WELL, IT'S PROBABLY THE ONLY BIRTHDAY WE'LL EVER HAVE

EDITORIAL STAFF CONSISTS WHOLLY OF ENLISTED MEN

Buck Privates Strongest Numerically, With Scattering Non-Coms

MANY ARMS OF SERVICE

Machine Gunner, Air Service Delegate, Engineer, Quack Doctor in Original Quartet

The editorial department of THE STARS AND STRIPES has from time to time been somewhat taken aback by encountering a rumor that it consisted of a detachment of General Staff colonels or a committee of Y.M.C.A. secretaries. Some of the leading actresses back home have even been irritated enough to suggest that it appeared to be edited by Elsie Janis. To all of which charges, we can, and always do, reply, "Liar."

The editorial staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES consists of enlisted men of the A.E.F. There have never been any commissions or even promotions awarded within its sanctum.

To show what outfits of the A.E.F. and what newspapers back home contributed, the roster follows. The original staff, in the order in which it was acquired, was made up of these four:

Private Hudson Hawley, formerly of the Hartford Times, the New York Sun and the Yale Record, who was picked from the 101st Machine Gun Battalion. He wrote most of the first few issues. He was Bran Mash, Miss Information and everything else at the start, and later became one of the chief chroniclers of the S.O.S.

Sample of His Work

Private John T. Winterich, formerly of the Springfield Republican, who escaped from the 96th Aero Squadron. He developed into the chief copy-reader, make-up man and head-writer of the A.E.F.

Private Harold W. Ross, formerly of the San Francisco Call and some 78 other American newspapers (one at a time). He came to the editorial staff from the 18th Engineers and immediately planned and established the orphan fund to which American soldiers have contributed more than 2,000,000 francs and which has taken under the wing of the A.E.F. 3,444 French waifs.

Sergeant Alexander Woollcott, formerly dramatic critic of the New York Times, was safely ensconced in the registrar's office of Base Hospital No. 8 when captured and borne off to Paris. When the war suddenly became warlike last spring, he was sent to the front, where he remained for the most part until the armistice was signed, serving as chief war correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES and living in constant danger of death at the hand of some division that thought he was giving too much attention to the wretched, craven divisions on either side.

These four constituted the original staff of THE STARS AND STRIPES and remain in charge of its editorial destinies today. One of them is managing editor—probably the lowest paid managing editor in the history of journalism. These four have written 99 per cent of the editorials we have printed. In addition, they have helped make the world safe for democracy by serving as models for Wally's cartoons.

More Non-Coms and a Private

To the original quartet were added, while the fighting lasted, Sergeant Seth T. Bailey of the Portland Oregonian and the Sunset Division, Sergeant Philip Von Blon of the Cleveland Plain Dealer and Base Hospital No. 4, Corporal Jack S. Connelly of the Boston Herald and the 101st Field Artillery, Corporal Robert Snajur of the Cleveland Plain Dealer and the 398th Ammunition Train and Private John Black of the Brooklyn Eagle and Base Hospital No. 15.

Sergeant Bailey, a peculiarly hard-boiled doughboy, descended on the sanctum in column of squads, sporting a Mexican badge. He developed into a type-writer and threw over a barrage of letters from "Henry's Pal to Henry" which have enlivened the A.E.F. ever since. Bailey, Von Blon, Ross and Winterich all took a hand in the work at the front, for it took many men to cover that fairly lively beat.

Then certain officers, destined for other work in France, helped us out one at a time in passing. There was Lieutenant Charles Phelps Cushing of the Kansas City Star, who attended and shared the labor pains with which the A.E.F. gave birth to this newspaper. Captain Franklin P. Adams—F.P.A. of the New York Tribune—did a column for a time, and Lieutenant Grantland Rice, the sport writer, himself recited the funeral oration for the sporting page when it was buried for the duration of the war. Now on his way home, he promises to send us some hot sport dope by cable, but probably will forget about it. They are that way—officers. The divisional histories are the work of Captain Joseph Mills Hanson, who is our historian at G.H.Q. Then the work in the S.O.S. has been abetted by Captain Harold W. Clark of the Boston Herald.

Saved!

It was the plan and expectation, in the event of a prolonged war, to recruit the staff from the men disabled in combat so that in time THE STARS AND STRIPES would have been written and edited entirely by newspapermen who had been wounded in the service.

It was a matter of pride that with an editorial staff no larger than here outlined—never larger than seven up till October—the paper was got out every week until the armistice was signed. Then, with the news sources reaching out from Brest to Bingen, the job became more difficult and the obligation to do without help ended.

After the armistice, we acquired Sergeant Major Kenneth C. Adams and Sergeant Kendall K. Kay, both of San Francisco and the 91st Division, Private J. W. Rixey Smith of the Chattanooga Times and Base Hospital 41, Private Arthur J. Good of the Bridgeport Times and the 302nd Field Artillery, Third Lieutenant Hilmar Baukhage of Leslie's Weekly and the Coast Artillery, Battalion Sergeant Major Wilson Rogers, Jr., of the Baltimore Sun and the 110th Field Artillery and Private but Sporting Editor Nat T. Worley of the Washington Herald and the 11th Engineers.

Marine and Doughboy

Then there is the art department. The two privates who embody it (and occasionally do) laugh at all the artists who were commissioned to make pictures of the war. They are Private Abian A. Wallgren, formerly of any Philadelphia newspaper you can think of and the Washington Post who, to do the weekly comic strip, was pried loose from the Fifth Marines, where, apparently, he acquired his undying affection for top-sergeants. Wallgren is probably the best advertised and worst behaved enlisted man in the A.E.F. At least he is the best-advertised Marine, and that is going some. In the adjoining cartoon, the soldier without the sandwich is Wally.

Private C. Leroy Baldridge, Inf., after attending the German army in Belgium in 1914 as an artist, went to the Mexican border as a stable sergeant and to the Western front as a polly. Eventually, discovering the A.E.F., he joined that, and ever since his drawings of the doughboys have been famous the world around.

The roster of the editorial staff, however, is not complete without the mention of four others, George W. B. Britt, Stuart H. Carroll, Frank Sibley and J. W. Muller. Britt, still the most melodious member of the Army Field Clerk Corps, despite the fact that he is the oldest man on the paper, established the Service Department of THE STARS AND STRIPES, where he receives all queries, such as "How can I match the enclosed sample of a broken tooth?" (We bite. How can you?) or "Has Mary Pickford died of the flu?" (Referred to Graves Registration Service).

Carroll, who is a Quartermaster Sergeant Senior Grade and therefore very, very wealthy, never could make up his mind whether to be in the editorial or business department and finally compromised on managing circulation and writing verse for the sporting page.

Much of the stuff in the first issues was rewritten from the stories filed by American war correspondents, but during that period of stress Old Man Sibley, the Boswell of the 26th Division, pitched in and helped directly.

J. W. Muller, a veteran American newspaper man, wrote all our cable dispatches from the other side, with no other reward than the satisfaction of sending a cheery greeting from home every week to a million homesick Yanks in France.

And there you are. That is the editorial roll-call. One mysterious figure in the formation remains to be identified. That is Captain Mark S. Watson, F.A., of the Chicago Tribune. He is the Officer in Charge who sort of stands around to see that the show isn't pinched.

Rube Goldberg Visits the Art Department

ENTENTE EXEMPLIFIED IN MECHANICAL DEPARTMENT

In no department of the Army has the new Triple Entente been so well exemplified or such perfect liaison maintained as in the actual operation of setting and printing THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Mechanically THE STARS AND STRIPES is the handiwork of three nations. When a Baldridge cartoon comes from the engraver—a Frenchman—it is blocked by another Frenchman and put in the page by an Englishman, with the line over it set by an American.

The page is made up by at least one American and an Englishman, working so close together that their heads sometimes bump, and when the chase is finally locked, after another American has blue-penciled the final typographical error (if he could find it), the matrix (which the French call a flong) is made by a Frenchman, and the cast of the page made under the superintendence of an Englishman.

THE STARS AND STRIPES has been set and made up since its founding in the composing room of the Continental Edition of the Daily Mail (London), at 36 Rue du Sentier, Paris. Here American soldiers, fussing around printer's ink disguised in that same denim in which American Engineers fuss around mud and rockpiles, work day and night shifts to get the Army newspaper into type, the former under the direction of James W. Faithfull, a former corporal in the Second London Rifles, the latter under the guidance of Harry Layland, both under the general supervision of John H. Roscorla, the master printer.

The printing, until last September, was also done at the Daily Mail plant, but in that month this work was transferred to the plant of Le Journal, Rue Richelieu, Paris.

If the question is asked, and it is not an unnatural one, as to why the Army does not see the whole process through itself, it can be answered by stating that, although there are hundreds of printers in O.D. in France and at least several dozen linotypes at G.H.Q., Tours, Paris and elsewhere, there is not, as far as is known, an issue printing press of a size large enough to print half a million copies of an eight-page weekly.

LADY REPORTERS? NO, BUT WE HAVE MARIE-LOUISE

There is only one person attached to THE STARS AND STRIPES for rations, and that is the morsel of a French girl adopted by its personnel—the first child in that list of 3,444 orphans for whom the soldiers of the A.E.F. have been such good providers.

The tiny town of Pommard in the Côte d'Or is famous as the home of a wonderful wine and of Marie-Louise Patriarche. Her parrains have it in mind that she should be well cared for after they have sailed for home. Already they have pledged 3,500 francs toward a fund for that purpose.

WHAT OUR OLD BOSS SAYS

It fell to my lot to propose THE STARS AND STRIPES, to give the paper its name, to set forth its aims and its policies, to organize it, and then to manage it, as officer in charge, until some weeks after the armistice.

But (barring an officer or two, who had to be around to satisfy Army traditions) THE STARS AND STRIPES has actually been produced by enlisted men, many of the lowly, or buck, variety.

A handful of enlisted men has written and illustrated the greater part of the paper—I believe, for its size, the most brilliant and—er—erratic editorial staff ever possessed by an American newspaper.

Enlisted men have helped compose and make up the paper. It has been distributed among the Army by enlisted men. The financial department has been managed by still others from the ranks—every line of its activities has been largely in the hands of enlisted men.

The glory of THE STARS AND STRIPES is not any officer's. It belongs to the enlisted American soldier—specifically, not only to the writers and cartoonists on the staff, but also to such quiet, earnest, 18 hours a day workers as two privates, who, starting as orderlies, *became mainstays of circulation; and,* generally, to the great body of the rank and file at the front and in the S.O.S. who took THE STARS AND STRIPES to their hearts, called it "our paper" and furnished the inspiration for those of their comrades detailed to the publication to fight the war in a sector that never knew a day without heavy casualties.

It has been said that THE STARS AND STRIPES stands unique in the history of newspaper publication. Well, the American private is the greatest man in the world at fighting or writing or anything.

GUY T. VISKNISKKI,
Capt., Inf., U.S.A.

Paris, France, Jan. 31, 1919.

WAR PUT BRAND NEW KINKS INTO CIRCULATION JOB

Humble Bread Ticket Supplied Clue to Distribution System

FIELD AGENTS DO THE REST

Two Hundred Enlisted Men Get Army Newspaper Into Hands of Its Readers

On the bright and happy morn of November 11, 1918, two gay and carefree young Americans were playfully disporting themselves in one more or less muddy and decrepit Ford motor truck across a perfectly good highway which extended somewhere east of the Meuse and deployed in the general direction of Germany. After completing some kilometers of careless travel, they hove in sight of a village, and one of the twain exclaimed, "Reckon we'll find some of 'em there."

They drove casually into the quiet place, steered down the main and only street, and were suddenly confronted with a rough-looking bunch of persons wearing decidedly German uniforms and carrying very business-like looking rifles. The joyful jitneurs came to an abrupt halt. "Whatnell?" exclaimed the driver.

Briefly, but in fairly good English, they were informed that they were prisoners. They had motored into "Germany," and, as it lacked half an hour of 11 o'clock, there was war going on and they were prisoners. Their captors searched the bus, but found, to their sorrow, that it contained merely two large, fat mail sacks containing the latest editions of THE STARS AND STRIPES.

Last Men Taken Prisoner

For the two young motorists, probably the last Americans captured during the late unpleasantness, were field agents of the Army newspaper attached to the 90th Division, and had been busily hunting for some advance units of that division when they fell into enemy hands. They were held captive until the hour of 11, and during the interval effected a few investments in first-class Boche souvenirs. Then they were turned loose, cranked up their lizzy, and returned to duty and to the search for their subscribers, to whom the papers were ultimately delivered in good order.

Then again there was a battery of 75's manned by American field artillery firing across a deserted highway one pleasant afternoon in the now famous sector—but no longer a sector—northeast of Toul. Picture the feelings of the lieutenant in charge when he observed a petite black Ford truck cruising gayly along the highway, directly in front of the valley that was about to start for Germany. Expressing himself in soldierly fashion on the subject of joyriders who joyrided in front of their own 75's, he grudgingly decided to cease fire. If he hadn't, a certain STARS AND STRIPES field agent would have been delivered to the Kaiser in portions.

From these little incidents one may gather the idea that the business department of THE STARS AND STRIPES has been a somewhat wild and woolly affair. Maybe one is right. But how could the business department of a newspaper with a 550,000 circulation in a go-getting Army be anything else?

Ask the Back-Home Experts

Put the problem up to any first-rate circulation expert in any American city. Ask him how he would get a paper, issued Friday morning, to 550,000 members of a moving, fighting army, and get most of them there before Friday night and the rest before Saturday night, with no regular means of communication, and see what he says. Figuring on a peace-time basis, it couldn't be done. But figuring "as is," it was done, and if it wasn't done perfectly—ah, well—if everyone were perfect we wouldn't have an Army.

Two hundred enlisted men of the A.E.F. are handling the business of the paper. They came as they were needed, from all sorts of outfits, with records of all sorts of newspaper work in all parts of the U.S.A. For months they worked with mighty small hope of reward, being on "detached service."

But on December 1, 1918, there was born one of the unique military units of this or any other Army, the First Censor and Press Company. We of THE STARS AND STRIPES are it, the first C. & P. In our office lingo the initials stand for "College Men and Printers."

The printers are not doing much printing, but back in July, when the Huns had an idea of blowing Paris into the river Seine, it became a possibility that the big newspapers of Paris would move elsewhere.

Ready for the Emergency

In that case our French and British friends could no longer have done our printing, and we at once assembled a mechanical force from members of the A.E.F. and were ready to publish THE STARS AND STRIPES in Paris until the Boche should come in and stop us with bayonets, at which time it was planned to drop the pen, if need be, in favor of the sword. We didn't get a chance to do this, so the printers went to work blithely as field agents or in the mailing department, or the treasurer's office. They are still at it.

As for the college men, they are as thoroughly scattered on all sorts of jobs. Occasionally in the office one finds a Sam Browne, but not many. The proportion is smaller than in an infantry company. From almost the start Lieut. Adolph S. Ochs, Jr., long held the combination of the safe as treasurer. Lieut. Milton J. Ayers has fought the S. & S. battle for months as business manager. Lieut. William J. Michael was the first advertising manager. But the enlisted bunch will modestly admit that they have done the work.

Our big problems have found big cooperation from our friends and allies. The continental plant of the Daily Mail (London) handles the composition. The printing comes off the presses of Le Journal, a wonderfully complete newspaper plant to which even our half-million press run is no serious problem.

For many months the white paper, precious stuff in France in wartime, has come through the efforts of the Société Anonyme des Papeteries Darblay. Very soon now the first shipments of paper from the States will be rolling in on American cars from the base ports. The distribution question found a wonderful helper in Hachette et Cie., the largest distributors of periodicals in France. They put the paper on sale at newsdealers throughout France and handled the express shipments to the military field agents and the Y.M.C.A. huts, expediting deliveries by hours and days.

More Books Coming

Month by month have come new methods and developments, until the business office has become an institution. From a couple of rooms at the Hotel St. Anne, the paper moved to its own offices at 1 Rue des Italiens, and then to bigger offices, a whole floor of a big building at 32 Rue Taitbout. Then we got into a new line, with the publication of "Yanks," the book of A.E.F. verse, which has pleased beyond all expectations. Very probably there will be two or three other books in the next few months. "Wally: His Cartoons of the A.E.F." is now on the presses.

One little difficulty encountered by the business office was that, while lots of subscribers wanted the paper, none of them had permanent addresses. They just kept moving and moving.

Coupled with this circumstance was the additional complication caused by the censorship. For several reasons, some obvious and some more military, THE STARS AND STRIPES did not possess and did not want to possess any secret information about the location of troops. Hence, if Subscriber Bill Smith moved from A.P.O. 701 to A.P.O. 717, the S. & S. was merely able to chuck the paper in the mail and let the postoffice department do the rest. If you remember anything about the speed with which second-class mail was moving around the A.E.F. in those days, you have some idea of why the distribution of THE STARS AND STRIPES was not exactly a howling success. More howling, anyhow, than success.

And still the business was growing by leaps and bounds, until one day in midspring there were 50,000 subscribers. And about that time the "coupon-ticket" idea was born. It originated with Capt. Richard H. Waldo, a circulation expert in civil life, who had come to THE STARS AND STRIPES as business manager. And Captain Waldo admitted that he got the idea from the humble and pestiferous bread ticket. "If bread can be rationed," said Waldo, "why can't THE STARS AND STRIPES?"

It could and it was.

This week's issue of THE STARS AND STRIPES will have a circulation of about 550,000 copies. It will reach a majority of its readers on the date of publication, and nearly all the others on the day following. It will serve to inform and amuse more than a million readers in France, and something like 200,000 copies will then be mailed to the United States. It will help to bring many thousands of francs to a fund for the support and education of the war orphans of France.

From an idea of a year ago there has grown an institution which would be the envy of almost any successful publisher in the world. And throughout it has grown upon the principle laid down when it first took form—a newspaper "by and for the soldiers of the A.E.F."

ARMY POETS SUBMIT 18,000 SAMPLES; 384 SEE PRINT

Army verse—sometimes two or three poems, sometimes 25—has appeared in every issue of the Army newspaper. And Army verse will continue to appear in every issue until the Personnel Officer of Censor and Press Company Number One says, "Snap it up, boys. Don't keep the boat waiting."

Army verse is not particularly a STARS AND STRIPES fad. It is a STARS AND STRIPES necessity. Anyone would think so if he had had to sort 500 poems a week, or something like 18,000, to be conservative, since the paper was established.

This newspaper, in the first 52 weeks of its existence, printed 384 poems, not counting the little carols on the Sporting Page or verse in such inside departments as "The Listening Post" or "Star Shells." Possibly 40 of these were written by members of the editorial staff. The rest (and the best) were contributed. With very few exceptions, possibly ten or a dozen, every bit of verse printed was the work of a soldier.

The Army Poets' column was inaugurated May 3, 1918. It is the most widely read column in the paper.

FOUR MEMBERS OF STAFF DIE WHILE IN SERVICE

Four members of THE STARS AND STRIPES staff have died in the service. None of them is listed as killed in action or died of wounds, but their sacrifice was made in line of duty, in some cases as the direct result of exposure at the front while carrying on the work of the Army newspaper.

On October 4, 1918, Pvt. Carl D. McIntosh was laid at rest in the American Military Cemetery at Suresnes, on the beautiful hillside that overlooks Paris and the Seine, where many heroes of Chateau-Thierry are buried. He had been with the circulation department of the paper for some months, working in the Paris office with marked faithfulness and enthusiasm, handling a portion of the American mailing lists.

Sgt. David R. Bawden, after some months as a field agent for the paper, came to Paris in November, 1918, to become a traveling auditor. Seized by the influenza epidemic, he struggled bravely against giving up his work, even to enter a hospital. Just when we thought he was well, and when he had come back to the office with renewed enthusiasm for his new work, a relapse set in, from which he died. He was buried at Suresnes on December 3, 1918.

Sgt. Homer G. Roland went through the trying weeks of the Argonne battle as a field agent with one of the divisions in the thick of the fighting. Despite his poor health, a buoyant spirit kept him on the go for long, hard hours, often under fire, and he would not relinquish his post until the conclusion of the armistice. Then he came back to Paris and entered a hospital, unfortunately too late, as the progress of the tubercular trouble acquired during days and nights of magnificent service could not be stayed. On the day after Christmas, 1918, the bugle sounded its last taps for another STARS AND STRIPES man on the Suresnes hillside.

First Lieut. William F. Miltenberger came to THE STARS AND STRIPES as treasurer in December from duties with the Chief of G-2, G.H.Q. He was in charge of the finances of the paper but a few weeks when illness forced him first to lessen his work and finally to abandon it. In that brief time he had given much useful service to the rapidly growing work which he took over, and had endeared himself to the men in the office by an untiring interest in their personal welfare as well as in the business affairs they handled. Lieutenant Miltenberger was buried at Suresnes January 13, 1919.

A.E.F. NEWSPAPER JUST A YEAR OLD; MEET VOLUME TWO

Continued from Page 1

was signed, it was pointed out that the same thing had been tried without success by every other army in Europe. The undiscouraged answer was that, given a public of American soldiers, a lively, slightly irreverent, plain-spoken newspaper, which did not smell to Heaven of propaganda and which was not choked up with deadly official utterances, could be established in France, and, by all that was holy, should be.

So, with a shoestring, some nerve, a few francs dug up from O.D. pockets, and later with 25,000 francs borrowed from the General Staff, the paper was started. That working capital was long ago repaid, and a neat bank balance of lots more than a million francs can be fondled by the Inspector General whenever he feels like it. We have often been asked why we charged anything for our newspaper. There are several answers. To begin with, it would have been a long and uncertain project to start the paper unless it had promised to be self-supporting. Then the fact that the doughboy paid his ten cents for every issue made it possible for us to remind all and sundry from time to time that the paper was his and that every one else in the world could keep hands off. Finally, no American ever did or ever will respect reading matter that is thrown at him like a department store bulletin. Already vast sums have gone to company funds on our subscription system, and literally hundreds of company funds were started in that way. What will be done with the bank balance when the day comes for us to take down our sign and close the shop remains for the A.E.F. to decide.

With a Single Purpose

It would be well if we could ever find out what disposition of this fund the enlisted man of the A.E.F. prefers. The paper belongs to him. From the start it was dedicated to him. Practically all of it has been written by enlisted men, and its present somewhat violent managing editor may be a first-class private some day, but he is not yet.

THE STARS AND STRIPES had and has but one purpose—to give the Army a voice and thereby to stimulate the morale of the American Expeditionary Forces. Here, at its start, was a green and none too self-confident Army, scattered to the winds of Europe, and in serious danger of losing all sense of belonging to a single army. To write for the Yanks training with the British, the Yanks brigaded with the French, the Yanks loaned to Italy, and the Yanks venturing a bit on their own northwest of Toul—to tell each separate part and group that the others were helping—that was the idea.

And, as Yanks are all sceptics who can smell bunk a mile off, it was decided that the truth must and should serve. What we should have done had the A.E.F. failed, just how we should have extricated ourselves from our policy if the American troops had gone in for strategic retreating, we don't know.

But, thanks to the combat divisions, the problem never arose. From that electric day in May, when the breathless squads from the 7th Machine Gun Battalion jumped into the fighting in the streets of Chateau-Thierry, the task of THE STARS AND STRIPES became easy. The editorial staff just hung on to the coat-tails of the irresistible doughboys and was carried to glory. Any group of scribes who could not have got out a readable newspaper, with the American Infantry providing the news, would properly have been shot.

The Distribution Problem

If the editorial problem of THE STARS AND STRIPES had its curious features, this was doubly true of the business department. Here, for once, was a newspaper that did not care two sous about making money and that could look any damned advertiser in the face and tell him to go to hell.

Then why have ads at all, you ask. Because it was desirable to keep the paper financially independent and because advertisements are not merely a kind of reading matter every American craves, but they seem to give a newspaper an air of success. However, we have never been able to accept the volume of advertising matter submitted.

This has immensely simplified the business manager's problem, but, unlike the home newspapers, THE STARS AND STRIPES could not do its papers into bundles and dump them on the Government for distribution. It had to do its own distribution, even to the uttermost reader, and it had to send out its copies to a constantly moving public, which complicated the problem by always shrouding each move in the most baffling secrecy.

This problem was solved by Captain Richard H. Waldo, formerly business manager of the New York Tribune, who brought up the business department of THE STARS AND STRIPES in the way it should go, and stayed with it long enough to establish the coupon system.

After many anxious weeks, when it must often have seemed likely to bewildered onlookers that THE STARS AND STRIPES was going to blow up and fail to appear at all, it gradually gathered momentum and proceeded under its own steam. Then, in the course of time, the hopeful editorial staff began to receive intimations that it was getting out a real newspaper.

"Constant Reader" Appears

We suspected as much when the ruler of one of the most wonderful countries in the world sent a special emissary to hint that we were not giving that country quite the attention it deserved. Our suspicions deepened when the daily mail bag began to burst with denunciations from "Constant Reader" and "Indignant Subscriber."

They took on the tinge of certainty when a Captain in the Rainbow—the doings of which magnificent division have been chronicled in these columns at least as fully as those of any other—recently flared up with the allegation that we had not given his outfit enough write-ups and on that ground sternly refused an obviously needed bath to one of our field agents.

However, not even this incident convinced us. What convinced us were the dark threats from occasional men, some of them of international reputation, who, although it was known this paper was published by and for the enlisted men, were bound we should print just what they wanted just the way they wanted it. If we did not, they said, they would run and tell their dear, close, easily-managed friend—General Pershing.

Then we knew we were a real newspaper at last.

"THE STARS AND STRIPES is up at the top o' the mast for the duration of the war." So ran an editorial in the first issue. It is still there, and there it will stay till its job is done. Then it will be folded away, never to be taken o[illegible]

AMERICANS
will want the January number of the
WORLD'S WORK
summing up what the U. S. achieved in the war in all branches. "The Wonder Year of the American Spirit" is the theme of the number. The present inadequate supply will be increased next month.
DOUBLEDAY PAGE AND CO., Garden City, New York

CARRYING MONEY
AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS' CHECKS
can be cashed throughout France and when personal checks cannot be negotiated
When returning to America convert your French Money into
AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS' CHECKS
The check which everybody knows and accepts as readily as a Dollar Bill
Safer than currency. Sold in denominations of $10, $20, $50, $100, $200
Obtainable at the offices of American Express Company
PARIS, BREST, TOURS, BORDEAUX, HAVRE, MARSEILLE
and at the offices of the SOCIETE GENERALE

Guaranty Trust Company of New York
Paris: 1 & 3 Rue des Italiens
United States Government Depository in France and in England.
Affords Americans the Services of an American Bank with American Methods
Special Facilities to the American Expeditionary Forces
Capital and Surplus - - - - - - $ 50,000,000
Resources more than - - - - - - $700,000,000

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(Société Anonyme)
BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS
37 AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, - - - PARIS
DIARIES FOR 1919 United States Army Regulations, etc. Fine Collection of War Posters

DURING THE WAR
WHEN clothing prices went skyward, even the men who had never thought twice before they bought, began to say—"wait a minute." And lots of fellows who waited and looked around a bit found out that
MICHAELS-STERN & CO
ROCHESTER, N.Y.
MANUFACTURERS OF VALUE-FIRST CLOTHES
meant something more than a slogan.
—well in a short time you'll be looking around for a new suit, with a gusto you never felt before. Look our way—look for a "Michaels-Stern" and find "Value First."
IN the meantime, let's post you as to the new styles by means of our Spring booklet. Send for it.
MICHAELS, STERN & CO.
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

WRIGLEYS
Keep WRIGLEY'S in mind as the longest-lasting confection you can buy.
War Time Need In Sweetmeats—
is met by the 5-cent package of WRIGLEY'S. It gives you lasting enjoyment at smallest cost: an investment in benefit as well as pleasure. for it helps teeth, breath, appetite, digestion.
On sale at Canteens, Y. M. C. A. huts, and all candy or tobacco shops
Chew It After Every Meal
The Flavor Lasts!
WRIGLEY'S SPEARMINT
WRIGLEY'S DOUBLEMINT CHEWING GUM
JUICY FRUIT