

"On to Paris!"



Why I Want to Go Back to France

(First Prize Essay in the American Legion's France Convention Contest. Written by Robert McKinnis of New Britain, Pa.)

I want to go back to the land of romance once more—to march down the sweltering roads again with the memory of a carefree gang of doughboys tramping along to the songs of "Hinky Dinky Parley Voo," "Good-by, Broadway, Hello France," and dear old "Madelon."

I want to be part of that dust-covered column once more; to live again the things that made it hell, yet made us love it, too—lines of sweat streaking down dusty faces and necks, dangling hands swelling up to numbness as pack straps tighten across the shoulders, noisy mess wagons with clanking pans rolling along in the rear, a passing outfit of Frogs trudging out of the lines for a rest, ambulances jammed with muddy, bloody, grinning Yanks going back to Blighty—and the distant boom of big guns banging away over the hills in front of us.

I'd like to crawl back into a certain cramped and water-soaked dugout up near Toul, and watch it rain, rain, rain. I want to lie once more in a wheat field below the old chateau in Conde-en-Brie, and watch for Jerry heads popping up and down in the trenches across the Marne. I want to live again the night of July 14, when they poured up through that field to wipe us out, and to see if the same little trench is still there where we found Ed and Charley four days later, leaning over their rifles on top of the parapet just as the Jerries had knocked them off.

I want to live all the nights again; to see the bursting shrapnel and to hear it whistling for its victims; to hear the frantic cries of "Gas" repeating down the line; to lie listening to the dismal moan of G. I. cans going over to wake up the boys from Berlin. I want to crouch there in my dugout listening and wondering. Listening to the dull heavy boom of far-away cannon rumbling through the night. Listening to the drip, drip, drip of the everlasting rain out in the darkness. I want to lie there wondering—always wondering—what it's all about.

I want to see French hills, French fields, French sky, French people once again. I want to see the kids—to know that they've learned to smile since the war. I want to go back to France once more—not to seek new joys or thrills, but to revive the dreams of old that are fading with the years.

By ELMO SCOTT WATSON

HE A. E. F. is mobilizing again. But it is the second A. E. F. which is planning a trip abroad and this time the slogan is "On to Paris!" instead of "On to Berlin!" All over the United States, members of the American Legion are making their plans to revisit the land over which they fought ten years ago and to attend the annual Legion convention, which will be held in Paris September 19 to 24.

It's a very different A. E. F. that is going over in this year 1927 from the one that went over in the year 1917. Then its members crossed the Atlantic in crowded troop ships, their sailing clouded with the profoundest of secrecy, every mile of their journey beset by the dangers of the submarine-infested water. For the folks at home there was a long anxious wait and then finally word came back that these boys of theirs had arrived safely "Somewhere in France." This year they'll be going over on palatial steamers like the Leviathan, the Republic and the President Harding, and instead of the folks back home waiting anxiously for word from them, some of these folks will accompany them on this gala trip. For the sweet hearts of 1917 are the wives of 1927, and they're

Some Familiar Scenes in France That Await the Second Coming of the A. E. F.

1. CHAMBOURD—Madame Mathilde Coupen, the Washerwoman of Chambour, it was Madame Coupen who paddled out hundreds of shirts and socks and suits of underwear for hundreds of American soldiers who passed through Chambour on their way to the Front. She's standing on a ladder which points to the temporary abode of these hundreds of men.
2. ONLY ON FOOT MAY THEY CROSS—Such is the warning to the approaches of the Arch de Triomphe in Paris. Americans in the French capital for the American Legion convention must heed this warning, too. There are plenty of "pieton" signs which are being erected for their benefit. "A pieton" is a person who does an "allee a pied," in other words, a person of either sex who goes on foot. "Pieton" signs are near the Arch de Triomphe and request the visitor to "Traversez de la Chaussée," or go across on their shoes. "Allons! Pietons! And make it snappy no matter how much your 'old dogs' are fretting."
3. ROMAGNE—Abbe Ernest Desourter, Cure of the church at Romagne-Sousmont Faucon. The road to the right, following the direction of the arrow on the tree leads to the American military cemetery where rest the bodies of at least 15,000 American boys dead. The Cure was ordered shot as a spy, but about an hour before the time set for him to face the firing squad an alibi was given for him by a German priest and he was saved.
4. LE FOUR DE PARIS—Once upon a time LeFour de Paris was quite a village, having a population of 700. Here it is today, nothing except the base of a road marker at the right. A new signboard has been erected, just to the right of where the old one stood. A monument, too, has been erected and may be seen in the picture.
5. ALLIÉPOIN—Buy some maps before you start out looking for Alliepoint, is the advice given any members of the Eightieth (Blue Ridge) division, going back to revisit the town which stood along the banks of the Agron river. Alliepoint didn't have a chamber of commerce, but it was a respectable place and was about as much heard of as its neighboring villages of Verpel and Theogues. Then it took the role of chief stopper of shells, fired by the Eightieth, and this is what you can see of Alliepoint when you go back, today.
6. LAHARAZEE—Until last summer the shaft in the German cemetery in the Argonne forest, near the dugout of the crown prince of Bavaria, was surmounted by a marble eagle. Now the eagle is somewhere in the United States. An ex-American army officer, who fought his way through the Argonne in 1918, carried it off as a souvenir.

going to Paris, too. And some mothers are going. And when they get to Paris how different it will be from 1917 also! Then it was a matter of only a few hours' leave and even those hours were spent under the watchful eyes of the M. P.'s. This year they are going back with the knowledge of seven days of glorious freedom in the French capital, of living at some of the best hotels at moderate prices. American Legion officers in charge of the arrangements for the convention have engaged five classes of hotels, and will give the boys a week in Paris at prices ranging from \$10 to \$40 for room only, for the seven days.

As for the matter of M. P.'s, there won't be any. No passports will be required for members of the Legion attending the convention, and they will enjoy complete freedom. Identification certificates have been accepted by all European countries, instead of passports, thus avoiding visas or charges of any kind. Since such certificates are heretofore unknown to the Paris police, the boys will have only to flourish them to get past any French authorities. Although the Legion authorities will appoint special units in each group to assist the French police force in handling the crowds, Legion officials are counting upon the fact that at least one-third of the 30,000 delegates who are going will be the wives or other female relatives of the men. They will be the real M. P.'s of this A. E. F. while it is in Paris!

For that is the reason that most of them are heading the slogan "On to Paris." Robert McKinnis, the winner of the prize essay contest, whose reason for going is given above, has expressed it for all of them, when he indicated that they are going back to revisit the scenes of the greatest adventure of their lives. And they're going back, too, to read certain names on the white crosses which stand in long rows at Romagne-sous-Montfaucon, at St. Mihiel, at the Somme, at Suresnes and at the Marne. For these are the names of their buddies, certain members of the first A. E. F. who went to France to stay!

Monarch is the only nationally advertised brand of quality food products sold exclusively through the non-retail and general store stores.

"Why didn't Tommy come?"
"Oh, his mother's making Monarch Cocoa and Teevie Weenie Peanut Butter sandwiches." "Let's all go down to Tommy's house."

EVERY genuine Monarch package bears the Lion Head, the oldest trademark in the United States covering a complete line of the world's finest food products—Coffee, Tea, Cocoa, Catsup, Pickles, Peanut Butter, Canned Fruits and Vegetables, and other superior table specialties.

REID, MURDOCH & CO.
Established 1853
Chicago Pittsburgh Boston New York
Jacksonville Tampa Los Angeles

MONARCH
Quality for 70 Years

Such a Bust
Mrs. Green—And whom does this statue represent?
Mrs. Hills—That is Diana, executed in terra cotta.
Mrs. Green—Oh, the poor thing! How cruel they are in those outlandish countries.—Passing Show.

A man of "mystery can be interesting; but, usually, he doesn't like it.

The Salt of the Earth
The United States is the world's largest producer of salt. The 1925 output amounted to 6,604,900 long tons, valued at \$26,162,261, or about 30 per cent of the total world production.

Everything is forgiven except being called a snob; probably because it's true.

Hot foods are off the menu!

SHREDED WHEAT

12 Oz. in Each Standard Package

**Crisp shreds of whole wheat
In cold milk or cream
With fresh fruits and berries**

Cuts Deep
"I hear that she's a great gossip."
"Yes, she's always the knife of the party!"—Life.

There aren't a great many of the good things to eat because people can't afford to pay for them.

Unconscious Frankness
Bill—Doesn't that scar on your head annoy you?
Rod—Oh, it's next to nothing.

Every home should have its hermitage within its walls for silence and meditation.

Bugville's Richest Citizen

But Flyosan will get him too!

HE'S BEEN burying flies and mosquitoes by the millions.

Flyosan floats through your rooms, killing every single fly and mosquito—getting into corners and crevices you could never see.

But use Flyosan itself—the first liquid insect spray on the market (non-poisonous). Flyosan not only kills every fly and mosquito in your house, but also kills the millions of deadly, disease-bearing germs on the body of each.

And "swatting" only scatters these germs into the air you and your family breathe.

Peterman's has the right insecticide for each insect. On sale wherever drugs are sold.

Here is the right insecticide for each insect:

- FLYOSAN, Liquid Spray—kills flies and mosquitoes.
- PETERMAN'S ANT FOOD—exterminates ants.
- PETERMAN'S DISCOVERY, Liquid—exterminates bedbugs.
- PETERMAN'S ROACH FOOD—exterminates that cockroach army.
- PETERMAN'S MOTH FOOD—protects against moths.

You must have a specific insecticide for each insect. No single insecticide will exterminate them all. We have had nearly 50 years' experience. We know that is true.

Peterman's
200 Fifth Ave., N. Y. C.

Dr. Peery's Vermifuge
Dead Shot for WORMS

HANFORD'S Balsam of Myrrh
For Poisoned Wounds as Rusty Nail Wounds, Ivy Poisoning, etc.

BUSINESS PLACES FOR SALE
Located in good Penn. cities and investigated by our specialists.

AUTO ACCESSORIES—TIRES
Gas station on main trail to Harrisburg and Williamsport; no competition; est. 4 yrs.; rent \$50 per mo.; sales \$45,000 yr.; profits \$6,000 yr.; sales price \$15,000. File 115.

GREENHOUSE FOR SALE
Suburban district of York, Pa.; net profits over \$15,000 annually; present owner 25 yrs.; retiring; price including modern bldg., 4 greenhouses, sprinker system, 16 room house and business. \$41,000. File 118.

COMMISSION HOUSE
Largest in nearby Penn. town; sales \$225,470.50; profits \$12,000; est. 25 yrs.; equipment includes 3 trucks, ice cooler for bananas and fruits; real buy \$20,000. File 1247.

HOTEL—BAR ROOM
located in live Penn. town; has 58 rooms; receipts \$40,000 annually; profits \$15,000 & yr.; extra large barroom and dining room has big capacity; 2 bldgs., \$200 and 42x 67x; sales price of \$65,000 includes real estate. File 1171.

AUTO AGENCY—PROPERTY
located in busy Penn. city; est. 15 years; sales \$22,000 yearly; profits \$2,000; building consists of large show rooms together with a garage; sales price \$110,000 includes everything. File 112.

TAXICAB COMPANY FOR SALE
Easton, Pa., operates 4 cabs; franchise on leading stand; receipts \$25,000 per yr.; profits \$7,100; real buy at \$22,000. File 278.

WATER FRONT LOTS ON SEVERN RIVER
one hour from Wash., D. C. High, cool, wooded, lovely scenery. B. L. Ledy, Apt. 50, 1422 R St., N.W., Wash., D. C.

Radio Reception Improved by B Transformer Unit
Fuller Tones, Economical. No Renewal. Independent of lightning circuit. Easy Replaces. Wid. Cole Sales Co., Pittsbn., N. J.

W. N. U., BALTIMORE, NO. 31-1927