

HUN PRISONERS LEARN A WHOLE LOT OF THINGS

Paris Is Taken, Austrians Close to Rome, Submarine Winning

AND THEN THE AWAKENING

"Germany Has No Chance," Says Captured Officer, Told We're Million Strong

It must be great to soldier in the German army. If there isn't any wheat for bread, they make it out of potatoes, and if there isn't any tobacco, they make it out of alfalfa or four leaf clover or something. Nothing to worry about, at all.

If there isn't any good news, they make that for you, too—Austrian victories, British and French defeats, capture of Paris, sinking of the American Army by U-boats—anything for your peace of mind.

Of course, if the French, who are beaten, and the Americans, who can't get to France, put over a barrage with guns captured by the Germans last spring and make an attack when they haven't any men to attack with, it is discouraging. But the division keeps you contented while it lasts.

It was a rude surprise the thousands of Germans got who fell into American hands in the first Franco-American offensive. That they should be attacked, with the war supposedly almost won by Germany, was unbelievable. That the Americans should do it, well, that was impossible.

News Made Like Coffee

The prisoners' blissful and almost unanimous ignorance of the war situation as it is striking and frequently ludicrous. The same governments and the same leaders which resist news and call the printed coffee manufacturers news with equal facility. Defeats become victories; checks are advances. Final victory is just ahead.

It may be said, though, that, despite all the colored accounts of operations and misinformation that has been doled out to the German soldier, he is beginning to be dubious. His morale isn't what it was earlier in the summer. According to his schedule, the war ought to have ended by this time in a German victory—and it hasn't. But he still clings to a lot of strange ideas.

A group of prisoners, representative of the big bunch taken by the Americans below Soissons, filed before an American examining officer.

One of them a private blandly explained that the German advance guard already was in Paris and the whole German Army hadn't fallen back because it was thought that France would ask for peace terms without that being necessary.

"That is why we weren't expecting an attack," he explained.

"Austrians So Successful"

Another declared that a slight reverse on this front didn't make much difference because "the Austrians have been so successful." He believed the Italian Army was defeated and that the Austrians were marching toward Rome.

There was a general belief that Paris had been evacuated because of German artillery fire. Many were convinced that the new long range guns, firing 700 shots a day into the French capital, as they believed, had made it untenable.

"How many Americans do you think are in France?" a German non-com was asked.

"An army corps," was the reply. "I know there are that many because my division has not them every place it has been for the last three months."

The victory news spread through the German army isn't always the same and it isn't always consistent. Different units seem to have their own different versions of how things are going, and the beliefs do not stop usually with the enlisted men.

Blind Faith in Submarine

The average German officer, of course, is not laboring under the hallucination that Paris has been taken or that Italy is defeated, but many of those taken by the Americans do believe that long range guns have made Paris uninhabitable. Nearly all are convinced that the United States has only a few divisions in France and cannot put an army here because of the submarines.

Among the German officers examined were two who realized the situation and whose statements were enlightening. Both had lived in the United States. One was a captain who had lived in Chicago. He had been a staff officer until a few weeks ago, when he took command of a company.

At our headquarters we received the report that there were a million Americans in France and other confidential information about the arrival of troops from the United States," he said. "We made up our minds that the number was about correct."

"What did your staff think of the news?" he was asked.

"It scared them stiff," he answered.

"No Chance"

The second officer was a first lieutenant. His name is Franz Schroeder, and he said he had worked for an American steam company for 12 years in New York. In 1915, he went to Hamburg on business for his firm and says he was forced into the army.

"I don't know how many Americans are here," he said. "We have heard many reports. Some say that many have been sunk crossing the Atlantic, and that only an army corps is here, but there is a growing impression in Germany that the submarines will not hold back the American Army—that there are hundreds of thousands here already."

"There are a million Americans in France," he was told.

"Then," he said, "Germany has no chance."

ARTILLERYMEN WILL KNOW

A raw-boned doughboy who had served two years in the infantry had suddenly been shifted over into the Artillery.

MAPPING OUT THE NEXT



WOMEN WAR WORKERS HAVE PARK IN TOURS

Y.W.C.A. Leases Island in River Loire—Hotel Also Running

Primarily for the benefit of women war workers, but open to all American, French and English women in the vicinity of Tours, the Y.W.C.A. has leased a young park of its own, at the westernmost end of the Ile de Simon, the pretty little islet set in the middle of the Loire.

Already the new recreation ground has been christened by an informal picnic, has been further fested by another basket lunch party, and has been pronounced "bully," "tree gent" and "a little bit of quite all right," according to the nationality of the participants.

It is planned to level off a portion of the land on the island and place tennis courts there as well as the front line trenches so that cotton-and-rubber spheroids won't be wafted down the Loire to the seashore and beyond, and thus become likely prey to the U-boats, for Germany is woefully short of cotton and rubber.

It's too bad, some of the more athletically inclined women say, that the island isn't big enough for a golf course; but, with a real good golf course right here in Tours, there doesn't seem any need of it.

Tours, too, now has a hotel run on the American club plan, with an entrance fee, etc., for the benefit of American and British women who are working with the A.E.F. Already there are about 140 permanent guests.

What the name of the new ladies' park is going to be is still a moot question, with the guessing contest open to one and all. At the hour of going to press, the favorite was "No man's land."

CHAPLAINS THREE ALL WANTED JOBS

And It Wasn't the Hospital's Fault That They Went Without

Three Red Cross chaplains, three abreast, came marching on an underfunded American Red Cross hospital somewhere in the Z. of A. Going into the administrative office, they lined up, and their spokesman said:

"We have been assigned as chaplains to this hospital. When do you want us to begin work?"

The orderly in charge scratched his head.

"Why," he ventured, "all the officers are out just now. You see, we've only opened up the other day, and there's still a lot to be done, but—"

"Well, we can go in and see the patients, can't we?" persisted the smiling spokesman. "We've been regularly assigned, and all that."

"Why," he supposed, "the orderly came back, still scratching his head, but—"

"But what?" queried the spokesman politely.

"Well," the orderly answered, rather sheepishly, "you see, we've only got one patient in here now, and if three chaplains fell on to him all to once, he might think he was a serious case and die of fright!"

RECEIPT SYSTEM FOR COURIER MAIL

New Bulletin Hints at Possibility of Delivery by Airplane

A system of "hand-to-hand" receipting for courier mail in the Army has gone into effect.

CHOW

AFTER FOUR YEARS (To Germany)

Four eternal years ago this balmy August morning, something must have bustled loose within your well-known bean:

Four eternal years ago we read where you were horning into France and Belgium with the van of your CA...

First we rubbed our startled eyes and said, "We must be sleeping; this could never happen in the sort of world we know."

Yet four years ago today, your endless lines came sweeping in a march as countless as the drift of winter snow.

There the world lay at your feet—and who was there to guard it. Up from mountain height above along to reedy turn?

Who was there to meet your drive—to rush in and retard it? (I wonder if you've ever known a river called the Marne?)

Four eternal years ago your shrapnel fell in fountains. Where your big guns blasted out the road for your advance:

Yes, their thunder crushed the walls and shook the rugged mountains—But you found they couldn't shake the mighty heart of France!

Yes, you started something, Fritz, if you want the credit. Yes, you opened quite a pot, taken by and large:

Only in the days ahead, don't forget we said it. When the guns are after you with their last barrage.

Do you still think "Might is right" through your waning power? What has Kultur left to you along the roads you've known?

What—except a swirl of ghosts, growing every hour, Adding to the coterie around your Kaiser's throne?

Once you drank into "The Day"—does it look as splendid as it did four years ago upon your first advance?

On the level, Hehlie, now, don't you wish it ended? Don't you wish you'd never seen the highway into France?

Four years ago today the Germans were on their way towards Paris. They are still on the way—but not towards Paris.

"We will bring peace with our shining sword,"—Wilhelm. At which point some unfeeling bonehead came in and woke him up.

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LEMONADE SERVED ON EDGE OF BATTLE

Salvation Army Beverage Helps to Quell Fever of Wounded

MOSQUITO NETTING, TOO

And the War Doughnut Is Present in Force, Just As You'd Expect

When the wiping out of the Soissons-Rheims salient becomes a mere incident in the growing list of German victories that might have been, there will probably be no item better remembered by men who were wounded while on that little job than the item of lemonade.

One division in particular will thank the Salvation Army with pocketbooks open for the carload of juicy yellow Italian fruit that happened to be near enough to Soissons and to Chateau-Thierry to make a real Yank drink for Yank wounded available in the thick of things.

The S.A. had been looking forward to hot weather, drive or no drive, and they were getting ready to substitute real lemonade, with rinds and everything, for the old reliable chocolate or the doubtful pinard. The water supply was none too good, and when a man is hit, he wants something to drink as soon as he can get to it.

Everybody to the Barrels

So when the doughboys and the Artillery and the Signal Corps began sending representatives back to visit the dressing stations, the Salvation Army came to the fore with those Italian lemons, bean-coup sugar and barrels of clean, cold water which they brought up on a Ford delivery truck. Every Yank that got within range of that lemon threw away his cigarette and made a dive for his tin cup.

The doctors say that a good many who couldn't walk, and who couldn't make a dive for their share, are going to live and go back to the States because they got a drink that killed their fever when they needed it most. Lemonade is a lifesaver to wound-fevered men, and this particular lot turned some good tricks for the surgeons.

Another thing that was imported for use in the emergency was mosquito netting. When the need for protection against flies was apparent at the evacuation hospitals and dressing stations, the Salvation ladies sent to Paris and got all they could.

Then, too, the doughnut batteries more than scored on this latest strategic retreat of Fritz. Two little Salvation lassies fed 28 lost, hungry doughboys in a bunch, less than six hours after first starting their refreshment station. Battle smoke could not blot out the cheerful smell of frying nor shell-fire drive away the allure of the nucleus sinner.

"They came up like camoufles, unlimbered like 75s and were in action in nothing flat," said one grinning Artilleryman. Which is what a Franco-Yanko might call "some liaison."

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