

one raiding party—or, to be accurate, a reconnaissance—was permitted to go "all American," with nothing but a non-com from the French regiment.

Then came the big raid: so-called. In this one, the morning of February 23, 26 Americans and 74 French took part. The barrage commenced at ten minutes before six, and began to roll forward at six o'clock. The raiders followed it up, the Americans feeling so secure behind it that they got almost too close. When they reached the German position, they were only 30 yards behind their own shells.

Souvenirs for the Colonel

As the barrage lifted, almost the last shell that fell hit on top of a trench shelter where two officers, who had just been inspecting the morning relief, had taken cover with 21 soldiers. The shell knocked the shelter down round them, and they had barely scrambled clear when the raiders jumped down among them, and took them all prisoners, without a struggle.

From two other trench shelters Boches ran out, and with a burrosch the wild Irish of South Boston went after them. They chased the Germans up the communicating trench, in their excitement even forgetting the limits of their objective. Before they could be stopped they had penetrated 750 meters into the German lines.

The party formed up to come back, but by this time the German barrage was on. The Allied raiders came along just the same, through it. One shell tumbled into the midst of them, wounding five German prisoners and six French soldiers, but not touching an American.

The colonel of the regiment, who is a judge at home, had gone down into a front-line observation post with his adjutant to watch the party. As the boys came home, they caught sight of him, and yelled out, "Hey, colonel! Look what we've got!"

The party made the score against the Germans 12 down, Fritz having taken 11 prisoners in another American sector. One regiment had had most of the gas, and the men have been contributing a healthy share of the burns. Of the 40 men in the evacuation hospital, five were burned men of this regiment. This regiment is sore, and begged so hard for a party that on Sunday morning, February 24, one was given them—a surprise raid, with no barrage before it. It came back with some 15 prisoners.

Begging to Get into the Line

The regiment in the end position has also had its share of shells, and has repulsed two or three German attacks. It happened that I was at the headquarters of this regiment on the day after Fritz had put a shell through the colonel's automobile, injuring one of his orderlies, who was sleeping in a shed near by, and killing a horse. The regimental intelligence officer was trying to give me some intelligence, when two of his men came up. They had walked seven kilometers from their post to see him—and all they wanted was to beg to be relieved from the detail and get into the line in time for the next party.

In every cavern I have visited, men are plotting and begging for a chance to get into one of the parties. Everywhere I have gone, the men are full of food, and in spite of discomfort that was strong enough to suit me, anyway, they are cheerful and utterly unafraid.

RUSSIAN PEACE PUTS NO DAMPER ON HOME SPIRIT

Continued from Page 1

William Hays of Indiana as chairman of the Republican National Committee. Nobody appears to be quite sure what it signifies.

Progressives and old line Republicans appear equally pleased, or at least say so for publication. An atmosphere of gentle peace exists, as if the lion and the lamb were lying down together, but there is no prophet daring enough to assert positively that such a zoological miracle actually has occurred. Such opposing leaders as George W. Perkins and Senator Boies Penrose are wonderfully soft spoken about each other, and there is no talk of factional issues at all.

All say that the Republicans are united to win the next House and many declare they will win the Senate. A large number of senators will retire next year bringing senatorial elections in many States next November. Gatherings of Republican leaders are scheduled for New York and Washington this week.

Colonel Roosevelt, now almost entirely recovered, although still in the hospital, so far has said nothing bearing on the political situation.

Everybody Loves the Farmer

Political activity in New York is beginning to center around Governor Whitman's fight for a third gubernatorial term. There is great maneuvering to gain the farmers' support by all parties and factions. Democrats are making tentative proposals for a State fusion Democratic ticket. But the main interest now is in the Internal Republican situation. Ex-State Senator William Bennett, Republican candidate for mayor of New York last year, is out against Governor Whitman.

The first woman suffrage registration for the special Congressional elections in New York City was unexpectedly small. Opponents of woman suffrage gleefully say that only 25 per cent of the women registered, but suffragists are not discouraged and say that this is satisfactory under the circumstances. There were only two days for registration, one a general holiday and one a Jewish holiday, and the lack of general interest in special elections, combined with this, is held to account for it.

A Great Saving in Beef

The nation is much encouraged by the announcement that 14,000,000 pounds of beef have been saved in the past four months by food economy. The fine point is that this was mostly by voluntary action, showing that the Republic is capable of self rule in a very fine, large sense.

The big parade of the National Army from Camp Upton was the great success of Washington's Birthday. The men fully bore out the remarks of my last dispatch about their good appearance in line and, after the parade, through their exemplary conduct.

EQUITABLE MUTUALIZED

New Plan of Life Insurance Company Is a Success

[By Cable to THE STARS AND STRIPES.]

NEW YORK, Feb. 28.—The Equitable Life Insurance Company announced this week that the success of its mutualization plan was assured. It was stated that the step needs merely formal action to complete it.

PITY THESE LADS ON FRIDAY NIGHTS

'Tis Then All the Beauty of Selfridge's Gives Them Good Times

PICK OF TOWN FOR DANCES

Ziegfeld's Follies in Real Life, with Two and Three Charmers for Every Warrior

NOTHING LIKE LORRAINE LINE

And That's Why They're Asking Transfer to Service that Means Getting Up Front

By GEORGE T. BYE American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, Feb. 28.—The "silvery moon" that used to look down upon London lovers who in each other's arms with bliss did swoon, now illuminates empty benches in the parks, at the same time delineating the cold round mouths of anti-aircraft guns; and instead of ecstatic sighing, one hears the less amorous strappings of the gun.

And Parliament is in session. And women have the vote in Great Britain. And the Irish Convention is smoothing out the rocky road to Dublin. And there has been a change in the head of the British War Office that seems to be satisfactory to all. And people are becoming more convinced daily that civilization depends upon hacking up the world's slogan, "Fewer and better Germans."

But for London correspondence with a whang to it, all these minor topics and choose to write about the Friday night hops given in honor of all soldiers, sailors and marines of the United States stationed or visiting in London—and there are quite a few of them.

The Big Time Night

As I have hinted in my last dispatches, the problem of showing Americans in uniform a good time has been quite a perplexity to our English cousins. The men in uniform are not tourist congressmen ready at a moment's notice for a banquet or a sight-seeing excursion. They seem to work from eight until eight each day, steadily, inflexibly, and they smash in the head all plans for teas, afternoon dances, and dinner parties. That is, on a wholesale plan. There have been plenty of retail receptions and dinner parties, where a few would come at a time.

Now the wholesale Friday night dance has become an institution and the anxiety of the good ladies of London is in some measure appeased. They feel that there is at least one big thing going on each week to keep "those splendid American boys who are so far from home" from withering in their shoes from loneliness. (If they only knew how much it takes to make a Yank wither!) Mrs. Elfrida Clark, 8 Eaton Place, whose mother is an American, is one of the London women whose planning and worrying have ended in the glorious fruition of the Friday night dances. Mrs. Clark happened to consult Mr. Gordon Selfridge.

Pick of the Town to Dance With

The dances are held at No. 400 Oxford Street. That means nothing to you unless you know London. This No. 400 Oxford Street that appears so fashionably on the invitation notices all over town, is nothing else than the great Selfridge department store, the largest in Europe. Mr. Selfridge is an American, by the way, and his store is laid out after the plan of the big American stores. It includes a ballroom for his employees.

Now there is another point I shall have to explain, since you probably don't know London. It is that the Selfridge girls, like those in Ziegfeld's Follies back home, are the pick of the town. Beautifully dressed, they are the pick of the town.

BOCHE GUNNERS LEND ZEST TO HOLIDAY NIGHT

Continued from Page 1

almost gone state from overtraining—the trenches had "bucked everyone up" again.

"The hours are long here," the commander explained, smiling, "but this is a job to our liking."

Guided by Star Shells

The runner reported for duty and we set out in the night again down the main street. A ruined village has a certain beauty on a night like this—the beauty of seeming antiquity. Shell fire makes a pomp of it. None of us were surprised to see in the debris beside the road just such an ancient stone bath tub as the antique from Rome which the tourist finds in Paris in the Louvre. It couldn't have been a modern porcelain affair—not here in Pompeii!

The star shells heightened the illusion that this war, after all, a sort of Pain's fireworks exhibition, such as we used to see in boyhood days.

We came out into the open just as a star shell brightened the fields beyond and showed us the head of the communicating boyau leading to the trenches. The American artillery was blazing away in a sort of Fourth of July celebration, with an occasional sally reply from the Hun who didn't appear to have much heart for the proceedings.

The boyau deepened and we felt our way along the duck boards in single file. Yes, it was muddy! No one was sorry he had put on rubber hip boots. A slip off of the boards on a wet night such as this may drop you in water up to the knees.

Here and there we stopped—to pass the countersign with a guard, to watch a sniper at work, to allow two soldiers with a marmite of hot coffee suspended on a pole to pass by.

A Glimpse of No Man's Land

Whee-ee! Whee-ee! From overhead. Those were random shots. No one made any comment. The trenches became almost a maze as we got farther along. The visitors lost all sense of direction. Presently, the conducting officer halted us in a crossing, where there was room enough to crowd close around him, and made a brief comment on what was going on.

lies of all sizes and all complexions. My goodness, if you could only see them! Every time I go to Selfridge's to buy a collar button I can only stumble about moonishly. I always leave with a sigh, and without the collar button. Then I kick myself and go in again, and likely as not come out with four and three-fourths yards of grenade fusing, something I have no human use for, but which some melting pair of eyes has mesmerized me into buying.

Here are girls, American types of girls. For any young fellow in our army who questions the close kinship between Americans and English, I say: Stroll down the aisles of Selfridge's and see on all sides of you the girl ideals of your American dreams. And these are the young women that are one-stepping with our bayoneteers, bombardiers, cannoners, our strutting marines, and wide-panted deck swabbers.

Pretty soft? Do I hear the echo from out in muddy Lorraine? You've said it. Some class! And how do these guys get away with it, Fortunes of war. And yet, do you want to know why these fellows say? They would all change places with you in the front line on a moment's notice, if they had a chance. Some of them are applying for changes to other branches of service in the hope that the change will take them into action more quickly. Oh, they are mad Yanks, same as you—but you can give them if you like on account of these London Friday night dances. There's always soul satisfaction in a good cut word skillfully used.

That Map of the U.S.A.

While you are still gritting your teeth about these dances, let me tell you some more pretty things. When the sojers and holystoners and those others that are both fish and fowl arrive, all neatly brushed and soaped, the London committee ladies see that they are quickly made at ease in the garden of beauty. Pretty soon they are gassing with one or two (hold tight!) or three lovely Mammies and Gwendolines, and then what do they do?

They have spotted in the flag-draped ballroom an immense map of the good old U.S.A. with a little box beside it. They parade over to said map with Mammie and Gwendoline and Beatrice, extract from the box a long fat-headed pin, and then stick in said map said long fat-headed pin at the precise spot from which they hail, thereby acquainting the ladies with American geography and most important centers of interest.

I shall rush past the probability that at all those home spots where fat-headed pins decorate the map during these dances there are trustful Genevieves and Elizabeths and Myrtles who would bite the knob off the old cellar door if they knew what was going on in old London town on Friday nights.

The agony would be over for you, Yank in the trenches, if it were not dutiful of me to report as to the eats during the dances—and again thanks to Mr. Selfridge, U.S.A. citizen. SOME refreshments, boys, and if the printer doesn't put "Some" all in capitals, take it from me it's so.

Officers' Parties Too

Passing rapidly to our next text, I shall devote a few frugal words to the officer element in this metropolis of the world.

The stately American officers' Club, which the British Pilgrims Club is maintaining in Lord Leonfield's home on Curzon Street, had Arthur J. Balfour as speaker last Friday night. Oh, yes, whose mother is an American, is one of the London women whose planning and worrying have ended in the glorious fruition of the Friday night dances. Mrs. Clark happened to consult Mr. Gordon Selfridge.

Mr. Balfour presides over the British Foreign Office, his position being equivalent to Secretary Lansing's. He asked that his speech be not reported. I can tell you this much: If you had heard what he said your eyes would be shining as if a dozen show wagons were rolling up to you. He was all complimentary, I did not even gather from his remarks that the Allies were a bit perturbed "living on promises."

All the survivors of the Tuscania are down in the country a ways, having been wined and dined and orated to, as only falls to the lot of heroes.

The Westchester Racing Association, Belmont Park, has renewed all four spring steeplechase stakes, including the Grand National, International New York and Meadow Brook events, the stakes being \$5,000.

a typical night in this sector. Typical weather, too.

We went on more slowly until we reached a point not more than 200 yards from the German trenches; there the orders were "no talking." A little farther on we took turns at having a glimpse of No Man's Land through a loop hole. The scenic features were simple, consisting chiefly of tangles of wire and a few flashes of gun fire from the dark background.

As the artillery action kept dwindling, the trenches began to take on more the air of this-is-just-our-ordinary-job except for an occasional clip from a machine gun at objects of suspicion in No Man's Land, nothing further disturbed the night as we made our return journey to the communication boyau.

The tools of the trade—rockets, chevrons-de-frise, hand grenades, automatic rifles—were ready for action, with silent doughboys standing beside them, but nothing happened.

We could have had a first class party in the trenches on Washington's Birthday, but the Hun didn't choose to celebrate. Maybe he thought the weather wasn't just right.

The correspondent who made the visit to the trenches (described above) carried with him a bundle of copies of THE STARS AND STRIPES which had just come off the presses. The papers were distributed the following morning to the men who had spent the night in the trenches.

SIoux CHIEF-TO-BE NOW A. E. F. CAPTAIN

Two Hundred of Tribe Fight Shoulder to Shoulder With Palefaces

HUN SURPASSES REDSKIN

"You Will Meet Enemy More Savage Than We Were," Father Tells Son on Way to War

The cycle of the races has been completed. Every color, shade, and complexion on the face of the earth now is represented on the Western front in the fight for Democracy. Long ago came the yellow man from the Orient, the black man from below the equator, the brown man from Algeria, the intermediate tints from elsewhere, and last but not the least in fighting enthusiasm or tradition, has come the red man from North America.

Two hundred Sioux Indians have arrived in France. They are the pick of the last of the once powerful Sioux nation, and they are eager to join their comrades of other tints on the firing line.

Several months ago the adopted son of eighty-year-old John Grass, big chief of the Sioux, came to France, a captain in the American Army. He is at the front and already has actually been joined by some of his tribesmen.

The 200 Sioux came to France in a militia unit of a replacement division and, although most of them were shifted to transport work, some were immediately sent in to fill gaps in units now in the line.

When Chief John Grass dies, his adopted son, the American Army captain, will become by succession the big chief of all the Sioux tribe.

Although, even in Chief John Grass's day, the Sioux bitterly fought American troops, old John is a hot supporter of the Allies and firm in the belief that the overthrow of the Kaiser is necessary to the safety of the world. Before his adopted son and his other tribesmen departed he called them together around the Council fire and told them that the honor of the Sioux nation was at stake and that the Sioux at home would depend on them to uphold the glorious traditions of the tribe when, in the past, they fought palefaces.

"You are fighting shoulder to shoulder with the white man now," he told them, "and against an enemy more savage than the red man."

FIRST CASUALTY IN WRITERS' RANKS

George Pattulo Collects Something Besides Information in Trenches

The first casualty among the war correspondents of the A.E.F. has occurred. George Pattulo of the Saturday Evening Post is the victim. He is now resting comfortably in a hospital not far from the lines. His ailment is mumps.

He got 'em up in front, while on a trip through the trenches. Some of the boys had 'em, and repeatedly passed 'em on to him, along with a lot of information. He didn't know it at the time, but the next morning they had blossomed out like observation balloons.

His fellow correspondents are most sympathetic. They call every other day to see him, and to let him see himself in the little trench mirrors they transport thither for the purpose.

"Cheer up," they keep telling him, "you're only interned here for 21 days! By the time you get out, you won't have a blooming thing to write about except those blooming mumps."

George is getting on, though, in spite of that kind treatment.

YANKEES LEARN BIG GAME HUNT IN LIVE SECTOR

Continued from Page 1

French offensive of April, 1917. Most of them actually live in trenches, dugouts, butments and other shelters built and once inhabited by the Boches.

Staffs are installed in neat little houses tucked under ledges of rock or camouflaged with painstaking Teutonic ingenuity. At least one of them is exactly as it was under enemy occupation. One brigadier general and his aides, in quarters none too well protected, are humorously apprehensive of what may befall them. This general, as it happened, had never been to the front before.

"Just for that reason," he told me, "I didn't want to appear nervous, and so I hesitated to ask whether there were any dugouts anywhere around. I hadn't seen any. Instead, I nonchalantly inquired if Germans ever shelled this place. A shell fell here about six months ago, but none ever come nowadays," they told me.

"An hour later something I had no difficulty in identifying as a Boche shell, wasn't just right."

although it was the first time I had heard one, exploded about two hundred yards away. This was followed by about fifty others in rapid succession. While it went on, we just sat tight, there being nothing else to do. But as soon as it stopped, I found out where the dugouts were without further hesitation.

I visited one of the cantonnments immediately behind the front in which one battalion, awaiting its turn in the trenches, is billeted.

A thousand men are spaciouly housed in an immense cavern, partly natural in formation, partly blasted out by Boches during their long tenancy of it. There are many caves of this kind in and around the Soissonais country, which is full of quarries and peculiar rock formations. They run down 30 or 40 feet under a layer of solid rock and, of course, are impervious to the heaviest deluge of high explosives.

"You ought to have seen the faces of the men as they marched down here after nightfall," one captain remarked. "They thought they were going to be in a quarry and found themselves in a good imitation of the Mammoth Cave."

Life in Mammoth Caves

They got used to the strangeness of their surroundings very quickly, however, for when I saw them they had settled down in a most matter of fact style. Each company was assigned to a certain part of these subterranean barracks, and sentries were stationed to keep the doughboys from straying off and losing themselves, a mighty easy thing to do.

The entrances to these grottoes, as the French call them, and the galleries winding about through the rock were named after American cities—New York, Brooklyn, New Orleans, Washington and illuminated signs indicated one's whereabouts. Battalion and company offices were located in little chambers separated with wooden partitions. The men slept on low wooden bunks covered with straw.

A small generator supplied enough electricity to keep a few incandescent globes burning here and there. The electrical system is being extended and soon these grottoes will look like the Great White Way before the fuel administrator at home got busy. It was an uncanny walk along passages, hearing American voices singing, "My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean" or "Dinah, Dinah, My Bonnie Lies over the Ocean."

The men are forbidden to leave the cave except on duty in order to reduce the risk of detection by hostile airplanes. For the present, their work is limited to policing the premises, carrying fuel for rolling kitchens and similar odd jobs. But, before many days, they'll be getting plenty of exercise—in the trenches.

YES! Americans, you will find torches and bulbs at "LA LUMIERE pour Tous," 8, Rue St. Florentin, Paris (2e).

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