Talk by Signs Teddies' Best Aid in France

U. S. Soldiers Learn French Isn't Pronounced Right

Baseball Game Puzzles Natives

Americans and Poilus Chummy Despite Troubles of Speech

By HEYWOOD BROUN

A PORT IN FRANCE, June 28.—Fine phrases follow the flag, but on a slow ship. History, like bricks or pies or newspapers, seems to be made somewhat casually. Certainly, there was no pose and still less eloquence of expression bound up with the landing of the first American expeditionary force in France.

Possibly the Americans had no time to devise suitable sentiments for the occasion in fine English because they were so busy striving to frame utilitarian ones in bad French. The French they teach at West Point can hardly be fast black. The vocabulary of the American officer is washed clean even of spots. The French of our army ends at the "oui" line. There was occasion for international communication immediately. The American motor trucks did not arrive with the soldiers. They were far back on a slow ship, perhaps in the one which is bearing the fine phrases to France.

Fortunately the French were not expecting a clockwork machine and they were ready to correct the error in a measure by supplying trucks of their own. They sent the trucks and the drivers and the fuel, but the equipment should have included a few gallons of the English language. After a time the value of pantomime was appreciated by both sides and there were eventually a few interpreters, but at first a number of our officers sought to make English serve by mixing it with patience.

"Have you enough gasolene?" asked an American officer. The French driver shrugged his shoulders to indicate that he did not understand. The officer smiled tolerantly and spoke with generous firmness, as if to a wayward child. "Have you enough gasolene?" he said. Again the Frenchman's shoulders went up. "Have you enough gasolene?" repeated the officer, only this time he spoke loudly and fiercely, as if talking to his wife. Even yet the Frenchman did not understand.

Has a Gasolene Inspiration

Inspiration came to the officer. Suddenly he gesticulated with both hands and began to imitate George Beban as the Parisian waiter in one of the old Weber & Fields shows. "'Ave you enough of ze gaz-o-leene?" he piped winningly. Then an interpreter came.

Fortunately, there was no German efficiency at Babel and "biere," "chocolat," "sandwich" and "bifstek" are near enough to common meeting ground to keep the American army from starving. Nor are the difficulties of "vin" insurmountable.

"I don't understand these people at all," complained one soldier. "They spell some of their words all right, but they haven't got the sense to say 'em that way."

Another objection of the invading army was that the townsfolk demanded whole sentences of French. Mixtures seemed incomprehensible to them, and the officer who exclaimed indignantly, "Madame, where is my œuf?" got no satisfaction whatever.

Discouragement dogged some who learned fragments of the language. There was, for instance, an ambitious sailor who noticed the pretty waitress at the Grand Café and came around the next day to ask "Madamoysell see we play donny moy une baysa?"

She answered: "Where do you get that stuff?" And an earnest student of the language quit further researches into Romance languages.

Next to the language the currency of France proves the most troublesome thing for the newcomers. "How much is this?" asked the soldier, displaying a copper coin, and upon being informed that it was 20 centimes he complained: "But why do they put them together like that?"

The exchange, however, serves to make the American soldier seem affluent in France. The pay of the lowest private is $30 a month, which does not sound imposing even when $6 a month is added for foreign service, but with an exchange rate of 5.70 francs per dollar it amounts to 205.20 francs a month, which bulks much larger. This again may be augmented by the $2 bonus for a marksman or the $5 bonus for a sharpshooter. The lowest commissioned officer, the second lieutenant, finds that with his various allowances his salary amounts to 1,024.51 francs a month.

Doesn't Like Learning Anew

One thing the American soldier will not forgive the French. He may overlook their currency, since it serves to make him seem richer than he is, and perhaps he will pardon the fact that they call bread "pain," but he is utterly rebellious at the idea that he must learn to count anew. He finds it hard to be patient with the people who call numbers out of their rightful names.

Yet, despite these lesser difficulties, our soldiers and sailors are profiting by the honeymoon of France and America. Whether in khaki or navy blue, the man from the States can have about what he wants. A little later on, the poilu probably will be righteously envious of the jingle of coin upon coin which marks the progress of the boys of Uncle Sam from point to point.

When the Frenchman spends a sou the American wastes a dollar. A sailor who came up on the night train to Paris from the port of debarkation told me that for the first time in his life he had had all the champagne he wanted. He said he had purchased twenty-five quarts during his journey. It may have been a little less, although I saw him open at least a dozen bottles, and, of course, it was not real champagne, but a fizzy white wine, with ten times as many bubbles, which cost only two francs a bottle.

The sailor was not much the worse for wear, as his wine opening was induced by desire for ostentation rather than thirst. Almost everybody in the train shared his hospitality.

A New York newspaper correspondent found a quart forced upon him because he was able to furnish the sailor with sufficient French to borrow a match from a French soldier.

Not only money bulged in the pockets of the sailors on their lark to Paris, but tins of salmon and ham and truffled chicken, and what not. There was chocolate in their hats, and under their arms boxes of fancy crackers, while cigarettes and cigars poked out of their blouses. It was none of the French cigarettes for them, but an expensive American brand which sells for twenty cents in New York and twice that price in France. One almost expected each sailor to produce a roast turkey or a pheasant from up his sleeve at meal time.

But then it was pretty much all meal time for these men, who were making their shore leave an intensive affair. An Australian soldier told me the other day how much he enjoyed the Louvre, but it is not likely that many of the American sailors or soldiers will be found there, or in the Madeleine, for that matter, or the Pantheon.

The poilu admires his American comrade, but he is just a little amazed. While the Frenchman is vivacious on a vacation and the Canadian inclined to be noisy, the American is uproarious.

To all but a very few of the American soldiers and sailors the war is still a lark.

The American, both by his size and demeanor and evident physical fitness, seems a very superman to the somewhat tired poilu. Then, the people of France, both civilians and soldiers, vastly overestimate the number of American troops who are already here and those who are to come.

French papers have carried the most optimistic statements of members of the National Council of Defence as promises to be taken at full face value. If there are less than 15,000 American aviators in France within the next six months or a year the French will be bitterly disappointed.

It is the air service to which they look particularly for American aid, but they also expect at least half a million of infantry within an extremely short time. When these expectations fail, as they must, there will be disappointment, and perhaps bitterness. There was a long period in which England was far from popular on account of the French feeling that she was not doing her bit. That mood has passed now.

Naturally, the French do not expect as much from the Americans as the English, and the slight constraint which exists between the French and the English even under the most favorable circumstances is not present in the case of the French and the Americans. The poilu and the American soldier have chummed together, and will find it increasingly possible to do so, although an American soldier whom I saw submitting to a hug from an enthusiastic French friend was distinctly ill at ease.

The American, however, is gregarious, and simply must have some one with whom he can swap souvenirs and tobacco. Of course, he does not begin to appreciate the valor and the fighting ability of the poilu. To him the Frenchman is a "froggy." While there is no contempt in the word, it carries a distinct shade of condescension. But the American will get over that when he has seen the poilu in action, and the friendship of the coöperating soldiers will then grow upon a slightly less patronizing basis.

Baseball Game Puzzles French

The French are prepared to accept not only the American soldier, but his games. "Excelsior," the only illustrated French daily, carried a huge picture on its back page yesterday of a baseball game at Colombes between nines of the Amrican field service. The photograph was taken of a batter hitting at a wide one. "Excelsior" undertook to explain to its readers the nature of the game, but failed to bring out some of the finer points through the fact that it confused the catcher and the batter.

Thus, the picture was titled "A player goes to catch the ball, which has been missed by the catcher," and underneath ran the following explanation: "We have given in our number of yesterday the rules of baseball, the American national game, of which a game, which is perhaps the first ever played in France, was played yesterday at Colombes between the soldiers of the American ambulances. Here is an aspect of the game. The pitcher, or thrower of balls, whom one sees in the distance, has sent the ball. The catcher, or 'attrapeur,' who should restrike the ball with his wooden club, has missed it, and a player placed behind him has seized it in its flight."

Paris is filled with American flags, with copies of President Wilson's message to Congress, of pictures of President Wilson and of General Pershing. In fact, Americans are so popular just now that the taxicab drivers will not cheat them very much.

PERSHING'S TROOPS MARCHING THROUGH PARIS

© International Film Service.

Members of the first American army contingent abroad acclaimed in streets of French capital on Independence Day. The American "doughboys" are marching through the Place de la Concorde on their way to the Picpus Cemetery, where Lafayette is buried.

First Letters, Long Delayed, Make Troops in France Happy

[By The Associated Press]

Amrican Training Camp in France, July 19.—Sveral thousand soldiers wer made happy to-day when as many letters or packages arrived and were distributed among the various camps. It was for many, if not most, of the men the first mail they had received since leaving the United United States, and it was more welcome than anything else could have been.

The original addresses on the letters indicated often how long the families of men had been out of touch with them. Every third or fourth missive was addressed in care of the former assignments or regiments—for instance, the Mexican border and western forts. Others had found their way over to "somewhere in France," despite the addresses; others had been addressed to the recipients in Washington in care of the War Department, while the others had been forwarded from the sailing points of various regiments.

Chaplain Sorts Mail

The mail here has been put in charge of one of the army chaplains, who has a busy week between his Sunday duties and his work as postmaster. All letters and packages are forwarded from Paris and must be sorted and distributed under his direction. Likewise he has charge of all the outgoing mail, which is turned over to him after having been censored by company officers.

Though he has been working on the complicated problem only a short time, the chaplain already has evolved a thorough-going system which ensures the soldiers receiving their mail within a few hours after its arrival. The outgoing mail for the United States leaves by way of Paris once daily.

Major General William L. Sibert went through his entire camp to-day on the first official inspection tour he has made. From early morning until late in the afternoon he made the rounds, and did not call it a day until he had examined each set of quarters and inspected virtually every man in his command.

As the entire army is divided into squads, the majority of which are billeted out with the inhabitants of the district, the task of inspection was a tremendous one and could be accomplished only by the amazing activity of the general, who almost ran his staff off their legs and set a pace obviously stiff for the youngest of the men. The result of the inspection was apparently satisfactory in the main, for the general criticised but seldom, and everywhere had a good word for the results achieved by the troops in cleaning up the quarters into which they have moved.

Here and there he found lack of cleanliness and proper sanitation which he ordered rectified. Occasionally, also, in passing in front of the troops lined up for his examination, he found time to stop and exchange a word and ask questions.

The inspection trip began punctually at 7 o'clock in the morning, for the general is an early riser, and at noon he returned to his headquarters long enough to snatch a hasty luncheon before starting out again. Rain fell in a steady stream most of the time, but that did not deter the inspection.

General Sibert early notes that many of the soldiers were without the regulation bronze button bearing the letters "U. S.," which is worn on the collar. Investigation showed that some of the men had actually lost the insignia, while others had given their buttons away to admirers. Three aides were constantly at the general's side, taking down suggestions for alterations or noting recommendations, while the officers of each regiment visited followed as closely as the general's pace would permit, explaining details and arrangements.

The French residents at various points inspected curiously, but enthusiastically, and occasionally cheered the general and his staff.

The day was a partial holiday for the troops, for inspection relieved them of drill for the period of its duration. Hardly had the general's car vanished on the way to the next inspection point, when the men were hard at work again, mastering the technikue of modern warfare.

Germans Warn Holland

Amsterdam, July 19.—The Berlin "Vossische Zeitung," commenting on the recent seizure by British naval forces of German steamers off the Dutch coast, says:

"The Dutch government must recognize that we require from it measures and not mere words if it attaches value to being regarded by us as really neutral."

$50,000,000 for Terminals

U. S. to Build Storehouses on Coast for Troops' Supplies

Washington, July 19.—Importance of ample storage facilities at or near seaports to accommodate great stocks of supplies for American forces in Europe was emphasized to-day by the National Defence Council's storage committee.

"Expenditures in excess of $50,000,000 for terminal storage area at or near the seaboard will undoubtedly be necessary," said a committee statement. "Not a moment should be lost in providing these facilities. The equipment which it is necessary to provide for each soldier going overseas amounts to about 11,000 pounds. This storage load will be put upon the nation before the end of the year.

"We must handle it, but to do so will require carefully designed and equipped areas, probably 2,000 acres in extent. They must be in operation by January 1, 1918."

Today from 8:30 a. m. to 5:30 p. m., and concluding Saturday at 1 o'clock

The Semi-Annual

Sale of Saks-Made Suits for Men

Former Prices $38, $33, $30 and $28

Reduced to $23

(Small charge for alterations)

¶ We started this sale with full assortments, therefore the selection of both models and fabrics is still good. Every suit in the lot is the exclusive product of the Saks tailoring organization, designed *this season* from the pick of the world's best woolens, and tailored according to the highest standards of custom tailoring. No suits are quite like Saks at their regular prices. At this reduced figure they are values of which no New Yorker should fail to take advantage.

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Saks & Company

Broadway at 34th Street

Franklin Simon & Co.

Fifth Avenue

Help Us to Keep Down the Price of Merchandise

By Eliminating

The Returned Goods Abuse

This advertisement is written at the request of the Commercial Economy Board of the Council of National Defense.

Merchandise bought needlessly and subsequently returned means waste, reduced efficiency, a loss to us, and inevitably higher prices to you.

But This Appeal is Made Primarily in the National Interests, Not Ours.

Waste is at all times deplorable, but at a time like this it is particularly reprehensible, because it is inconsistent with patriotism.

We are not withdrawing the Returned Goods privilege.

Use it, but do not abuse it.

You owe it particularly to the American Government now!

The following rule will be enforced on and after August 1st, 1917:

No goods will be received for credit that are not offered to us within seven days from receipt.

THE LARGEST HABERDASHERY BUSINESS IN THE UNITED STATES

Weber and Heilbroner

Announce at Unusually Low Prices a

Special Sale of Haberdashery

Enabling You to Lay in Complete New Supplies at Material Savings

1,800 Worsted Bathing Suits
Formerly Priced at $3.00
$2.35 Each
Guaranteed fast colors—plain blue, black or Oxford, and fancy stripes.

1,200 Suits of Pajamas
Formerly $2 and $1.65
$1.35 Each
Made of crepe and mercerized materials and reasonably priced at original markings.

1,200 Worsted Bathing Suits
Formerly Priced at $4.50 and $4
$3.45 Each
Many of them with fancy stripes; plain colors, blue, black or Oxford. Guaranteed fast colors.

2,400 Suits Madras Pajamas
Formerly Priced at $2.50 and $2
$1.65 a Suit
Plain colors, highly mercerized, and fancy stripes, of very unusual quality.

250 Terry and Beach Robes
Formerly $4 and $3.50
$3.15 Each
An excellent assortment and good colors—extremely useful throughout the Summer.

600 Suits Silk-and-Cotton Pajamas
Formerly $5 and $4.50
$3.85 a Suit
Materials of character and durability—comfortable in fit and well tailored throughout.

12,000 Shirts and Drawers
Specially Priced at
55 Cents a Garment
White Checked Nainsook, athletic shirts and knee drawers, of very unusual quality.

3,600 Union Suits
Formerly Priced at $1.50
$1.15 Each
White open mesh Madras, athletic style. A big value at their original price.

Also Complete Assortments of Tennis, Golf and Outing Shirts, $1.75 to $12

At All Eleven Stores

241 Broadway, 345 Broadway, 775 Broadway, 1185 Broadway, 44th and Broadway, 1363 Broadway, 58 Nassau, 150 Nassau, 20 Cortlandt, 30 Broad, 42nd and Fifth Ave.

F. R. TRIPLER & Co.

STRAW HATS

$1.95

Formerly $3, $4 and $5

Panamas, Bangkoks and Leghorns

$4.25 and $6.50

Formerly $6 to $10.

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