

WESTERN TOWNS WHOOP UP LOAN, GOTHAM JEALOUS

New York Swears to Equal Record Set by Villages or Bust Trying

ST. LOUIS LEADS COUNTRY

More Than Half of Three Billion Liberty Bond Total Already Subscribed

WAR PLANS WELL IN MOTION

Aircraft Production and Shipping Situation Now Getting into Satisfactory Shape

By J. W. MULLER
American Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, April 25.—The news from Picardy and Flanders is watched here with deep earnestness and with full comprehension, but with full faith in the men who are holding the line. Not much time is spent in discussing it, because the country knew that the best response was to push the third Liberty Loan along, and everybody, from kids to millionaires, is kept busy.

A good many ardent Americans have been worrying some time past because America was not seething with war excitement. America prefers, evidently, to do its seething by digging down into its pants pocket, and we are beholding some mighty good digging.

Every public place, every important street and square, is crowded all day with people and loan speakers. The race for the record loan between various sections and cities of the country is getting a lot hotter than any pennant race, and the West is apparently rolling up its sleeves to beat the East, with the East fighting back hard.

West Comes Through With Wallop

The New York district is far ahead in the amount subscribed, but the Western districts are knocking us stiff in the percentage of the quota obtained. Easterners who talked about apathy in the West now can't see her dust.

The Kansas City district is next, with 56 per cent and going strong. Chicago is 52 per cent, Dallas and San Francisco 51. Minneapolis 50. Boston 45. Philadelphia 42. New York and Cleveland tied for ninth place, with 41.

New York's record is \$373,000,000, and the town is getting mad and swears it will catch some of those Western villages or bust.

More than half the \$3,000,000,000 set as a minimum mark had been subscribed by the nation at the end of last week, and there was no sign of flagging as it entered the home stretch. The Liberty Loan occupies the entire public mind and all other discussions are temporarily in abeyance.

Aircraft Production on Move

The general feeling seems to be that aircraft production will hereafter move along at a satisfactory gait, inasmuch as President Wilson has decided to reorganize the production of aeroplanes throughout the country. The expert who, it is announced, will be placed at the head of the aircraft department has not yet been named.

Optimism also prevails with regard to the shipping situation since Charles M. Schwab has become the head of the Emergency Fleet Corporation. Mr. Schwab has already taken nine floors of a big office building in Philadelphia, and will bring several thousand employees to work there within the next week. His contagious enthusiasm and go-ahead-iveness are expected to do wonders for the whole organization.

Girls in Demand AS AMEX MASCOTS

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vote on whether a majority was in favor of taking a girl and found the sentiment unanimous.

"Best money I ever spent," voted one field clerk.

"I give it willingly," said another.

A major in the office tried to edge in on the contribution, but was refused admittance. He announced that he would take an orphan on his own account and, although he haven't heard from him yet, we confidently expect to.

The army field clerks of the Casual Officers' Depot, S.O.S., asked for "one of the homeless waifs from the invaded districts of France, an orphan, and, if possible, a girl about five or six years of age."

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

The dream that the soldier dreams and dreams
Is never a dream of war and hate,
But of homeland fields where the sun-
shine gleams
And of vesper bells when the hour is late.

He dreams of an hour and a day and night
When his hand was free from the strain
Of war, with its bitterness and blight;
He dreams of a little checkered dress.

He dreams of home and the firelight there;
Of a lonely woman kneeling low
Beside a bed at her evening prayer;
In his dreams to her side would he yearning go.

He dreams of another summer day
When the birds sang sweet, as he
Tilled the soil,
He dreams of a little child at play;
And he prays for the peace of a kindly toll.

Yes, the soldier dreams of a thousand things
But the things that all is of war and hate;
He dreams of his home when the vesper rings
And his child a-swing on the gate.

WAR. L. STRINGER.

TRENCH TROT HERE, NEWEST OF DANCES

A.E.F. Steppers in London Discover Glide All Their Own

DUCKBOARD FALL FEATURE

Real Ebony Jazz Band Is on Hand To Impart Pep in Latest Ballroom Find

Special Correspondence of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, April 25.—As Sergeant M— said when the memorable evening had ended, "We believe we have achieved something. History has been made."

And the sarj was righter than a fox. More power to the topuz mouchor with which he pecked at the dainty beads of sweat on his forehead.

Between the hours of ten and 11 on the night of April 20, this year, at the Palace Hotel, Bedford Place, Bloomsbury Street, in the West End of London, this Prime Event occurred: THE TRENCH TROT WAS GIVEN TO THE WORLD!

Even so, my hearties—the Trench Trot. Or as you bucks across the Channel would say, "Le trot des tranchées." Comprenez-vous, maintenant!

Hundred—Count 'Em—Hundred
One hundred couples kicked off the big thrill to the world, and if any little enthusiasts visited you about the period mentioned, you know now what was the cause.

Composing the 100 couples were 100 lumber lads of the American E.F., and 100 lissome lassies of London. And a laughing, lightsome, lovely, lovely lot they were!

The boys organized the party with the help of some of the many Ladies Bountiful to us, Mrs. Shorwood of Fairfax Court, Ledcliffe Gardens, Mile. Amy E. professional danseuse, who led the gawky at the first A.E.F. dance, was again on hand, and Sergeant M— once more presided as major domo. Then there was Murray's Jazz Band, solid ebony, to give the St. Vitus quivers and jerks as necessary to a successful Yank hop.

"We wanted to make this real American," the handsome sergeant said to me at the dance—for your staff correspondent was there on the spot—while we watched silken ankles and tightly wound puttees repeating the curious evolutions of the Trench Trot.

"So we thought we'd bust out with a few hesitations and glides and dips just to show the girls what's possible in a ballroom. Then we thought we should have a big surprise for the evening, a brand new dance, something to make history—get me? And there you have the Trench Trot? Oh, boy, look at 'em would you?"

How You Dance It

From a calculating scientific standpoint, it was an interesting demonstration. The Trench Trot seems to be a combination of the Castle Walk and the Lane Duck, with a little sashay now and then as if you're following the zigzag of a trench bay. Some of the boys even put a few extras into it. One Yank who must have been down in Lorraine faked a fall every now and then. You know how the duckboards are down there. Pretty realistic, his show was.

I suppose when the boys write back home about the party they'll say: "Dear Gladys—We went to a little dance Saturday night. Nothing doing because we can't spare the time to take interest in such things. Well, I hope you are feeling well. They had a pretty good lunch at the dance. I got your fine letter yesterday telling how you're working hard every day at war work, and don't want you to think our work is only going to dances. That was a very dull dance."

No, no! It was one of the shuffiest, shrillest, keep-right-on-dancing-oh-dear-ain't-it-entrancing hops you ever did see.

HOW TO ADOPT A WAR ORPHAN

(See article on Page 1 about orphans already adopted by A.E.F. units.)
A company, detachment, or group of the A.E.F. agrees to adopt a child for a year, contributing 500 francs for its support.

BOILING WATER AS HUN TORTURE

Continued from Page 1

board, very hot of very cold according to the season. The men thus shut up half naked at this board are deprived of food, and the Germans have gone so far as to make these men take hot douches to increase their hunger. And I will add that those tied up by the wrists are often placed under rain spouts.

"His greatest distraction was to the soldiers up by the wrists to a post, after having them stand on bricks which were withdrawn afterwards, so that the cords, previously dampened, would be drawn tighter. The victims fainted often, but he revived them with blows with his whip or the butt of his gun in such a way that they often had to be taken to an infirmary."

"This non-commissioned officer, who had never seen war, loved to see the blood flow, and one day his barbarity led him to cut off a French soldier's ear with a blow of his sword. As a reward for his zeal, he was promoted to first lieutenant. Wachmeister, and finally lieutenant."

Prisoners of Reputation

Sometimes peculiar cruelty was practised on a prisoner because, by his valor and his skill, he had been peculiarly damaging to the Germans before he was caught. Such a case was that of a certain French aviator, who finally escaped alive from Germany.

"Since being taken at Roulers, Belgium," our witness testifies, "this unfortunate had been led about with his hands tied, guarded by four men, one of whom was an officer, unbound only when his physical needs demanded, and forced to keep his arms in a horizontal position and made to sleep face downward. While at Kustrin, an order came from Berlin that he should respond every two hours to roll-call, even during the night. This aviator, dragged from camp to camp, allowed only ten minutes' notice of departure, was submitted to such horrible torture that he asked the German government by letter to be shot."

But most of the cruelty practised so systematically throughout the prisons was that of the former captives, who particularly aroused the German malice. It is wholesale cruelty, done to order. It went specially hard with a prisoner if he tried to escape, if he refused to do war work against his own people or their Allies, or if he inconvenienced his captors by falling sick.

Caught in Typhus Epidemic

The captain was caught in the epidemic of typhus which broke out at Kottbus and at Wittenberg in 1915.

"The Germans left the prisoners without medical attention, even quitting the camp. They established, however, a line of machine guns five hundred yards away, forbidding us under pain of death to cross the former enclosure. Our food, carrots and turnips, they sent to us down a wooden chute. The suffering of the prisoners in the camps where the fever raged was appalling. They died by the thousands. Only at the end did the Germans send some English and French doctors, but they sent them without medicines, and out of 12 doctors sent to Wittenberg, only one, an Englishman, survived.

"I only cite these two instances of Wittenberg and of Kottbus, where the conditions were the same, because they were the only ones I know about personally.

"The sick are almost never recognized; if they ask to be examined by the doctor at the Zwicken camp, they are struck or put for three days in the cup."

Parcels from Home Confiscated
"The little comforts we received from France (at Wiesau) were confiscated for the duration of the war, including even our dentifrice. The wine in our parcels was taken outright. In another camp, at Plassenburg, Bavaria, they gave us the cigarettes and cigars which came from France, but only after having cut them in two in the middle.

So it was sometimes wanton cruelty and sometimes mere idle malice, but in spite of all the prisoners have not lost their nerve and some of them cannot be persuaded not to taunt and kid their guards.

In spite of the German papers," so the captain testified, "in spite of their weariness, their fears, in spite of the lies they are told, in spite of their sufferings, the officers and soldiers are perfectly sure of final victory and they have kept their morale."

HUN ATTACK SMASHED BY YANKEES

Continued from Page 1

infantry, and put up a scrap that is talked about all over the regiment.

At first, and in many cases for the whole night, whole detachments were missing altogether. At daylight on Sunday they began to come in, reporting quite casually that they had not been relieved before, and so, of course, they wouldn't come in. This is the only report they made, the men who had stayed at their desperate posts, and fought against apparently hopeless odds.

Three ambulances were hit and overturned. One was right down at the front, and neither the driver nor the orderly with him was hurt. The regimental surgeon, who happened to see the shell hit just at the rear of the ambulance, saw it skid completely around and fling itself off the road and into the ditch, upside down.

He saw the two men come out of the wreck, and hurried up there to see if they were hurt. But the shells were dropping closer and closer, and he had to get into the trench. When he came to the top again, at the ambulance, nobody was there. The two men had gone away up the trench to headquarters.

Just a Bruised Shoulder

One of them asked the sergeant there to look at his shoulder, which "felt bruised."

"And get a move on," he added, "because I've got to get back to work." The slightest examination showed that the shoulder was badly smashed.

"You for the hospital," said the sergeant, and the man climbed into another ambulance, still growling. The other man wasn't hurt at all.

The second ambulance was hit just as a curve in the road where Fritz has been in the habit of shelling every wagon that passes. Here again the driver and the helper got away unhurt.

PEACEMAKER'S TASK PROVES UNWELCOME

Scotland and Ireland Have It Out Over C.-in-C.'s Name

Dear Bill:
I was shure glad to git your letter and to no you are in French at last with all the rest of us and are making plans to kill several germans. I felt tremendous good reading what you rote about my gal not going back on me like what the top had sed she had the time I didnt git no letter for seven weeks.

I nearly got my fool head knocked off this mornin tryin to play peacemaker. It was the first time I ever played the paylist game and take it from yours truly I will never try same anymore.

To fellers was havin a argument and one of them sed his folks was from Scotland and the other one sed his was from the old sod (I think he was a liar as he looked like an Irishman and proved same later on). These two galoots was argying about which country was the best. Sandy sed that Scotland was the best country for the just tore down a cassel over there what had been bld 300 years ago and they found wire under it which shows that the Scotch new all about telegrafy 300 years ago.

Then the Fur Flies

Then the Irishman sed that was rotin at all for they was tearin down a cassel in Ireland which was built 300 years ago and didnt find any wire which proved that the Irish new all about wireless telegrafy 300 years ago.

They kepp on a argying and argyin and githin madder and madder and the fur began to fly when Sandy got to talk about General O'Pershing which he sed was the proper full name which made Pat call him a liar for he sed it was General O'Pershing.

Here was where I was goin to play blessed be the peacemaker and told them they was both rong but when they finished with me I new I was the one what was rong and went away foot sweet (see I can speak franchay). I gess they are still flitin but no more peacemakin for yours truly.

Our company just adopted a STARS AND STRIPES war orphan.
Hopein to here from you pal,
Your pal,
DAN.

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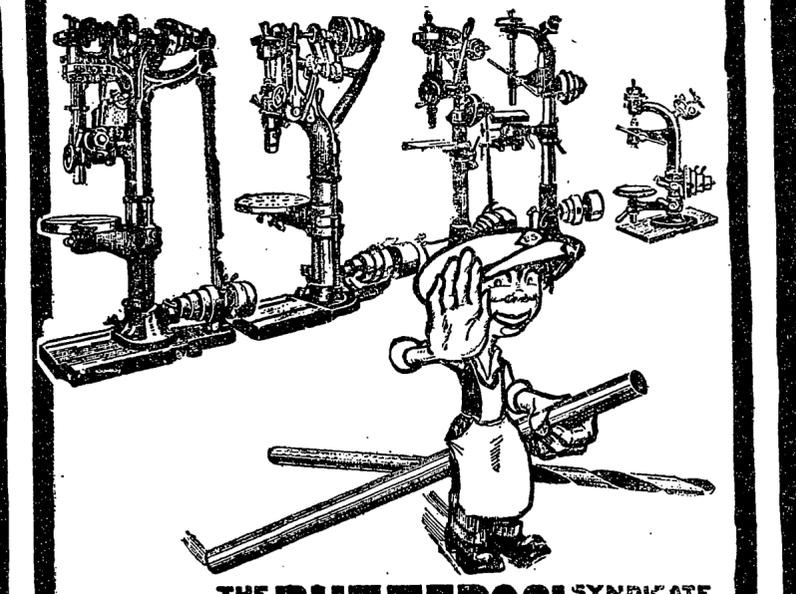
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