

YANKS IN BERLIN AMBLE IN HALLS KNOWN TO KAISER

American Mission Housed in Adlon, Where Ex- Emperor Had Suite

LIKE SITTING ON VOLCANO

Hostile Stares Greet O.D. Prom- enaders, But "Big" Parade Wasn't as Advertised

The Yank climbed upon the big iron gate that led to the outer interior of the big railroad station at Berlin.

Unmindful of the stares, some plainly hostile, others merely curious, he clung to the bars, head and shoulders above the crowd, and searched the long station platform for the American couriers from Coblenz, the Army of Occupation—the A.E.F. They were the last link in the line of communication between home and the headquarters of the American Military Mission in the German capital.

It was his duty to see that they and the bag of mail they carried reached the Hotel Adlon safely. On the way, to the hotel, through crowded thoroughfares, under the lofty Brandenburg Thor, at whose base stand youthful Boches in regulation gray, with trench helmets and rifles, and which is surmounted by four bronze horses, beneath whose bellies are posted machine guns, this particular Yank opined, in his best blasé manner, that he was quite ready to go home. He had seen Paris, he said, and had been driven about London in a general's car, and he had seen Berlin. Yes, he was quite ready to go home.

Tenseness in Capital

The Adlon, too, is guarded by youthful Boches, guarded since a few weeks ago, when a big mass meeting, held in Berlin's chief boulevard, Unter den Linden, ended in a demonstration against the Yanks quartered in the hotel. At the request of the management, the Americans got out of sight, the proprietor harangued the multitude, government troops were sent for, and the mob melted away.

There was one more indication of the tenseness that exists in the German capital today, a sort of electricity of unrest which even the doughboy feels as he goes quietly about his ordinary tasks. The Yank sages, acting as ordinary haulier supplies, all-seeing eyes that stab in the back, curious, unkindly glances which meet yours delicately or smoldering scorn or hisses that dart like sitting flames through the crowds and strike the ear drum with a whip-like sting.

"They think we're British," said a top kick who was summoned to the capital from a comfortable berth at one of the Russian prison camps. "But they're very polite and don't bother us."

He continued: "Almost every one seems to comprehend English. Most of them tell you they were 'caught here when the war broke out.' I've only met two who were honest enough to admit that they came back to fight for the Kaiser."

In the Hotel Allemannia

There are about 100 American officers and men in Berlin—about the big wooden statue scattered throughout the 20-odd Russian prison camps, housing about a half million Russians who are being fed jointly by the American and German governments. Some officers and the field clerks are quartered at the Adlon, some are at the Hotel Esplanade, and there is a detachment—and this is the regular Berlin detachment—of enlisted men, with their C. O., Capt. Dallas M. Sprinkle, 6th Division, billeted very comfortably at the Allemannia, each room with its private bath and toilet, and with a kitchen commissary under the same roof. The men are drawn mostly from the 6th, 35th and 81st Divisions.

In the daytime, when not on duty, they are free to wander about, even since the recent disturbances, they are kept indoors.

There are two main attractions for the Yanks in Berlin—the big wooden statue of Von Hindenburg, at the head of the Avenue of Victory, with its celebrated double row of Prussian heroes, and the streets and squares which were the scene of the recent fighting between government troops and Spartacists—streets and buildings which are likely, at any moment, to be the scene of further bloodshed.

The countless numbers of mails directed by patriotic Germans into the wooden statue of the field marshal are gone, whether pulled out by souvenir hunters or by orders of the government, no one knows. The fact is that one typical young American has two of them carefully hidden away in an inside pocket. They probably cost some fervent Berliner a couple of hundred marks apiece.

Taxing Through Berlin

Always there are the eyes of the curious following the sturdy figures in khaki as they pace slowly along the sidewalks, all around the statue, as they inspect the German light pieces at the base of the statue, as they promenade up and down Unter den Linden, or as they wander about the bloody Alexander Platz, where much of the heavy fighting has taken place.

They have found it better, however, at the cost of a few marks, to engage an automobile and tour the district while sitting out of sight in the back of the closed machine. They are shown the balcony of the Kaiser's palace, at the base of which are French cannon, captured, some say, in 1871, and over the railing of which Karl Liebknecht, Spartacist leader, ordered against the existing government.

They are told that shortly after he had left the balcony a government field piece, trained on the spot where he stood from the vicinity of the imposing National Museum, fired away across the square, and fired. The first shot broke squarely on the floor of the balcony, and the heavy iron railing lay in shreds.

This side of the palace, too, is pitted with machine gun marks.

The royal stables, in which the Spartacists were beleaguered, is also gouged. So is German police headquarters, a mammoth building with every window broken. Government troops are everywhere in this district watchfully patrolling.

Spartacists in Suburbs

On still, clear nights there can be heard in the distance, from the suburbs where the Spartacists are entrenched behind machine guns and wire entanglements, the reports of rifles. It makes the Yank feel as if he were sitting on a volcano. Yet there is no nervousness or apprehension. With mind strictly on the business in hand, the problems and difficulties of the populace, he knows, are not for him to solve. What he is most interested in is how long he's going to be kept there.

At the Adlon, where Gen. George B. Harrington, chief of the American Mission, is established, everything runs off with smoothness. Every one is busy. The atmosphere is like that surrounding the offices of a big manufacturing or railroad corporation. There is an orderly air to the entrance to the administrative suites on the second floor to ask the visitor what his business is and to direct him to the proper officer.

Incidentally, the offices of the Disbursing Quartermaster are situated in what is said to have been the private suite of the former German Emperor. That he had a palace not far away, about a mile long and half a mile wide, was as nothing to William. He had a suite of 100 rooms, and his most magnificent hotel. That hotel cost six and a half million marks ten years ago, when marks were worth something.

WHERE EMPIRES WERE LOST



Of all the chateaux of France into whose tapestries the threads of our history have been woven these past two years, none is quite so rich in its Franco-American memories as the Chateau Bellevue. This is the century-old brown-towered house which, from the high ground just north of Frenois, looks down across the valley on the high spires and red roofs of Sedan.

There are others far older, many chateaux far more beautiful. But none is more crowded with the ghosts of great hours in the lives of Germany, France and America. Its walls bore witness to the ultimate humiliation of France in 1870; a half century later the same walls saw the dramatic climax of the battle which erased that humiliation from the pages of history. It was to the chateau Bellevue that Napoleon III withdrew on September 1 when, trapped up his army in Sedan, he gave himself up as a prisoner to the victorious Prussians. There, the next day, he approved, in helpless tears, the harsh terms of the armistice and there the last emperor of France surrendered in person to King William of Prussia, whose grandson today is in hiding in England.

From the Chateau Bellevue, Napoleon was led away to Germany, never again to set foot on French soil, for, after the signing of the Treaty of Versailles, he was exiled to England, where, to this day, his consort, the Empress Eugénie, has remained.

Forty-eight years later French and American officers assembled in the same chateau in readiness for another attack upon Sedan. It was on the evening of Friday, November 8, 1918.

It was the evening of the beckoning goal toward which the converging American divisions had been driving furiously since the smash of the Argonne line a week before. Now it had to be done. The American sign of war that not American troops but French should, as a matter of sentiment and ironic justice, recapture the city which had so long been a byword of French disaster.

When the Yanks Stepped Aside

So the American divisions howed and stepped aside, but a company of the brigade stood on the American side. Some of the Wadsworths—a company of the 16th Infantry—reported as a guard of honor to the French general who would have commanded the French in the attack. It was the signing of the armistice which suspended the attack.

The Chateau Bellevue was the general's headquarters and in the dining hall there, while American patrols were scouting into

Now plain back privates amble in there to draw their money.

Served by German Waiters

The officers and field clerks have a mess at the Adlon and are served by German waiters. Here, too, when the day's work is over, one hears tales of aggressive Americanism, beside which the jaunts of the caliph of Bagdad and the wanderings of Munchausen are mere administrative reports.

There is the story of the officer, for instance, who took a detachment of Greek prisoners from Germany to the Adriatic. Arriving there, the prisoners struck and decided to go home, each in his own sweet way. The officer called on a couple of Allied governments, but they feared international complications. So the officer boarded an American warship in the harbor and begged the aid of a bluejacket detail.

There were just five men in that detail, all armed with pistols merely for the appearance of the thing. The strike was broken and the officer returned to duty.

There is the story of an American who accompanied a mission to Poland across the old lines of entrenchments that marked the stand of the Germans when the Russians swept up toward the Carpathian crests in 1916—Brusilov's mighty drive that seemed destined to wrest the Hungarian plains from the Central Powers and end the war then and there. The American saw again the dugouts and gun emplacements of the Eastern front; he floundered in the mud of trenches and heard the familiar bark of machine guns.

War again, war still, this time between the Poles and Germans to whom the Peace Conference seemed very far away. He saw, and questioned, and heartened, and made his way back again to make his report.

In Russian Camps

Quite as lonely are the Yanks in charge of the Russian prison camps. The order of things for men to go into the interior of Germany reached practically every combat division in the Third Army on February 7, and by 8 a.m. the following morning the outfit, and they marched along quietly, and, called on the telephone by his division adjutant, was writing a letter full of home-going plans. He added this postscript: "Leaving for the interior of Germany tomorrow morning. Will probably be home by next September." On the morning of the 14th he and 39 others, 20 officers and 20 enlisted men, were taken to the station at the Boche in his native habitat beyond the bridgehead.

At this time the Danish Red Cross had charge of the Danish prisoners. They were taken to the interior of Germany by the American Red Cross, with Lieut. Col. Carl Taylor in charge, took over the work, and the plan of distribution was reestablished. American officers were sent to only a few camps. The others in the immediate vicinity were grouped for administrative purposes under an American officer, each having supervision over from three to five stations.

There are between 400,000 and 600,000 Russians in German prison camps and working communities. Each man is allowed 120 grams of meat daily, 20 grams of fat, 200 grams of hard bread, and a weekly allowance of 60 grams of tea and 120 grams of sugar. In the hospitals there is no set allowance, but there are certain luxuries, such as chocolate, cocoa and jam.

The Yanks in charge live in as comfortable quarters as it is possible to have, and in general oversee and supervise the distribution of food. Each morning the Russians are counted—even the most hardened

A.E.F. REGIMENT ON ITALIAN FRONT SAW BIT OF ACTION

Second Battalion of 332nd Infantry Went Over Top Through River

JUST BEAT OUT ARMISTICE

International Police Duty Along Troubled Adriatic Shores Fol- lowed War's Windup

With the Lion of St. Mark playfully pawing the regimental number on their left shoulders and a brilliant red, white and green campaign badge (duly authorized) over their left pocket-flaps, the 332nd Regiment has just sailed back from sunny Italy with a war record that includes everything from a battle on the Eugliamento river to peace-making in the Balkans.

The 332nd, a part of the 53rd Division, was called to Italy from its training camp in France, July 27, 1918. Here they were duly initiated into the Latin arts of war, "going over" with a grenade in each hand and a trench-knife in their teeth and eating Italian rations of macaroni and cheese. They are still able to speak of corned willy without sorrow, but it will take a good deal, they say, over to get them into an Italian table d'hôte in the States.

Hiking was one of the best things the 332nd did, and "arduous marches" is a phrase that appears with emphasis in their diary. But if they pounded out many a weary kilometer before they caught up with the Austrians, they still claim a garland of memories of the days when they stopped high among the flowers that were in the meadow across the path by a grateful people who welcomed them as saviors.

Holding the Road to Venice

September 21 saw them behind the lines at Varago, and by the 28th the whole regiment was helping to hold the road to Venice on the Piave front, with the river for No Man's Land and its myriad islands contested for by posts on both sides.

Before the big push started there were plenty of shells from the Austrian side, but when the retreat began it was mostly a case of machine gunnery. The enemy was moving so fast that the Americans walked their shoes off after them.

On November 3 they succeeded. Or at least the Second Battalion the advance guard, did, for they were the only ones to see action. After a long and weary march that left supply wagons far behind on the broken roads, the Second reached the Eugliamento. When they dropped down behind the sheltering dyke they were without food and they would have gone into battle the next morning on empty stomachs if it had not been for Dad. Dad belongs to the Red Cross, and his name isn't on the battalion roster, but it is written across their hearts.

When the day of the battle was over, Dad stuck in the road, Dad got out and walked. And he carried with him smokes and eats enough for everybody.

The next morning the battalion was ordered to the burning bridgehead of Ponte della Delizia, which they crossed to an island in the river where they formed for the attack. At 5:20 they started through the shallow waters and up the bank that "suddenly turned blue with machine guns," as one squad leader expressed it.

But the Yanks went up and over in the good old infantry style, and in 20 minutes they had captured or killed the crews of ten machine guns. They reformed for the counter attack. But it never came. Although they didn't know it at the time, their baptism of fire was also the last rite. They advanced and took the town of Codroipo without effort, capturing millions of dollars worth of Austrian supplies and getting some Austrian footwear to pay for what they had worn out in the chase.

While the men were munching polenta on the good old Italian style, an officer came up and announced that hostilities would cease at 3 p.m. that afternoon—November 4, for Austria bent her ally at quitting by a week. This march had pushed up the wire for 20 minutes of action with all the luck in the world to their credit, with only one man killed and six wounded. Fifty-two prisoners had been captured.

From this time on the regiment was destined to do international policing. One battalion was ordered to embark for the Montenegro front, but it was made up by the American commander that American forces would take no part in hostilities. A platoon of the Second Battalion had the

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WHAT THE S.O.S. HEARS

At Beaune, where the college is, all shop-keepers were asked by the French chief of police to post price lists as a guarantee that Americans were being charged the same as French civilians and to preserve good feeling all round. Some shopkeepers did not comply with the chief's request.

"Now the French official has had cards printed in English and is giving one to every American soldier arriving at the new A.E.F. university. The card requests the Americans not to patronize stores that do not have a price list posted, incidentally, the chief keeps his eye on the prices, too."

The conscience market took a decided jump in Brest recently when a French barmaid appeared at the American post-office and asked the postmaster to make out a money order for 20 francs and mail it to an American sailor who had embarked for the United States the day before. Monsieur le Marinier, having received by mistake a matter of little instead of big bottles, she explained. She also asked the postmaster to translate the letter of apology she had prepared and mail it with the money order.

The conscience market is scheduled to rise in Columbus, Ohio, also, when the money order and letter reach the sailor at his home.

"The 'bull pen' at Dix is a bull pen in reality as well as in name, and when a man gets thrown in he occupies a stall formerly used by a bull. The studious there, once used for bull fights, has been taken over by the Americans, and the guardhouse occupies a corner of it. At present the officers' and enlisted men's mess is in the center of the bull ring."

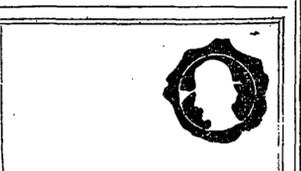
A native of Rhode Island arrived with some replacements for the 3rd Company, 20th Engineers, the other day, and his arrival gave that organization a representative from every State in the Union. A description of the clean-up work the 20th Engineers are doing in the 2,000-acre burned forest area of Pontoux sounds like a competitive entry in the contest started by the story of the great flapjack kitchen where concrete mixers turned out batter and steam shovels hauled away the egg shells.

The 20th Engineers are cutting down honor of assisting in the ceremonies when the Italian and American flags were raised over Miume. Later they were relieved by the entire Third Battalion and went to Cattaro in Dalmatia, where the rest of their battalion had already preceded them.

Policing Along the Adriatic

At this time racial tempers were rising. The Jugo-Slav-Italian question was being settled unofficially by various individuals. Montenegro's King was indicating, and America's khaki ambassadors were appealed to settle a revolution brewing behind the mountains of Dalmatia.

The Americans did their share in policing, and had a chance to add to their large linguistic store of Italian and French a little Serbian and Croatian. At no solicitation from every State in the Union, a total of 212 revolutionists after an outbreak in Montenegro which had resulted in the death of a number of natives. The prisoners were turned back. March saw all the wandering units gathered for the home-bound trip in Genoa, and the end of the month witnessed their departure for home from that same not unhistoric port.



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You can have also, if you want it, the photo showing your platoon going up under shell fire, with shell-holed buildings and other battle scenery as a background.

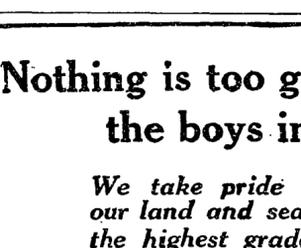
For all A.E.F. Signal Corps photographs are now placed on cutting up personal or private use, under G.O. 56, which says that prints may be obtained at a cost of 15 cents each from the Photographic Section, Signal Corps, U.S. Army, Washington, D. C. Remittances are to be by money order, made out the same as the address.

In making applications the A.E.F. serial number and the title of each photograph should be given. These serial numbers and titles may be had from historical officers of staff services, sections, divisions, corps or armies, who have issued albums containing all photographs pertaining to their organizations or units. In case the historical officer cannot tell the numbers and titles, these may be obtained by writing the Signal Corps Photographic Laboratory, Paris.

Organizations of the Army Service Corps known as Depot Labor Companies will be known hereafter as Depot Service Companies, A.S.C. G.O. 17, Hq., S.O.S., says.

When the home-bound soldier arrives at Brest he may find some soup heated by a fire burning the precious spruce which formed the ribs and bodies for American naval hydro-airplanes. Motors and metal parts have been salvaged in the hangars near Brest, but the bodies, because of their size and the scarcity of room aboard transports, have been demolished.

A soldier had come through the now famous mill at Bordeaux with his hair clipped close. "For the love of Mike!" his buddy rasped. "Bill, have you got the seconds right so bad that you got two haircuts?"

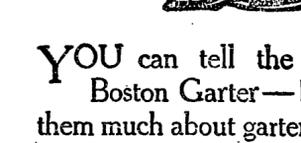


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