SALUTES AND BLUSHES FOR SERGEANT CHLOE

American Chauffeurette Has Captured a French Town and Can Hold It Against All Comers

Beanville-at-the-Railhead, one of the most phlegmatic *villes* along the entire western front, at last has had a real thrill.

Beanville shrugged its shoulders at Von Kluck, both when he goosestepped through southbound, and when he returned, on the double, northbound. Beanville still shrugs its shoulders at shells and aerial torpedoes. *Tiens!* These are nothing. One simply goes into one's cave and waits there till the racket is over.

But when that American chaufferette is abroad, driving her A.F.F.W. ambulance through the streets, Beanville rushes to the front door and the second story windows—oo-la-la!—all excitement.

This attitude on Beanville's part is not, as a correspondent for the STARS AND STRIPES can vouch, essentially French. Americans are affected in the same way.

At a superficial glance, a chaufferette is merely a chauffeur of the more deadly species, and when you are invited to ride in her flivver from Beanville to a nearby cantonment, you simply wonder at first whether or not she knows how to drive.

You observe with mild curiosity that she wears an Alpine chasseur's tam-o'-shanter, a muffler of French horizon blue, and an American tailor-made O.D. with "A.R.C." on the shoulder straps. Another glance, and you begin to feel puzzled. A third glance, and your pulse begins to beat any number of extra counts to the minute. When you return from the drive you have no heart at all—Sergeant Chloe has it.

Chloe vs. Von Kluck

Von Kluck took days and days to capture Beanville and then didn't do a thorough job of it. Chloe turned the trick in half an hour.

The visitor climbs into the front seat of honor at Chloe's right. A Red Cross captain cranks up the engine for his sergeant, and then, following the custom of the country, sits down on the floor with his feet hanging out onto the running board. The flivver coughs, token that the gasoline—also according to a custom of this particular part of the country—is slightly watered.

The Henry likes his essence straight. He bucks a couple of times before he can be persuaded to edge up to the portals of the shell-battered courtyard.

Sergeant Chloe honks the horn and makes a neat turn into the narrow twisting *rue*. With that you know she has mastered her trade on the technical side. You have nothing to do henceforth but to steal occasional glances at the sergeant's face. One dislikes to be personal about such things, but as a matter of duty to a reading public which is eagerly seeking all the news that's fit to print, it may as well be said here and now that Chloe is good to look upon.

Before every turning she energetically honks the horn. At every honk a new face pops out of a door or window, beaming.

"Driving in Beanville," Chloe was saying (accent pleasingly southern), "is just one grand sporting chance." You never know what may bang into you from around the next corner. The motorcycles are the worst. But the M.P. crossing cops help out a lot——"

Right of Way for Chloe

As she spoke of M.P.s she was approaching one. He gave her the right of way in a flash by cutting a train of camions in two. Then he stiffened to attention, smartly saluted and blushed to the base of his tin derby.

"Splendid fellows, these M.P.s," said Chloe. "They always let me pass." Chloe has a delightful laugh and she knows when to use it: "Maybe they think I can't stop, anyway."

"And maybe it's because you give them chocolates?" suggested the Red Cross captain.

The sergeant found no occasion to reply. One doesn't have to be forever saying, "Yes, sir," and "No, sir," and "Aye, aye, sir," in this organization as one has to do in some of the other outfits over here.

Chloe honked the horn some more.

"My brother," she remarked, "says I seem to think the horn is part of the machinery. Says I always honk it most when the engine misses."

We had forgotten—the flivver was coughing again. A railroad crossing ahead, with the bars drawn across the road and an M.P. raising a warning hand to slow down. We couldn't go on now until we showed him our pass. While we were waiting the engine sneezed once more and died.

"Darn!"

The M.P. took the hint and gave the crank a turn that almost upset the car. Then he, too, stiffened to attention, smartly saluted and blushed to the base of his tin derby.

We were out in the country now. Such a smiling country! The chauffeurs smiled, the generals smiled, the Yank doughboys smiled, the poilus were enraptured.

A Bundle for the General

One weary poilu, laden down with 15 different varieties of musettes and a choice collection of tinware, touched Chloe so much that she slowed down and asked him if he didn't want a lift. He climbed in the back and refused to sit on a nice soft bundle that was offered him as a cushion. The bundle was a package of underwear that some courier had forgotten to deliver to the general at headquarters. Chloe said that inasmuch as we were going out that way we might as well take it along—and no one dared overrule her.

At every crossroads Chloe inquired of the poilu if this was near his stopping-off place.

"They're the soul of politeness, these poilus," she explained, "and they'll let you take them miles and miles beyond their place rather than ask you to stop for them."

The Chauffeurs' Club of Beanville has pressed the sergeant to join. She doesn't know what to do about it. As she is Beanville's only chaufferette, she can't join any distinctly feminine driving club. The fellows have been perfectly splendid to her whenever there was a blowout or engine trouble; and she isn't the kind that puts on airs; but one can't ask the club to change from poker to bridge or give up rolling the bones. So she doesn't know what to do.

Chloe's Champions

Once in a while Chloe meets some of Dad's or Brother's friends over here and they behave in a perfectly silly way when they find what she is doing. Most of them send cablegrams to Dad, saying she must be shipped home at once.

Chloe says—and the writer quite agrees with her—that she is perfectly safe here and getting along wonderfully. This much is certain: If anyone should dare attempt to treat Chloe with disrespect and Beanville should hear about it, the townspeople and the Yank doughboys and the poilus and the general and the Chauffeur's Club and the Red Cross and the newspaper correspondents would proceed in a body, headed by a determined band of M.P.s, to deal with the culprit as the case might deserve. What he would have coming to him would be a-plenty. The M.P.s wouldn't leave enough of him to furnish the Grave Registration Unit with an identity clue.

Dad and Brother may as well sit tight. Certainly, they hadn't better attempt to come over here themselves to get her. They would receive the same hearty welcome as a raiding party of Huns intent on carrying off the statue of Joan of Arc from in front of the Hotel de Ville.

Why Chloe Deserves to Stick

Even speaking from an economic viewpoint, and leaving the question of her stimulus to morale out of consideration, Chloe deserves to stick. As a chauffeur she combines the rare merits of being always on time, always a careful driver and a non-speeder. She is temperate, doesn't need to be tipped, never uses any swear word stronger than a mild little damn, and when you want to find her she is always at the wheel, not back of a fence somewhere rolling the bones. She can repair a tire or an engine if she has to do it, and in emergencies can even crank the thing. She is releasing an able-bodied fighting man to serve in the trenches and is making no inroads on our smoking and caring tobacco.

If Dad and Brother can produce any purely unselfish reasons for combating the A.E.F. on these points, let them speak now or forever hold their peace.

We arrived at headquarters without a mishap and the general got his package of underwear in perfect condition.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE MAJOR

He's crushed between the Colonel, and the Captains down below.
He's half of each, yet neither one, and so don't stand a show—
He leads the whole battalion out and doesn't crab or shirk
At drill—but then, the Adjutant does all his paper work!

He has a post, a half-way post, up on the fightin' line,
Where shot and shell come thick as hell, and shrapnel's whirr and whine
Make music round his ears at night, and round his eyes all day
So much so that he never has a chance to hit the hay.

He up and bothers sentries in the outposts 'way up front,
He puts them through their orders, and through every other stunt—
He's fussy 'bout the challenging: in general, raises hob
To try and kid the Colonel that he's holding down his job.

He holds it down at that, I guess: he's stayin' with us yet
And bossin' this here village: what'ye say? A martinet?
Oh, no, I wouldn't call him that; but still, I'd call him strict
At that, somebody's got to be, if Wilhelm's to be licked!

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ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Courtship Manners

By BRAN MASH

Courtship by the mail route is about the only resource of the doughboy stranded in France 3,000 miles away from his *inamorata*. At a distance of 3,000 miles any other kind of courtship is impossible, as the telephonic facilities are, at best, inadequate. Courtship by cable is, of course, equally out of the question because of the prohibitiveness of price; and, even at that, the necessity for condensing in cable dispatches lays the sender open to grave charges of curtness and lack of affection.

If, then, you wish to begin courting a young lady in the States, or—as is more apt to be the case—you wish to continue your courtship of a young lady in the same blessed region, you must write; write regularly and often. Only half of your letters will get through anyway, so your barrage of correspondence will have to be doubly heavy if it is to have any effect at all. Try to space out your shots—a certain number each week—so that the young lady on the receiving end will not be swamped by too many letters at once, and thus become weary of your attentions.

As for the material upon which you write, it really makes very little difference, so long as the sentiment embossed thereon is pleasing to the young lady's sublime self. The rules as to what constitutes correct stationery are greatly relaxed in war time, and what would not be considered *au fait* in time of peace goes with a vengeance in these days. You may even write to a young lady on the brown paper which comes around the sides of beef in the Q.M.'s truck—if you can swipe it without the cook or the mess sergeant getting wise.

The best rule, however, is to use Y.M.C.A. stationery whenever practicable. The sight of the Red Triangle in the upper left-hand corner of your envelope makes a great hit with the young lady's mother, who always looks over her daughter's mail when she takes it in early in the morning, before her daughter gets up. Then too, it gives the young lady something to brag about. "John is awfully good in France," she will tell her friends. "He spends all his spare time at the Y.M.C.A. writing to me." And the funny part of it is, her friends generally fall for the line.

The local, or French brand of stationery, should be avoided as far as possible. It is generally of a light pink, mauve, bluish green or plain Alice blue, and does not look war-like in the least. Besides, it generally fosters the impression that it has been borrowed from some French mademoiselle; and rival suitors at home are only too quick to play up such impressions, once they are planted. So, if you can't get Y.M. paper to write on, try to connect with some plain and unadorned white paper. Specially concocted letter paper, with the regimental seal embossed in gold upon it, and so forth, is no longer considered good form.

As to the contents of your letters—do not dwell too much upon the war, or the officer who censors them may have to extract some portions with his little nail scissors. Do not dwell too much upon yourself, but be sure to impress the young lady with the fact that you are awfully, awfully lonely and are literally counting the days when you can get back to her. Try to get a little woe-begoneness into your style, whether you feel that way or not. Girls always fall for the sympathy stuff; but don't lay it on too thick, or you'll spoil it.

In conclusion: don't make too many promises about the number of German helmets you will bring back, or the badges that you expect to win. Although you may save a few of the young lady's letters to you, she will surely save all of yours to her, since she is not limited to one barrack bag and one haversack for letter-storage space. Bear in mind always that nothing you write her will be lost or forgotten; so try to check up on your letters as you go along, so as not to make contradictory statements. If it is possible to use carbon paper, in order to keep a complete file of your correspondence to her, do so by all means; but in any case, "use your bean."

PLANE'S BROKEN WING DIDN'T STOP FLIGHT

Air Service Major Finds New Way to Ride When Strut Smashes

Word has recently reached this side of the exploit of Major C. K. Rhinehardt, of the Air Service, who in his former service with the cavalry made quite a famous record as a polo player.

While he was *en route* from Fort Worth to San Antonio by aeroplane, accompanied by Captain J. Phipps, of the Royal British Flying Corps, the struts of one of the wings of the aeroplane broke while the plane was 3,000 feet in the air.

The accident occurred when the men had flown 185 miles, and surrendering control to Captain Phipps, Major Rhinehardt swung out over the side, and by physical force held the wing in place. Finding that he could do it, he ordered Captain Phipps to continue the flight rather than make an immediate descent, and with a broken machine the aviators continued the trip and made a successful landing at San Antonio

MODERN WAR ENGINES

MODERN WAR ENGINES MIX WITH OLD TIMERS

Thronged Courtyard of Invalides and Barricaded Tomb of Napoleon Present Odd Associations of Old and New

The American soldier passing through Paris was walking in the direction of the tomb of the great Napoleon, up the approach to the Hotel des Invalides. Suddenly, on entering the courtyard, he stopped.

Had he stumbled on a supply base? Had he come upon an artillery depot? Had he come upon a deserted hangar? He wondered, for all about in the big court of the Invalides were guns and planes, and still more guns.

Guns captured in 1914—field artillery, heavy artillery, trench mortars, minnenwerfers; guns taken in 1915—in 1916—in 1917; guns freshly captured this present year, with the shell holes in their shields still gaping like newly made wounds. Parts of Zeppelins, of Taubes, of Fokkers, of Gothas—in short, parts of all the hostile aircraft brought down since the beginning of the conflict—lay about the big courtyard, looking as though they had just descended, save for the rust that had eaten into their plates and the mechanism of their engines.

Cannon With Personal History

"Look there," a mother was telling the wide-eyed little boy who clutched her hand. "There, *mon enfant*," putting her hand on a big German field piece, "is the cannon your father helped to capture from *les Allemands!* See, is not the name of the Zouaves inscribed on the side?"

So it was, with the date of the engagement in which it fell prey to the French.

The little boy gazed in awe down the big barrel of the piece, then finally raised one chubby hand and placed it gingerly on the breech block.

"Mama," he reflected, "my papa must have been a very brave man to have taken that great gun from the cruel Boches. It is not so?"

"Yes," replied Mama, with a little tremor in her voice, "your papa was a very brave soldier of France." Then Mama, who was in black, led the little boy away.

Meeting an Old Acquaintance

Briskly through the courtyard strode two British officers, swinging their crops. Stopping before one of the Fokkers, one of them tapped it and, turning to his companion, remarked cheerily:

"Exact type of the one that tried to put out our battery a year ago flying over the lines. Hello!" he exclaimed, seeing the date on the placard recording the time and place of capture "Why, this one must have been out about the same time! And it came down not so very far from where we were at that. Well, well! There's a chance—just a chance, but a good one at that—that it may be the same. Anyway, there's one thing sure; this fellow'll never bother any more of our batteries. Queer how one runs into old enemies as well as old friends in unexpected places, isn't it?"

Over in a corner two young men of the class of 1919, adorned with their gilt badges, were eagerly scanning the German ordnance strewn before them, examining minutely every detail of what was left of its mechanism and accessories.

"Not so difficult, eh, Jacques?" remarked one of them. "When you see it here, not at all terrifying, is it? We two, you and I, should be able to rush one of these *mitrailleuses* and bring it here, should we not. Not at all terrifying, is it?" And at the gleeful prospect both of the youngsters clutched each other and laughed.

Forgotten Veterans

Around the sides of the court, under the balconies, lay discarded, antiquated pieces of artillery taken in former wars, neglected in favor of the more recent captives, the more up-to-date devices—looking for all the world as though they were sulking in their corners, jealous of the attention paid the newcomers.

"Never mind," one of those grim old wallflowers of war seemed to be grumbling to a fellow sufferer, "we shall have due honor in time. When these foolish people have had time to compare us with these they call new, they will find that these *bourgeoise* dealers in death were not such a great improvement over us, after all. Look at that minnenwerfer—the pig!—over yonder, daring to call itself up to date, modern and efficient. Did I not myself heave as many shots and as well, for the great Napoleon at the siege of Acre?"

Still grumbling, the old gun settled itself down upon its stony bed for another century of quiet.

The Greatest Soldier

The American passed on through the outer courtyard and into the great mausoleum that had taken the railroads from the "greatest soldier of them all," gazing at the tattered flags which the Grenadiers and the Guard had carried at Austerlitz, at Jena, at Wagram, at the standard which had been victoriously advanced all over Europe. In a minute he stood looking down at the tomb itself.

But the war of today, the war from the air, has modernized even the protection afforded to the Emperor as he lies in state, surrounded by the relics of his former glory. For fear of damage by bombs let loose by enemy aviators the surface of the sarcophagus has been covered over with wood, and its sides buttressed with sandbags.

It spoils the beauty of the sarcophagus and its surroundings for the visitor, but after all, it provides Napoleon with a resting place of more martial aspect. There he lies, bivouacked in state, under protection similar to what would have been afforded him had he been in the field during these years just past. Napoleon would have had it so.

THERE AIN'T

New O.D.: Sentry, you should come up to the pistol salute.

Old Sentry: Yes, sir, I'd be glad to, sir, only—begging the lieutenant's pardon, there ain't no such thing!

New O.D.: Oh . . . Well, sentry, try not to say "ain't." That's all.

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