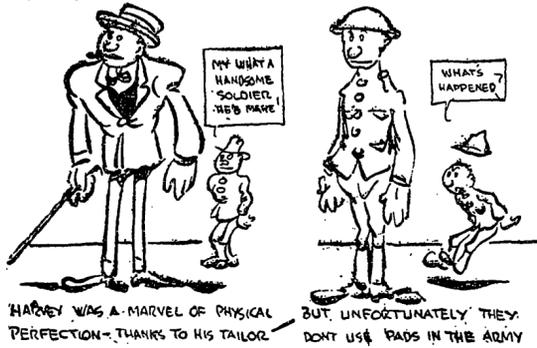


THEY'RE IN THE ARMY NOW!

-By WALLGREN



HARVEY WAS A MARVEL OF PHYSICAL PERFECTION—THANKS TO HIS TAILOR— BUT UNFORTUNATELY THEY DON'T USE PADS IN THE ARMY



THE GIRLS ALL RAVED ABOUT HAROLD AND HIS CURLY LOCKS



BUT THAT WAS BEFORE HE GOT HIS TRENCH HAIRCUT



WHILE FOOT 'EATS' DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE CAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY



THE ARMY SHOWED HIM WHERE TO CARRY HIS LUNCH

HELPFUL HINTS

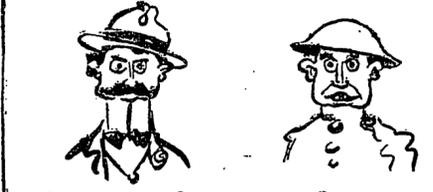
No. 13—NEVER USE THE TOP SERGEANTS TOOTHBRUSH

FOR GODNESS SAKE! GOSH YOU GOTTA NERVE USIN' MY TOOT-BRUSH!

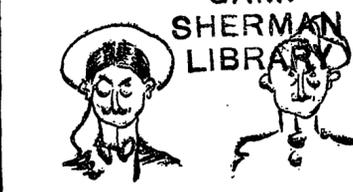
RECOGNIZE YOUR TOP'S LANGUAGE? NO—HOW RECURIAL

CANUSE ME 'TOP—I THOUGHT IT WAS THE COMPANY BRUSH

MOST TOP'S IS VERY SENSITIVE ON THIS SUBJECT AS THEY USE IT THEMSELVES ONCE IN A WHILE—(MOST OF 'EM) EVEN COMMON SERGEANTS, AND BESIDES YOU SHOULD ALWAYS WAIT FOR AN INVITE AS HE MIGHT HAVE PROMISED IT TO SOME ONE ELSE. OF COURSE IF YOU ONLY WANT TO USE IT TO CLEAN YOUR GUN WITH IT'S ALL TO THE MERRY.



HE WAS CALLED 'HANSOM HARRY' UNTIL THEY TRIMMED HIM DOWN FOR TRENCH UTILITY.



GUSSIE NEVER LOOKED ANYTHING BUT ORNAMENTAL UNTIL HE WAS REMODELED A.E.F. STYLE.



YOUNG GRIMES HADN'T A CLAIM FOR PERSONAL BEAUTY UNTIL HE BLOSSOMED OUT IN C.D.



KID RUFFENBERG MADE A HIT IN POLITE SOCIETY BUT 'Y SUITE WAS A RUST IN THE ARMY.



THE ARMY SHOWED HIM WHERE TO CARRY HIS LUNCH

FREE ICE CREAM ON MOTHER'S DAY

Soldiers' and Sailors' Club in Paris Plans Fine Celebration

BRANCH SOON AT HQ. S.O.S.

Officers Only Americans Who Are Denied Privileges of Popular Institution

Mother's Day will be observed at the Soldiers' and Sailors' Club in Paris by the serving free of charge of ice cream and cake in unlimited quantities to every mother's son in the ranks of our Army and Navy who may chance to drop in on the afternoon of Sunday, May 12.

It will be a characteristic celebration of an American fête in that hospitable hang-out for enlisted men which is so thoroughly American that it can boast the only American pool table in Paris and the only chocolate ice cream soda in all of France.

There is always ice cream to be had at the club rooms at 11 Rue Royale and the demand for it is so great that between 200 and 300 dishes of it are sold every day over the counter of the canteen. Word of its smoothness and abundance has been passed along the line from soldier to soldier, and even a prisoner and his guard made a detour for a couple of dishes on their way to the lock-up.

The comfortable rooms are always populous with doughboys, who crave the dinners with such American dishes as apple pie, corn-beef hash or griddle cakes and maple syrup, who like to stay long enough to read the home town paper, to write a letter to the States, to shoot a game of pool or listen to the music at the smokers which are held every Wednesday and Saturday night.

Plans for S. and S. Number 2

In all, more than 12,000 of us have sampled the hospitality of the club since its doors were first opened last October, and the success has been so marked that before June the S. and S. Club Number 2 will have been launched at the French city within whose gates is the headquarters of the S. and S. Club dinners, at 3 francs 50 a cover, have long been popular with the younger American set in Paris and this week the powers in charge started to serve Sunday lunches as well, with two francs as the price. As 75 men promptly availed themselves of the opportunity, it looks as though they would have to continue these luncheons till the end of the war.

These luncheons, and, indeed, everything at the club in the Rue Royale, are for the enlisted men of our Army and Navy and for the enlisted men only. The Canadians share it with us, for, of course, Canadians are Americans. Tommies and Poles can come and do, but they must come as the guests of our boys.

But it's not for officers. Officers are not actually thrown out, but the club is not for them. They may not dine there, and a Sam Browne belt is a sign for the girl behind the counter in the canteen to hide the tobacco and refuse to sell so much as a single Fatima.

How One Officer Was Served

Once a young American, who is an officer in the British Army and who had just come in from six months at the front, made a bee line for the Rue Royale because he had heard there was ice cream there. When they told him that it was not for the likes of him, he looked so dejected that Mrs. Lawrence Brown, who presides over the canteen, relented, escorted him clandestinely to the kitchen, and watched him gorge himself as her guest while no one was looking.

Mrs. Brown determined to have a soda water fountain die in the attempt. One finally arrived, a strange American contraption that put panic in the heart of the concierge. She rushed to the agent of the building with the dire news that an infernal machine that made fearful and mysterious noises was being installed and would doubtless soon blow the neighborhood to the four winds. It took some time to allay the suspicions of the natives and even more time to make the thing work. Indeed, it has proved so balky that at present that star of all comic films, the trusty sphyx, is relied on to put the fizz into the soda water.

The Soldiers' and Sailors' Club is really a gift of the Keystone State to the A.E.F. The Commonwealth of Pennsylvania is behind it, the Emergency Aid of Pennsylvania has contributed to it and nearly all the money has been put up by Rodman Wanamaker, son of John Wanamaker. Dean Frederick Beekman of South Bethlehem, Pa., is in charge. He has been in charge since last August, when the S. and S. Club consisted of nothing but a plan, a bank-account and a letter from Col. Theodore Roosevelt introducing Dean Beekman to General Pershing.

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE MESS SERGEANT

He's up too god-darn early to rout out his poor K.P.s— He keeps 'em round too god-darn late with spuds upon their knees; There's too much god-darn sameness in his daily bill-of-fare— But plenty of variety when once he starts to swear!

It's always "No more seconds!" and it's always "Scrub that pan!" And always for inspection must the shack be spick and span! It's always "Eggs for officers!" which you have got to fry— And all the good it does you is a promise "bye and bye."

You're always lugging water when the sergeant is about, You're always peeling onions, till the odor in your snout Brings forth the tender taunts—but a lot the sergeant cares, So long as his old non-com mess get double extra shares.

He rides in cars to market, and he spends the day in town— His beans are always underdone; h is hash is never brown. It doesn't get you anything to stab him with your looks Of "how-could-you?" reproachfulness—he blames it on the cooks!

SPORTING NEWS AND COMMENT

Jeff Tesreau, who started off with two wins for the New York Giants this year, had the hardest kind of a time to break into fast company. Jeff's real name is Charles M. Tesreau, and he is now 29 years of age. He was born in Ironton, in southern Missouri. Jeff says he cannot remember the time when he was less than six feet tall. As a kid he played on a team in his home town, but he was told to beat it, as he was too clumsy. Jeff then went to Perryville and got a job in a lead mine and was hired to twirl for a semi-pro team. A scout for the Austin club of the Texas league spotted him, but when Jeff reached Austin he learned that that town had dropped from the league. Jeff then went to Houston, where he pitched only a short time, the manager telling him he was not any good. Jeff stuck around, however, playing with several other Texas teams. At Shreveport he finally began to make a name for himself and McGraw decided to give him a chance. But he did not stick. Toronto getting him for a year, when he was recalled. The next year he won 17 and lost seven for the Giants, and he was a made man.

Col. Miller, the promoter of the Willard-Fulton fight on July 4, was practically unknown to the fight game until about two months ago. He was at Jacksonville, Fla., idling away his time when he learned that the world's champion also was there. Willard had worked with Col. Miller's 101 ranch show for 20 weeks right after he had won the title from Jack Johnson, so the Colonel visited the champ. Later he witnessed the Fulton-Moran scrap at New Orleans, and when he heard the Fulton hoosters yelling for a crack at the title, he decided to see Jess and propose a match for the title. He again visited the champion upon his return to Jacksonville and told Jess about Fulton's boasts. He also told Jess that he was becoming popular because he did not defend his title, and the latter then asked Col. Miller point blank to make an offer for the bout. Miller had never been in the fight game and was much. But the pair came to terms over the details, and the Colonel, who claims his title first, because he was born in Kentucky, and, secondly, because he is on the staff of the Governor of Oklahoma, is now seeking a place to pull off the affair.

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Brig Manners

By BRAN MASH

As the season advances and the doughboy, like the frolicsome lamb gamb (o)ling on the green, begins to disport himself, the chances are that week-end guardhouse parties will be increasingly popular among the younger set in the A.E.F. These parties promise to be very exclusive affairs, though not at all hard to get in on if one is really determined to climb, socially or otherwise.

In the first place, you should never attend a guardhouse party to which you have not been especially invited. The giving out of invitations must be entirely in the hands of those stern dictators of etiquette, the M.P.s or the local guard detail. However, any officer or non-com is privileged to extend invitations—within reason.

Once on the visiting list of a guardhouse party, be sure to conform to all the rules, and regulations of the household. By so doing you will save your host great annoyance, and may not be invited to come again. Besides, that is the only way to make sure of catching the train back to town on Monday morning.

For clothing, you should take with you only what you need. The best regulated guardhouses provide sleeping accommodations for their guests, and usually extra blankets, together with all the spades, trowels, pickaxes and mallets needed for "brig sports," as they are so fetchingly called. Oh, yes; there are many other sports in which you may be called upon to participate, other than the never popular "prisoner's base."

While a guest at a guardhouse party, be extremely careful not to leave the premises without proper chaperonage. Insist that your chaperone go properly armed, and keep within close call. In that way, and that only, can you build up a reputation for carefulness and modesty.

Hughie McHeeran, well known Australian boxer, has been killed in action over here. He was one of the leading scrappers in the Antipodes.

Phil Bloom was disqualified in the seventh round of his bout with Patsy Cline in Chelsea, Mass.

WHOA, THERE, GIANTS! WHAR YOU GWINE?

Cubs Go Along Well Despite Great Loss of Alexander

The New York Giants continue to make a runaway race of it in the National league, and unless some team can step out and stop McGraw's bunch, the old league's pennant race will be spoiled. This will mean thousands of dollars loss for the other clubs, as baseball fans do not like a one sided race.

The Chicago Cubs, despite their loss of Grover Alexander, continue to travel along at a fairly good pace, and appear to be about the only team that has a chance to overtake the runaway Giants. The Phillies and Pirates continue to prove surprises and are holding their own with the other teams, while the Cards, Dodgers and Braves are 'way down in the rut.

The American league flag chase is much closer than its rival's, the Red Sox gradually being pulled down from their early lead. The Cleveland Indians and New York Yanks are playing consistent ball and so far manage to stay in the fight.

The champion White Sox have not yet struck their gait, but are breaking about even.

Connie Mack's Athletics made quite a spurt during the past week and they may be able to stay out of the cellar position this year, as Washington and St. Louis are not as strong as anticipated.

WITH THE MITT WIELDERS

Jack Dempsey gained the verdict over Billy Miske in their ten round bout at Minneapolis. Dempsey must be a fairly good man to beat Miske in his own back-yard.

Law Tandler has issued a challenge to Henry Leonard for a match for the title. Frank Reilly has been selected to manage Billy Miske. Pearl Smith having lost out. The report that Joe Rivers was lost on the Tuscumia was incorrect.

COLLEGE SPORT NOTES

Owen Floyd has been elected captain of the Rose Poly basketball five for next year. Yale, Harvard and Princeton have agreed to cut down their expenses in the coaching line.

John Griffiths has resigned as athletic director at Drake and is now at Camp Dodge.

Charley Brickley, former Harvard football star, has enrolled in the Naval Reserve.

Dennis O'Connell, crack Harvard middle distance runner, has enlisted as a camion driver in the Red Cross.

Edward ("Bull") McChesney, '10, has been made assistant football coach at the University of Pennsylvania for next fall.

Gilmour Dobie, former famous western coach, has been signed to handle the cadets at Annapolis for the next two years.

Norman Ross recently swam 500 yards in 5:58 1-5, this breaking his old mark for the distance. Ross is now in Army service.

Perry McGillivray, former Illinois A.C. swimmer, now at the Great Lakes Naval Training camp, set a new world's record for the backward stroke event, swimming the distance 150 yards in 1:48.45. Ben Prineell set a new world's bludge record of 41' 1-3 for 75 feet.

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Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen

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A.E.F. SOCIETY NOTES

Fraulein Bertha Krupp von Bohlen paid a flying visit to Paris recently, by proxy.

Mother's Day will be celebrated widely by the members of the A.E.F. now sojourning in France and England.

The patronesses for the Inter-Allied Charity Peace Ball have not yet been announced, nor are they likely to be for quite some time.

Life is becoming quite gay again among the members of the fashionable base port colonies, owing to the number of fascinating new arrivals of late.

European travel will be increasingly popular this summer among the younger American set whose ages range from 21 to 31. Several members of the older set are expected to come along also, as chaperones and nursegirls.

SOLDIERS
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Musicians of the National Army, especially those being professed by performers on clarinet, oboe and trombone, desiring to join an army band recognized as one of the finest in the service, apply at once, giving experience and qualifications. Address: Bandmaster, care of "The Stars and Stripes," 1 Rue des Italiens, Paris.

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