

### MIND YOUR MANNERS WHEN YOU DINE OUT

But If a French Family Asks You, Don't Hesitate

### IT MEANS HOME COOKING

Mon Ami Americain Makes a Great Hit With Pa and Ma

Have you been invited out to a young lady's house for dinner since you've been in the sunny land of France? If you haven't, you've certainly missed something. Should you happen to receive such an invitation, go by all means; then you'll have something real interesting to talk home to the folks.

I'd received a proper introduction to mademoiselle a week previous, so I didn't hesitate to parley with her when we met at the corner just below our barracks. After considerable conversation concerning the weather, the war and the news, she suggested a picnic, which time I suggested my French quite freely, she shot something like this at me:

"Voulez-vous diner avec moi ce soir?" I says I'd be glad to and asks what time I'm to appear for the feast, only I used too many words and didn't say it just like that.

"Quelle heure?" she spoke over after me. "Oh, sept heures et demie," she says, which sounds like "set her and me" in English and is French for seven-thirty o'clock.

"Merçi beaucoup, ma petite chérie," I says, kind of kidding her along like we do to the girls back home. I gave my hand a tight little squeeze and we parted.

Home Cooking in Slight I didn't eat much that evening. I kept wondering what I would do to a good home cooked square once I got to where it was.

After mess was over, I went into the sergeants' room and told Scotty all about it. "Eat about a dozen eggs for me," he says, "and a bit of work." I said I didn't have no home cooking for so long I could make a man's cupboard look like a section crew had worked on it. You're some lucky tramp, that's all I got to say!

When the hour approached, I walked up the street to her house. It was a little early yet, so I waited a few minutes in a dark corner. It was all dark for that matter; there was a dimmed gas lamp out in the street, but none of its rays reached me. The streets over here must have been laid out by some guy who didn't want his neighbors to see him coming home late with a jug on.

They're so crooked you can't see to the middle of the next block. A merchant has got to be on the job every morning or one of his competitors a block or two up the street could pull off a big fire sale without him knowing anything about it.

Anyway, while I was standing there waiting, I heard some one come tripping up behind me. I looked round and here's Marguerite—that's her first name—and before I could stop her, she smacks a couple of kisses on my cheek.

"Pourquoi vous ici?" she asks me. "Pas fini, de fumer," I comes back at her. "Oh, ça ne fait rien," she says.

In the Family Circle She led me up the steps into the house. She hung right onto me and marched me up in front of the whole family.

They all stood up the minute I entered. Monsieur had took off his cap, which was decorated in front with "P.L.M.," meaning he works for the only railroad in the world that runs your train onto a side track while the engineer and fireman hoist a couple of hot ones, and the only railroad in the world that moves you when it gets right good and ready.

"Mon ami Americain," Mademoiselle announced, and right away I can see she'd blowed me all up to her folks. Madame stepped right over and kissed me on both cheeks.

Looking round, I observed six pickaninnies all standing in single file facing me. As near as I could make out, without asking questions, they were all lined up waiting their turn to be kissed by this very mysterious soldier Marguerite had just dragged into the family circle. It seemed to be a matter of form with them, a sort of custom quite embarrassing to an unsuspecting Yank.

Nevertheless, I kissed all of them; the last one, about four years old I should judge, transferred a job of jam from his cheek to mine and I had to dig for my bandanna.

Then the most astonishing event of the evening occurred. Monsieur steps up, pulls me face on to where he can get at it and whangs me a couple. Now this business of having men folks kiss you was a new one on me, and right then and there I made up my mind that before I tackled any more invitations, I'd get a book of rules and study up on French customs.

After all this routine was over, Marguerite drags me over to a chair and sits me down; then she brings a chair up for herself and sits up close to me.

Having a Look Around I finally got to breathing my once more and surveyed my surroundings. The room was a small affair and looked quite uncomfortable; there were two doors leading into other rooms, and another small door to the right of the fireplace that opened up into the wine cellar, as I afterwards learned. In one corner of the room was a bed that had the mattress on top of it instead of underneath on the springs where it ought to've been; in another corner was a clock with 24 numbers on its dial, and a pendulum that reached to the floor; the walls were covered with pictures, Jean's among them, and he had far less clothes on there than the city council would stand for at the park.

On the wall was a row of shelves and it looks as though somebody's been having a beer party.

Well, to make a long story short, we chatted and drank. I was kind of disappointed about the meal; the only things they had besides wine were fried potatoes, some greens, a dozen boiled eggs and bread with white cheese as a side kicker. But you can say what you please, these French people are there when it comes to being sociable. They brought up from the cellar and opened six bottles of wine before they found one to suit their taste; then they turned me loose on it. I couldn't find anything wrong with the other five bottles, either. It was all 40 years old and had the right kind of kick to it.

About the only thing I don't like about the French people, their customs rather, they drink too slowly. They take a sip of wine, then parley half an hour before they take another one. One

### THE REGULATION OVERSEAS CAP



### "ATTABOY SPECIAL" REAL YANKEE TRAIN

It Wasn't Called That Originally, But the Name Had to Come

At 8 p.m. every night there leaves A----- (which is in the S.O.S.) a special A.E.F. train for B----- (which is in the Z. of A.), both of which towns have unpronounceable (and therefore unmentionable) names. The train reaches B----- some time the following morning.

At 8 p.m. every night another special leaves B-----, bound for A-----. It reaches A----- some time the following morning.

The man who put that train into operation was Brigadier-General Atterbury, Director-General of Transportation for the A.E.F.—or D.G. of T., as it is more stonily called. General Atterbury used to be a vice-president of the Pennsylvania railroad.

Of course, the new train was at once dubbed "the Atterbury special." But Atterbury is a long word for the S.O.S. folks who are always in a hurry at least as far as language is concerned.

So they renamed the train— You guessed it; the Attaboy.

And now, on a drizzly evening after taps, when the tired S.O.S. man has just gotten safely and soundly to sleep in his billet by the side of the track, and is breathing as sweetly and gently as a new born babe—when, all of a sudden out of the inky silence of the night there comes a "boo-hoo!" and a "ching-cing!" he just stirs fitfully on his air pillow and pile of blankets and murmurs:

"Attaboy!"

### 25 BANDS IN A. E. F. GET FREE SCORES

Miss Ray C. Sawyer of New York Would Like to Supply More

Miss Ray C. Sawyer is still on the job of sending new and peppy and jazzy band scores, free of cost, to the musicians of the A.E.F.

They don't shoot along all requests for real up-to-date American music to her address, 70 Hamilton Place, New York City, printed in the April 5 issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES brought her more than 25 requests for music of every description; "and," she writes, "I am happy to say at this writing that I have taken care of them all."

"My only means of reaching the musical organizations connected with the base hospitals and aero squadrons is through your medium, and as a consequence anything that you might do to help me reach these organizations, or put me in touch with them, will be helpful to the cause."

Miss Sawyer is hereby put in touch with any bandmaster in the A.E.F. who hasn't received an allotment of new scores from her.

The music publishers give the music and Miss Sawyer distributes it, all to the end that you may be kept up to the minute on music and may know something more recent than "Good-bye, Dolly Gray" and "Waltz Me Around Again, Willie."

glass of wine usually lasts a Frenchman all evening. But these people hadn't any objections to my way of drinking; they really insisted that I have more before they were ready to drink with me, and I got so thirstily sitting there looking on that I couldn't refuse.

I made myself quite sociable, talked freely, even kissed Marguerite right there before the whole family, and in general sort of made a place for myself in the family. I guess before I got through they thought this Yank guy from far away America was a pretty good sort of a chap after all.

They seemed to think so, anyway, when I got up to leave. The six pickaninnies all ran to form a line. "Fall in for mess!" The one that donated the jam was first this time, and seemed quite pleased about it, too. But before I kissed the children, I bid the old folks good night so's to have the worst part of it over with.

Out on the steps Marguerite had her session. I got away finally by promising to come back soon.

Back to Quarters Going home, I missed my street and roamed round for half an hour before I got my bearings again, during which time a Fritz aeroplane tried to hit me with a bomb.

I found Scotty still awake and waiting for me. "Did you hook that cake?" he asks before I'd hardly lit the candle. "No," I says, "but I got something else for you."

Then I sprang the latest on him. I smacks him a couple on both cheeks. But I didn't quite get the last one planted before he pokes me one on the jaw so hard that I lands up in the corner.

"What's the matter?" he says. "Get in' batty in your old age or somethin'?" Well, that's about all the story, only Scotty maintains that I wouldn't have done such a thing unless I was drunk. And I swear I wasn't.

Seth T. Bailey, Corp. Inf.

### LORRAINE LIMERICKS

There was a young fellow from Who put on that Tommy calls swank; His canteen on the hike He'd hit when he like, And sweat blood for each drop that he drank.

There was a young fellow from Who doted on corn-willy hash; But he always objected Whenever elected The spuds for that same hash to mash.

There was a young man from (deleted) Who up in an airplane was seated; His bombs he threw down On a Hun factory town, And its output was sadly depleted.

\*Yes, there once was a man who did.

### BUT HE WON'T

"See Charlie Chaplin is goin' to join the Army." "Zasso? He should worry!" "Whynell?" "Any time he gets tired of it, all he's got to do is to go up to some doc and get natural, and the doc will put him down as a sure case of shell shock!"

### STARS AND STRIPES IN STORE WINDOW

All Detroit Gets Free Chance to Read Official A.E.F. Newspaper

Perhaps there are better newspapers in the world than THE STARS AND STRIPES, though there are some persons right in this Army, if not in this very office, who might take the negative side of that debate. But this, we maintain proudly and without fear of successful contradiction, is a record:

The commanding officer of a certain base hospital—he boasts that he was our third subscriber—sends the paper to his wife, who lives in Detroit. "And she writes," said the major, "that she had to show it to no fewer than 16 families in one day. Next day she took it around to the drug store. The drug-gist stuck it up in the window, and a crowd collects in front of the store every day and reads it."

### TOOK HIM AT HIS WORD

Some of our officers have so much pep that they're toujours up and at 'em. During a drill period for a lieutenants' class at an officer's training school back of the lines, the lieutenant instructor suddenly shouted, "Two ranks fall in on me," and I like away at a dead run.

They chattered after him. Some nearly overhauled him. Finally, one of those in the lead decided to stop running. He dived in on the instructor, making a beautiful flying tackle, and ended the chase right there.

"Down!" shouted the instructor. "Two ranks fall in. The tackle, formerly end for Georgetown University, dusted off his breeches.

### MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

Plans, Guides, Aeronautic Maps for American Officers and Soldiers. CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE (Librairie des Cartes Campbell) 7, Rue Saint-Jacques, Paris (9th), Subway Station, Nord-Sud, Notre-Dame-de-Lorette.

### NO MEDICINE TAX FOR CIVILIAN EMPLOYEES

General Order Defines Status When in Hospital or Infirmaries

Civilian employees of the A.E.F. are not to be taxed with the medicine charges, required by Par. 1460, Army Regulations. A recent general order from G.H.Q., A.E.F., sets forth that such employees are in the field in the sense as contemplated in another paragraph of the regulations, and hence not liable to the extra assessment.

When such civilians are admitted to hospitals or infirmaries where separate messes are maintained, their immediate commanding officers are directed to notify the commanding officer of the hospital, in writing, as to whether or not they are entitled to rations at the expense of the United States. If so entitled, they will get their rations without charge and the hospital fund will be reimbursed by the Quartermaster Corps upon the receipt of properly executed vouchers, at the rate of 60 or 75 cents a day.

If the civilian employees are not so entitled to rations, charges will be made against them as provided in Par. 1460, Army Regulations—at the rate of 60 cents a day when they are on the footing of enlisted men, and at the rate of \$1 a day when on the footing of officers.

### GENERAL COURTS MARTIAL

Who may appoint general courts-martial? The answer is found in a cablegram from the War Department to G.H.Q., A.E.F. According to that document, the officers of the A.E.F. given the appointing power under the provisions of the Eighth Article of War are the commanding officers of: (1). The Service of Supply (S.O.S.) (2). Base Section No. 1, S.O.S. (3). Base Section No. 2, S.O.S. (4). Base Section No. 3, S.O.S. (5). Intermediate Section, S.O.S. (6). Advanced Section, S.O.S.

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