

PIES AND DOUGHNUTS FOR MEN UP FRONT

Salvation Army Provides for More Than Spiritual Comfort

2500 COOKIES IN ONE DAY

Twelve Huts Already Established Include "Farthest North" Trench Clubs

The Yankee general who first introduced me to the work of the Salvation Army with the A.E.F. was gracious enough to have me to dinner before I spent a night in the American trenches. The dinner was a fair one and ended with a fine apple pie, the first pie I have had in nine months in Europe, with the crust crisp and neatly kneaded just like mother's kind back home.

"You must have conscripted the chef of the Waldorf-Astoria and brought him over with you," I said, smacking my lips.

"No; we owe that pie to the Salvation Army," he smiled, "just as we owe a great deal of the comfort of our men to the Salvation Army."

"The Salvation Army—from back home—with lambornies and bass drums?"

"That same Salvation Army," he said. "Our men in the trenches up here have found a good friend in the Salvation Army; and I say this without prejudice against any other organization, their attitude toward the boys is that of a mother. When it grows the Salvation Army is going to be the 'Big Mother' of the A.E.F., or I'm mistaken. They treat every fellow, rough or refined, as if they loved him. You have only to read the soldiers' letters, as we do in censoring the mail, to realize how much the Salvation Army has done for our boys—and how much they would miss its peculiar ministering care."

"Captain—, before you go up front with Mr. Bye tonight, take him over to the Salvation Army hut, please, and let him have a talk with the ensign."

ONE YANKEE UNIT WEARS FOURRAGERE

Trench Mortar Section Must Come Again to Achieve Decoration

In its issue of March 15, THE STARS AND STRIPES printed a story concerning the award of *Croix de Guerre* to American troops serving on the Chemin des Dames front, in which it was said of the work of a certain trench mortar section:

"The whole section is cited by the French. This probably means the *Fourragere*. It will be the first *fourragere* won by the Americans."

A correspondent informs THE STARS AND STRIPES that it is in error there on two counts. He points out that, to win the *fourragere*, a unit must be cited twice, and in Army, not in corps or other orders. As this was the first citation accorded the trench mortar section, it will have to—as it doubtless will—repeat its former feat of bravery in order to qualify.

The other count—of interest to the whole A.E.F.—is this: The *fourragere* has already been won and is worn by Americans. *Section Sauvante*, French Army, is the fortunate outfit. THE STARS AND STRIPES extends its congratulations to the ambulance unit, thus honored, and is sorry indeed that it did not know of the receipt of the decoration before.

A Safe Road to Traverse

This was brigade headquarters where I was dining. In the deserted village roundabout came the Yanks for a rest on their relief periods. As we scrambled down the road in the black night, the earth shook occasionally with the violent shock of an American battery going off in a burst. Very splashes of light came with these gun bursts. The Yanks were sending nothing over at the time, so the road was not deserted. We found clusters of Yanks strolling along in the same direction we were going. Intermittently we could hear a throbbing of howls.

In a large wrecked barn, covered over with canvas and queerly lighted by two large oil lamps, we found the Salvation Army host to a chattering crowd. This place probably will be famous in memoirs some day. David Belasco could not have found lamps or rough tables or benches sketched a setting as gripping as this "battle parlor." Nor could he imitate the realism of that disturbance in the trenches just down the road.

Too close to the firing line to be comfortable, here was a happy party in full swing. The hut was packed, too crowded in fact for the many demonstrations of how certain important bomb was thrown and how a certain critical long point job was sent home.

Open All the Time

"And how long is this place open?" I asked them. All the time, they answered. This was their club. They could come in at any hour and light up the lamps. It wasn't very classy, they said, but it would be better when the Salvation Army had more money to spend.

"You ought to tell what fine work these people are doing over here," one private from Brooklyn suggested. I don't know what he was driving at. Did you know that this is the last place down the road? The Salvation Army is even closer to the trenches than headquarters."

Certainly I had never seen women as close to the firing line on any front before. Are they closer to the hearts of our boys because they are closest to their dangers? Then I talked with the staff of three at the hut, two women and one man. One of the women is young and beautiful, beautiful with the beauty of goodness. She said they had established the hut shortly after the boys marched up to the trenches. Her parents had allowed her to go to France because they believed she would not get in the actual bullet zone.

"And see where I am now," she beamed. "Yes, the shelling does get on my nerves at times, then I think how much worse the lot of the boys down the road in those swamy trenches. I think I have had my worst fright at night when the jarring of the guns shakes our pans and rattles off the table. You know, we sleep right back there, and those pans make a horrible racket when they fall."

Cookies, Doughnuts, Pies

There were a number of "those pans" in sight. In them the two women make cookies, doughnuts, and pies for our boys—the kind of things they liked to eat back home and that you cannot send over wrapped in packages—and these Salvation Army huts are the only places where they can be found in Europe. There are 12 of them on our front, and the number will soon be doubled.

On the day I was there the two women had found time, when ministering to the men, to make 1,500 cookies, 2,500 doughnuts and 50 pies, not including countless cups of coffee. I hope I am giving no military information when I say that the doughnuts, cookies and pies are distributed in big time. The fighting would have gone the same way, but it was reserved for the general's mess.

"The boys are just dear," said the Salvation Army lassie. "The ensign and I act toward them just like mothers. In fact, quite a few of the boys are as proud of it. Sometimes some of them are at the point of tears—not from fear but from desolation. Perhaps they were expecting a bunch of letters from home, and none came. That's when we can be most helpful. The work of the Salvation Army is usually among people who want to cry."

"When do you hold services?"

"Not very often," she replied. "We simply try to be good to the boys. If any of them want to talk of God and their souls, they find us ready enough. But this is usually just a quiet chat with one or two of them. They are all fine boys, and I don't think they have to worry much about their souls, do you?"

GEORGE T. BYE.

TO THE KID SISTER

You were only a kid, little sister, When I started over the sea. But you've grown quite a lot since I came here. And you've written a letter to me, And nobody knows that you wrote it.

It's a secret—and we'll keep it well, Your brother and you and the ocean, And nobody's going to tell.

You were only a tot when I left you. I remember I bid you goodbye. And you promised you never would cry. But I know that you cried, little sister, As soon as I'd gone out the door. And did I cry myself? I'm a soldier, So don't ask me anything more.

I think of you often, kid sister— You're the only kid sister I've got— I know you'll be good to your mother, And I know that you'll help her. And whenever she seems to be gloomy, You've just got to cheer her somehow. You were only a kid to your brother, But you're more than the world to him now.

ARMY M. D. TURNS COUNTRY DOCTOR

American Medico Cares for Health of Many French Villages

A.E.F.'s WELFARE INVOLVED War Has Taken Civilian Physicians from Large Part of Our Billet Area

Artistic fitness would decree that the doctor to the civilian population in such a town as this should make his rounds on horseback, an old cart, mare preferred, and carry his instruments and medicines in a saddlebag. It is an aged little village of stone houses, practically all facing on one long main street; a little square and a town pump in the heart of it. Four-fifths of the population, barring a company of American soldiers who are billeted there, are old folks and women and children. In short, it is a typical billet town, a little way back of the western battle front.

But the doctor to the townsfolk of Billeville is a modern of the moderns—an American Army medic in O.D. with a caduceus on his cap. He makes his rounds in a Ford touring car which bears the words, "American Red Cross" on its sides in red paint stencil. A chauffeur and a trained nurse accompany him. He covers more ground in a morning than a saddlebag doctor would attempt in a long day.

The explanation of all this is that the health of the civilian population in a billet town is a matter of considerable importance to the American Army. Just how important may be judged from the fact that in one village chosen for billeting the doctor found 70 cases of measles in a population of 400, and in others they have discovered measles, typhoid, diphtheria, and other ailments. Few of these small towns have local physicians. Some of them never did have any. In others the war has taken the doctor into army service. The largest town in the district has, at present, only one civilian physician. The army doctor fills these wants. The Red Cross furnishes everything else that is necessary, a central hospital, nurses and internes, cars and ambulances and medical supplies.

THINGS ONE LEARNS ON THIS MAN'S PAPER

That the highbrow dramatic critic of an exclusive periodical can stuff cotton in a shell-shocked guy's ears and bind up a busted jaw for him with the best of the medicos.

That the wild-eyed marine cartoonist can make himself useful as well as amusing by painting signs such as "This Road is Under Fire—Keep On It," and "This Fountain Water is the Best Available, But UNSAFE."

That a guy who put in four years on a super-highbrow New England daily's copy desk can still, after that trying experience, concoct a headline with some zip in it.

That a bird who practiced at the newspaper profession in San Francisco, Los Angeles, and Sacramento is willing to concede that Paris has it on at least two of them.

That the gink who used to write nut-stuff by order for frivolous night city editors to get over and kill can occasionally deliver himself of a serious contribution—under threat.

That the champion base-port parlor snake of all France can work the same tactics on metropolitan bawbaggers and *chefs de gare* and get away with it.

That a Q.M. sergeant is actually able to do something practical, such as straightening out circulation.

That a force of British composers is not only able to set up American humor, but also really able to improve on it, at times.

HEARST BOOM RIDES WAYS

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 28.—Everybody is wondering who will run for Governor of New York State on the Democratic ticket. District Attorney Swann is still apparently in the running, but a quiet boom was launched last week for William Randolph Hearst—in the same Brooklyn political center, he it is noted, where the Hyman majority boom was launched.

Prophecies of last fall, which included Director of Railroads McAdoo among the possibilities for the gubernatorial nomination, seem to have vanished into thin air. Secretary McAdoo is busy with other and more important things than politics, as are the other likely candidates.

SIGMA CHI DINNER POSTPONED

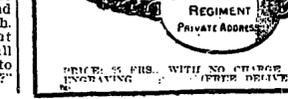
Owing to the inability of the United States Minister to Belgium, Brand Whitlock, to be present as the guest of honor, the monthly dinner of the Sigma Chi Fraternity men in France will not be held on April 6 as announced. The new date of the dinner will be given later.

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UNCLE SAM TO AUSTRALIA

WHO TOOK THIS TOP'S BORROWED BICYCLE?

We Can't Do This with Every "Lost" Ad - Besides, It May Not Work

FOUND—One top sergeant still possessed of a sense of humor. Rather, one acting top sergeant to hope for a regular top with a penchant for injury would be to expect the impossible. Acting top he is, of Co. K of the — what did you say his name was?—Infantry; and this is what he writes us:

"Inasmuch as I have read all of the one copy of THE STARS AND STRIPES which has come this way, I consider myself a constant reader and entitled to make unreasonable requests. "Therefore, would you mind stating in your next issue, if you don't care to drop me a special edition containing this dope that if the fellow who swiped a bicycle I borrowed the other night will drop me a line giving me his address, I shall be glad to send him a receipt for 250 francs I paid the owner to keep from being prosecuted to the full extent of the law, whatever that is."

"I believe the bike, when new, cost fully *cinquante francs*. Antiques, however, are of course more valuable than articles which carry a disgusting stinkiness around with them."

"This done. Here it is, stated in, our next issue. We'd "get out" a special edition containing this dope" if it weren't for the fact that we're trying to get out a payroll, and trying to get out a payroll, and trying to get out a payroll, in addition to getting out the regular number of THE STARS AND STRIPES, i.e., this one. But there are the facts; and if the some jackasses, thing, embezzler, near-fiasco culprit, and all around naughty-naughty who swiped that bike doesn't come across in short order, we'd appreciate knowing about it."

There you are, Sergeant Murray Cain. Does that strike your august fancy? (P.S.—We know how you feel. They've swiped 'em on us, too.)

Belgian Veteran FED ON BEET-ROOTS

Alumnus of a Ghastly German Prison Rejoices to Find France so Full

In the lobby of a certain Paris hotel, looking out across the square, you can find any day now a weary old Belgian merchant whose years have almost reached the Scriptural three-score-and-ten and who is trying vainly to banish from his thoughts the poisonous memories of a German prison camp where, with thousands of others of many nationalities, men and women, soldiers and civilians, he was held captive for more than a year. Now, separated from his wife, who is at their home in Brussels, he is helplessly waiting the end of the war.

Mr. X was dragged off to Germany, because, as a matter of principle and on the strength of the Hague conventions, he refused to give up certain possessions the invaders of his country demanded for the use of their army. Of course, they took the possessions anyway and they took him, too, as a horrible example to such of his neighbors as might also happen to have inconvenient principles.

In his prison he had don boards and papers and food, on beet-roots and water, but, because he was over 60 and seemed older, he was not forced to work for his captors nor did anyone ever strike him. But others in the camp were less fortunate and he will tell you he would never have believed a human being capable of the obscene and purposeless brutality it was his lot to see practiced on the helpless inmates of that camp.

If beet-roots and water were his only fare, the people of the country seemed to fare little better. Their long hanging clothes and pinched faces were eloquent of the want abroad in the land. These same ghastly conditions he observed in the cities he glimpsed on his way to the frontier when his release was finally effected.

AND HER HAIR TURNED GREEN

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, March 28.—A lady—a perfect lady—has sued a beauty parlor specialist for \$5,000 damages. The damages, consisting in the hair, were guaranteed by the beauty doctor that he could change her gray hair back to black. Instead, he made it green.

While that might have been all very well if the lady were to go around making speeches before the Chamber of Commerce which she isn't—it isn't all very well when she just has to live around Manhattan. In her petition, the lady claims that green hair is not fashionable, and that she objects to being made to resemble a suburban front lawn.

THE FRIENDLESS BONNET

Slim—Speaking of that overseas cap, do you like it?

Hank—Not any more than my face, but God gave me one, and the Government the other.

A HAIR RAISING WHEEZE

M.C.: What d'ye think of my mus-tache?

Q.M.: Not bad; that is, for a new issue.

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