

# SNAPSHOT TROPHIES FROM THE LORRAINE LINE



Secretary Baker and General Pershing studying Engineering plans



Sergeant John Letzing and the German prisoner he captured single-handed.



Mr. Baker and General Pershing greet a Red Cross Canteenier



Some of the Boche prisoners captured by Americans

## 2,300 AT WORK FOR AMERICAN RED CROSS

Vast Organization Has Entire Charge of Twenty Hospitals in France

CANTEENS CLOSE TO FRONT Caring for Wounded Only One of Many Colossal Tasks Successfully Undertaken

Two thousand three hundred persons are working now in the ranks of the American Red Cross in France. Radiating from a central directing headquarters, a five story building of offices, itself a monument to the American capability of organization on a huge scale, they are carrying the sympathy and practical help of the United States into every corner of this country.

Maintaining tuberculosis sanitariums, operating public dispensaries and hospitals, finding homes for the children of the districts invaded by the German, reconstructing buildings damaged by shell and bomb fire, providing surgical dressings for the wounded, teaching maimed soldiers American farming methods, distributing food and clothing where it is needed—these are some of the activities keeping the workers busy.

The Red Cross, administering charity on a scale which a few years ago would have been inconceivable, is now operating 20 warehouses in France for the storing and distribution of supplies which are coming in at the rate of 35,000 tons a month.

Operates Score of Hospitals It has in service 500 ambulances, automobiles and camions to bring wounded from the fighting zones. It is operating 20 hospitals for the wounded and assists in the operation of five others. It has two factories for the making of hospital splints and artificial limbs and two establishments for the preparation of surgical dressings. Of these turns out an average of 183,770 dressings a week.

In addition to this work of caring for the wounded in battle, it is operating 12 canteens so near the front that most of them are occasionally under shell fire. These serve an average of 3,000,000 soldiers a month. There are also six canteens along the French lines of communication where 88 women workers serve 20,000 soldiers daily, and 13 canteens in and near Paris where *permissivonnaires* are cared for.

In the care of re-entrained children and families made homeless or destitute by the war, notable work also is being done. At Evian-les-Bains, where French and Belgian children reenter France, 40,000 youngsters have been examined. One thousand of these were treated in Red Cross civil hospitals and 16,000 received dispensary aid. Homes have been found for many of these in all parts of France.

Shelters For Children Twenty-six unfinished apartment houses in Paris are being completed at the instigation of the Red Cross to provide shelter for children and other refugees, and in the same connection 70 dispensaries are operated for the French civil population, as well as big tuberculosis barracks.

All told, the Red Cross is supplying equipment for nearly 4000 hospitals in France, actually providing half of these with all the surgical dressings they use. Thirty-seven aid stations have been opened in various parts of the country and at nine of these lunches are served to children whose mothers are engaged in war work. Nearly 75,000 articles of clothing have been distributed and over 30,000 yards of cloth. In addition, huge quantities of food have been given.

A fund of 5,650,000 francs has been turned over to General Petain, commander-in-chief of the French Army, for distribution among sick and disabled soldiers and their families.

The unique undertaking, probably, is the establishment of an agricultural school. This, covering 500 acres, is a model farm where American farming experts are giving disabled French soldiers practical lessons in the best methods of growing foodstuffs.

M. Guir: How many kilograms do we have? M.G. Corp.: Dunno, but I'll bet 50 centipedes it ain't much further than Berlin.

TAKE OUT THAT POLICY Only seven days remain in which members of the A.E.F. will be permitted to take out War Risk Insurance. The time was to have expired February 12, but an extension of 50 days was allowed, making April 12 the final date for policies.

Men who wish to increase the amount of policies they already hold also have until a week from today in which to attend to the matter.

Take out that protection now!

## NEW OVERSEAS CAP NOT A PINCUSHION

Even Insignia of Officer's Rank Can't Be Worn on A.E.F. Millinery

Wear no insignia on your monk—parade, overseas cap. That's the order, a new order. No insignia of any kind are to be worn on the overseas cap. Divisional and regimental numbers, company letters, emblems of the branch of the service to which one may belong, gold bars, silver bars, gold oak leaves, silver oak leaves, eagles, and stars—all have got to be divorced from the weeping shoddy. Even the mark of the marine, the old globe, has got to come off. The order, like the law, is no respecter of persons.

"How'll I know whom to salute?" It's only officers that wear the colored piping along the edges of the cap's manifold folds. Salute anyone who has blue or red or orange-and-white or yellow or whatever it is piping on his dicier. Then you're safe. Incidentally there is hope. There always is in a war this size. Rumor (which up to press time could not be authoritatively confirmed, but which bears all the earmarks of authenticity) has it that the shape of the overseas cap is to be materially and radically altered. And, it is said on exceeding good authority, a certain poem that appeared, two issues back, in a certain newspaper published by and for the A.E.F.—the last line containing the plaintive plea, "Devise a new Overseas Cap!"—had not a little to do with the decision.

## WIN YOUR BARS AND WRITE YOURSELF UP

Captains and Lieutenants Must Keep Their Own Record Books

Do you want to keep tabs on yourself in a nice, pretty book, write in all the nice, pretty things you want to about yourself, and have no one say you may be contradicted? Then become a captain or a lieutenant; they're the only ones that can get away with it. Not only can they get away with it; they're ordered to do it. G.O. No. 39 (just issued) is very specific on the subject. It says: "No efficiency reports will be rendered regarding lieutenants and captains. Each lieutenant and captain will be furnished an officer's record book, which will be supplied from these headquarters. This book will be kept by an officer in his own possession, and he will see that it is kept properly posted. Each officer's record book will serve as his credentials to any new unit to which he may be transferred or assigned. On reporting for duty with a new organization the officer will present this record book to the commanding officer for his information. On being transferred from an organization an officer will, when practicable, present his record book to his commanding officer for such entries as he may desire to make."

Majors, lieutenant-colonels and colonels are not included. Those high-and-mighties are still to be made the subject of efficiency reports, setting forth the number of cigars they smoke in a day, the length of time it takes them to lace up those trench boots in the morning, the number of letters written in purple ink on mauve paper that they get each week, gains or losses in girth, progress in the French language, etc., etc., etc. They still are under the official microscope.

The lucky loafs and skippers? They've got a cinch. That is, unless, on looking over their record books before they leave (as provided in the order), their commander should take it into his head to write down at the bottom, "This is all bull," or some other fetching military phrase. But that won't happen often; not if we know our loafs and skippers! (Easy, mates; that last sentence was inserted to get a drag.)

## IT LOOKED LIKE FLOUR, BUT OH! HOW IT MIXED!

It looked like flour. But it floured! Well! In brief, is the story—the whole story-in-a-hour-bag of how three nationalities came to grief over a case of mistaken identity.

Sure, it looked like flour, nice and white and soft and flaky and downy and inviting. It came done up like flour, in those squat, shapeless bags that remind one so much of the German female figure. And, as there was a shortage of flour at the particular station whereat the bugs arrived, they were doled out and sold out to the mess sergeants of three nationalities, to an officers' club, to a Y.M. but that went in for cooking things, and a few other innocent bystanders. All this was done, in perfectly good faith, by the Q.M. person in charge of the station's co-operative store.

The American sergeant who got the first batch hurried back to his cook-shack. "Look-er-here, Louis!" he shouted in glee. "Here's a whole bag of flour! Now we can fix up a gravy that'll dis-gust that tough beef they gave us last week. And we can give the boys a grand treat of doughnuts on 'Sunday morning. And we can—we can do all sorta things with it. Here it is. Go to it!"

Louis, lifting his smoke-oglees from off his weeping eyes, gazed at it. "I'll say that's the stuff!" he replied. Forthwith, Friend Louis ladled out a lot of the flour, and proceeded to goo it up into gravy—nice, rich, brown luscious gravy. fit to camouflage elephant meat if that happened to be the issue.

What Ails the Gravy? But, somehow, the gravy didn't grave. The flour seemed to turn up its nose at the humble folicles of beef that were mixed in it, and refused to associate. Louis stirred it and stirred it and stirred it; but nothing doing. It simply wouldn't mix, any more than you could expect an old first sergeant to mix with a bunch of "recruits." It wasn't being done; that was all.

Leaving Louis and his boss the mess sergeant in perplexity for a moment, let's see what happened to the second purchaser, a French *sergent de chef*, or whatever they call him. With a loud "Godd, M. le chef!" he deposited his find in front of the organization's canteen-coop.

"It will be good"—we translate very freely—"for giving the poor *enfants* a little *patissierie*. Ah, the poor ones! So long have they been fed on coarse *vivandes* and *pain de guerre*!"

But the American flour wouldn't patisse for a cent. "*Sacré nom de —*!" exclaimed the Gallie cook at length, waving his hands about his ears. "What *diable* has possessed the flour? It is gone zig-zag, or something!"

The third purchaser had long wanted flour. He heartily kissed the Q.M. person when it was handed out to him. Trolling a lustrous barecarole, interspersed with a few stray smatches from "La Tosca," he sallied to his cooking-station.

"Good for da macaroni-spaghetti!" he shouted into the cook's ears, embracing him the while. "Cook it up, dammada queeck!"

Still It Won't Work Cook, obediently, poured a goodly portion of the white powder into a large and cavernous pan. Lustily he stirred it, anxiously he watched it. But it didn't macarone. And it didn't spaghetti.

## CAMOUFLAGED NOISE LATEST FROM FRONT

Burlap Coverings Prevent Tin Derbies from Playing Tunes on Wire

The camouflaged tin hat is the latest in spring styles in the Army. It appeared first among a number of men a few weeks ago, and is now becoming a real sensation.

The camouflage hat is a home-made affair, in so far as the camouflage goes. You take a piece of burlap, fit it neatly to the helmet, and then bind it in place on the inside rim with threaded cord. The main idea of the camouflage is to keep your hat from being noisy in the trenches. When the wind blows the burlap is stretched across the trenches at intervals, and you have to duck under them. If you raise up too soon and your helmet scratches against the wire, it fairly rings. Hence the burlap-noise-camouflage idea.

Every day that goes by brings more affection for the tin hat from the American fighting man. There are few who have been in the trenches, or about artillery emplacements who have not had shell pieces pounced off their helmets. Without the tin hat these shell pieces would have meant death or at least a serious wound.

In the raid of March 26, Lieutenant Booth of New York, came out alive to get the *Croix de Guerre* after seven pieces of shell had registered on his helmet. Two shells burst near him almost at the same time. His helmet was not camouflaged and almost played a tune as the flying steel cracked against it. After the raid Booth counted seven shining dents in the hat.

## "YOUTH WILL BE SERVED"

It was at a university dinner, held in Paris. A young aviator, who had seen much service in the French flying corps, was among those present, as was a prominent officer of the American university which was celebrating. When the professor started to show off his lantern slides of the projected building scheme for the university, the young aviator (who had sat through many of the same professor's lectures) promptly beat it, in company with a number of other irreverent young souls.

About half-way through the professor's talk, he left his unregenerate comrades outside and peered into the banquet hall again. "What's up, Claire?" asked one of his confidants. "Had we better go back in again? Are we missing anything?" "Not missing a thing"—the aviator scornfully replied. "I stuck my head in the door and he was just pointing to a picture and saying, 'Now here, gentlemen, is a fine specimen of the Gothic quadrangle.' Why, I've bombed more Gothic quadrangles than he ever saw!"

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HARVARD CLUB OF PARIS THE ANNUAL SPRING DINNER of the Club which had been announced for April 6th HAS BEEN POSTPONED. The date for the Dinner will be decided upon later.

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