel he was going to call on Butch.

"Will this young man kindly lead us in prayer?" he asked. Butch got up. Every eye was on him. Everyone wondered how he'd make out, being called on like that the first time he had been to church in years. But Butch was equal to the emergency. "Let us have five minutes of silent meditation," said Butch.

SCORE ONE FOR CHICAGO

New York Crowds to Hear Singer She Passed On to Rival (By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The great musical sensation of New York has been the appearance of the wonderful Italian soprano, Amelita Galli Curci, at the Lexington Avenue Opera House. There has been a tremendous spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm over her performances, which reminds old timers of the reception accorded to Jenny Lind, Patti and other stars.

This gives Chicago a great laugh on New York. Galli Curci had been singing with the Chicago Opera Company for more than a year past. Chicago hailed her as a soprano conflagration, but New York disbelieved. New Yorkers now stand in line for several blocks to buy tickets.

COL. ROOSEVELT BETTER

Country Relieved as He Rallies After Operations (By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.)

NEW YORK, Feb. 14.—The country has been greatly relieved to hear the report that Colonel Roosevelt's progress toward recovery, after the two operations he underwent recently for abscess of the ear.

The streets leading to Roosevelt Hospital have been thronged with the motors of the ex-president's friends, calling to learn his condition. The doctors in charge, while admitting that the colonel's case was at one time critical, have constantly voiced their belief that his enormous vitality would pull him through.

TEA FOR CHINESE LABOR

Chinese laborers who may be on duty with the A. E. F. will get the "Flying ration" as set forth in the Army Regulations of 1917, with the substitution of tea for the coffee ration contained therein.