

COLORS FROM FRANCE FOR A.E.F. REGIMENTS

Five Units Honored by Descendants of Rochambeau's Troops

MEN OF '70 IN HONOR GUARD

Ceremony at Invalides Reaffirms Affection Manifested in American Revolution

The descendants of those Frenchmen who, under the leadership of Lafayette and the Comte de Rochambeau, helped the 13 original American colonies to achieve their independence, have just as much love for the land their forefathers aided in saving as did those gallant pioneers themselves. They have touching evidence of that affection when, on Sunday, they presented to the American Ambassador ten richly embroidered flags—five National colors and five regimental—for each of the five American regiments designated by the War Department to receive them.

Old Soldiers Bear Standards

Portraits of soldiers of the present war, of past wars, lined the walls all about. In the rear of the speakers' table was a great sheaf of standards captured from the common enemy in the battle of the Marne. Below, in the courtyard, rested the aeroplane of the ill-fated ace, Capt. Guynemer, festooned with wreaths and banked with flowers.

AMERICANS BREAK UP BIG BOCHE RAID

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trench, they stumbled on the bodies of their targets.

The Germans had prepared for their raid for several weeks. For use in the artillery preparation, they brought up heavy guns of 150 caliber, by means of caterpillar tractors. When their artillery preparation actually came, it proved to be the most terrific barrage that has ever been visited upon the Americans since their first occupation of the sector.

The spot the Huns selected for the attack is only 100 yards away from their own trenches. A tangled wood, in between the lines, added their trouble in giving them cover behind which they could stand up on the Americans and surprise them. Moreover, at that point, the American trenches made a right-angle turn.

The Germans employed 220 men, 180 infantrymen and 40 pioneers. The infantry were partly volunteers, and partly the *Sturmtruppen*, or storm troops, especially reserved for attacks of the kind that was contemplated.

The job of the pioneers was to lay heavy charges beneath the American barbed wire. Right after they had blown their caps, a box barrage was laid down, with the object of isolating the spot they had picked out for the assault, and of cutting off any attempts to reinforce it. At the same time heavy shell-fire swept all the approaches to the rear of the position, and more *Tentonic* hardware, including some gas shells, was dumped on other portions of the American lines, to create confusion and divert attention.

The explosions came at 5:35 a.m. The raiders made their way around through a narrow ravine, with the object of taking the Americans in the rear. They found their hosts ready for them, however, and the fight was a hand-to-hand conflict waged all over an area of half a square mile, in the trenches, along the top of the parapet, through the dug-outs, everywhere. Bombs, revolvers, trench knives and rifles were freely used on both sides for a space of time lasting from 20 minutes to half an hour.

AMERICAN HEAVIES BLAST OUT BOCHES

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until it is pointing directly toward the object to be fired upon.

Somewhere back of the front is an American heavy artillery base. There are stored and grounded, assembled and repaired, some of the big guns of the American Army. Most of them are mounted on specially made railroad trucks. After the artillery officers had made their reconnoiter and staked out the "spots," a train pulled out from here one night bearing several hundred husky artillerymen going enthusiastically to their first "job."

Some time later, the train pulled up to the chosen site and the crew started to work. They unloaded rail and ties, laid the sidetracks, and ballasted and braced them to support the shock strain of the "heavies" in action, which is infinitely greater, for instance, than the weight of the biggest American locomotive.

First "Barrel" Off on Trip

They did not do it all in one night. It was a four night job, and, as the German aviators have a habit of bombing stray cars behind the lines when they see them, the train and men were pulled away each morning before daylight and stayed during the day in a cut several miles away.

On the morning of February 13 the work was completed and the guns were brought up and "spotted" on the new tracks. They were "spotted" during the morning and at 2 p.m. as the French began their attack, they began to fire.

As each gun was fired, the 16-wheel truck upon which it was mounted bounded backward several feet and a sheen of smoke covered the gun. As this dissipated, the artillerymen watched something resembling a barrel soar and eventually disappear, to be followed in a

of the Invalides, of General des Garets, and of General Pau, the French general who, with the possible exception of Marshal Joffre, has been more intimately connected with the American forces in France than any other man.

The three generals, with General Lewis of the A.E.F. as General Pershing's representative; Ambassador Sharp, and the Marquis de Dampierre and the Baron de Conteson, representing the descendants of the members of the French expedition to America, entered the hall of honor while the band of the 230th Territorial Regiment, stationed on the balcony outside, was playing "The Star-Spangled Banner." Once the distinguished party had taken the stand, the band shifted to the "Marschallise." The anthem concluded, General Niox welcomed the audience to the Invalides.

Baron de Conteson, in a brief speech, outlined the steps that had been taken toward securing the standards for the American regiments. Not only had the descendants of those who took part in the War of Independence contributed to the project, but the students at the military school at St. Cyr and those at the Ecole Polytechnique, the Alliance Americaine, the Society of Remembrance of Alsace-Lorraine, and the ladies of the French Red Cross had insisted on representation in the fund. The embroidery on the flags had been wrought entirely by the hands of Frenchwomen.

Ambassador Sharp Speaks

The formal presentation of the ten flags was made by the Marquis de Dampierre, who recalled the traditional friendship between the two nations and paid eloquent tribute to the American soldiers who are helping to defend the frontiers of France. In reply Ambassador Sharp likened the occasion, in its angry of victory, to the great celebration held in Paris on last Fourth of July. The few thousand Americans then in France had grown, he pointed out, to hundreds of thousands, thereby evoking great applause.

At the conclusion of the ceremony, the audience had an opportunity to view the flags, which were massed on either side of the speakers' table. There are five national standards, heavily tasseled and fringed with gold thread, and five regimental standards, four in blue for infantry regiments and one in red for an artillery regiment. The regimental standards bear the seal of the United States, with a scroll inscribed with the organization's name below the eagle.

There will be another ceremony of presentation at the front, when the Ambassador turns over the emblems to the commands destined to receive them.

A Lucky Slip

One of the Americans concerned in the raid has the muddy going under foot to thank for his life. Pistol in hand he was rounding the corner of a trench looking for the invading Germans. One of the raiders saw him first and fired at him.

The American slipped at the very same moment and fell flat on his face. The German, thinking he had got his man, turned about to go back. He dropped in his tracks, the American drawing a bead on him from the bottom of the trench.

The German machine gun which was captured during the attack has been brought in to headquarters. It will be suitably inscribed and sent to Washington as a trophy.

After it was all over the general commanding the American front went into a ward of the hospital where the men who were gassed before the attack in force came off are now recuperating.

"I have come down here," he said "to tell you that we have squared things up for that gas attack. The boys did finely. They whalloped the tar out of the Huns."

Every man able to do so sat right up in his bed and cheered. And there was a suspicion—just a suspicion—of moisture about the general's eyes as they twinkled in response to that yell.

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few seconds by an explosion eight or ten miles away.

Right after the battery opened, the German strong points began to fly into the air and dissolve. The French smaller artillery, pounding away ahead, cleared the foreground, and when the French infantry dashed across the German lines, they met with only disorganized resistance. The French gained 1200 yards on a 1500-yard front and coordinated the positions while a barrage was thrown up, with the assistance of the American pieces, to prevent a counter-attack.

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BOCHE GUNS PROVIDE COLOR FOR HAMLET

E. H. Sothern Describes Performance Within Range of Enemy Artillery

CUE IN AIR RAID WARNING

"Rash and Bloody Deed" Announced Strictly on Time—Tommiess Abandon Show for Tea

"Air raid alarms and excursions. Salvo of seventy-fives off stage. Enter Hamlet, carrying tin helmet, and with gas mask ready for adjustment."

It isn't written that way in the prompt book, but Edwin H. Sothern did not depend on the prompt book in his first entertainment tour of American camps in France which has just ended.

Nor, according to Mr. Sothern, are air raid alarms and gas masks chief among the horrors of war for a transplanted American actor. When you have been accustomed to all the paraphernalia of the stage, the support of an able company, and a darkened and decorous house, and then are called upon to appear—when the applause bestowed on a troupe of trained dogs has died out—before a handful of doughboys who are crowded within a few feet of the smoke-enriched platform from which you are to speak—well, it gives you a sensation very much akin to stage fright. Your only support is your own hardihood to go ahead with the program, and if a third of the audience insists on reading newspapers and chatting during the performance, you mustn't take it for lack of appreciation.

No Mr. Sothern, knowing that the

MAKE MINE PINK!

They may hull about their leaves to Aix-les-Bains. They may flash their nice white tickets for Savoy. They may work the song and dance about other parts of France. But they rouse in me no feeling kin to joy.

They may prate of climbing mountains for a change. They may hint of dulcet bathing in the sea. But the only thing I crave for, in the line of leave-time favor, is the little old pink ticket to PARIS!

Oh, Gee! That little old pink ticket to PARIS! For it's there the air is rare; every passing face is fair. And the boulevards with uniforms are gay.

There are theaters and shows—and museums, goodness knows. For to keep a man a-trotting 'round all day. There are galleries of art, there are hats and dresses smart.

There are places famed in history to see. And they are at the beck of the lucky guy, by heck, who cops the old pink ticket to PARIS!

After swallowing in sloughs of endless mud. After hiking with a pack upon my spine. All the privilege I ask is in Paris sun to bask. And, perhaps, to take a little sip of wine.

After walking post from midnight until dawn. After being wet and hungry as can be. After standing sergeants' boundings I want civilized surroundings. And that little old pink ticket to PARIS!

Ba-BEE! That little old pink ticket to PARIS! For 'tis there I'd cease to care 'bout the coolies in my hair.

'Tis there I'd get shampooing and a bath. 'Tis there I'd buy a dinner that would surely be a winner— And I'd always walk the straight and narrow path!

I'd get presents for my mother, for my sister, girl and brother, And the Louvre and Tuileries I'd surely see. I'd do double duty gladly when my leave was up—so badly Do I want that old pink ticket to PARIS!

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smoke-filled hut is the best playhouse that can be provided within range of Boche gunners, and that war news occasionally transcends Shakespeare didn't grow disheartened. Far from it. He regards his recently ended trip along the American and British fronts and through the camps behind them as so distinctly a success that within a few weeks he will return from America to repeat it, and he will keep on repeating it to the end of the war. And with him will come his wife, Miss Julia Marlowe.

A Timely Cue

You may or may not remember the scene in "Hamlet" in which the Prince finally has the argument out with his mother and, in the course of it runs his sword through the curtain where Polonius is hiding. This is Polonius's last appearance on any stage, and when, stricken to death, he falls into view before the horrified Queen, she exclaims: "O what rash and bloody deed is this!" Mr. Sothern, in one camp, had just reached this dramatic point when an M.P., who meant well, opened the door and shouted: "Lights out—air raid!"

The lights went out, but Mr. Sothern kept on. When he had done with the Queen, he gave "The Battle Hymn of the Republic," a warning siren went bellowing madly past the door just as he reached the line: "He has sounded forth the trumpet which shall never call retreat."

When, shortly afterward, I dined with General Pershing, said Mr. Sothern, "I thanked him for these especially apt cues."

Gas Masks and Helmet Handy

In a dugout on the American front Mr. Sothern appeared before a group of officers with two kinds of gas masks slung over his shoulder and his tin helmet handy. This time the theater was the cellar of a shell-blasted stone building, and the subterranean path to the stage was illumined by an orderly who proceeded the actor with a guttering candle.

But the show was a success, even if Boche gunners were staging a rival performance with considerable distracting "business" not far away—in fact, once or twice they very nearly broke up the show. An enemy shell collided squarely with an American ammunition wagon, and the resultant roar outdid anything ever accomplished in a back-home playhouse with all the dinware in seven counties being banged on to provide off-stage color for the storm scene in "King Lear."

On the British front Mr. Sothern was entirely on his own, as they would say up that way. None of the Tommiess, according to Mr. Sothern, had ever heard of him, and they therefore made no attempt to distinguish between Mr. Sothern and the host of entertainers who had gone before him and who would follow. So when they were overcome at the proper hour with a tea-hunger fostered for generations, they forthwith zot up, went out and proceeded to satisfy it.

It made no difference to them that the proper moment came right in the middle of Mr. Sothern's show. Mr. Sothern could not expect to back at the foundations of a British institution and hope to get away with it. No offense was meant, and none was taken. "If that had happened in an American theater," explained Mr. Sothern, "I should have been terribly taken aback. But up there I understood."

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I LOVED AN AMAZON

The drums rolled long, the trumpets blared. As to my General's tent I fared: Said I, "You've heard that orders blunt Dispatch us straightway to the front." The General looked up, somewhat sad, And said, Oh yes! he thought he had. He granted leave for which I bid To say farewell to wife and kid.

I hastened home to find my child Alone, unaided, provoked and fumed. My wife I found—my search was long— The center of a female throng. That voice, with love once soft and low, Was shouting, "Light by section—HO!" A lady by me in the street Said, "Ain't their uniforms just sweet? That khaki's dark as preloved stones— Their tailors charged them 80 bones!"

With that I gazed upon my wife— Oh, saddest moment of my life! A campaign hat with brim slouched down Was crushed upon those tresses brown. My pride and joy! Her swan-like neck A helmet shirt conspired to wreck. A figure, once like that of Venus, Looked like a sack. (That's just between us.) The swish of dainty skirts was now No more; instead were—khaki trou!

Bring on the war with bang and clatter, With blood and thunder—that's no matter. But let no band, lest anger blind me, Strike up, "The Girl I Left Behind Me." —1st Lieut. Fairfax D. Downey, F.A., U.S.A.

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