

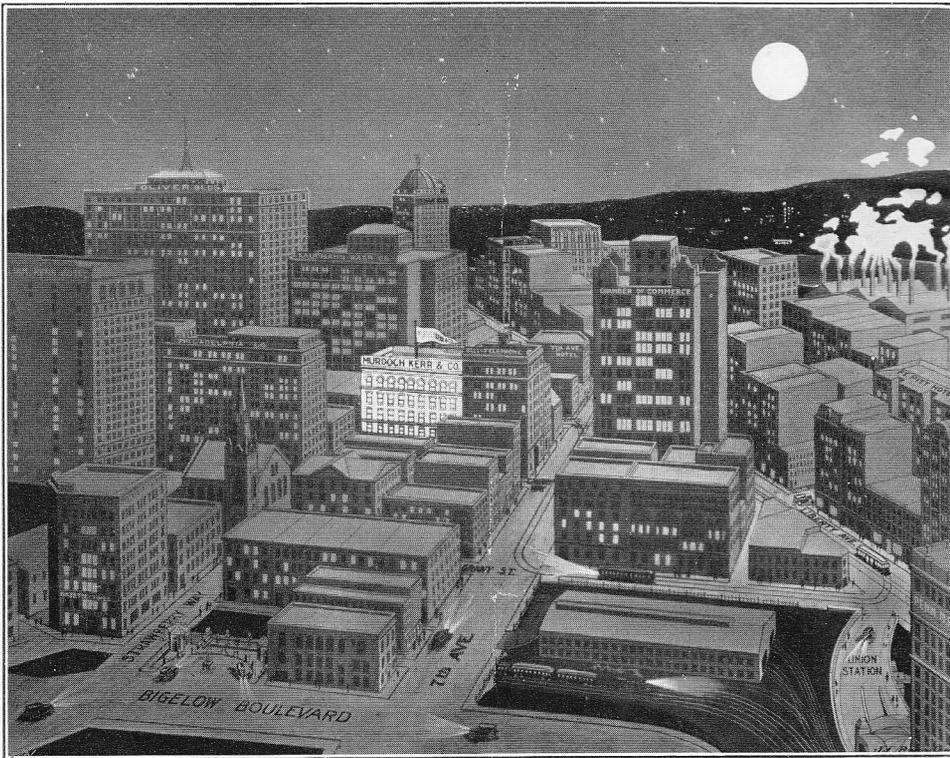
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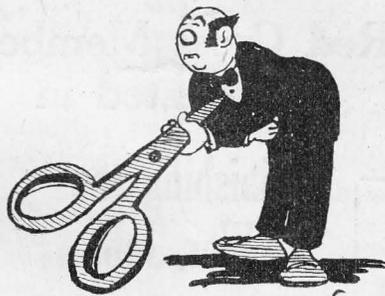
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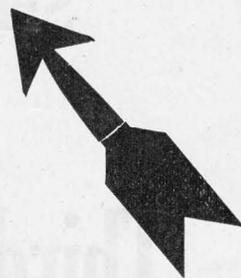
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Ahead



WITH this issue of SERVICE the second monthly milestone in the magazine's journey toward our readers' approval has been reached. But we see ahead of us a long hike, with full packs, and not without its perplexing crossroads and steep hills. As we plan our itinerary, however, from month to month, we feel more confident that we have taken the proper highway and view with keen anticipation, on the distant horizon, our objective.

SERVICE we have adopted as our name and to our readers and friends—members of the Eightieth Division Veterans Association, their folks and all former service men and women—we emphatically repeat our salutatory message that SERVICE alone is the impelling motive for this publication's right to life, liberty and the pursuit—of subscriptions!

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NOVEMBER



THE LAST "KAMARAD!"

Said the Service Man to the Service Girl

By Faith Baldwin



"GEE where'd you get all the nice girls."

Turning from a proud contemplation of four hundred couples, one-stepping to a military band, on the floor of the big Recreation Hall at Camp Mills, I beheld the tallest man I

had ever seen. I looked for his eyes, and had the distinct sensation that I was about to permanently dislocate my neck. Therefore I fastened my gaze on his gently:

"Eightieth? When did you get in?"

"Last night," responded my giant.

"Where are you from?"

"West Virginia, Ma'am."

"Really? Aren't you dancing?"

For answer, my new friend indicated his hob-nailed shoes. And I laughed at him.

"No regular Service Girl would mind a little thing like that," I informed him, "but come, let's sit down and talk things over."

We found a place on high, on the khaki-crowded tiers of seats running around the room, and there we sat and talked and talked; of war and peace; of home and abroad; of the West Virginian country, which I knew fairly well; and of the girls of Long Island, brought, four hundred strong, to dance with men from all over the country within the gates of Camp Mills.

"What's your job?" asked my soldier, eyeing my uniform.

I waved a possessive hand toward the dancers.

"Getting, in the name of War Camp Community Service, those 'nice girls' for you to dance with!"

"Some job!" said he, in awe, looking as though facing the Hun bullets were infinitely an easier task than to marshal four hundred pretty girls into a camp dance hall.

A boy sitting directly above me remarked, wistfully:

"It sure does seem nice to see American girls again!"

I twisted about till I faced him.

"Another Eightieth!" I ejaculated.

"Heavens, the hall's full of you!"

"Why not?" laughed my first friend, "there's quite a few of us here."

The boy in back of me sighed.

"New York's all right," he said, apropos of nothing at all, but give me little old Pittsburgh any day!"

My West Virginian snorted. In order to avert a discussion I hastily interposed:

"I know lots of Pittsburgh people—"

"You do!"

The boy in back of me slid from his seat, and came to a resting point, in front of me, where he could turn and look me square in the eyes.

"Do you know ———?"

He was off.

The West Virginian gave me one look of commiseration, and stood up. He did so by an unlinking process. Then he departed, presumably having changed his mind regarding the relationship of hob-nails to the light fantastic.

"Do you know ———?"

He was off.

The West Virginian gave me one look of commiseration, and stood up. He did so by an unlinking process. Then he departed, presumably having changed his mind regarding the relationship of hob-nails to the light fantastic.

At the end of twenty minutes my

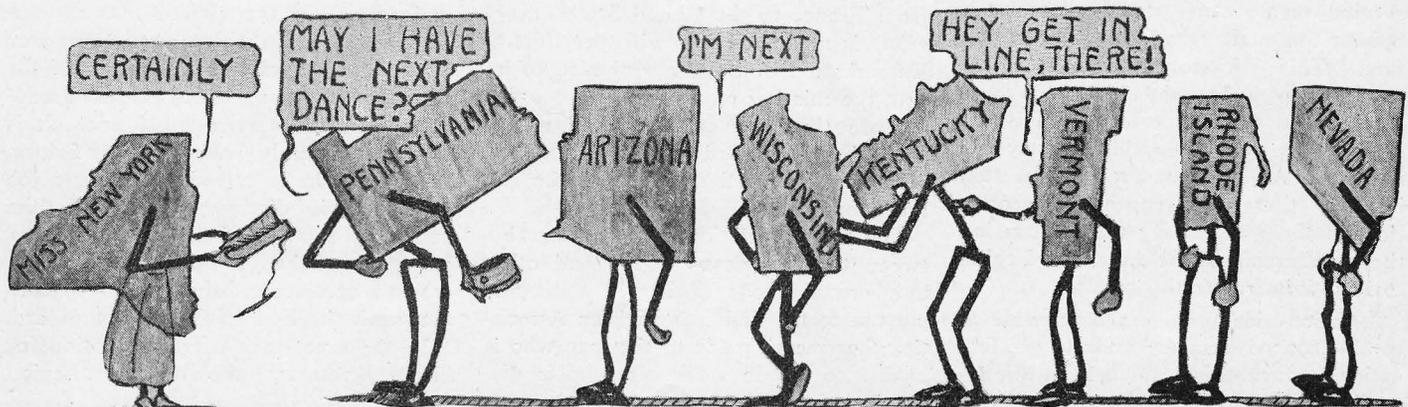
soldier from Pittsburgh and I had formed a point of contact which was this. His former employer—a very fine chap, who had died a year or so back, had been the fiance of the sister of a girl I had, for one year, gone to school with. But I had met the sister, and he had met the sister, showed me a postal card from her, produced from a bulging pocket; and so, suddenly, and for all time, we became allies and boon companions through the magical possession of mutual friends!

In eleven months' work with the A. E. F., I have discovered that my greatest asset was a knowledge of cities from here to San Francisco, and the fact that I have friends scattered all over the country. And if I had never been in a town, I probably had heard of it or knew someone who went there once. In this fashion I made undying friends among big, strapping men who were "gosh-darned homesick" and didn't care who knew it!

And believe it or not, but one boy from Ashville told me he hadn't been to New York, except passing through; and what was more, wasn't going. A little probing resulted in my learning that he wasn't going to have his memories of Ashville streets or Ashville ways dimmed by the fancied splendors of a tremendous city!

So among the many things that im-

(Concluded on Page 40.)



The Relation of the American Legion to a Divisional Organization

By Thomas J. Ross, Jr.

WHAT the American Legion is doing for its 1,000,000 former soldiers, sailors and marines, situated in every part of the country from the Atlantic to the Pacific and from the Canadian line to the Gulf, it is eager to do for the veterans of the Eightieth Division. In the states of Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Virginia from which the members of the Eightieth Division were recruited, the Legion has at the present time, November 1st, more than 574 local posts either chartered or in progress of organization with more than 60,000 members. It is growing with astounding speed.

As an idea the American Legion was born with the armistice—all the Americans in the service either abroad or at home knew that there would have to be some association large enough to hold together our veterans after demobilization.

As an organization the American Legion dates back only to March of this year, when a thousand officers and enlisted men, delegates from all units of the American Expeditionary Forces, met in Paris and adopted a declaration of principles and selected the name, "The American Legion." The troops who served in the United States confirmed and endorsed this meeting at a similar gathering in St. Louis in May, at which time a national constitution was adopted. Today, less than five months after the St. Louis caucus, this infant organization has more than 750,000 members in more than 5,670 local posts in every state of the United States.

These are the days of its national organizing—the days when one of its popular slogans, "Let's Stick Together," is voiced wherever a group of former service men gather to express their opinion on matters affecting their welfare. This stick-together-spirit, which was born of suffering and hardship overseas and in training camps, and which is being carried-on in this country because the American veterans know that in unity there is strength and protection, is the real motive that is causing the membership of the American Legion to leap forward by thousands.

A nation-wide drive has been made to enroll 1,000,000 members prior to the first national convention to be held in Minneapolis on November 10th, 11th (Ameri-

can Legion Day throughout the United States) and 12th. At this first great get-together meeting after the return to civilian pursuits of America's 4,800,000, the Legion will adopt permanent policies and will be in a position to take the place which its founders believe it will fulfill in the national life of America.

In the meantime, however, the Legion is not relaxing its efforts to lend a personal, helpful service to the man who has recently returned from duty overseas.

At National Headquarters, 19 West Forty-fourth street, New York City, for instance, there is a War Risk Insurance Division functioning through a War Risk Officer in each state branch, and on down to the local posts themselves. Questions dealing with government insurance, its conversion, back payments, renewals and benefit clauses will be freely and expertly answered by state and local post officers. This service is at the disposal of any ex-service man or woman, regardless of whether they are members of the American Legion. In cases where questions of law are involved, inquiries are at once forwarded to Washington where the Legion has a representative who maintains liaison with the War Risk Bureau at National Headquarters. Assistance is also given in matters affecting other financial transactions such as allotments, Liberty Bonds, back pay, compensation and bonuses.

In co-operation with the Effects Bureau of the Army, the American Legion is able to give valuable assistance to the relatives of soldiers who have never received their personal effects after they were killed in action or died from disease overseas. In cases where baggage has been lost in transit from France to the United States, every effort is made to work with the Port of Embarkation officials at Hoboken to locate the missing pieces.

More than 200 cases of this nature have been handled through National Headquarters of the Legion in the last few months.

The close relationship existing between the American Legion and other unit organizations similar in spirit and purpose to the Eightieth Division Association, has meant much to the man who is unable to obtain work after he is discharged from the service. There is a

Re-Employment Division at National Headquarters which aids in stimulating public works to provide jobs for men who need them. Furthermore, every member of the American Legion considers himself a committee of one to assist other ex-service men to get employment.

Having committed itself to certain timely projects in the interests of the veterans of the great war, the Legion has a legislative committee in Washington whose duty it is to see that proper legislation is enacted to carry out these projects. Among other things it favors an amendment to the War Risk Insurance Act so that the beneficiary may elect whether his insurance, upon maturity, shall be paid as an annuity or in one payment; that beneficiaries may be selected regardless of family relationship; that the period of automatic insurance during the first few months of America's participation in the war, be increased; and that an increase in the basis of awards in compensation cases be adopted.

In addition to these agencies which afford a direct man-to-man service, members of local posts throughout the country are beating paths of progress for themselves and for the communities in which they are situated. The high cost of living, ruthless campaigns of profiteering, and the anti-American utterances of discontent-breeding societies are receiving the whole-hearted condemnation of Legion members. The American Legion everywhere is standing for a one hundred per cent. Americanism.

Since it is essentially an organization of men and women who were civilians before the war and are now again civilians, it makes no distinction of rank or distinction between service overseas and service in the United States. National service in the great emergency knows no geography in the eyes of the American Legion, which is as broad-gauged as the service itself was. It is standing squarely behind the ex-fighter, seeing that he is helped in finding a job when he is discharged, helping him straighten out his financial transactions, and, when he is disabled through wounds or disease, bringing him in contact with the Federal Vocational Board.

In the great task of rehabilitation for disabled veterans, the American Legion

(Concluded on Page 40.)

"From A Notebook"

By Herbert D. Brauff

"OPERATIONS A and B will begin September 25."

This terse note set the Argonne aflame. It was Marshal Foch's order for the Meuse-Argonne offensive, the campaign which on November 6, 1918, reached what Gen. Pershing characterized the "strategical goal, cutting the enemy's main line of communications" and leaving "nothing but surrender or an armistice to save his army from complete disaster." It was delivered to the General Headquarters of the American Expeditionary Forces in Chaumont on September 15, 1918.

The note itself is epochal in the annals of warfare. It was written in French and, to the ordinary observer, was nothing more than pencil scribbling. It was signed by Gen. Weygand.

The French colonel to whom it was entrusted for delivery arrived at General Headquarters in Chaumont, requesting an immediate personal interview with Gen. Pershing.

"But Gen. Pershing is out of the city," Gen. Elting, the Deputy Chief of Staff, informed him.

This disconcerted the Frenchman. He was a military man accustomed to obeying orders. He cogitated.

"Where is Gen. Pershing?"

"I can't tell you that."

A long silence followed.

"Is there nothing I can do?" Gen. Elting volunteered.

The Frenchman was perplexed.

"Well," he drawled, as Frenchmen are wont to do when deliberating "I've a message for Gen. Pershing."

"A-ha, I'll take it," Gen. Elting chortled.

And before the guest was conscious of his actions Gen. Elting obtained the note. The usual formality was accomplished; the parcel was acknowledged, and the Frenchman withdrew.

But the note! Gen. Elting was now perplexed. His instructions were that it was to be delivered to Gen. Pershing in person; but the general at that very moment was supervising the operations in the St. Mihiel salient. He opened it.

The document, if such it could be called, was carefully protected. It was within a long, military-looking envelope sealed with numerous wax stamps. After breaking these he found still another military-looking envelope, although not so large, sealed with wax after the same fashion. Breaking these he extracted the note. It read:

"Operations A and B will begin September 25. Gen. Weygand."

The note was again securely sealed and an American colonel dispatched to

deliver it to Gen. Pershing in person.

Thus the Meuse-Argonne Offensive was born, an offensive destined to crush the remnants of Germany's once powerful war machine. The operations actually began September 26, 1918. They were delayed one day because of the inability of the different forces to coordinate their preparations for the attack as originally planned.

So far as records go nothing exists in either of the offices of the general headquarters, the American or the French, to show that negotiations between the two regarding the offensive had ever been entered into. Plans for the campaign were drafted by the American general staff and they may have been revised by the French. But Gen. Pershing's confidence, encouraged by a careful analysis of the morale and condition of the enemy's army prepared by the G-2 Section of the General Staff, had so impressed Marshal Foch during their conversations that the latter acquiesced in the offensive. It was, as Gen. Pershing later declared, America's first real opportunity, and the operations were conducted on a scale unparalleled by but a few other campaigns of the war.

Poe once said that no enigma, however complicated, was ever constructed by man that man could not unravel. A writer in one of the popular magazines at the outbreak of the war, in describing the German intelligence section operations, declared no code employed by the allies went untranslated by the Germans. But, however penetrating this section was, the German high command was frequently guilty of blunders that enabled the allies to stultify their meticulous devotion.

During the spring of 1918 when reported preparations behind the enemy lines indicated an offensive of gigantic proportions, the allied commanders evidenced anxiety. They did not fear the attack so much as they did the surprise element. Moreover, their apprehensions were confirmed by the announcement on the part of the enemy that a new wireless code was planned. Weeks and even months were required to decipher codes; and hence the allies were cognizant of the fact that, if a new code were employed, it would virtually preclude any possibility of determining just where the offensive would be launched in time successfully to combat it. The old code at that time was familiar to them.

However, a young American wireless operator, working at that time in

Picardy with the British, picked up an enemy message in the new code. From the records of his instruments he knew it originated from one of the high powered stations far in the rear of their lines.

Two hours later, although his instruments recorded a weaker machine nearer the lines, he picked up a second message. It was, he observed, in the old code. Shortly afterward he picked up a third message likewise in the old code.

The three were handed in to the intelligence section of the American Army. After puzzling over them for a short while it was discovered that the first message, the one in the new code, was a repetition of the last, one of those in the old code.

What really happened was that the general headquarters of the enemy had wirelessly a division headquarters nearer the line; that the latter was not enough familiar with the new code to catch the message, wirelessly back that it be repeated in the old code; and that the main operator followed instructions.

But it afterward transpired that the Americans, by collating the old code with the new, were able not alone to decipher the latter, but to decipher all subsequent messages in which it was employed. That is to say, on March 13, 1918, even before the Germans were familiar with the new code, the allies were deciphering messages.

Thus the allied commanders two days later knew just where the offensive would be launched and concentrated troops and supplies in the vicinity to halt the advance.

After a trip overseas the American soldiers aboard a transport awoke one morning to find the vessel anchored on the Mersey river just outside of Liverpool.

"Hey, fellers," an enthusiastic early-riser shouted, rushing through the hold, "Get up an' see a regular town!"

That's just how another group of Americans felt one Sunday morning on reaching Coblenz.

"It's a regular town, fellers."

Not much wonder these Americans thought so. The day previously they had passed over grounds of the Argonne defaced by barbed wire and trenches, had ridden over dusty roads, witnessing little that had not been devastated by war. Although the fighting was over, although the Germans had withdrawn to their frontier, the buildings in the towns they had despoiled remained

(Concluded on Page 21.)

When We Go Back to France

By Herbert Adams Gibbons

Staff Correspondent of the Century with the A. E. F.

Eleven Reasons Given by Dr. Gibbons Why the Former American Service Man Wants to Return to France. Which One—or How Many— Will Take You Back?

1. I want to see Paris without a Y. M. C. A. guide by day and without girls grabbing me by night—both because I was a soldier;
2. I want to ride over the road from Saint-Nazaire to Tours in a private motor-car that I am not driving;
3. I want a whole day in the cathedral at —— (fill in the place for yourself);
4. I want to be a civilian tourist in the Argonne and the Chateau-Thierry region;
5. I want to go back to the Riviera and look at the Mediterranean without having to salute a lot of boobs or have to think of the end of my furlough.
6. I want to gamble in the Casino at Aix-les-Bains;
7. I want to be able to get a drink without knowing the head waiter or carrying a bottle in my pocket.
8. I want to go across country from Bar-sur-Aube to Clermont-Ferrand, taking in Dijon and Nevers, and see what kind of country it really is;
9. I want to go back to the little town where I was marooned for months, see my old friends (I know better how to talk to them now), loaf around there and go fishing in some of those brooks that feed the Seine. If it rains I can take the next train to Paris.
10. Now that I look back on my twenty months over there, I remember lots of things I didn't do that I wanted to do—lots of things, I think living in France might be all right if I could do what I wanted and learned to speak the language.
11. A live man over there could make his fortune quick.

SINCE I came back home for a visit hardly a day passes without a letter from a soldier who wants to return to France. Do I know if the European edition of the *Herald* wants a reporter; will I give a letter of recommendation to friends in Paris; can I suggest a good business opening on the other side; is there a chance with an American lawyer or an American bank in Paris; how about representing some American firms over there; are there enough doctors and dentists; what is the minimum a fellow can live on and attend courses at the Sorbonne or Beaux-Arts; does the American Art Association of Paris put you in touch with rooms and studios; how about the possibility of making a little money by writing a weekly letter for an American newspaper or singing in the choir of the American church; with two thousand dollars would it be safe to set up as a renter of automobiles or an organizer of excursions to "the Front"? I have picked out these questions at random.

Last week an ex-doughboy came to see

me. I had known him as one who scored the French for profiteering, uncleanness and what not. When I expressed my surprise that he did not want to live up to his promise that if hereafter the Statue of Liberty wanted to see him she would have to turn round, he smiled shamefacedly and stammered:

"But I am in earnest. I do want to find a way to get back to France!"

"A girl over there?" I hazarded.

"No, no, not that, not that at all. I always lived in the camps and never got to know any girls. I just want to go back and see how it looks after the war and me not in uniform."

Yesterday it was a tall chap from North Dakota who told me he simply could not go back to the bank. "No job for a fellow with red blood in his veins; I don't know how I ever did stand it in the old days," he explained. I remembered him. He used to give me a lift on the bread-camion out of Don-sur-Meuse. "But you couldn't be hired to stay in France last year," I re-

monstrated.

"It's different now," was all he could say.

There have been so many others to whom "it is different now" that I put a *when* and not an *if* at the head of this article.

It is probably not different with the men of the 80th Division. We do want to go back to France, do we not? We were homesick for America over there. We are homesick for France over here. The cynic would say that distance lends enchantment and that we always want to be where we are not. The psychologist and sociologist would say that two years of army life has spoiled the Americans in their twenties (and some much older), that we rebel against getting back to the humdrum, that the old life from which we were suddenly uprooted seems tame to the point of mad restlessness. Going back to France is merely a symptom of deplorable unrest.

But are there not other reasons that have nothing to do with a girl's face or our simply being rudderless for the moment? It

When We Go Back to France, By Herbert Adams Gibbons

was fighting and work over there, and we were hemmed in on all sides by restrictions. It was strange and new. We fancied we had grievances and dwelt upon them and magnified them in our long hours of enforced idleness—captivity if you will—in out-of-the-way holes where we were bored to death. But we caught occasional snapshots of the real France that were registered by the camera of eye and mind. They were undeveloped until we returned home. Now they form a series of powerfully attractive memory pictures, things that we did not appreciate at the time. And now we want to see them under more favorable auspices. We want to follow out freely paths that we had to hurry by when we were marching in ranks to another goal.

Perhaps there is nothing in any of these things. We may go back to France and find disappointment and disillusionment over again as we did when we were with the army. But we shall not be satisfied until we have tried them out. A Princeton Junior, who would give up college gladly to cross the ocean again (although he admits the folly of the impulse), talked this over with me the other day. We made up between us a list of reasons A. E. F. men have given to him and me for returning to France. Here they are:

1. I want to see Paris without a Y. M. C. A. guide by day and without girls grabbing me by night—both because I was a

soldier;

2. I want to ride over the road from Saint-Nazarire to Tours in a private motor car that I am not driving;

3. I want a whole day in the cathedral at —— (fill in the place for yourself):

4. I want to be a civilian tourist in the Argonne and the Chateau-Thierry region;

5. I want to go back to the Riviera and look at the Mediterranean without having to salute a lot of boobs or have to think of the end of my furlough;

6. I want to gamble in the Casino at Aix-les-Bains;

7. I want to be able to get a drink without knowing the head waiter or carrying a bottle in my pocket;

8. I want to go across country from Bar-sur-Aube to Clermont-Ferrand, taking in Dijon and Nevers, and see what kind of a country it really is;

9. I want to go back to the little town where I was marooned for months, see my old friends (I know better how to talk to them now), loaf around there and go fishing in some of those brooks that feed the Seine. If it rains I can take the next train to Paris.

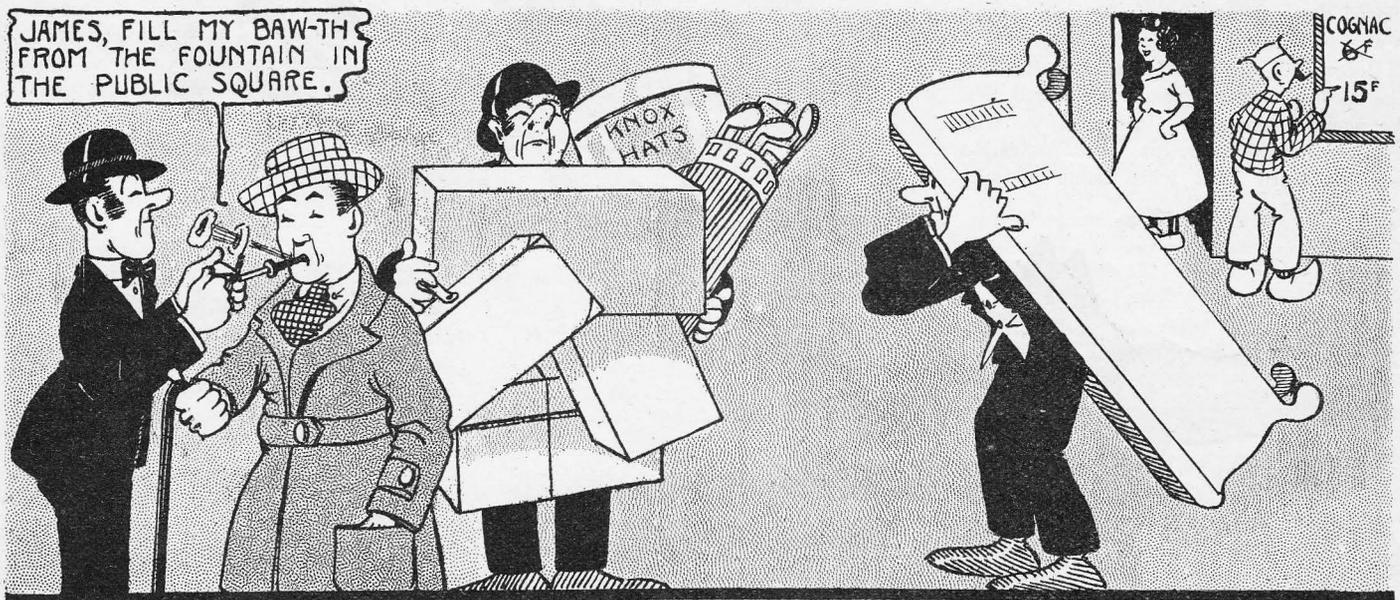
10. Now that I look back on my twenty months over there, I remember lots of things I didn't do that I wanted to do—lots of things! I think living in France might be all right if I could do what I wanted and learned to speak the language.

11. A live man over there could make his fortune quick.

Not liking to plagiarize on "points" I shall not go on to the fatal fourteen. Eleven is enough, and I think most of my readers would adopt one of them as his own.

Of course most of the members of the A. E. F. will let the thought do for the fact. But I know many who are going to get back somehow. France will be flooded for years with American ex-soldiers. They will not stay long. They will have their after-trip, compare the reality under favorable circumstances with the picture alluring or otherwise now in their minds, and cross the ocean for good the fourth time.

But the after-trip will be beneficial all round, good for the French and good for us. They will correct some impressions of us, we shall correct some impressions of them. And I am sure the after-trip men will feel in the end that they fought and suffered hardships for a people well worth while and for a beautiful and glorious country that plays a unique role in the culture and civilization of the world. When we go back to France, we shall realize that we helped to save something affection-compelling and respect-compelling at the same time. We shall feel glad and proud that we were privileged to have our part in it. And happy that by going back to France the truth of it all dawned upon us.



Report of the First Meeting of the Rover Kennel of the Canine War Veterans of America

Held October 1 Under the Magnolia Tree on Lieutenant-Colonel Excelsior's Lawn

By Arthur O. Mar



THE meeting was called to order by Temporary Chairman Armistice. The veteran dogs present, who had served as mascots in the country's military and naval forces, were Buck, Sedan, Whizz-

Bang, Shavetail, Devil Dog, Victory, Orders, Hike, Reg'lar, Colonel, Chatillon-sur-Seine, Rations, O. D., Chow, and M. P., of the army and marines; Blimp, of the air service; Porthole, Riggins and Admiral, of the navy, and the three former welfare workers—Doughnuts, known throughout the A. E. F. as the dog who had served his comrades dog biscuits under fire; Secretary and Colombo.

Temporary Chairman Armistice had some difficulty in bringing the yelping vets to order; not entirely succeeding, though, for Devil Dog and Reg'lar insisted upon growling in low tones at each other over a certain heated argument they had just had. Thump! thump! thump! went the chairman's tail against the trunk of the magnolia tree, and a second later he declared the first meeting of the Canine War Veterans of America formally convened.

Before taking up the regular business of the meeting the chairman announced that he would make a few introductory barks. He had hardly taken his third inspiration for the third bark when some distance

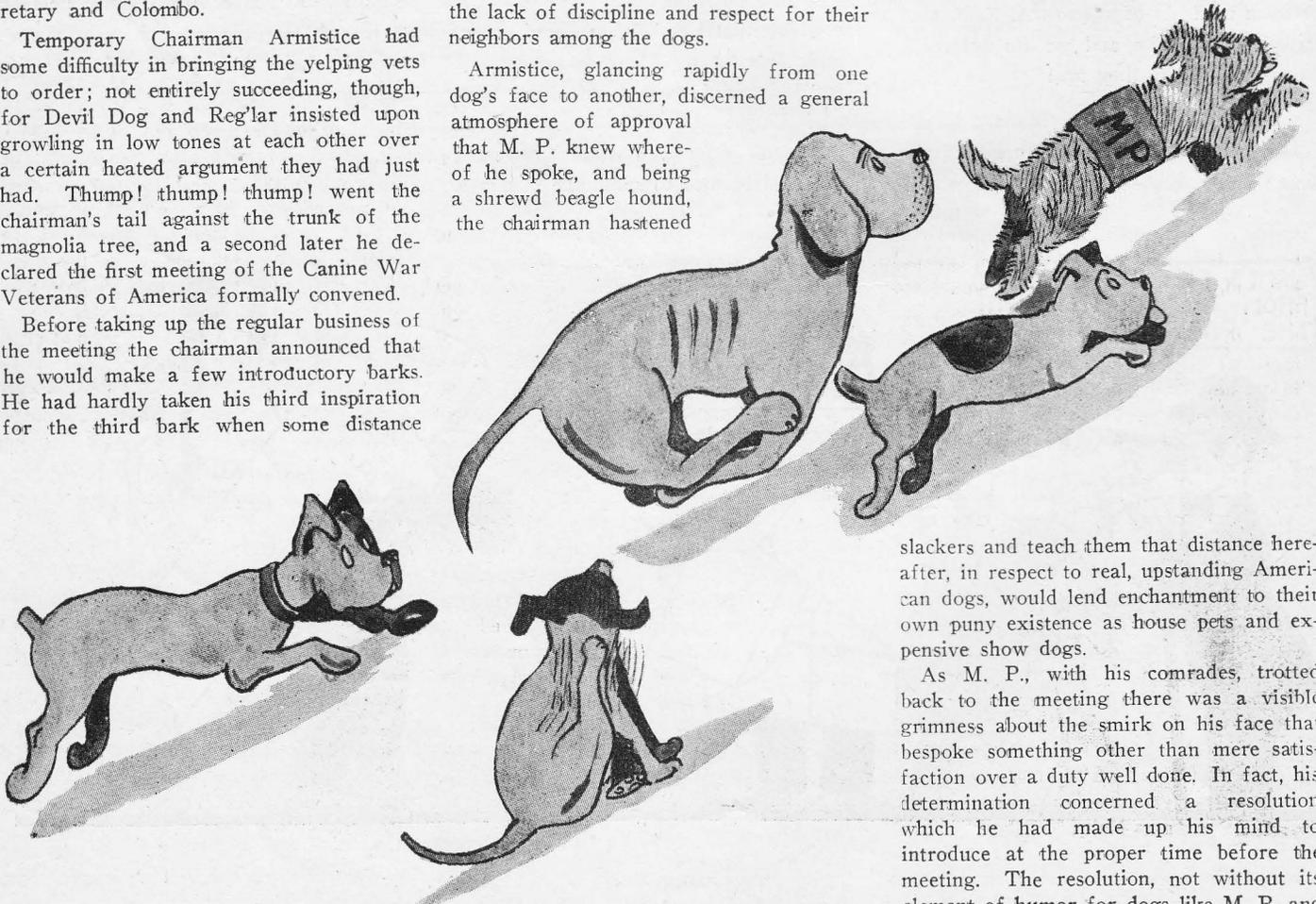
down the street a chorus of shrill barks and mocking howls rent the air. A group of slacker dogs—for the most part Mexican hairless, Dachshunds and Russian Wolf hounds and one or two other foreign dogs—had gathered here with the avowed purpose of interfering, if possible, with the organization of the war veterans.

From the chair Armistice suggested that no attention be paid to the cowardly behavior of these malcontents of the country's dogdom. M. P., however, was on his hind legs immediately and opposed with a great deal of vigor any such action. He requested that he be appointed a committee of one to discipline the disturbers. In his zeal to press his point he became very much worked up over his subject and declared, as he banged his closed paw energetically on the ground before him, that one of the greatest troubles of the day was the lack of discipline and respect for their neighbors among the dogs.

Armistice, glancing rapidly from one dog's face to another, discerned a general atmosphere of approval that M. P. knew whereof he spoke, and being a shrewd beagle hound, the chairman hastened

to reconsider his original suggestion. He had no sooner growled out his permission for M. P., alone, to leave the meeting than the police dog was darting across the lawn in the direction from which the noise came, followed closely by Victory, Devil Dog, Riggins, Reg'lar and Colombo. The loud and insistent thumping of the chairman's tail against the magnolia tree brought three veterans, a little ashamed, back to their seats and held in check the impulse of the others to join in the chase.

The slacker dogs, aware of the sudden action taken at the war veterans' meeting, had scattered like a beaded necklace with the string torn apart. M. P. had not spent ten months in Paris running down A. W. O. L. dogs without absorbing something of the knack of apprehending fugitives and it was a comparatively simple piece of work to locate the ring leaders among the



slackers and teach them that distance hereafter, in respect to real, upstanding American dogs, would lend enchantment to their own puny existence as house pets and expensive show dogs.

As M. P., with his comrades, trotted back to the meeting there was a visible grimace about the smirk on his face that bespoke something other than mere satisfaction over a duty well done. In fact, his determination concerned a resolution which he had made up his mind to introduce at the proper time before the meeting. The resolution, not without its element of humor for dogs like M. P. and

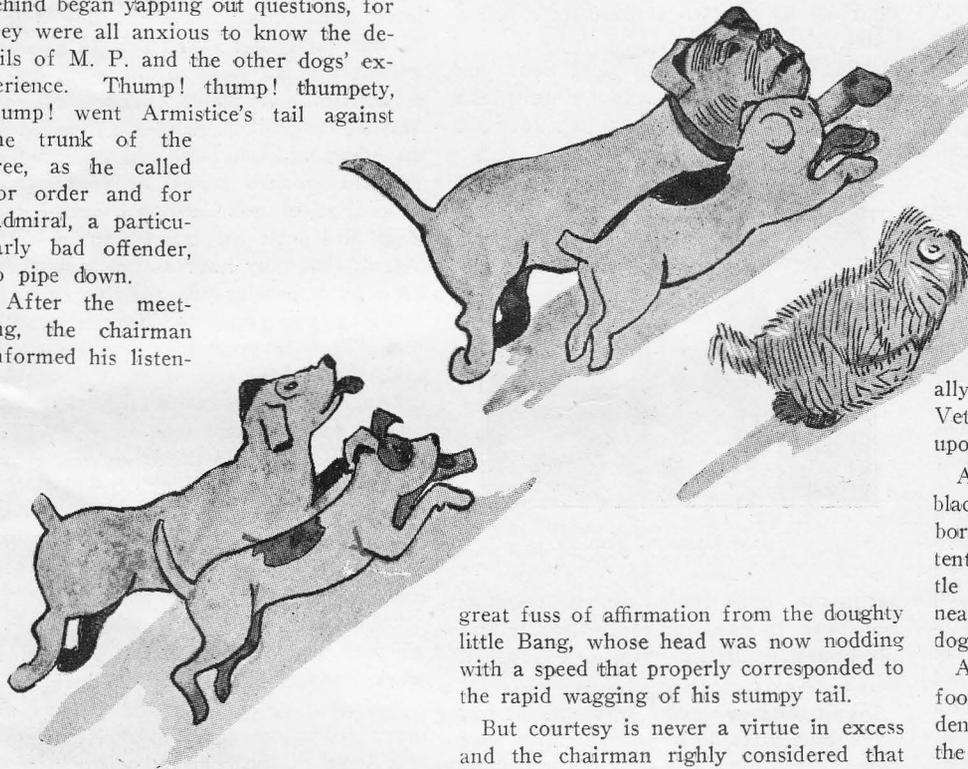
First Meeting of the Canine War Veterans, Arthur O. Mar

his compatriots, would provide for the deportation of all alien slacker dogs who had refused to take out citizenship papers during the war in order to escape service in the army or navy. It was also part of M. P.'s plan to arrange for the press to receive a copy of the resolution and to have a copy of it sent to each dog's congressman in Washington.

When the returning dogs arrived at the meeting place, every dog who had remained behind began yapping out questions, for they were all anxious to know the details of M. P. and the other dogs' experience. Thump! thump! thumpety, thump! went Armistice's tail against the trunk of the tree, as he called for order and for Admiral, a particularly bad offender, to pipe down.

After the meeting, the chairman informed his listen-

met Whizz-Bang coming out of the big Y. D. C. A. Kennel. A nod of Whizz-Bang's head affirmed the chairman's remarks, which in turn the chairman acknowledged. The next statement of Armistice that he had been a close friend of Whizz-Bang's in civil life brought forth a



ers, would be time enough to hear what had happened over by yonder hedge. There was some very important business to come before the meeting and it was growing late and, the chairman added, it would soon be the hour when his mistress threw a bone from the kitchen window, an event which he didn't care at all to miss. Every veteran licked his chops in anticipation of a similar event at his own home and forthwith crossed his paws as evidence that he was down to business.

The faint trace of a grin played about Armistice's heavy features as he observed the effect of his statement about the approaching meal hour and he wasted no time in re-opening the convention.

Before going into the purpose of the meeting the chairman announced his intention of saying a word or more about the origin of the movement for a veteran war dog's organization.

It was shortly after the Armistice was signed (this statement brought a grin to the faces of the short-haired dogs—in the case of the long-haired dogs one couldn't tell so well), the chairman began, that he was in Paris on a furlough. He was trotting along the Champs Elysees when he

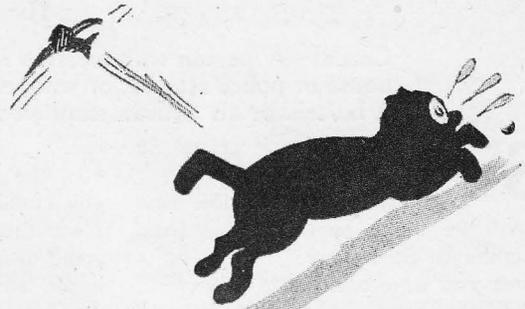
great fuss of affirmation from the doughty little Bang, whose head was now nodding with a speed that properly corresponded to the rapid wagging of his stumpy tail.

But courtesy is never a virtue in excess and the chairman rightly considered that his speech would resolve itself into a head-nodding and tail-wagging contest between himself and Whizz-Bang if he tried to acknowledge the latter's entusiasm, so he permitted no more interruptions.

He related how they first talked over their mutual joy at the cessation of hostilities and then discussed the possibilities of an early return to America. The conversation naturally, the chairman asserted, drifted on to the subject of a permanent veteran dogs' organization to perpetuate the associations and friendships that had been formed in the service and also as a means for strengthening Americanism among dogs.

Whizz-Bang, he said, did not at first favor the proposition of a national organization on the grounds that he believed that the stumpy-tailed dogs would form a separate organization of their own. Armistice immediately proceeded to point out to him the advantages of the larger organization and, he declared, soon had Whizz-Bang thinking the same when he showed how much greater its influence would be, especially in securing for the veteran war dogs some of their rights.

From this casual conversation between the two dogs sprang the meeting held two



months later in Paris for the purpose of taking the first steps towards the organization of the veteran dogs. Delegates from every unit of the A. E. F. attended the two-days' caucus. A declaration of principles was provision-

ally adopted. For a name the Canine War Veterans of America was tentatively agreed upon.

At this point in Armistice's talk a big black cat emerged from the hedge that bordered the far side of the lawn. Its attention was centered so completely on a little wren perched on the lower limb of a nearby bush that it failed to notice the war dogs' meeting.

As it stealthily, half-crouched, soft-footed it across the short grass Sedan suddenly caught sight of it. His interest in the meeting ceased entirely as he followed closely its every move. Shavetail, Colonel and Secretary, attracted to the object of Sedan's gaze by a peculiar wagging of his tail, were suddenly deprived of their interest in the first meeting of the Canine War Veterans of America. A low whine escaped from Colonel's quivering nostrils and once or twice he almost completely lost his self-control as he made a false start in the direction of the cat.

Colonel's actions soon brought the attention of the entire meeting to the skulking presence, almost in their midst, of the mortal enemy of every patriotic dog. Armistice who, if nothing else, was a patriotic and representative American dog, realized that he, too, was trembling a little with the tenseness of the situation.

With a strong effort he shook off the feeling for headlong, undisciplined action and thump! thump! thump! went his tail against the tree for the attention of the veterans. He thumped in vain, and not being a dog to hesitate about making up his mind, he quickly asked if there were any motions for adjournment. Like a flash Chow made the motion which was immediately seconded by Buck, and the first meeting of the Canine War Veterans of America adjourned—after the cat!

Just A Casual

By Sydney Weinschenk

Casual—A person who receives relief and shelter for one night at the most in a work-house or police station, or who receives treatment in a hospital for an accidental injury. A laborer or an artisan employed only irregularly.—Century Dictionary.

“SAY, kid, was you ever in St. Agony?”

“Was I? I’m the fellow that changed the name of that place from St. Aignan to St. Agony?”

“Then you were a casual?”

“You bet I was. At times I thought I was several casuals. Why, when I was one of those lost dogs, I even wished I was back with my old outfit and doing detail every day of the week, including Sundays.

“Was it as bad as all that?”

“Worse. Kid, you may have heard about the Battle of Vin Rouge or Vin Blanc, but that battle of St. Agony had them all beat further than an A. W. O. L. could scent an M. P. in Paris. St. Agony was not a camp. It was just an asylum. One of those places that no one could figure out why it existed.

“When I was in the hospital in Paris after the Jerries decided the other side of the Rhine would be a nice place to reach without a chance of being winded in a Marathon, the doc came around to my ward and said, ‘All you fellows are going home. It has been decided that there is no further use of you hanging around here, seeing that the war is over, even if they have adopted war-time prohibition in the States. You will all be home for Christmas.’

“‘What do you mean Christmas?’ yelled one guy who was lying in bed with a bum leg.

“‘That’s what I mean,’ replied the doc. ‘Christmas.’

“‘Which year,’ the bum-legged guy queried

“‘Why Christmas this year,’ the salts and iodine dispenser shot back.

“But, Buddie, as a guesser that doc was an awfully good bone crusher. I left the hospital on December 14, and first slanted Miss Liberty on—but that’s getting in advance of the tale.

“When I left the hospital, I asked the sergeant in charge what kind of a place it was we were headed for.

“‘Well, I’ll tell you, Kid,’ he said ‘We are going to the only place in France where there is no mud, where gold fish is absolutely prohibited by the rules, regulations and articles of war, and where there are no M. P.’s. The name of the place is St. Aignan.’

“You can imagine my feelings. I was actually beginning to believe that France was not such a bad place after all—but I did not forget that the States would look good to me. We arrived at St. Agony at about 3 a. m. What we could not see, we could feel. It was

raining, regular French rain, and say boy, the mud—why it was so deep that you couldn’t keep your eyebrows clean. I was then fully convinced that I was not going to like St. Agony. We fell in, some in the mud and some in rank, and the guy marched us over to a place he called a billet.

“‘Here’s a nice clean mud floor you guys can sleep on till chow time in the morning,’ he says. ‘After you eat your



Just Casuals, Too.

bacon and eggs for breakfast, I’ll take you over to the mill and then within 48 hours YOU’LL BE ON YOUR WAY HOME.’

“Well, after he says we’ll be on our way home after 48 hours we could have stood for anything. That mud floor felt like a real bed with fine white sheets on it. The guy kept his promise all right and after we chowed on some stuff they called coffee, and a hunk of bread we marched over to the mill.

“We started through the patience and cootie destroyer, telling one guy the color of our grandmother’s eyes, another how much money we made when we wore civics and so on until we came to the guy that sent us to our billets. I was sent to a place called the Flat-foot Farm and, kid, that place had every other joint I was ever in cheated.

“When we unloaded at the farm, a great reception committee was waiting to greet us.

“‘Throw away your messkits,’ they shouted.

“But I thought they were just kidding us, as I remembered the words of the sergeant that the chow at St. Agony was good. But the anvil chorus was right. I soon learned they were absolutely correct in their statement.

“We were taken in charge by a sergeant who was so hard he was petrified. He could have given some of the birds that are now being accused of every-

thing, except being gentlemen, pointers in how to behave in reprimanding unruly privates.

“‘Come on, you birds. Where the hell do you think you’re at?’ he yelled. He led us to a tent and there we related some more of the thrilling details of our past life. You’d have thought we were qualifying to place an ad in a matrimonial paper. When he had finished asking us why we wanted to go home, and who did we think would win the world’s series, he sent us out in charge of another hard boiled guy. This bird took us to a thing he called a tent, that may have at one time, been used as a hanger for a baby carriage.

“‘Hey, you guys! Twelve of you step out. This is your place to bunk,’ he said.

“An even dozen of us birds that were going to be on our way WITHIN 48 HOURS did the front and center act. We crawled into the ‘tent,’ that is what Old Hardboiled called it, and tried to stretch out. No sooner had we stretched to stretch than another bird came around.

“‘Get outta there,’ he yelled. ‘I want all you guys for detail. It isn’t much work, so you needn’t try to duck.’

“Of course, hearing that it was not much work, we came out. Nearby we saw some of the things that are used to dig ditches with, but we were not scared, as we had confidence that all these guys were going to make our stay at the Flat-foot pleasant in view of the fact that we were going to start home WITHIN 48 HOURS.

“But this guy was the original kill-joy.

“‘Get acquainted with Mr. Pick and Mrs. Shovel,’ he said. Of course we didn’t want to, but because we were going to start home WITHIN 48 HOURS we acted like heroes and acknowledged the introduction.

“Along came a shavetail, and he formed the detail and started to hike us down a lane that may have, at one time, been a road, but had lost its standing. Also its bottom. After we had hiked about three Kill-Americans, he halted us and gave the command to right shoulder picks, and order shovels. In a few minutes he had us doing the pick and shovel manual by the numbers. It wasn’t long before some of the guys became slightly disgusted and the looie noticed they were not especially delighted with the work of repairing roads.

Just a Casual, By Sydney Weinschenk

"What's the matter with you fellows," he said, "don't you like to work? What did you come into the army for? Don't you know that all you heroes are getting a buck a day for doing this?"

"He let out a sort of pleasant smile and seeing that the fellows had taken the hint, he lit up himself.

"Of all the good guys I meet in the army, and there were a bunch of them, that shavetail was the best.

"Fellows," he said, "I know what you are up against, being a casual myself. If you can work a little do it, but don't try to injure this road by digging too hard or taking too much of the mud off it."

After the looie gave us the hint, work was suspended on the road pending developments. The development developed soon enough, however, with the appearance of a Girene major.

"We didn't want to get the looie in bad, so we started to swing the picks and shove the shovels as if we were the guys that dug the tunnel under the Hudson river. The major passed by, squinting out of one eye to see that we were obeying the rules and regulations of the pick and shovel manual. But as soon as he disappeared from sight the looie bawled out, 'Cease firing.' And we did.

"Along about noon Lieut. Goodguy said, 'You'd better stop and go to chow.' So he led us back to the camp and while we had not forgotten about the warning to throw away our messkits we were willing to take a chance.

"After waiting in line for about an hour, we finally marched up to a K. P. He dropped a spoonful of stuff in the tin and we marched on to the next guy, who was kind enough to hand out a slice of bread, which must have been cut with the aid of a Gillette. We asked for more, but all we received was a look similar to that which the Kaiser must have given the Crown Prince on certain occasions. Then the guy at the coffee urn handed us as much of the stuff as we wanted. We could not at first

understand this unusual act of generosity, but we soon did.

"We made an attack on what was in the chow bucket. It did not take long to discover that it was nothing more than plain, common, ordinary spuds in heavy marching order, stewed down until the wrappers were just clinging by a slight degree of relationship to the spud. After our hard morning's work in manicuring the road, we were willing to eat anything, so it didn't taste so bad. But nobody was anxious for seconds.

"Well, this process of chiseling off the roads and eating undressed spuds continued for about two weeks, although we were always going to leave

them an earful of what we were going to do.

"If all you fellows behave," he said, "We'll be on our way to the States WITHIN 48 HOURS. Right there and then I formed a poor opinion of my commanding officer. He seemed to be a sort of nice guy, but the first lieutenant that was attached to the company, who had been an aviator, was not so optimistic. I saw him throw a scowl in the captain's direction when he heard that 48 hour stuff.

"Well, right off the bat, the captain had to get sick. After a few days, in fact far more than 48 hours, he returned.

"Boys," he said, "I'm awfully sorry that I had to go and get sick at this time, but I know we'll leave here within 48 hours."

"The captain meant all right, but as a matter of fact, he being a casual like the rest of us, he didn't know any more about when we were going to leave than we did. But he was trying to do all he could to cheer us up. The next morning about 2 o'clock the top kicker came around and yelled, 'Everybody out.' We had to go through the delouser, so we could get cleaned up pretty to go to the States. 'Any one of you guys that don't go through to get himself cleaned will be left behind and won't go to the States with the rest of the gang.'

"Well, everybody piled out of the feathers, and hiked down to the delousing plant. After giving our clothes to the guy that kills the cooties, we were marched into a place that was equipped with all modern inconveniences.

"The fellow that had charge of issuing the water ration said: 'Now you guys listen to me. When you get under the shower and I say stand still, why stand still. When I say soap, soap. When I say wash it off, wash it off. The water is nice and warm so you don't have to be afraid of it hurting your lily white skin.'

"Say, the Eskimoes might have considered that water warm if they had

To a Fallen Aviator

There's a little cross in sunny France,
O, Jamesy boy.
And there in peace the sky's knight-errant lies,
Ah, Jamesy boy.
Each springtide fresh anemones shall dance,
Bespeaking gratitude which never dies,
For Jamesy boy,
For Jamesy boy, mine own.

Nor would I change that consecrated spot,
O, Jamesy boy,
For golden treasures of Aegeus' Sea,
Ah, Jamesy boy—
Where fond hope fell to dust with him who fought,
To rise again in Christ—and victory,
With Jamesy boy,
With Jamesy boy, mine own.

—Willis Vernon Cole.

WITHIN 48 HOURS, when the sergeant in charge of my row of muslin covers came along and told me that I was to be sent to the main area to be put in a casual company, bound for the States.

"Boy, but I was happy. The sergeant didn't say anything about leaving for the States WITHIN 48 HOURS after I arrived at the down town mud-hole, so I took courage and hope came back that I might after all once more see the U. S. A.

"When I arrived at the main area I was put in a casual company. The skipper, a captain who had been wounded, called the company together and gave

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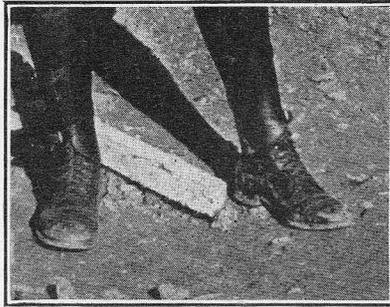
had an opportunity to use it. Boy, of all the cold water I ever stood under that water was the coldest. But we followed the guy's instructions. For 30 seconds we stood still, for 30 seconds we soaped up and for the same length of time we washed it off. Then we got our uniforms and other equipment that had been put in the cootie machine and after we were dressed the captain came along all smiles and greeted us with, 'Boys, I'm proud of you. Not a one tried to duck the bath and I am sure that we will leave within 48 hours now, because the officers in charge here are afraid that if we stay any longer we will have to have another bath, and water is scarce.' Well, I didn't like to hear that 48 hour stuff very much, but the captain mentioning about the water being scarce sort of convinced me that he might be right. But was he? He was not.

"The next afternoon the captain informed us that every man must have all the money that Uncle Sam owed him before he could leave France. Of course that assertion didn't make me feel good because I only had about 125 iron men coming. We lined up and marched down to the office where they told us the dough was kept. Well, the first thing we did was answer all the questions on one of those misinformation cards again. That got my goat as I couldn't see what all that bunk had to do with getting our dough. Well, then we had to fill out another card telling just what we thought the government of the United States owed us. We got through the mill all right and then marched back to our quarters. 'Boys,' the captain said, 'hang around,' as I think we will get paid off today or tonight.' We hung around all right without any further urging, but the guy who had charge of the coin didn't show up. But the next morning along about 3 o'clock the top came in the tent and yelled, 'Pay day!' Say, you never saw such an attack in your life. If that gang had used the same formation on the Jerries while the war was in progress they would have shown the guys that get up all the tactics some things that weren't in the book.

"After all the casualties were cleared off the battlefield, we approached the captain's tent and the top kick called out our names. Say, kid, that captain was sure a good guy. After we went in and gave the skipper our best little salute, he would say, 'Now don't get too much vin rogue with this coin. Maybe when you get back to the States you'll want to buy your girl a box of candy with some of it.'

"No one slept the rest of the night, because some of the gang wanted to

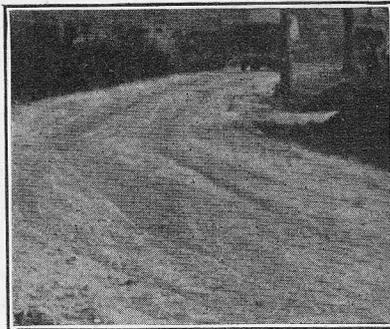
add to their roll by taking away a bag of francs. Of course I didn't participate in any of the doings, but tried to sleep. All I heard through the night was, 'Come, you lil seven,' 'Look at 'em and weep.' 'If I had-a-got that ace, Joe,' 'Ah, call off the inquest.' All this stuff was Chinese to me, but it kept me awake anyway.



The Captain.

"Well, this line of stuff kept up for two days more. By that time some of the gang's bankrolls looked as if they had been hit point blank by heavy shell fire, while others looked like those sausage balloons. But I was holding on to mine all the time as I wanted to buy a lot of those souvenirs to bring home with me.

"The big news broke about 5 o'clock one morning several days later. 'Come on, gang. Roll your packs, and get out in front quick. We're going to beat it for Brest.' All this from the top kick. Say, the yell that went up was louder than that let out when the armistice was signed. That gang rolled their packs in quicker time than they had ever made back in their outfits. We hiked out in front of the tent and the



The Road.

captain started us down to the train.

"We got within sight of the 'eight cheveaux and 40 hommes' when a shave tail came running up to the captain and said, 'These men will have to have their packs inspected before they board the train.' Well, we unrolled the back-breakers, and a nice looie came down the line to look at them.

"'Have any of you men got any ammunition on you,' he said, 'any rifles, revolvers, machine guns or heavy artillery. You can't take any French 75s home with you as it is against the rules and regulations as set forth in G. O. 4-11-44. Now don't try to put anything over, as I am going to search all of you, and if I find a trench mortar on you, you will have to stay here for the rest of your natural life.' Some of the fellows began to shake because no doubt they had some of those things on them that the looie objected to. He started to search the fellows. Say, that guy must have been the fellow that invented double time. He certainly went down that line in quicker time than I had ever witnessed at any inspection before.

"When he finished he said to the captain, 'Captain, I must congratulate you. You have a nice set of men, and I have not found anything on them that they shouldn't have.' Whereupon we all stuck out our chests until the buttons on our blouses were threatened with being blown off.

"Then we hiked to the cars and piled in. There were only 52 guys in my car, but as we only had to go about 150 kilometers, none of us cared because we thought that maybe we might get there within a few hours. We stood up and laid down and laid down and stood up but still we didn't arrive at Brest any too quick to suit us.

"We passed through a town called LaMans and a bunch of guys came running up to the train. 'Where you going?' was the first question they fired at us.

"Home,' we said.

"Where do you get that stuff? You guys are sure lucky,' they returned. 'What state are you from. Pennsylvania? Say, kid, when you get back there, just go up to that lamppost at the corner of Fifth avenue and Smithfield street in Pittsburgh and kiss it for me,' piped out one bird.

"We finally pulled into Brest and jumped off the train at a station right near one of the docks. We could see out into the harbor, and lying there, at anchor, were some ships flying the American flag. Yes, kid, of the fine sights I ever saw in my life, those ships with the Yank flag on them had all the others cheated. The captain came along after we lined up. 'Boys,' he said, 'take a good look at that ship way out there,' and he pointed to one that looked like a battleship. We did without any further urging and he continued, 'Boys, that is our boat. We are going to march right down to the pier, jump on a lighter and within an hour we are going to be on her.' He didn't say anything about old boy 48 hours, so I be-

Just A Casual, By Sydney Weinschenk

lieved that he had the right dope.

"Were we happy? Say, if there ever has been a happier gang in the world, they just naturally died of joy, that's all. We took off our overseas and brushed our hair, so we would look real pretty when we got on the boat, as we wanted to show the gobs what real soldiers looked like even if we were casuals. But we didn't go through the primping process very long.

"In about 10 minutes an officer came along and after a few minutes the captain turned to us, looking as if he had just been notified that he had been busted to a buck private and I knew that the dope about getting on the boat was all off. I was right, all right. 'Put on your packs, boys,' he wept, 'We're going to hike out to some barracks, but I am assured that we will leave here within 48 hours sure.' Say, if anything were needed to make me cry the captain certainly supplied the material by springing that 48 hour gag.

"Well, the captain was right in one sense. We did move in 48 hours. But we only moved about a block to other barracks. And right then became what will go down in history as the battle of Brest.

"For five long and dreary weeks the battle raged. Old General Rumor and General Denial ordered their forces over the top every day. Some of the attacks and counter attacks were fierce. Every man in the company had his reputation for telling the truth wounded. At the end of that five weeks there wasn't a manjack of them that couldn't have entered a lying contest and come off with first prize.

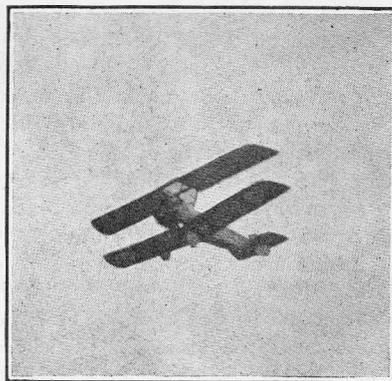
"During the battle, some of us were allowed to go down to the main sector in Brest. I went down one day, and saw some ships pulling out, loaded up with guys bound for the States. It sure was a magnificent sight—for the fellows on board the ship. But it didn't make any hit with me, at all.

"I stood on one of the highest hills in the city, thinking that maybe I might at least see the statue in New York Harbor, but I couldn't. I don't think it was the fog that stopped me either. It was the mist in my eyes, because boy—well I wanted to see home awfully bad and I'll admit I was terribly anxious to without any delay. If any of those airplane guys had come along about that time, on a trip over to the States, he would have been mobbed. Some guy would have just naturally made the aviator take him with him. I don't care particularly about falling out of an airplane, but I think I would have taken a chance at that stage of the game.

"We were having a good time at

Brest, but didn't know it. The chow was not as bad as at St. Agony. We certainly were in luck in one way. The President arrived at the port one day, and General Rumor sent out a bulletin which was flashed out in less time than it takes to tell it. 'The President is going to inspect the camp,' was the report from the front. So everybody was ordered to shine their shoes and wash up. The canned-bill and gold-fish was sent to the cooler, and Captain Beefsteak and Lieutenant Mashed Potato appeared on the scene. I guess somebody wanted to kid Mr. Wilson, but I was wishing the next day that he would order that the peace conference be held in Brest. If I ever get in the army again, I want to be in a camp situated in the immediate vicinity of the President. He certainly is a wizard at using his influence to get good chow for the gang.

"Well, the President didn't inspect, but we got the steak and hammered



The Aeroplane.

spuds anyway, so it was all right. A few days after this great event in our young lives, the captain said, 'Boys, I know you think that I always hand you bunk, but what I am about to say to you is the honest-to-goodness-straight-from-the-shoulder-dope. I have just got my sailing ———.' But he didn't get any further. The gang let out a yell and started to cut up just like a kid with a new toy. When the riot had subsided, the captain continued, 'We leave here at 4 o'clock in the morning for the boat. And I want to warn you men of one thing. If you ever kept your mouth shut in your whole, entire natural life, for the love of Mike do it when we march down to the boat, when we get on the boat and when we are on the boat until it pulls out so far you can't see the shore any more. Don't pull any of the 'who won the war' stuff. March at attention, and if your girl came along while you are going to the dock don't even do eyes right to look at her.' We could all see that he was handing out the right dope all right.

"We packed our packs, and were as nervous as a guy who has a date with a girl for the first time in his life. Finally the hours dragged by and the top gets us all out. Of course, no one had slept. We didn't want to take a chance on oversleeping and being left behind.

"You certainly missed a fine sight by not seeing that gang hike down to the dock. Did they march at attention? Say there was not a guy in the outfit who ever shifted his little finger, and they carried their packs as though they weighed about two ounces each.

"Did they yell, 'Who won the war?' They did not. Did they glare at an M. P.? They did not. Say, boy, if my girl had been standing along the street watching me go by, I wouldn't have looked at her. We certainly were thinking of what the captain said about keeping our mouth shut tight.

"We got down to the dock, very much to the good. Then we marched by a guy who bawled out our last name, or something that sounds like it, and we came back with our first. I was so excited that I almost yelled, 'Here,' but I caught myself in time and yelled out what the rules required.

"We got on the lighter to go out to the boat, and our captain did a turn in the sign language. He put his index finger up to his lips and it didn't require any interpreter to let the guys know what he meant. Well, they did the job nobly and crawled aboard the boat we were scheduled to get seasick on, without as much as asking for a light. We hiked down to our quarters on the boat. She sure was a swell one; one of Uncle Sam's cruisers, and ditched our packs and went back on deck. We soon saw the shores of France being rapidly left behind and then we knew that we were on our way home.

"Of course, between getting seasick and recovering, we had a nice bunch of rumors to hand out. One guy tried to spring one about being discharged 48 hours after we had landed. I don't know what became of him, but I think Davy Jones got an addition to his locker. But anyway, after a few days of shying at the chow bucket we saw the shores of the U. S. A.

"We were rushed to a camp after landing, and cleaned up nice and pretty, the fellows having their little reunions with the folks, and after many 48 hours we were handed the piece of white paper that starts out, 'This is to certify ———' and were on our way to dig our teeth into some of mother's apple pie.

"What's that? Did it take me 48 hours to get to it? Say, where do you get that stuff? So long, buddie, see you in 48 hours."

Glimpsing Into the Past of Historical Tonnerre

By Arthur H. Brown

Former United States Army Chaplain

TONNERRE makes a permanent appeal through the richness of her inheritance from the long ago. The town is of great antiquity; how great, it is hard to say. Authentic record carries us back to the 5th century. At this early date the seigneur of the region was already bearing the title, Comte de Tonnerre. The city probably began with the erection of a fortress on the old Roman highway that ran from Sene to Alise. The peasants would not be slow in grouping themselves about so strong a protection. The necessity for such a safeguard was shown more than once in Tonnerre's history. In 898 before its very walls Richard, Duke of Burgundy, beat back the Northmen, those terrible invaders from Denmark and Sweden who, driven by hunger, love of adventure and desire for pillage, descended each year upon the coast of France and as they grew bolder with success, penetrated by means of the rivers, far into the interior of the country. It was the need for defense against such common enemies that bound peasant and lord together and gave rise to the Mediaeval order of society known as Feudalism. In 1359 Tonnerre had the misfortune to fall into the hands of Edward the Third of England, and was spared the desolation of fire and sword only on the payment by the Duke of Burgundy of 200,000 crowns of gold.

Today this town of some 4,800 people lies huddled together on the slope of a hill with steep streets to climb in consequence. On a high jutting rock, like a sentinel in his watch-tower, stands St. Peter's church. The sightseer should make at once for this elevated outlook for it will give him, better than any map, the lay of the town. From that one spot he can see, spread out in panorama, the several points which might properly claim from him a visit. Standing on the terrace before the apse of the church (always at the eastern end), he will notice on the hills to his right the remains of the ancient abbey of St. Michel—its barns, stables and cellars. This abbey is thought to have been founded by pious hermits in the time of Clovis, the Christian (?) barbarian who, during the years 481-511 extended his power over the whole of Gaul and for the brief period of his life gave to it a unity it had not enjoyed since the days of Roman occupation. St.

Robert, who afterwards established the monastery at Molesme, was once its abbot. In the 15th century it was rated among the leading abbeys of France. This far view, however, will suffice, for a pointed porch and a curious cellar with a double row of little pillars are all that is left with any age about it to reward one for a wearisome trip. In the town proper, looking still to the right, the eye is arrested by the handsome square tower of Notre Dame church and the enormous roof of the Old Hospital. Directly before him is the railroad station; the Armancon river broken up into many arms; the canal, one of France's arteries and the town of Epinwil, famous for its delicious wine. To the left, at the foot of the eminence on which he stands, wells up a spring of most unusual sort.

The year 1000 A. D. marks the beginning of the era of church building. Before that time this form of religious expression had not been employed in any extensive and magnificent way. That was because as the first millenium drew to a close, Europe was gripped by the conviction that it would bring with it the destruction of the world. Political confusion and social disorder, which in the 10th century were at their height, confirmed everyone in this belief. It was a darkening age with night impending; in discouragement and hopelessness, men ceased to build or even to make plans for the future, but when the first day of the year 1000 dawned, and dawned like any other day, everyone set to work with renewed energy and in an outburst of gratitude, started the construction of cathedrals, those matchless prayers in stone." "The earth seemed to have thrown off its old age and to be clothed in a white splendor of new churches."

It was in the latter part of the century that a church arose on the site of St. Peter's. Its only trace in the present edifice is a walled-up double archway on the west side. In the 13th century this first church, having fallen into a state of ruin, was largely replaced by another. This in turn was partially destroyed by the fire which in 1556 overswept Tonnerre, and around 1590, the church as we now see it came into being. These successive rebuildings make of the church a mixture of various styles. The original, judging from the slight evidence that is left, was Roman-

esque—a style that affects for one thing the semi-circular arch. Its successor was the pointed Gothic and such most of the church remains today. But the large porch, the most recent addition, though itself some three hundred years old, is of the Renaissance—a type of architecture that makes much of columns, round-headed windows, heavy projecting cornices and, as devices for decoration, statuary, balustrades, scrolls, garlands, festoons, wreaths, cupids and angels.

Within are to be found such things as we have come to expect when we enter a French church—the pulpit, choir and organ case made of richly carved wood; two choice windows representing scenes from the Gospels, attributed to the famous painter, Jean Cousin (1541); to the left aisle a modern reliquary containing the bones of old men; and an underground chapel, discovered as recently as 1884, where probably these same saints lived out their days in "the odor of sanctity."

Notre Dame with its lofty tower, stands in the centre of the town looking down on its busiest thoroughfares. It faces the intersection of several streets once known as the Place of the Pillory, so named because it was there that malefactors were publicly punished in the stocks.

The west front looks much older than it really is (16th century). This is due to the mutilations which it suffered at the hands of the Revolutionists who were utterly shameless in their treatment of some of France's choicest sanctuaries. It will be noticed in almost every church one sees, that the images which fill its many niches are headless or armless or otherwise deformed. This was the work of violent men during the stormiest period of French history, 1789-93, men who had no reverence for the beautiful nor recognized any sacredness in age. But despite harsh treatment, the exterior of Notre Dame is not destitute of grace. The pointed arch is united in most pleasing fashion with the modifications and elegant decorations of the Renaissance style.

Running the whole length of the tower, that rises to a height of 130 feet, is a narrow staircase remarkable for the beautiful execution of the central spiral about which the steps swing. The axis is only two inches in diameter, but

Glimpsing Into the Past of Historical Tonnerre, By Arthur H. Brown

so perfect is the construction that, despite the elevation, a coin can be dropped from top to bottom without touching any side.

The interior is of varying age. The nave or body of the church comes from the 14th century. The choir and apse, where the altar stands, are of 13th century origin. In a chapel off the left aisle, two tablets bear inscriptions commemorative of the great fire of 1556 which entirely destroyed the town, and the disastrous plague of 1632, when 3,500 persons miserably perished. The chapel was built as the result of a solemn vow to erect an altar in honor of St. Roch and each year to celebrate there a high mass.

Tonnerre's most historic monument is what is known as the Old Hospital. It is no longer so employed, a more modern building alongside of it having long since usurped its functions, but the six-century old structure still stands as substantial and time-defiant as ever.

It was built in 1293 by Marguerite of Burgundy, widow of Charles of Anjou, a brother of Louis IX. This was the Louis in whose person saint and king were regularly united. He died of plague before the walls of Tunis while leading a Holy Crusade against the Saracens. Marguerite, Countess of Tonnerre as well as the Queen of Naples and Sicily, retired to her estate in Tonnerre, following her husband's death, and there devoted herself to charitable works. The most lasting memorial of her benevolent spirit is to be found in the hospital in question.

Perhaps it can best be described as a hospital-church, if such a thing is possible, for while the nave was used to house the patients there was an apse and altar where attending priests said mass each day within the hearing of the sick. Originally the nave was 325 feet long but the partitioning off of a room reduced that to 250. The width and height are practically the same, namely 69 feet. For four centuries this immense room continued to receive patients. Now it is unemployed save once a year when a religious service is celebrated on the

anniversary of the founder's death.

In the middle of the choir is Marguerite of Burgundy's sepulchre, where her honored dust still rests. In marble as white as her own pure life, she is represented as holding the charter of the hospital while a woman symbolizing charity gives her support. Above the central altar is a beautiful statue of the Virgin in gilded wood (15th century). At its foot kneels a diminutive

form of Mediaeval statuary was still in vogue. In the chapel to the left stands the mausoleum of Francois-Michel Letallier (1641-91), Marquis de Louvois, Louis XIV's war minister, one of the greatest France ever had. He it was who founded the military orders of merit, built the Hotel des Invalides in Paris and with Turenne and Condé made of the French army the finest fighting machine in Europe.

In the middle of the hall is an astronomical device that will interest the curious. The sun's ray, coming through a small hole in the wall and falling on a curve laid out on the floor in the form of an eight, gives the time of mean noon; falling on a central line that cuts the eight in two perpendicularly, it gives the time of true noon.

At the foot of the hill which gives Tonnerre its background a beautiful spring already mentioned gushes out. A circular basin 35 feet in diameter holds the water that issues so plentifully from hidden depths, and yields its overflow to the Armancon river. There is enough volume of the water to set a mill wheel in motion. The darker blue of the water in the middle of the basin indicates the fissure in the rock from which it comes. One of the quaintest of wash houses has been built to take advantage of this unceasing flow of purest water.

Gazing reflectively on this ever-active spring there is an inclination to marvel at the knowledge of the past that it could bring forth from its bosom could it talk. The authentic record of Tonnerre carries us back to the Fifth Century. Seated by the spring, with notebook in hand, if one could commune with this

fountain of more than mere water enlightenment of the ages past would, perhaps, be as infinite as the source of supply. But alas, the spring is silent, excepting an occasional faint gurgle, as though still in its infancy, it tells us that the world is young indeed and Tonnerre not so old as she puts on to be!

THE THOUSANDTH GIRL.

(Apologies to R. K.)

One girl in a thousand two years back
Was a regular pal to a fellow,
Played as fair, and as straight as big Brother Jack,
With never an atom of yellow.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine were game,
As long as things went their way;
But the Thousandth Girl smiled just the same,
On the dreariest sort of day!

'Twas never sly frilling and flirting for her,
She was friendly and honest and fine,
She wasn't a kitten who'd scratch and purr,
Like nine hundred and ninety-nine.
She could greet a chap with a sun-warm smile,
She had truth, and wit, and pluck,
Oh, the Thousandth Girl was free from guile,
And the man who met her, in luck!

He could tell each grief to her, and know
She'd understand; he'd laugh
His triumphs too; and even show,
That Best Girl's photograph.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine would frown,
And, pouting, turn aside,
But the Thousandth Girl of every town,
Would joy in his happy pride.

But girls are very changed today,
Where Service Spirit's rife,
Somewhere, a hand from common clay
New-fashions every life.
Nine hundred and ninety-nine are dead!
Who were shallow-silly gay,
And the Thousandth Girl is the soul instead
Of Every Girl today!

—Faith Baldwin in Community Service Star.

figure, probably that of the donor. In the chapel to the right is a splendid stone sepulchre (1454) ornamented with seven figures. It represents the burial of Jesus. The expression of grief on the faces of the holy women is admirably executed. This sculpture is the more remarkable when one recalls that it dates from the time when the rigid



O. D. Athletes



By Tom Anderson

SPORTS writers, if discovered in their lucid intervals between picking this or that best bet, are apt to assert that athletes, like poets, are born, not made. A vast amount of brain endeavor lies behind that dictum. And yet—

Four million ex-service men can rightfully rise to refute it, for 4,000,000 athletes were made during the late dispute, with Jerry, made out of the whole cloth, so to speak. Any one of this horde of former stoop-shouldered cattle, now ex-O. D. athletes and again garbed in "civies," facing ye sporting ed., is qualified to register an emphatic protest. Of which the soldierese, as you and I know, would be:

"How the samhill do you get that way? I'm an athlete and a "made" athlete. I know I'm an athlete, because I carried a full "hump" 14,000 kilometers in that man's army."

This is good and sufficient evidence. Never argue with 4,000,000 Yanks.

Americans they were born, to a great extent. Athletes they became, in even vaster proportion—"made" athletes, all experts of the everbearing sports vine to the contrary notwithstanding.

Natural athletes, however, were not lacking in the American army, were certainly not lacking in the Eightieth Division. Of that kind was the first member of the Eightieth with whom I came in contact. Ours was a peculiarly unexpected meeting—in Langres, that French city which with its bluffs, its steel industry (on a miniature scale), and its refreshingly naive legend telling the traveler who looks in the right direction that the next city is New York, is not without resemblance to Pittsburgh. During a lull in the lesson in the Army Machine Gun School, the sergeant instructor volunteered the information that he was of the Blue Ridge Division, and on further inquiry that his home was in Carnegie, Pa., and that he was a former member of the W. & J. varsity basketball five. In Langres, during off hours, he was playing on a fast-going O. D. quintet and collecting laurels hand-over-fist.

On the other hand, born athletes were in the minority. The majority of Uncle Sam's athletic soldiery was of the manufactured species—produced in the setting-up mill, the hiking machine, and the manual of arms factory. Real

endurance was required to finish strong of a morning when the S. B. was stingy with his rests. Muscles of steel were needed to toss the old Enfield, with maybe a bay'nit on the end thereof, to the "port" and "right shoulder, a-a-r-r-rms," time after time, as though it were a walking stick. And it exacted honest-to-goodness guts to slog along on a dark, wet Sunday night with a full pack, kilometer after kilometer.

Speaking of hikes, and born athletes, too, a strapping, six-foot Georgian—a varsity baseball outfielder, a swimmer of note, a basketball shark, and something of a football player—performed a feat on one of those innumerable black and stormy night marches which may not have been duplicated. From Maron near Nancy to Roy-aumeix above Toul, by the route the guide, as usual an erring one, followed, was 26 miles. The Southerner carried a Browning machine gun and tripod practically all the way, in addition to a light pack. This as the climax to other sleepless nights of tramping just preceding.

In a slightly different class, but to the same point, is the case of the Thirty-seventh Division machine gunner, who, finally accepted for service after many rejections for hernia, became a No. 1 and toted a Vickers tripod "all over France."

Other closely similar instances, of course, occurred throughout the army. And yet, carrying a tripod, or a Chauchat automatic, or an Enfield and full equipment including condiment can, was not the least of the soldier's deeds heroic, as flanking machine

gun nests was not the greatest of his deeds heroic. A strong back and a willing disposition were indispensable in rustling 75's and 155's in the ammunition dumps, from early morning to late recall. Nor did the same strong back and willing disposition come amiss to the wagoners and canoneers, whose daily duties consisted in manuring mules, Missouri brand; coaching refractory "frog" horses to answer the signal "giddap" instead of "allez"; and reminding the galloping bones to behave.

All these hardy qualities of body and soul, and more, were demanded to dig fox-holes under fire. And surely some determination as a wielder of the entrenching tool was needed by the negro doughboy of the Ninety-second Division, who on learning that the faintly-marked firing line his platoon was about to take over had no "git-away" trench, such as well-regulated trench systems back at training camp possessed, vowed he'd have one befoh mawnin', if he had to dig it himself. Perhaps he was kin to the other colored buck, who when accused of running, asserted earnestly that he had not run, but had passed some what was.

Still a different type of hardihood was required to scoop out those shallow trenches designed to be the last resting places of comrades. Another negro soldier, employed immediately in rear of the firing line of the Fifth Division, was sent up as a member of a detail to dig graves. Returning, his countenance of almost ashy grayness, a white doughboy hailed him.

"Well, George, how do you like your job?" With chattering teeth and shaking voice, he replied: "White man, this is aw-ful-1-1-1-1." So it was, but the task was done anyway.

Instances of natural and acquired Yankee endurance could be multiplied to infinity. The soldier who parley-voo-ed ceaselessly with the Mam'selles Suzannes; the bon vivant to whom the choicest beverages of Epernay, Bordeaux, Burgundy or Nancy alike were la meme chose as water; the lad who successfully resisted mal de pays; the John who came back for third on slum; the "good American soldier" whose hobs always were resplendent with dubbin on Saturday morning inspection; that eighth wonder of the world who alone of the company had beaucoup francs the morning after pay day—these were by no

Playing the Game

By D. G. Allen

**Play the game from start to finish,
Play and work with heart and mind,
Let your interest ne'er diminish,
When you start, don't look behind.**

**If the game is worth beginning,
Enter in for all the run;
Do not stop when you are winning,
Never cease 'till victory's won.**

**If you're beaten, rise above it,
Put defeat far from your thought,
Start again as if you love it,
With a smile that stops at naught.**

**You can never be defeated
If your spirit's not depressed,
If your zeal is not depleted,
And you work with strength and zest.**

O. D. Athletes, By Tom Anderson

means infrequently met. Who can deny, moreover, that their fibre was not toughened by army life, outdoor and indoor?

Après la guerre, he who figured athletes a sure was to keep the American army out of mischief, had a long head on his shoulders. The army took to the program like a duck to water. After all, even if the Yanks were not born athletes, they had an underlying basis of athletic spirit. Already sympathy for the physical action found in sports existed in their blood.

Further, they were young—so young the French had officially designated them "la jeune armée américaine," the young American army. And youth is athletic.

While the "made" athletes played basketball and football and "doughboy" in remote corners of the wheat patch that was dignified with the name of drill field, in its center the "born" athletes practiced for interdivisional contests of like nature. Here came to light those athletic luminaries of ante-bellum days.

How Paul Withington of Harvard, Patsy Clark, of Illinois; Higgins, of Penn State, and others of their reputation back in the times when "right dress" was an article of women's apparel and "taps" something a W. & J. cornetist played at a Pitt football game—how these gridiron stars carried the Eighty-ninth Division eleven to the championship of the A. E. F. is history still fresh in the minds of overseas men. And every Yank knows that Eddie Mahan, of Harvard; Harry LeGore, of Yale, and Hamilton Fish, of Harvard, as many others, won as much or more fame on French football fields than French battlefields.

Coming closer to Western Pennsylvania, it will be remembered how the Twenty-eighth Division eleven became runner-up for the championship of the Second Army, and with the Eighty-ninth shared the honor of being unbeaten while in the A. E. F. The record of the Iron Division's football team is every whit as memorable as that of the Division's combatant troops in the field. Three times the Keystone players battled with the Fifth Division to a scoreless tie, the last of the three being lengthened by two extra six-minute periods. In a fourth game a field goal by Elmer Carroll, of Coraopolis, Pa., now captain of the W. & J. football team, brought victory to the Guardsmen. The divisional eleven then lost the army laurels on yardage to the Seventh Division, neither side being able to score and a decision being necessary by the proximity of the A. E. F. finals.

In addition to Carroll two other Wash-Jeff players were on the Twenty-eighth team, Harold Wickerham and Lawrence Moore, both ends, while John "Biddy" Aiken, W. & J. coach, tutored the Red

Keystone players. Joe Thompson, former Pitt coach, took considerable part in the eleven's council of war.

So the list goes. It could be extended indefinitely, because the old-timers of the sporting world without exception shed their martial shell after the armistice, and engaged again in their familiar specialties.

After the November 11, too, that old army game of "passing the buck" was rejuvenated and reached its highest degree of perfection. At some far distant date, if the reader should by chance stray some evening into an army post and visit the "Y" where Co. J. is billed to produce a minstrel show for the benefit of the mess fund, let him not be amazed to hear a white-haired sergeant who saw service in France, render in tones of mingled exaltation and thanksgiving, that famous ballad, "I'm Glad I Met the English, for They Taught Me 'Carry On.'" It's a great song, and a greater game.

Singing as perpetrated in the army, come to think of it, could well be classed as athletic in its nature. The favorite numbers at least had the touch of the rough and ready associated with sports. Do you remember "Parlez-vous" and "I Know Where the Officers Are?" Then, you had at least one gold service stripe.

It is impossible to keep from fighting the war over. Stove leagues and G. A. R. campfires are part of the air the American youth breathes. Each day, as our war anniversaries roll around, we connect up our ordinary affairs of life with those periods of stress, repair the bridges that separate the path of peace we've resumed from the popular-lined roads of Mars we once traveled. We discuss men of today by their war records. Why not consider the athletes in the same light?

To do justice to all the athletes of Eightieth division territory, or even of Pittsburgh, its peace-time headquarters, would be impossible. The rosters of every college and university team, of every independent athletic club, are blazoned with the names of young men who served honorably during the world war. Pitt, W. & J., West Virginia, West Virginia Wesleyan, Davis and Elkins, Bethany, Broadus, Washington and Lee, Virginia, all these schools and others, today are competing in the world of sport through representatives who wore the O. D. In the Pittsburgh district the Pitcairn Quakers, the McKeesport Olympics, the Bradley Eagles, the Babcocks, the Sullivans, the Pitcairn Reynolds are a few of the clubs whose members were in the service.

To illustrate, take Pitt's famous football team. The backfield well deserves the nickname, "The Flying Squadron," if only because its leader, Jimmie DeHart, was a flier, in the service from April, 1917. Hast-

ings and Morrow were each 20 months overseas in the Pitt Base Hospital unit. Of the other players, Hileman was a doughboy in the Army of Occupation, Bond was in the artillery and was both wounded and gassed. Dougherty served in the Argonne with the Twenty-eighth Division, McLean was with Hastings and Morrow, Eckert rose from private to first lieutenant in the artillery—and so on down the list.

In other sports Shea, track star, was a "gob"; Reisinger, basketball, was a flier; Weight, this year's track captain, was a sergeant of infantry.

At W. & J. besides Carroll, Wickerham and Moore, Brickson and Eielson, of the varsity football backfield, were two years at the Great Lakes Naval Training Station; Loucks, end, was two years in the Air Service and became a flier; Quarterback Bixler was commissioned an ensign after a long period of service in the navy; Bill Shields was 17 months with the French army as an ambulance driver; Smith, Stein and Straw were commissioned officers in the artillery, air service, and infantry, respectively. MacBeth served with the Twenty-eighth Division and won a D. S. C. Jack Bovill was in the medical department and was one of the first 100,000 men across.

Of the Carnegie Tech football varsity, Phil Marshall was a lieutenant of artillery, Loomis was in the navy, Levy won a commission in the navy, Williams was in the infantry, Carey was a flier in the army, Goldberg was a member of the Wissahickon Barracks naval football team of 1918, Hayes was a member of the football team of the battleship "New Hampshire," while Brunwasser and that former Tech star, "Sunny" Kessner, were members of the Fifteenth Engineers and spent two years in France.

These men may not have been made better athletes by their experience in the army. They were of the naturally athletic variety to begin with. But it is safe to say they are not without benefit from their army training. As for the other 4,000,000 who formed the rank and file of athletes "made" in the service, none will deny the physical advantages which surely came to him.

To maintain a firm grasp of the physical improvement to the manhood of the nation as a result of military training, is of moment to America. To rise with the rooster's reveille at daybreak, subsist on rice, slum and punk week in and week out, and retain a calloused palm ready to employ the pick and shovel is perhaps not required.

But those qualities of alertness, courtesy and careful regard for cleanliness and general bodily well-being, which the army life taught us and by which it at one time had us whipped into tolerably successful athletes, those qualities are essential to good American citizenship and the progress of our country and should be preserved.

Her Sacrifice

By H. F. P.

THIS summer, while visiting my sister in her home along the Atlantic coast, I had a chance to study a bit of interesting psychology.

My niece, a girl of twenty-four, had two friends, who were also there on a visit. They were all quite young enough to make the presence of men an essential factor in the season's success, so they hailed with delight the news that Mrs. Boliver had opened her home to convalescent officers. Mrs. Boliver had an enormous estate and a palatial home, so could accommodate twenty men at one time.

The first Saturday after the officers arrived was an unusually popular day at the Country Club. I believe all the young girls of the summer colony turned out, and they were not disappointed, for Mrs. Boliver brought her officers "en force."

There were all kinds and conditions among the twenty—several on crutches, but otherwise cheerful and happy—one with his left hand bandaged, but most of them either recovering from influenza, slight shell shock, or gas cases; and though a bit thin, a bit red as to the whites of the eyes, and some extremely nervous, to the casual glance they seemed "apparently" well.

There was, however, one little captain, who was quite the sickest appearing man I had ever seen outside a hospital. I imagine even before the war he had been far from handsome, and now with that grey green look of severe gas cases, the blue hue around the mouth that comes from heart trouble, and a large jagged scar across his left cheek, he was, indeed, a pathetic figure.

I fell to watching him as Mrs. Boliver introduced the officers to the expectant girls. He acknowledged the introductions mechanically, and, I felt sure, was not really conscious of one of the pretty faces before him.

Soon, the introductions over, the young folks separated into little groups, and sat or stood around chatting. From snatches I caught of the conversation, I knew that engagements for golf, tennis, et cetera, for the following week, were well under way. I heard one four-legged boy, with his foot swathed in bandages like a gouty old man, inquire eagerly of a girl in a pink sweater: "Say, do you play bridge?" Then I noticed that my little captain had disappeared. I really had become very much interested in him, so with only one ear and no mind on the conversation of the knitter next to me, I began searching the scenery for him. I finally discovered him down in a pergola overlooking the ocean, shoulders humped up, cap tilted down over his nose, feet stretched out in front of him, the most disconsolate figure imaginable.

He sat there alone and smoked—only

five or six puffs from a cigarette before it was flipped into the sea, only to be followed almost immediately by the lighting of another, which followed its predecessors in quick succession. They finally sent another officer to call him when it was time to return home.

That night, at dinner, Ellen and her two friends kept up a steady stream of conversation. Jane, chatting away at my right,

THE HIGHWAY TO HAPPINESS

Its a little difficult to realize, but upon genuine sacrifice all the happiness of this world is based. In taking life as simply a recurrence of Sundays, Mondays, Tuesdays, etc., this fact is apt to be overlooked and one's happiness suffers as a consequence. In this story a young society girl stumbles into a neat little bit of sacrifice that brought considerable good cheer to the object of her attentions and incidentally brought her more than a modicum of the same reward.

inquired: "Didn't you think Lieutenant Ellery attractive? and he crossed on the same transport as my brother Jim."

"Did he?" Ellen answered politely, but indifferently.

"Did you all notice the Lieutenant with his hand bandaged?" she continued animatedly. "He said he had eighteen pieces of shrapnel taken out of him—all healed up nicely now but his hand."

"Lieutenant Fitzgerald," interrupted Patsy, "the aviator with his leg amputated is so disgusted because he was hurt in an automobile accident and never even got to the front."

I broke into the conversation here. "And didn't any of you girls notice Captain Donnelson?"

Three perfectly blank pair of eyes turned towards me, and Ellen answered: "I don't seem to remember any captain. Which one was he, Aunt Helen?"

"No, I suppose not," I answered a bit testily. "He was the extremely homely one."

"Oh, yes," Jane said. "The grouchy looking individual."

"Not grouchy, dear, just ill," I remonstrated.

Patsy glanced up with quick sympathy.

"I do remember him now. I thought when I met him that he had the saddest face I ever saw, but I don't remember seeing him afterwards."

It was Friday night, nearly one week later. My sister and I were chaperoning the young folks at the regular Friday night dance at the club.

All that week the girls had been swimming, golfing and boating with the "soldier boys," and Patsy had reported that always Captain Donnelson had kept aloof.

Tonight was no exception; he was out on the veranda leaning against one of the stone pillars, gazing out over the ocean. Curiosity got the best of me and I walked over to him, inquiring by way of conversation: "Why aren't you dancing this evening, Captain Donnelson?"

He turned, and smiled, a crooked, cynical little smile.

"For two reasons, Miss Pierce. To begin with, my heart is bad and it is *Verboten*, and to end with, no one would particularly care to dance with me if I could."

I fell silent, as there was so obviously nothing to say, for it was only too true that the average young girl would find him unattractive. He lit another cigarette rather savagely.

I impulsively leaned over and took it from him, tossing it out onto the lawn. "You know that's the worst thing in the world for you to do," I explained. He turned and looked at me curiously, and then burst forth:

"I wonder if you have any idea what it's like not to be able to do any of the things the other men are doing? They golf, swim, dance, and play tennis. Why even bridge and the movies are barred on account of my eyes. I always have to sit by like a weakling and watch—one lung gone—not much hopes for the other; heart bad—nerves all gone to pieces; eyes poor. Why I'll always have to be a spectator to other people's pleasures. Not much to live for, is there?"

Here I became conscious that Patsy was standing directly behind him. She had evidently come out to speak to me and had overheard everything Captain Donnelson had said. Signaling silence to me she slipped back into the dance hall.

"But you shouldn't be so selfish. Haven't you a mother or a sister to care?"

"No, I haven't. I'm practically alone, thank goodness."

I heard some one crossing the porch and glanced up to see Patsy, this time advancing in full sight.

"Oh, Ellen's mother is looking for you, Miss Pierce," she called to me. Then reaching my side she gave my hand a little warning squeeze as she turned to Captain

Her Sacrifice, By H. F. P.

Donnelson and said: "Please, don't you want to be a life saver and sit this dance out with me? I'm nearly dead. You know I really shouldn't dance at all; I've just got over an operation for appendicitis," she explained, "but one does hate so to be continually saying 'I can't' when people ask you to do things, and I'm afraid I've rather overdone things lately."

That was about the whitest lie of Patsy's life, for she had no more had an operation than I had, so with the warmest feeling around my heart, and a parting hug of understanding for Patsy, I went in search of my sister, who hadn't, in all probability, even noticed my absence.

That was the beginning of what I called Patsy's game.

The next morning at breakfast we were discussing the plans for the day. Patsy, with the devil dancing in her big brown eyes, announced in the weakest of little voices: "I had a miserable night last night and I feel wretched. I'm afraid I'm not equal to a game of golf this morning. Ellen you might just mention that to Captain Donnelson when you pick up the other boys on the way to the club."

Under the circumstances it was customary for the folks in the neighborhood to provide the conveyances to and from the club; as the officers had no other means of getting there, for though Mrs. Boliver had a seven-seated touring car, it could hardly be made to accommodate twenty men.

After the girls had left, Patsy and I sat down to await developments. In about an hour we heard the squeak of brakes on the driveway, and shortly the maid announced that Captain Donnelson wished to speak with Miss Richardson.

Patsy, with a wink to me, descended the stairway slowly and sedately. (She usually went down two steps at a time.)

I shamelessly listened, and heard him say: "Good morning, Miss Richardson. I was sorry to hear that you were not so well this morning."

"Yes," Patsy smiled up at him, for though he was small Patsy was smaller. "I told you last night I was afraid I'd been a bit too strenuous. I need some one to watch me. I don't seem to have good sense of my own accord."

"But you really should take care of yourself. One never realizes what a priceless gift good health is until one loses it," he said bitterly.

"I know, but it's so hard to remember. If you'd keep me busy doing sensible things then I wouldn't have time to forget."

"Very well, I'll start right now. Mrs. Boliver is on her way into the city to market. Get your hat and come along. The air will do you a world of good if you haven't slept well."

"Thank you, I believe I will," Patsy accepted guilelessly.

Inside of a week we all saw a marked change in Captain Donnelson. He no longer sat alone, but sat with Patsy and kept her busy doing things she "hadn't ought to do" as she put it. They played clock golf, when it wasn't too hot for Patsy, or he taught her to play billiards in the cool of the clubhouse when it was, and when the other young folks came in from the golf course they had tea with them, and Captain Donnelson joined Patsy in drinking a glass of milk because she'd feel "horribly conspicuous" drinking a glass of milk all by herself, and it was "so good for her."

There were a lot of informal dances given at the different homes besides the regular Friday evening dances at the club, and at all these Patsy sat out most of her dances with Captain Donnelson. They had agreed that she could indulge to the extent of four dances an evening, no more. Patsy would try to coax him into a fifth. "Just one more dance, Captain Donnelson. It won't really make me feel so very much worse, and I do so want to dance." This would always result in a lecture and a heated argument, with Patsy finally meekly submissive.

Patsy had discovered that underneath the ill tempered pessimism of his sickness Captain Donnelson was really a very interesting and clever man. So he would then redouble his efforts to be entertaining "so Patsy shouldn't feel so out of it all," and as Patsy told me repeatedly, "I really don't mind missing it all one bit; I get so tremendously interested in watching him forget himself."

Patsy developed a talent for inventiveness that was really remarkable, but one

day I remember in particular she had to come to me for help.

"Captain Donnelson said last night," she confided, "that he felt so much better that he was sure he was equal to a paddle up the inlet in a canoe if I'd care to go. I, of course, accepted with enthusiasm, but, as you know, I can't swim very well, and if he should get one of his heart attacks I'm sure we'd both be drowned, but I wouldn't for all the world have him know I'm afraid to go. I want him to forget as much as possible that he is ill. Haven't you any bright ideas?"

My sister's home is not on the ocean, but on the inlet, so when Captain Donnelson arrived that afternoon in his canoe, we had the gardener say: "Miss Richardson is not quite ready, so will you please pull your canoe up on the dock, sir, and wait on the veranda?"

Now earlier in the day I had "discovered" that I had run out of yarn for a baby sacque I was knitting for the church bazaar the following day (I was getting as expert at white lies as Patsy), and simply had to have the yarn that afternoon, so Patsy volunteered to drive into the city and purchase some more for me.

It worked beautifully. Patsy, of course, was "so sorry about the canoe ride," and Captain Donnelson was disappointed too, but, of course, "understood perfectly how it was."

Patsy left the following week and Captain Donnelson two days later, and I hardly know which one had been benefited the most.

Captain Donnelson was a different man. His whole outlook on life has changed. He had a new grip on things, and had ceased to be an "onlooker," and in helping Patsy, as he supposed, he had unconsciously been helping himself; for with the change in his mental state, his whole physical condition had improved.

The doctor that last day told him that with care and time there was no reason why he shouldn't again become a useful citizen.

While Patsy, by giving up the greater part of her summer pleasures, had found that rare contentment and joy that comes only through sacrifice and service.

From a Notebook, By Herbert D. Brauff

(Continued from Page 7.)

as they had left them. They were a melancholy sight, their detached shells towering nakedly above the debris, their churches awry and forlorn.

But Coblenz was "a regular town!" Its buildings stood as they were originally designed, solid and dignified. No

hand grenades had rent their walls, no high explosives had made them untenable. Nor were their occupants, save by hearsay, fully aware of the mutilation existing southward. The poignant grief of the war had touched them only through its casualties, through the shifting sacrifices forced upon them to maintain the armies at the front.

Little wonder it was "a regular town!" But it was. Its massive structures standing majestically above broad avenues, imposing an awe uncommon of the edifices in France; its umbrageous boulevards bordered by hedges pared to a nicety, and its artistic parks, symmetrically designed and maintained, all won admiration.

The New Army of Ex-Soldier Civilians

America Again Needs Their Loyal Service in the Cause of Reconstruction

By Arthur Woods

Until recently Assistant to Secretary of War Newton D. Baker.

THE American soldier has returned to civil pursuits a better man both mentally and physically than he was before the war.

Yesterday, tall, lean-flanked, clean-cut, he was winning the envy and admiration of Europe's finest armies.

Today, he is returned with a strength and ambition which makes him a new man. Our men have come back with a broader viewpoint, won through vigorous discipline, through facing dangers, through being forced to serve in the humblest capacities, and later being hailed wherever they appeared as heroes. They have returned with the experience of several life times, having lived many lives in a few desperate months.

And through all this they have won with the national victory a personal victory, and have acquired an understanding of men and motives which is akin to a philosophy of life.

Tomorrow the American who has been in the service will stand out as a dominating figure in the affairs of the nation. His new ambition coupled with a broader viewpoint is an irresistible force which will not be denied and which is bound to make itself felt within the next few years.

Wherever he appears in uniform, whether it be on the main street of his native village or on the boulevards of France, he is a hero. And he does not lose his prestige when he gets out of uniform.

The American employer needs him in his business just as the men of the Allied armies needed him shoulder to shoulder with them during the dark days of 1918, when the German armies were making their last desperate effort and the whole structure of civilization was threatened.

We hear much praise of the American soldier. Let me quote from a letter written by a large employer in California:

In the past two months we had twelve openings; eleven were filled with men just out of the service. We could not get one for the other job. All of the men made good, and, with the exception of those who shortly secured better jobs, are still with us. If you ask us if army training is beneficial in its after effects, we will tell you in a loud voice that it is; and when we have a job we want a soldier to fill it.

Again, let me give you what another business man has told me:

The man who has worn his country's uniform has gained something

the other cannot have acquired—not merely a sense of discipline and a better physique, but a feeling that he is a part of the United States, that it and its institutions are peculiarly his; in short, a sense of citizenship and of its responsibilities.

The more men of that type found working in any industry the less chance there is of that industry or any other being destroyed by Bolshevism or its Americanized cousins.

Our young Americans who have come back from overseas are not evincing any desire to remodel the United States along the lines of any European nation. Nor will they as long as America gives them a square deal.

I could quote from hundreds of other letters on the same subject, but they all follow the same general trend.

Preaching or giving advice is poor policy on anyone's part, but I just want to call attention to these few examples of what the general feeling of employers toward the ex-service man is. They are proud of him, they want his help, and I believe that the soldier, for his part, will try to play the game of peace as successfully as he played the game of war.

Employers are not only praising the soldiers but are backing up this praise with well defined policies which are for the benefit of the ex-service man. Practically all employers are giving the returning men their old jobs back. The government is recognizing this by awarding all such employers a citation which is issued jointly by the War and Navy Departments.

The display of one of these citations by any firm is proof that that firm has assured the War and Navy Departments that it will gladly re-employ everybody

serve in the army and navy during the great war. The citation is signed by the secretaries of war and navy. If the applications from individual employers, firms and corporations may be taken as a barometer, it is safe to say that practically all who formerly worked with it and left to employers are united in the resolve that the discharged soldier shall have his old job back.

And not only have American employers united in seeing that jobs are waiting for the returning men, but in some instances they have gone a step or two further:

One firm gave every returning soldier a \$100 Liberty Bond.

Another gave every returning soldier a vacation with full pay and a raise in salary of from 15 to 40 per cent.

Many firms have established a policy of giving service men the preference when taking on new employes.

Many firms have kept employes in service on the pay roll at full or part pay.

Many firms are establishing training classes for the purpose of industrial training.

Industrial training simply means the training of unskilled men for skilled positions, paying them during the course of instruction a good living wage.

All agree that men returned from service are at first restless. They chafe under the regular restrictions of indoor work. However, experience has shown that in a short time this physical restlessness wears off. But deeper and more enduring than the superficial restlessness which can be cured by recreation and a sympathetic understanding, is their mental, or rather spiritual restlessness. Reports from all over the country show that returned men are more anxious to advance, to change their present position, to take increased responsibilities. And with this desire the men seem to have acquired the trick of getting what they want.

These men do not expect a living to be handed them on a silver platter, so to speak, but they do want a fair, free-for-all chance in the game of life. And under this system of industrial training many men will get this chance, which otherwise might not come to them.

For a number of years a few industrial concerns recognizing the value of such training have had established what are commonly known as "vestibule schools." By educating unskilled men and raising their labor to the skilled class, and by up-

AUTUMN TWILIGHT

The twilight falls
Tremendous from the sky's
grey emptiness,
Shrouding in smoky gloom
the featureless
Buildings and walls.

It seems to be
This autumn twilight with its
dreariness
The awful shadows or a
shadowless
Eternity.

—William Grundish

(Concluded on Page 41.)

Old Pals of the Army

Keogh—The Birdman

By Robert B. MacFee

HE SAID his name was Keogh—and it might have been. But if it really was, it was his only Irish feature, save his eyes. Nevertheless, it answered as well as any other for a sergeant to shout—or for a sergeant major to write on a casualty list.

It wasn't his name, anyhow, but a small wooden bird that made him more valuable to his platoon than a G. H. Q. morale officer. The bird was so weighted that when its claws were slipped over a stick or the like it swayed back and forth with a very life-like effect indeed and, apparently, with a life-like chirp and song.

The chirp and song were Keogh's, however. He had an extraordinary ability to mimic the song of a bird and the picture still lingers of a very muddy and disreputable looking platoon, thoroughly rain-drenched, standing or lying about on a soaked field in France, still able to laugh as Keogh's bird, perched on the muzzle of Keogh's upheld rifle, twittering and chirping away, singing with even a clearer and sweeter

\$5.00 FOR A SKETCH

IF these sketches recall to your mind any member of your former company, beg, borrow or steal a typewriter and hammer out 400 or 500 words about him. Send your "hammering" then to *Service*, and the best of the lot for the month will receive \$5.00. For any others that are used *Service* will pay \$2.50.

voice, perhaps, than even the "mavis in the dell."

The story went that Keogh who, among other things in civilian life, had been a barber—journeyman, not to say travelingman—had at one time earned, or taken, a livelihood as a purveyor of "Spanish canaries." It was

said that he had one canary and a cageful of gilded sparrows, which he retailed for \$1 each, while he himself supplied their song. And so witching was the music, so enthralled with the wonderful singing ability of the "birds" did the audience become, that his cash receipts were larger by far than ever they were in his most prosperous days as a tonsorial expert.

It may have been that he was a better whistler than a barber. As to this, however, there was no way to find out when the cards were running well. It was only when this source of income turned to an embarrassing outgo that he would heed the piteous pleas of his comrades for hair cuts at one franc per cut.

But his whistling stunt never palled, no matter how often it was used and it was Keogh, far in the bow of the homecoming transport, his bird perched on his rifle, who whistled and chirped the joy of his platoon on its return to the homeland—and perhaps to more gilded sparrows.

Was There a Job for "Brooklyn Dick"?

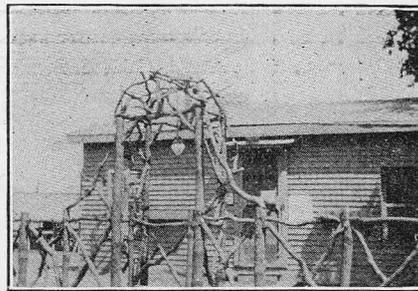
By William P. Sherman

I have often wondered since the late fracas with Germany ended what happened to "Brooklyn Dick?" I am curious to know if he got his job back.

"Brooklyn Dick," be it known, was one of the fraternity which feels that the world owes every man a living and devotes its entire time to collecting. In other words, he was a hobo. As he termed it, he was "on the road." That he ever got into the army and helped save the well known world for the equally well known democracy was brought about by his own failure to register in the draft. He was inducted into the service with quickness and dispatch and he was one of the most unique soldiers in the A. E. F. Many Eightieth men who knew him intimately will agree with me.

"Brooklyn Dick," while working at his regular job, cared for little but a place to sleep and "three squares a day," and he always got them; at least, so he claimed. It would seem that the army would appeal to a man of his habits. There you were tolerably sure of three meals a day, though whether they were square depended largely upon Provi-

dence and the mess sergeant. And in addition, there were at least thirty iron men a month, minus the customary deductions. But "Brooklyn Dick" was always broke and he chafed under the restrictions of military life. He wasn't free to come and go, as he once had



A "Y" Hut in France—Surely an Old Pal

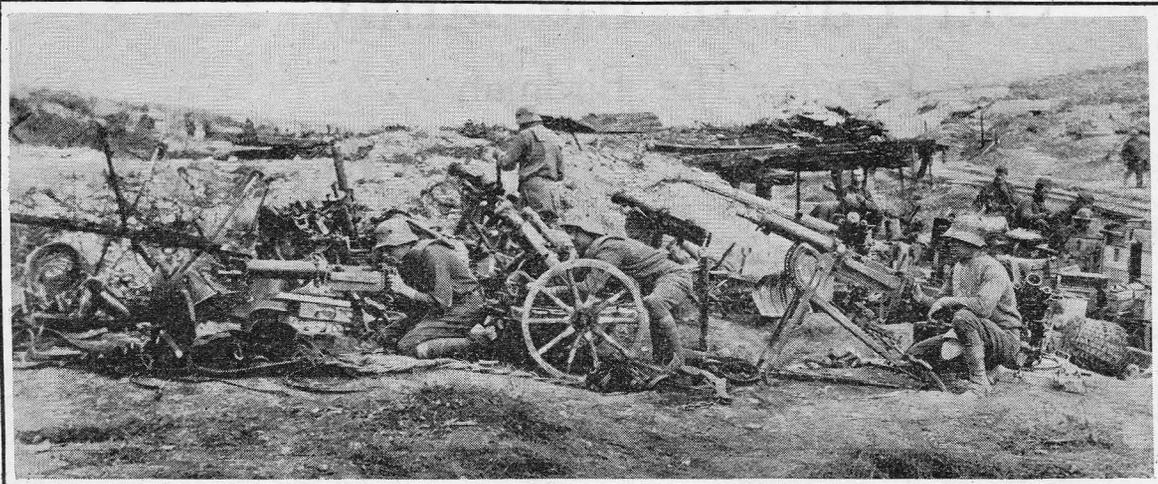
been. Others of us felt sort of all bound round with discipline in the army, too, but we had never enjoyed the complete freedom that "Brooklyn Dick" and his comrades had. Yet strange to say, he was a poor man to hike and a most miserable person in a box-car. What with riding side-door pullmans for

years, one would have thought he would take to a "40 Hommes-8 Chevaux" like an officer to a Sam Browne belt, but he didn't. Others found them uncomfortable but to him they were intolerable.

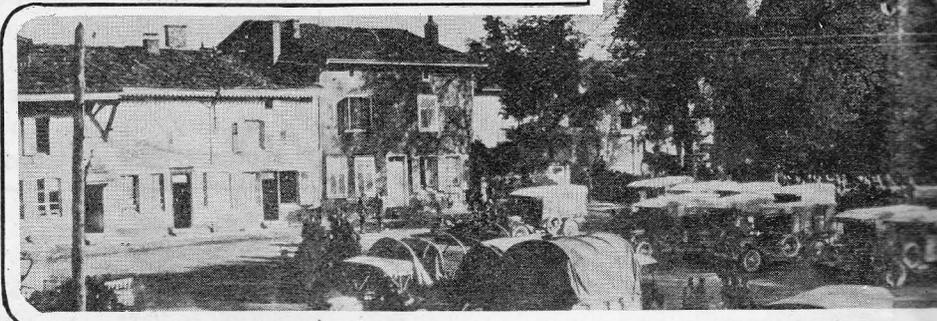
On a hike "Brooklyn Dick" traveled light. He threw everything away that bothered him, regardless of the possibility that he might not get replacements. Even his mess kit, which was a meal ticket, if ever there was one, he would discard. When a stop was made and there was food to eat, Dick would be rustling something to hold coffee or slum in. He borrowed right and left but he never stole anything. To the irate supply sergeant he would insist that he had lost his equipment. No, he wouldn't throw them away. They just turned up missing; that was all. And as far as being out of luck was concerned, he never was. Always he managed to get what he needed and he lived in sublime faith that he would be provided for, both during the war and afterward.

"Brooklyn Dick" belonged to a Sani-

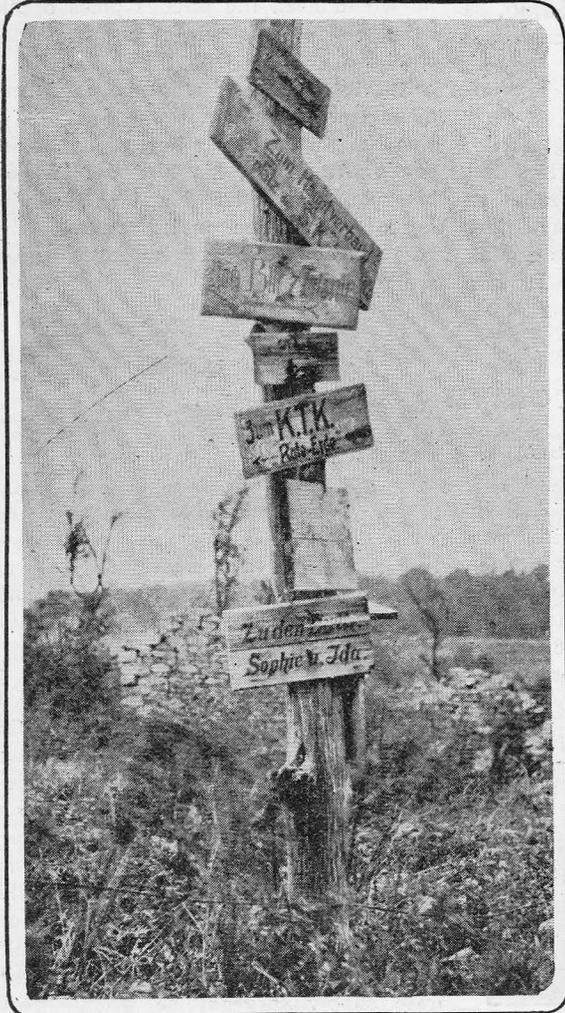
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Paradise Found - for the souvenir hunter. A collection of German guns and supplies captured by the 80th Division and stored at Bethincourt.



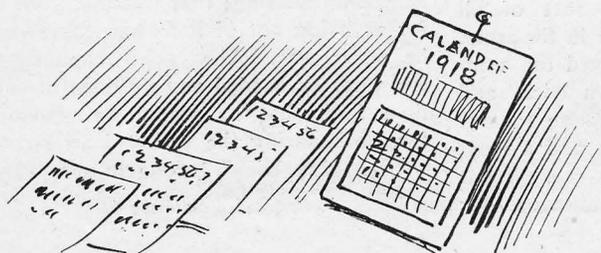
Triancourt where an 80th Division P.C. was established, 20 minutes of ten ~ ~ ~ ~ ~



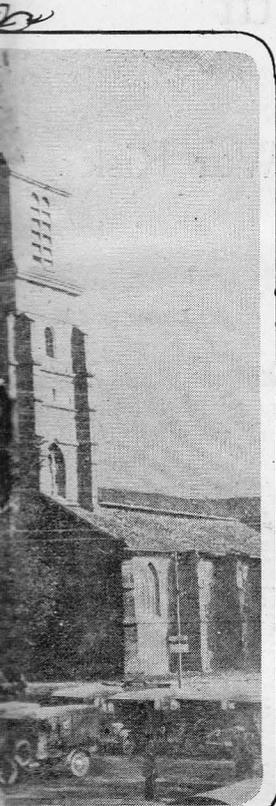
Some German signs of other times.



German observation tower in the territory captured 80th. Division around Cunel. The tower does not yet what hit it but the two doughboys do - an allied bar



TO LAST YEAR'S CALENDAR



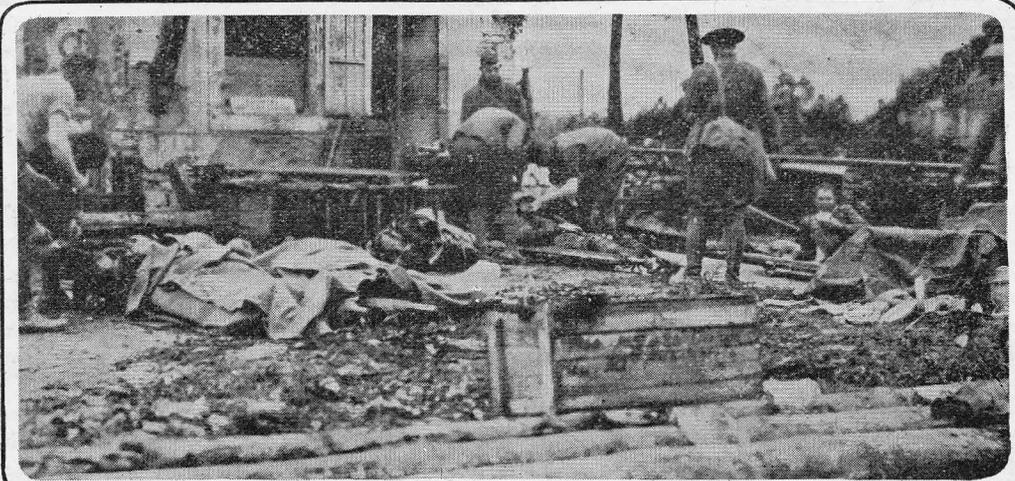
ed, as it looked at



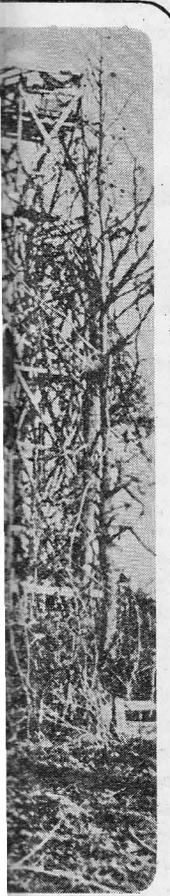
Looking north from the Cures - Nantillois Road to Bois de Foret. The dog and the doughboy in the foreground are examining the spot where they had "dug in" a month or so before.



At least the mounts of the 305th Engineer Train have acquired politeness from their association with French horses - It's "you first Alphonse" but Gaston on the other side of the trough will not drink until —!



Advance dressing station at Gercourt for the 80th Division during the Argonne drive.



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Now is the Time to Reinstate Your Government Insurance

Liberal Provisions, Recently Adopted by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Make Reinstatement an Easy Matter

By R. W. Emerson

Assistant Director War Risk Insurance Bureau

THERE is one topic in Washington that is commanding the serious attention of every statesman and that is the welfare of the former service man.

The pioneer legislation for this purpose was the War Risk Insurance Act.

Men who are still in the service or who have been in the service are more or less familiar with the original provisions of this Act, but few of them have been able to keep constantly in touch with the exposition of its features as presented by the Bureau of War Risk Insurance and to become informed as to the liberal provisions recently adopted to facilitate the maintenance of Government Insurance. Fewer still are aware of the legislation now pending in Congress that provides for certain liberalizing changes in the original text of the act.

It was discovered some time ago that many men in the transition of becoming civilians again, had allowed their government insurance to lapse because they did not pay the premiums after they were out of the service. When they wanted to renew it again, they were confronted with the problem of paying the back premiums. This proved too heavy a tax on the slender finances of many of them and they dropped their insurance. The government immediately recognized this situation and on July 25, 1919, Secretary of the Treasury Carter Glass published a decision that discharged soldiers, sailors and marines who have dropped or cancelled their insurance may reinstate it at any time within 18 months after discharge—without paying any back premiums except that for the first month after lapsation, when he was still protected, and the month in which he reinstates his policy.

Thus, for example, if a man dropped \$10,000 insurance in January, 1919, and applies for reinstatement on the first of November for \$5,000 insurance, all he will have to pay will be the premium on \$5,000 for the month of January, which was the month of grace, and the premium for the month of November for the same amount. He will not have to pay the premiums for the intervening months.

To Renew Your Insurance

Within eighteen months after discharge, payment is required of only two months back premiums.

No statement as to health is required if reinstatement is sought within three calendar months following discharge or the period of grace. Otherwise a formal application for reinstatement and a health statement is necessary.

An exposition of important insurance decisions and pending legislation also contained in this article.

This ruling as originally announced stipulated that the application for reinstatement be accompanied by a declaration on the part of the applicant that he is in as good health as he was at the date of discharge. Even this decision is now liberalized by an amendment providing that men out of the service shall be permitted to reinstate merely by paying the two months' premiums, without a formal application for reinstatement or a statement as to health, at any time within three calendar months following the month of discharge.

After the three months following the month of discharge, however, a statement from the applicant to the effect that he is in as good health as at the date of discharge or at the expiration of the grace period, whichever is the later date, will be required, together with a written application for reinstatement and the tender of two months' premiums on the amount of insurance he wishes to reinstate.

In order to give all former service men whose insurance has lapsed or been cancelled a fair chance to reinstate their insurance, including men who have been out of the service eighteen months or more and who are barred from reinstatement under the ruling made July 25, a special blanket ruling

has been recently made which allows all ex-service men to reinstate their insurance before December 31, 1919, provided that each applicant is in as good health as at the date of discharge or at the expiration of the grace period, whichever is the later date, and so states in his application. Of course it is necessary that the applicant tender the two months' premiums on the amount of insurance he wishes to reinstate.

There is another recent decision and one which should be of interest to many men who paid excess premiums on their insurance. Service men who reinstated their insurance prior to July 25, 1919, at which time the decision requiring payment of only two months' premiums went into effect, and who paid all back premiums, may, upon written application to the Bureau, have any premiums paid in excess of two applied toward the payment of future premiums. For example, if after a policy had lapsed for six months, a man reinstated and paid six months' premiums, he may have four of the premiums applied as advance payments.

These rulings by Secretary of the Treasury Glass have been characterized by Director R. G. Cholmeley-Jones of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance as the most important to service men that have been made in the history of the Bureau. Colonel Cholmeley-Jones, who was in the service in France for over a year, said:

"Under the new decisions a man is relieved of the burden of over-due premiums. He has an opportunity to rehabilitate himself financially and to reinstate his insurance without the burden of paying a large amount of money."

It must be understood, however, that the man who drops his insurance or permits it to lapse is not protected after the expiration of the grace period until he reinstates it, so that all former service men who have not kept up their payments are unprotected during the intervening months.

"Don't put off reinstatement. Do it now!"—is the plea that the officials of the Bureau are sending throughout the country to the ex-service men. If rein-

Now is the Time to Reinstate Your Government Insurance

By R. W. Emerson

statement is put off day by day, the former service men may not be in as good health as at the date of discharge and consequently may be unable to secure reinstatement. Service men in all sections of the United States are now being urged to reinstate their insurance immediately and are being reminded that the risks of peace time demand protection almost as strongly as did the perils of war.

In line with the discussion on the payment of premiums under the new reinstatement plan, the question is often asked as to what is done in the event a man makes an error in the payment of his premiums. For instance, his premium is \$6.80 for one month and \$6.90 for the next succeeding month, but he pays \$6.80 for each of the months, leaving a balance of ten cents due on the premium payment for the last month. The answer is that the Bureau notifies the man of the discrepancy and, in the event that the man dies before the matter is adjusted, the amount due will be deducted from the amount payable under the insurance contract at its maturity. The point is that unintentional under payments on insurance premiums will not invalidate the contract.

Important among pending legislation is House Bill 8778, known as the Sweet Bill, which is now before the Senate, having been passed by the House a short time ago. The consensus of opinion in official circles in Washington is that the Sweet Bill will be enacted without material amendment.

This bill is highly important to those interested in the provisions of the War Risk Insurance Act. It will more than double the amount of money payable under the compensation provisions for disability. It provides, among other things, for an enlargement of the class

of relatives who can be named as beneficiaries for War Risk Insurance; for payment of converted policies in a lump sum at the option of the insured, and for payment of converted insurance to the estate of the insured in the event he dies without naming a beneficiary.

Under the present compensation schedule a man temporarily totally disabled is entitled to thirty dollars a month, if single, during such total disability. The amendment in the Sweet Bill raises this amount by fifty dollars, making eighty dollars payable under such circumstances. If he has a wife but no child living he gets forty-five dollars; the amendment will give him ninety dollars. If he has a wife and one child, he draws at present forty-five dollars. The amendment will give him ninety-five. One hundred dollars will be allowed if he has a wife and two or more children. Under the Sweet Bill, if the disability is rated as total and permanent, he will be paid one hundred dollars a month, and permanent partial disability ratings will be based thereon in accordance with the rate given the disability by the Medical Division of the Bureau.

The law now provides that if a man loses both hands, both feet, or the sight of both eyes, or becomes helpless and permanently bedridden, he shall receive one hundred dollars a month compensation. Experience has shown that many men who have lost an arm and a leg, or one limb and the sight of one eye, are just as badly crippled as men who have lost both feet or both hands, and so the Bureau has recommended that in addition to the injuries at present entitling a man to compensation at the rate of one hundred dollars a month, the following shall be included: The loss of one foot and one hand; the loss of one foot and the sight of one eye,

or the loss of one hand and the sight of one eye. These are deemed "total and permanent disability" by the express wording of the amendment. There is also a provision that for a "double total permanent disability," meaning cases in which men are maimed so seriously that their injuries include two of these classifications, the compensations shall be two hundred dollars a month.

Another amendment in the Sweet Bill which is meeting with widespread approval is the clause making optional the settlements under a converted insurance policy so that the money may be paid in a lump sum at maturity, at the option of the insured or in installments covering three years or more.

The proposed enlargement of the permitted class of insurance beneficiaries is another important item in the pending legislation. The present class includes spouse, child, grandchild, parent, brother and sister. The new amendment will enlarge this class to include uncles, aunts, nephews, nieces, brothers-in-law, sisters-in-law and persons who have stood in loco parentis to the deceased for a period of not less than one year. This amendment will permit the Bureau to carry out the wishes of many deceased soldiers who had named beneficiaries not permitted by the original classification.

The officials connected with the administration of the War Risk Insurance Act are deeply concerned in the welfare of the discharged service man. There are approximately 15,000 employees in the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, who work a half an hour longer a day than most government employees, and they work cheerfully, too, for they realize the importance of their tasks and how vital their work is concerned in the welfare of the former service man.



DRIFTWOOD

I am the city's driftwood—the scum.

Look at me.

Hollow-eyed, sad-mouthed, melancholy, impulsive—

Dreamer of crude dreams—

Wild of speech—reckless of life.

I am the failure, the misfit, the fool.

I am the haunter of parks—the worshipper of painted women—
the curser of creeds—Destiny's jester.

I am the drifter.

Yet somewhere I have a Croix de Guerre.

And my Buddie—

Hollow-eyed, sad-mouthed, melancholy, impulsive, like
myself—

Sleeps in Flander's field.

—C. E. Grundish

A General Pays Tribute

Review of the Splendid Part Played by the Mothers in Maintaining the High Esprit of the 319th Infantry

By Former Brig. Gen. Frank S. Cocheu

THE 319th Infantry was organized at Camp Lee, Virginia, during the first part of September, 1917, from drafted men of Allegheny and Fayette counties, Pennsylvania. Just after New Year's day, 1918, 1st Lieut. Barratt O'Hara, 319th Infantry, and at one time lieutenant governor of the State of Illinois, suggested to me the advisability of establishing some means by which the interest in the regiment of the people of Allegheny and Fayette counties would be aroused and by which they, especially the mothers, would at all times be acquainted in a more personal and intimate way with the physical conditions by which their representatives at Camp Lee were surrounded.

Among other things it was apparent that if this result could be accomplished it would have the effect, in those trying times, of unconsciously drawing the home-folks closer to the men and the men closer to their homefolks, and that this would react in a most favorable manner on the training, efficiency and esprit of the regiment.

For instance, it seemed certain that if the people at home would realize that the more efficient we made their sons—and this could be done only as the result of much hard work on the part of both officers and men—the more damage we would inflict in battle on our enemies, with a minimum amount of damage to ourselves, their attitude on the subject would cause the members of the regiment to be more patient and in fact even genuinely enthusiastic over the extremely intensive course of military training and instruction that they were then undergoing, and the dangers of "going stale" would thus be minimized.

I knew that homesickness was apt to be a great enemy of efficiency as I had left home to go to West Point when I was in my eighteenth year and had experienced at that time and for many years thereafter the same feelings of homesickness due to the strange life, the distance from home and the absence of relatives and friends that I knew many of the members of the regiment were then experiencing in an intense form. As I had taken part in two small wars, I also knew that the inconveniences and hardships of the soldiers when we got to France would be comparable only with the exquisite mental torture, due in a great measure to uncertainties, that would be endured by our loved ones at home. Therefore I was certain that the closer liaison, so to speak,

that we could establish between the members of the regiment and their homes, the more frequently would letters and messages pass between them, the more complete would be their mutual understanding, with a consequent reduction on the part of both soldiers and their families of misunderstandings and uncertainties regarding conditions surrounding each other.

With this idea in mind, toward the last of January, 1918, I sent Lieutenant O'Hara to Pittsburgh to look over the ground. He interviewed the mayor, the Honorable E. V. Babcock, the county commissioners, the officials of the Chamber of Commerce, members of the Commercial Club and many others of the leading citizens, both male and female, and found nothing but the most cordial welcome and enthusiasm for our plans. The county commissioners, Messrs. Gumbert, Meyers and Harris having tendered the use of Memorial Hall for the purpose of organizing the Mothers of the regiment, Sunday, February 10, 1918, was decided upon for the initial meeting, and I then personally signed individual letters of invitation addressed to the mother, wife, or other close relative of every member of the regiment. So much interest, or I might say curiosity, was evinced on the part of those interviewed by Lieut. O'Hara regarding the personalities, characteristics and characters of the officers who were preparing to take their husbands and sons to France, that several prominent citizens wired to Camp Lee urging that I be present in Pittsburgh at the first meeting of the mothers, and that I bring with me the regimental band and half a dozen of the officers, all at the expense of those who were wiring. Accordingly, accompanied by Captain Hugh H. Obear, John W. Sands, Gerald Egan and Thomas W. Hooper, Lieutenants Charles E. Merrill, Charles Muse and Barratt O'Hara and the band, I arrived in Pittsburgh on the morning of Saturday, February 9, and was met at the railroad station by Mayor and Mrs. Babcock, county and city officials, members of the Chamber of Commerce and other prominent citizens, all of whom were desirous, through us, of honoring in every way possible, the members of the regiment at Camp Lee whom we represented. So anxious were the people to hear first-hand news of the regiment and of conditions in general that all of the officers with me were asked to speak on the day of our arrival at a Chamber of Commerce luncheon, a War Savings Stamp

meeting and a Commercial Club dinner.

On Sunday, fortunately, the day was bright and clear and thus many more came to the meeting from great distances than would have been able to do so had the weather been less favorable. The result was that Memorial Hall was crowded, the audience for the greater part consisting of women—the mothers, wives and sweethearts of the regiment. Judge Buffington presided. Mayor Babcock, Senator Kline, my father, Mr. Theodore Cocheu, of Brooklyn, New York; Mr. Lawrence E. Sands, father of Captain Sands, and Mrs. Cost, the mother of two members of the regiment, spoke in addition to all of the officers of the regiment; the band played and Miss Christine Miller sang in her usual charming and graceful manner, having come from Chicago especially to sing at this meeting. Mrs. Taylor Allderdice, who had, in the meantime, promised to undertake the task of perfecting and perpetuating an organization of Mothers was present.

As the meeting concluded, all the officers of the 319th Infantry who were present were asked to stand near the exit so that those present, who cared to do so, might personally meet the officers and send messages back to Camp Lee. This personal greeting can never be forgotten by any of the officers who took part in it.

During the last week in March a return visit, as guests of the regiment, was made to Camp Lee by Mayor and Mrs. Babcock, Mr. and Mrs. Taylor Allderdice, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence E. Sands and Commissioner and Mrs. Gumbert. A program for the entertainment of the guests had been arranged, which included a review in their honor by the entire regiment and exercises designed to show every form of instruction that was being carried on at that time. The guests lived in camp, messed with the officers and with the various companies, inspected barracks, kitchens, dining rooms, the exchange, storehouses, stables and grounds, talked to the assembled regiment in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium and talked with the individual men, their whole effort being an endeavor to acquaint themselves with conditions which we were then experiencing in order that they might, upon their return to Pittsburgh, communicate directly to the Mothers their first-hand views and opinions. This visit and the visits of many individuals who later came were due to the fact, so we were often told, that the personal relations first estab-

A General Pays Tribute, By Former Brig. Gen. Frank S. Cocheu

lished between the officers and the families of our men in Allegheny and Fayette counties on occasion of the meeting organizing the Mothers had made the latter realize the intense interest that the officers had in the welfare of the men, and that the realization of the existence of this interest had awakened in the minds of the Mothers a hitherto unknown interest in the regiment as an organization and in all who were members of it. I know how this affected me personally. After the organization of the Mothers, the letters received by me from the families of the men had a more distinctly personal touch and I know the same sentiments were to be found in my replies. In fact, when it became my very painful duty to write informing some of these same mothers and wives of the deaths on the battlefield in France of their sons and husbands, I felt that I was writing to

bereaved personal friends regarding other personal friends.

Another result of this Sunday's meeting in Pittsburgh was that until the beginning of the Meuse-Argonne Offensive in the latter part of September, 1918, at 7 P. M. on the second Sunday of each month all members of the regiment assembled, wherever they happened to be, to sing and talk of their loved ones at home who, under the leadership of Mrs. Taylor Allderdice, assembled at the same hour of the same day in their school houses and other convenient places to sing and talk of their loved ones in France. Nothing during the entire existence of the regiment had a more far reaching effect on its discipline, esprit and morale than did these joint meetings, as we might call them.

Upon the completion of the first phase of the Meuse-Argonne Offensive I was

promoted away from the regiment and sent to another part of France and so, much to my regret, my active connection with the Mothers ceased. It is, however, a pleasure to record that the pleasant relations established between the regiment and the officials and leading citizens of Pittsburgh, and originating through the organization of the Mothers were continually manifest in many ways during my service with the 319th Infantry and culminated in the wonderful reception given to it after its return from France on the day of its final review by Mayor Babcock in the city of Pittsburgh on the 9th of June, 1919.

Without hesitation I maintain that the organization of the Mothers had a more powerful influence for good than did any other one thing during the existence of the 319th Infantry.



Members of the Eightieth Division Wearing the Steel "Bib and Tucker" which the Germans Wore at the Big Allied Picnic Last Year.

Histories and Rosters Published by Units of the Blue Ridge Division

A Review of the First Two to be Received

Roster of Company D and History of First Battalion, Three Hundred and Eighteenth Infantry

AWAY, not without its followers, of reviewing a publication, is to review it first without taking it from the package. To begin with, it's a rare package, excepting perhaps in bomb mailing periods when fear is excited, that does not excite the imagination along some line—good, bad or indifferent. When a book or periodical reviewer receives a package which he feels, in fact, knows, contains a new publication for his approval or disapproval, he immediately jumps at conclusion and disapproves: First, because he's two score books or periodicals in arrears, and second because its his nature. Disapprovingly he examines the package. Is it a book of free verse, written by a precocious child of an overseas veteran? or a book of cartoons caricaturing vice presidents? or is it the latest volume of fiction with a plot that requires a plumber to disjoin?

In somewhat the same state of mind a large envelope, 12¾ inches long by 9½ inches wide, was fingered and examined by the reviewing staff of *Service*. In the upper left hand corner of the envelope was a clue that required no Sherlock Holmes to reveal that the contents were not loose safety razor blades that would sever one's most important blood vessel of the wrist upon the opening of the package, but some kind of a separate unit history. Leaping head foremost into conclusions, the unknown publication was reviewed with its wraps on, and it seemed a shame that it should have been published.

It was then thought advisable to open the envelope and no sooner were the contents in view than approval—unlimited and unstinted approval—began to set in with all its promising complications.

The ugly, yellow envelope had yielded a very handsome booklet, bound in heavy, dull, brownish gray paper, with the Eightieth Division insignia appear-

A MOMENT OF YOUR TIME, HISTORIANS!

If there seems to be sufficient warrant for it, SERVICE will publish each month a brief review of the separate unit histories and rosters of the Eightieth Division that accumulate from the morning mail. In order to be sure that your company, battalion or regimental published war record receives its notice, add to this accumulation by mailing a copy of your unit publication to the SERVICE MAGAZINE, 915 Bessemer Building, Pittsburgh, Penna.

ing in the exact center. A patriotic impulse is the red, white and blue cord used in the binding. There is no lettering on the front cover, but opposite the fly leaf, on the first page, is the legend, "Roster of Company D and Brief History of the First Battalion, 318th Infantry, Eightieth Division, A. E. F., France." The quality of the paper is the finest and with a twentieth century business eye we began to wonder—but instead turned the page. With the underline "She Brought Us Home" is a cut of a lady fair of two masts and a single stack—the U. S. S. Maul. Between these pages a smaller, supplementary page is carried, giving the record in prisoners captured, artillery pieces and machine guns taken and kilometers advanced, of the combat divisions of the A. E. F.

On page three is a list of officers and enlisted men of Company D who died in action, of disease, were missing in action or had been wounded. On the next page are two photographs of the First and Second Platoons of D Company and on the opposite page begins the complete roster of the names of officers and men of the company, and

their addresses. Other pages contain cuts of the Third, Fourth and Fifth Platoons, the Company Sergeants, the company staff and photographs of Captain Clinton D. Winant and Captain Vincent R. Smith, author of the compilation, with the two portraits designated as "Owners of D Battery." Two other cuts are scenes of parading in Newport News and through sunny Richmond shortly after the company's return to America. A brief two-page history of the First Battalion, 318th Infantry, follows and the final chapter of this battalion and company war record and memento is entitled "Melange." It is illustrated with photographs of a half a dozen of Company D's unforgettable members and is a happy reminiscence of old associations and memories by Captain Smith. Here ends a very commendable unit publication that will be valued by every former member of the organization and should be an inspiration to others contemplating a similar work.

History and Roster of Company I, Three Hundred and Twentieth Infantry, Eightieth Division

The booklet containing the history and roster of Company I, 320th Infantry, is not as elaborately set forth as the first one reviewed, but it is of the same high standard. It is of pamphlet size, bound in light blue paper with the title carried on the cover. It is not illustrated and its twenty-seven pages contain a very complete history of the company's war record and its roster.

A detailed account is given of each action participated in by the company with the casualties suffered in each instance. A number of pages are devoted to individual and divisional citation orders and then a complete roster of the names of officers and men of the company with their addresses, make up the final chapter. It will be another invaluable addition to the divisional literature and will be highly prized by every member of Company I.





SALVAGE

FOR MENTAL RELAXATION.

Postponement Welcomed.

"Private Blank," said the colonel severely, reprimanding a doughboy for a minor breach of military regulations, "what would you do if I were to say that you were to be shot at sunrise?"

"Gosh," colonel," replied the Yank, watching the shadow of a grin steal over his officer's face, "I'd sure pray for a cloudy day."—*Indianapolis Star*.

DIFFERENT NOW.

Commanding Officer—Rastus, here is your honorable discharge. You ought to be proud of it.

Rastus—'Deed Ah am, captain. Why, in civil life when Ah was discharged Ah was jes plain fired.—*Ontario Post*.

A SUCCESSFUL BRITISH EFFORT.

The nervous young officer sat down at a table in the vegetarian restaurant.

Crushed nut, sir? asked the waitress, handing him the menu of the day.

No, no; shell shock, he replied.

"CHEESIT THE COP."

The police force is a mighty force in support of order, and it does not always have to use force to show this. A little boy, a London street urchin, seeing some object inside an iron railing which roused his curiosity, stared at it with all his might, and so interested was he that he failed to notice the "copper" coming round the corner. Now the policeman was tall, and the boy was small. When the boy had sized up the object of his curiosity to his own satisfaction, he turned round to go and found himself gazing straight up into what might be termed the face of "the law." The arm of the law was quiescent since uncalled for, but a look into the grave face above him was sufficient. The boy took to his heels without a backward glance. The "law" smiled, and the onlookers smiled with him.—*Christian Science Monitor*.

LOOKS ARE DECEPTIVE.

"I couldn't serve as a juror, judge. One look at that fellow convinces me he's guilty."

"Sh-h! That's the district attorney."—*Life*.

BUT WHAT'S IN A NAME?

Now that the nation is dry, an enterprising dopeologist has compiled the following for the benefit of summer vacationists: Rye, N. Y.; Bourbon Ill.; Green River, Ky.; Cliquot, Mo.; Champaign, Ill.; Brandy Keg, Ky.; Brandy Camp, Pa.; Brandy City, Cal.; Port, Okla.; Sherry, Texas; Brandywine, W. Va.; Ginn, Miss.; Wine, Va.; Tank, Pa.; Booze, Tenn.; Drinker, Pa.; Aqua, Va.; Vichy, Mo.; and Lithia, Fla. Take your choice.—*The Wheeling Register*.

HER ROLE.

"Now we'll play zoo," said Willie, "and I'll be the elephant."

"That will be fine," said Aunt Mabel. "But what shall I be?"

"Oh, you can be the nice lady what feeds the elephant with buns and sugar," explained Willie.—*Blighty (London)*.

THE BARK TEST.

Two sailors at a dog-show were gazing at a valuable Skye terrier, which had so much hair that it looked more like a wooden mat than a dog.

"Which end is 'is 'ead, Tom?" asked one.

"Blowed if I know," was the reply, "but, 'ere, I'll stick a pin in him, and you look which end barks!"—*Blighty (London)*.

THE REASON.

She—"George, you looked awfully foolish when you proposed to me."

He—"Well, very likely I was."—*London Opinion*.

CANDID ENOUGH.

Hawkins, a hotel manager, and Wilks, a manufacturer's agent, were talking about their respective business interests. "I say," remarked Wilks, "however do you use such an enormous quantity of pears and peaches?" "Well," replied Hawkins, "we eat what we can, and what we can't eat we can." "Indeed!" said the other. "We do about the same in our business." "How is that?" "We sell an order when we can sell it, and when we can't we cancel it!"—*Pittsburgh Sun*.

A PERSONAL PART.

A certain young actress had a small part in a "war" drama—a very small part, and she was not satisfied. So one morning, after rehearsal, she set out to interview the boss.

"I have only one line in the first act," she pouted, "and but one in the second. Couldn't you give me a line for the third act also?"

The actor-manager thought for a moment.

"Well, yes," he replied. "When the bombardment scene is on, and the hero is crouching in his dugout you may enter and say, 'Here is a dud!'"

"Oh, thanks!" she exclaimed. "And do I bring an unexploded shell on the stage with me?"

"No," answered the actor-manager. "It's not a speech, my dear; it's a confession."—*Blighty (London)*.

LLOYD GEORGE'S REWARD.

A country yokel dropt in at an English tavern and overheard some conversation which led him to remark to the andlord, "So this is St. George's day, be it?"

"Yes," said the landlord, "and every Englishman should know it."

"Well, I be English, but blowed if I knowed they'd made 'im a saint," cackled the old gaffer, raising his glass. "'Ere's to you, David!"—*Boston Transcript*.

HE DOES.

"No man acts toward his wife after marriage the same as before," said a man.

"I do," replied Smith. "Exactly the same. I remember just how I used to act when I first fell in love with her. I used to lean over the fence in front of her house and gaze at her shadow on the curtain, afraid to go in. And I act just the same way now when I get home late."—*Ladies Home Journal*.

CAN YOU BLAME HIM?

Talkative Passenger (trying to get up a conversation with a discharged soldier)—"I see—er—you've lost an arm."

Discharged Soldier (wearily)—"So I have. How careless of me."—*Pittsburgh Post*.

Best Reading of the Day

Some Other Editors Opinions of SERVICE

Pittsburgh Dispatch.

IF the succeeding numbers of the *Service Magazine*, the new monthly publication designated to serve all who themselves served with the American Expeditionary Forces, reasonably compare with the first issue, it will be a welcome guest in households, where in the windows once were proudly shown stars, and everywhere it ought to command interest. Its "Salutatory" is fetching, for it has no propaganda to push, no funds to raise, and no drives to foster, but simply aims to divert the doughboy and to aid him in solving problems that may confront regarding his service for his country. Besides its choice literary articles on selected topics will entertain the general reader.

It is a Pittsburgh venture, inspired by the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, and it has a full staff of editors. Its cover, in gray with an eagle surmounting a table in bronze, carries the name with exquisite artistry. Inscribed are the verses of Willis Vernon Cole on "Service." Beginning with their pean of victory, they invoke the same patriotism for reconstruction. "Keep the issue clean," is the appeal and, "work!"

They live who serve. Through us the
hand unseen
Shall rear His living altar. Work! Work!
We ask
One requiem, one prayer, one tablet
plain;
These sanctified gave not their lives in
vain.

Among the articles in the current first number is one by Mrs. Taylor Alderdice, founder of the Mothers of Democracy, entitled "The Mothers Carry On." Edward A. Woods writes about "Home Service of the Red Cross," but it would be hard to note all the attractive contributions. One notable discussion is on "Knocking the H Out of H C L," and it proposes an extension of the famous Rochedale system so successful in England, with posts of the American Legion aiding to establish a sort of distribution, co-operative scheme to procure staple supplies. The typography is quite fine and the artist shows his taste and talent in many war scenes. There are sections of fun and poetry. In fact, it is quite a magazine.

Pittsburgh Sun.

BREEZY and highly readable is the first issue of the *Service Magazine*, the new publication which speaks for the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association. Its editorial staff is made up of returned soldiers and all its contents touch on phases of life or on events in the lives of the soldiers. Though it is published under the auspices of one division, it does not limit its scope to that division, but welcomes news and contributions from men of any other unit.

The front cover of the first number is a gray and gold effect remarkably striking. There are articles by Irene Austen, Helen Fisher Price, Daniel McGuire, William I. Grundish, Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Woods, Mrs. Taylor Al-

derdice, Charles S. Wengerd, former Chaplain Arthur H. Brown, Reuel W. Elton, Charles M. Jones, Edward A. Woods, Jessie Payne and Willis Vernon Cole. There also is a page or two of wit and humor of the army and a page on "Bonus Investments" by Jack Berger. "As Miss Sees Ma'mselle" is the title of an interesting story of the jealousy American girls felt at the supposed encroachment on their territory by the French girls. And there are others—many others—just as interesting.

Dwight H. Fee is editor; two of his aides on the editorial staff are Guy T. Viskniski and Walter R. Suppes. Robert P. Nevin, Jr., is advertising manager; Reuel W. Elton, manager, and Herbert D. Brauff, circulation manager.

One of the features of the number is a page of official war pictures. Another is a full-page photo of American troops in the Argonne, advancing over shell-swept ground. It is called "Some of That 'Somewhere in France.'"

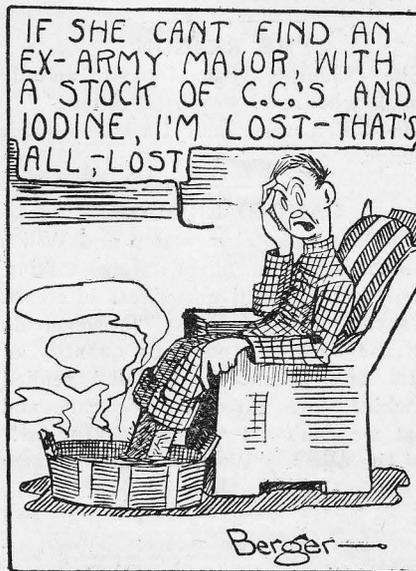
Pittsburgh Gazette-Times.

PUBLISHED under the direction of the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, the *Service Magazine*, a monthly publication, today for the first time appeared on newsstands throughout the city and in the mails of three states. Its announced policy is to devote its pages to subjects of interest to men and women who served in the World War—at home or abroad.

The cover page, a particularly bright feature of the new magazine, represents a bronze tablet. Instead of a roster of names, the tablet carries a poem, entitled "Service," written by Willis Vernon Cole.

"As Miss Sees Mam'selle," by Irene Austen, the first story in the new publication, sets forth the opinions formed of French women and girls by an American "Y" girl who served in France. There follow a dozen or more other articles on subjects directly or indirectly bearing upon the war and all have a service to perform, including one devoted to the Mothers of Democracy.

Two pages of war pictures are prominently displayed. Hundreds of service men, regardless of division or unit, will feel vividly the mute reminder in the view of the ruined village of Nantillois, one of the worst spots near the Meuse. The frontispiece realistically portrays the strenuous life of pursuing the Hun.



Best Reading of the Day

A page to wit, salvage and a page of cartoons, entitled "Bonus Investments," by Jack Berger, are the humorous features of the number. Next month a larger magazine is promised, with an article on "When We Return to France," by Herbert Adams Gibbons, a contributor to the Century Magazine and the author of "Paris Reborn" and a new map of Europe. An associate editor is Guy T. Viskniski, founder of the Stars and Stripes.

The editorial and business staff is made up of former overseas veterans who, in civil life, are daily newspaper men.

Pittsburgh Post.

IT may or may not be significant, but the fact remains that the second article in issue No. 1 of volume No. 1 of the *Service Magazine*, which has just seen the light of day, had to do with the high cost of living, as it is found on the menu cards at 'most anybody's restaurant.

The magazine is to be published monthly by the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association, but the initial issue has been carefully drawn up to demonstrate its policy of making itself something more than a mere organ for the Eightieth Division Association.

"The following pages," its self-introduction begins, "present more clearly than can be done in any other way the policy of this magazine. Suffice it that *Service* is for all who served in those stirring days of one year and more ago. From month to month it will be apparent in what ways the periodical can and will be of assistance to every man and woman who had a share in the burden of the war.

"It's true that the magazine had its inception through one divisional veterans' association, the Eightieth, but that bars nothing interesting concerning any unit or individual who served elsewhere. The magazine has no propaganda to push, no funds to raise, no 'drives' to foster. Its only ambition is to serve and to entertain. It isn't published as a money-making game, for 'profits' are to go back into the magazine itself and into no other fund. The staff itself is composed of overseas line soldiers of three divisions. *Service* is more than anxious to hear from the former soldier, sailor and marine—the man who got overseas and the man who didn't. It's interested just as much in the mothers, wives and sweethearts of these men."

It is a magazine of 42 pages, of exceptional workmanship, and brightly illustrated. The leading article is by

Irene Austen on the French "mam' selle." and it is much more just and kindly than many another. Helen Fisher Price paints a picture of "The Old Home Town While the Boys Were Gone," and Daniel McGuire contributed an article—"And Across the Rhine," which has to do with prison camps and things.

Other contributors are Lieutenant Colonel Arthur Woods, assistant to the secretary of war, Mrs. Taylor Alderdice, sponsor of the Mothers of Democracy; William I. Grundish, a Pittsburgh newspaper man; Lieutenant Commander P. V. H. Weems, Charles S. Wengerd, director of the department of music of the War Camp Community Service; Arthur H. Brown, late division chaplain; Reuel W. Elton, secretary of the veterans' association; Charles M. Jones, of the Government War Insurance Service; Edward A. Woods, Willis Vernon Cole and Jack Berger, staff artist.

Verona News Leader

THE Eightieth Division monthly magazine made its first appearance at this office. The publication, which is called *Service*, has all the up-to-date features of the magazine world and is easily worth the price of admission to its pages—20 cents a copy.



French Goats Eating Their First "Americaine" Tin Cans.

They Are Not Like Us

The French from One American's Point of View

By David Carb

By special permission of the Century Company and with the kind consent of the author, Mr. Carb, this article is reprinted from the August, 1919, number of Century Magazine.

IT was inevitable that there should be a reaction from the fervid glorification with which we entered the war and fought the war. This reaction, augmented by many irritating circumstances, has created among some of the officers and men of the A. E. F. a strong disaffection for the French. It would seem wiser not to ignore such a situation, but rather to try to understand its causes, and if they are based on misunderstanding or incomplete knowledge, to present the truth, and thus eliminate what might eventually, if left to grow, tarnish one of the finest ideals and cool one of the warmest international friendships that history knows. The purpose of this article is to set forth the causes of the misunderstanding, and to give the point of view of one who has seen French life, both military and civilian, from the inside.

What Americans Expected to Find in France.

Long before the United States entered the war, the pro-Ally press in America centered its propaganda on two things, Belgium and France. The former was made to seem a plucky woman who had been and was still being violated, the latter a strong man fighting nobly against the greatest odds. Both pictures were true, but after Verdun its defenders were considered in America not merely as courageous men; they became in the press and in the public estimation supermen. Our sympathy had been theirs from the first; suddenly they enlisted our reverence as well. And it is only a short step from reverence to the elevation of the revered to a pedestal so high that it makes vague his real characteristics.

Then the Dragon reached out its claws toward us, and we in our turn were called upon to play the role of St. George. The French, became our instructors, our models. Marshal Joffre was acclaimed in the United States as

probably only one other man in the history of the nation has been acclaimed; the editorial columns of the newspapers all over the country chanted paeans of praise of the French; the popular songs were largely on the same theme. The story of the aid France had given us in our Revolution and after was retold a thousand times. Gradually a mental picture was created, and in the picture the Frenchmen wore wings, and the Germans horns.

What They Found.

The American troops did not find in the villages and cities of France a population composed of people like Jeanne d'Arc and Henry of Navarre; they found a people who welcomed them as the bridegroom welcomes his bride into his home, with joyous affection.

You can make war with fury, but you cannot make it with fuss. After the first great welcome the enthusiasm settled. It did not diminish; it was merely repressed because there was a war going on in the north and the east, and the war was grim and not succeeding. The ovations calmed themselves, and although one may be embarrassed by ovations, when they are over one feels distinctly let down. So the American soldier felt. Moreover, he did not see the glorified people that his newspapers and his songs had pictured. The people that he saw were not different in essentials from ordinary people, except that they spoke a strange language and did things in a manner which to him was "queer." He was equally surprised later when he entered Germany; the people did not wear horns, and seemed just like ordinary folks. They were like ordinary folks to him; that was part of their new propaganda. They had been forced to abandon torture and heinous destruction, so they did their utmost to make the Yank think that they could never have been capable of torture and heinous destruction. In both cases the American was disappointed; the French

people were not angels, and, as far as his contacts went, the Germans showed no evidence of being devils.

What the French People Expected.

The acclaim which greeted the arrival of the first American troops in France did not die down entirely because the war was too preoccupying to permit such demonstrations for long. There were other reasons; what the doctors call "natural causes."

At the same time that the American press was glorifying France and Frenchmen, the French press was doing the same for America and Americans. It even reprinted our boasts of ending the war quickly; but in the voyage the boasts became promises. Things moved swiftly at first; the French peasant read of conscription, vast appropriations, and of the Red Cross, which bolstered up a failing Italian morale. But it was French and British soldiers who bolstered up the failing Italian line. There was the long, arduous summer of 1917; then came the autumn and the winter. The French saw Americans everywhere in France except at the front. American goods in great quantities were on sale in all the shops; the journals told over and over again of the colossal preparations which were making across the Atlantic. That was good news, but nothing seemed to be coming of it. The Americans figured largely in everything except the **communiqués**. There was then the Italian debacle, and close on its heels persistent rumors of a tremendous impending German drive; of innumerable divisions from the Eastern front arriving daily to make that drive decisive, but still no indications that Americans were at the front. Small wonder that the word "bluff," which we have inserted into the French language, was sometimes on the lips of the man not "on the inside," and that his fervor cooled obviously.

Finally the drive came, and gained much ground, and every one knew it

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was only the forerunner of a greater drive. And in a little while this second drive was launched, and tore to the gates of Paris. The United States was in the war, the French were being told constantly, but they saw no signs of her active participation; and meanwhile the war, and France, was being lost. They had heard many times that the United States was peopled largely by Germans. Perhaps—

One morning there was an American communique, and the French communique was all about the Americans. It told of the halting of the enemy onrush. Another day all the communique recounted that the Americans were driving the Boches back. There followed the swift succession of events in which the Yank was the chief actor—the Marne, the Vesle, the Aisne, St. Mihiel, the Argonne, Sedan, the armistice. The American had not bluffed; he had kept his word; the cloudy doubts of the autumn of 1917 and the winter and spring of 1918 were dispersed by the most tremendous tempest of enthusiasm that even the French had ever indulged in. And the Yank was its object; he was the hero, and he was so informed both in actions and in words. All the love and admiration that France had felt for the United States for 150 years, save for a doubting interval of a bare six months, concentrated itself and broke around President Wilson. No one who saw that reception, and heard it could have doubted its profound sincerity; only an agnostic could have found in it anything save love and gratitude and confidence.

The American Disaffection.

The prosaic and sometimes ugly work of the settlement replaced the elan of victory. The Yank was sent into Germany; the German people did not wear horns; they were suspiciously innocent, and rather obviously anxious to please him and make him comfortable. After his hard regime in France this comfort was most grateful; he began to ask himself if he had not been misled; he began to compare what he knew of France with what he was allowed to see of Ger-

many. All the exasperations of his year among the French accumulated—the natural exasperations of a man in a strange country increased by the exasperations inevitable in a country at war, deeply invaded, and weary; the physical exasperations of his daily life, and the more than mental exasperation of homesickness. These things grew, and from exasperations they became anger. He felt that the French lacked gratitude. Gradually his discontent formed itself into grievances. As nearly as I can discover, there are five of these grievances: Overcharging, sanitation, efficiency, morality, "They are not like us."

The American soldier claims, and claims justly, that he was "held up," forced to pay more than the natives paid in the same shops at the same time, which is literally true. But to be fair even to the small French shopkeeper, it is necessary to comprehend the financial history of Americans in France.

For at least two generations the only Americans known to the French petite bourgeoisie were tourists who were "doing" Europe. These tourists were not modest people; they had come to have a good time, whatever the cost.

And they believed that the greater the cost, the better the time—at least when one was telling about it afterward. They admitted loudly, without being asked, that we were the richest-people-in-the-world (spoken as one word). Myths grew up about them, of their lavishness, of their actual anxiety to throw money away, of the pleasure it gave them to see people scramble for it. The type is not confined to Americans traveling in Europe; there are Americans at home who do the same thing. Not infrequently there comes out of the West a gentleman intent upon "showing the effete East a thing or two." And the tradesmen and others of the effete East are never reluctant "to be shown" so long as the showman's money lasts. Many French tradesmen and others were quite of the opinion of their fellows across the seas. That was the only kind of American the French shopkeeper had seen; other Americans were not advertised.

When the American Army began pouring into France, the mediums of public information were not reticent in announcing the pay of the American soldier, which was at that time a little more than a hundred times the pay of the Poilu. In the autumn of 1918

the Poilu's pay was raised from one sou a day to five sous—from less than one cent to less than five cents. The American soldier's pay has always been more than twenty times that of the Poilu. Moreover, the American soldier was not reluctant to spend his pay. He went to the best restaurants and cafes, ordered expensive foods and wines,—probably because this was his last chance to order wines of any sort,—tipped profusely, and generally reinforced the impression, created by his forerunners, that every American is a billionaire. This in no way justifies the French tradesman for charging him more than the French were charged; but it does not seem appropriate that the criticism should come from a people that has admired Wallingford so lavishly, that has been delighted when the gold-brick merchant sold his gold bricks. Or look at it another way. Suppose you put on your fur coat and your jewels, stepped into your lim-

A Toast—My Country

By Dr. George W. Wagoner

A myriad years didst thou sleep in strength
And garnered wealth from contributing worlds;
Each season didst store in thy swelling breast
Rich food that should nourish a conquering host.

When ripe to conceive and eager for seed,
Men came to thine arms and left them well filled.
Soon felt thou the thrill of quick'ning life,
And woke from the gloom of thy slumb'ring years
Exultant, rejoicing!

Oh magical land!

Thou gav'st to millions of strong, sturdy men
Life, Freedom, Fair Fortune and Sweet Content!
Great in thy glory, Oh soul of the Earth!
To thee do we cling, from thee do we live,
And for thee blood flows if honor compels!
This praise, then, to thee—if thou shouldst but ask—
In blood we would drink, as now in this wine—
"Till Death thou art our own dear Mother Land!
The Freeman's home, Superb United States!"

With wealth and with life our devotion we seal.
This vow then to thee; When in thy need
All that life holds dear, yea, life itself
I freely cast upon thy Shrine! Till death
Thou art our own dear Mother Land
The Freeman's hope! Superb United States.

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ousine, and drove to the Bowery or to any of the avenues from Sixth to the Hudson to purchase things. Would you not pay more than the habitue of those regions? I think you would. This does not justify either the American shop-keeper or the French; it merely indicates that the guilt is not confined to France. Our house is not in order, either.

My own experience in the French Army will show that such people are no more general in France than in the United States. In 1915 the men in the American ambulance paid all their own expenses except for food and lodging. They paid their own passage, bought their own uniforms, and received not one cent in money. That was known among the French, and despite the tradition of our collective and individual wealth, which in our case would seem to have been true, since we were depending on our own resources, not once do I recall being charged more than Frenchmen were charged. I went to the front in 1918 as an artillery aspirant, which is a grade between the highest non-com and a second-lieutenancy. I messed with the officers of my battery; the Government provided me with the ration of the Poilu, the food necessities. At the mess there were many extras, butter (at \$1.50 a pound), cheese, jam, pates, wines, and the like. My part of the expense was never more than fifty francs a month. One day I asked how they could furnish so many expensive things for so little money, and the system was explained to me. Our mess consisted of a captain, two second lieutenants, and myself. The cost of the extras was divided into eight parts; the captain paid three parts, each lieutenant two, and I one. The captain himself had made the arrangement. I discovered that the same arrangement existed in all the other batteries.

It would seem, then, that the American soldier is unjust in judging a race by a certain class; that the same class exists at home and does the same things. He would deny indignantly, even to the point of fighting, that the American people were all like that. Should he not ask himself, if a foreign army, with the same legend of fabulous riches enveloping it as ours in France, were in the United States, would it not have much the same unfortunate experience as ours has had in France?

One hears not infrequently from American soldiers returned from Germany that the Germans are superior to the French because their sanitation is more modern and they have more bath-

tubs. Leaving aside the question whether one can measure civilization by bath-tubs, let us ask ourselves just what a bath-tub is. It is a piece of furniture extremely useful and sometimes even ornamental. But unlike the clock on the mantel-shelf, which serves the purpose of being decorative whether it runs or not, a bath-tub has only one reason for being—to bathe in. Therefore the burning question is not how many there are, but how frequently they are used. Certainly the man who resides in an apartment with nine bed rooms and nine baths is not necessarily cleaner, and therefore more civilized, than the man whose house contains several bed rooms and only one bath. It may be argued that the difference between nine bath tubs and one is not nearly so great as between one and none. In many of our large cities the bath tubs in certain quarters are used as coal-bins; one of our most persistent national jokes is the bath only on Saturday night, especially in New England, where it is more than a joke; it is almost a rule of life, like codfish balls and baked beans for the Sunday breakfast. And certainly no member of the A. E. F. is in a position to state that the Germans bathe oftener than the French.

But suppose they do. A bath tub is a convenience for a bath, but not a necessity. There are other means of bathing. It is doubtful whether the peasants in one country on the continent of Europe make more use of modern sanitary advantages than those of another. Or the people of the cities. And, anyway, if sanitation is to be our criterion, we will have to change our social code. When one person is introduced to another, instead of saying, "I am glad to meet you," he will ask, "When did you bathe last?" or "Have you open plumbing in your house," or, "Miss Jones, I wish to present Mr. Smith, who bathes every morning."

At bottom this question of sanitation is to the American soldier not sanitation at all; he uses it as an example to prove his assertion that the French are not efficient, just as he uses their provincialism, their habit of staying at home, to prove that they are not modern. The two words "modern" and "efficiency" mean so much in American life that it is almost time they were being defined.

As nearly as I can discover, efficiency means doing a thing successfully and with a minimum of waste in material and in energy. To be modern means to be able to use, and to use, every invention and every discovery that conduces to efficiency. Let us measure the French and the Germans by these definitions, in the war, for example. The world has been amazed many times in the last five years at the efficiency of the German military machine; it was constantly surprising the enemy, over-

whelming him. Why, then, did it lose the war? The response is obvious; because almost the whole world was alined against it. Never was a nation so goaded into war as the United States was. The Germans throughout the war showed no indication whatever of diplomatic efficiency. In other words, the Germans had achieved nearly perfection in one part of their machine, but to acquire this perfection they had subserved the things which guide a machine and make it go. It is as though a perfect automobile was constructed without a steering-apparatus. And then as to military efficiency itself. Not once in the whole war did the Germans achieve a single important objective that they tried for. Paris, Calais, Verdun, Venice, Suez—they overran much territory, but never decisive territory. And as for the minimum of waste, one has only to read the casualty figures of the Verdun offensive. The Germans lost the war, they lost their markets, they lost their position in the world, by throwing their honor in the same rubbish-heap with their judgment. Was this efficiency?

On the other hand, the French, with a population only half as great as their enemy's, won the decisive First Battle of the Marne, they held at Verdun, to give only two instances. When we came into the war we called upon innumerable French officers to instruct us; the very text-books at the great American artillery school at Saumur were literal translations from the French text-books. We were in the position of having had no experience in contemporary warfare, and, wisely and with a self-effacement that will write the United States General Staff in even larger letters in history than their great military achievements lone could have done, we called in the best military experience in modern warfare obtainable; we called in the French. Certainly the general staff considered them both efficient and modern.

So does the American soldier in general. He knows that the German technic was superb, that the organization approached perfection, but that there was lacking the intellect to assimilate and utilize the superb technic and the magnificent organization. German diplomacy was so stupid that the Allies had merely to sit still and let the Germans enlist the world on the Allied side, or, rather, to take care always to be less stupid. The American soldier knows that, and he pays it due honor. It is in their industry and their business and their agriculture that he feels the French are not modern and efficient.

Business in France is still somewhat of a social affair except in the great cities, and even there it is liesurely. The whole recent American vocabulary of activity is wasted on French business; there is to the casual observer no "hustle," no "bustle," no "push," no "go." French agriculture uses very few automatic appliances; French fac-

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tories often lack the latest machines. All of which irritates the progressive spirit of the Yank. But what he fails to realize is that although French business and industry would never succeed in America, they succeed remarkably in France. And, after all, success is the criterion of both business and industry. On these same antique business and industrial methods the French have managed to become among the richest people per capita in Europe, and as for agriculture, the conditions in the United States and in France are diametrically different. In the former agriculture is extensive; in the latter intensive. A tractor is a necessity on a farm of thousands of acres; it is a burden on a farm of two acres. There are very few tractors in France, yet the yield per acre in France is much greater than in the United States.

Modernism is creeping into France—creeping, because the necessity is not suddenly felt. The large department stores of Paris attest to the modern spirit in business; in the country, if a shopkeeper were blunt and “what-can-I-do-for-your-ish,” he would lose his clientele. That is the nature of the race, and success in business has always consisted in catering to your customers' desires as much in manners as in goods. A French business man comes late to his office, he leaves early, he lunches at great length; but he does manage to get his work done. Perhaps here again he is more intensive than we; it is possible that he devotes less time and more concentration to his labors. Industry, like the majority of the people in France, was before the war for the most part local; it is only recently that it has begun to be national and to aspire to become international. And dusty who are now studying American dusty who are now studying American methods is extremely large; I have come into intimate contact with about thirty officers. Half of them are regular army men; of the other half at least five will go to the United States immediately after they are demobilized to study American methods, and at least six already subscribe to American trade publications. On the farms the question of modern inventions presented itself thus: mechanical appliances are too expensive for small farms; they would cost more than they earned. So co-operatives are forming. A tractor, for example, can cover so much ground successfully in a season; as many farmers as together own that much land buy a tractor; each pays a proportion of the initial cost and of the expense of upkeep. Farmer A uses the tractor on certain days, Farmer B on others. This system makes it possible both to have the machine and to make it pay for itself.

I have indulged in all these details because from what the American soldier says he has not noticed them. He has been acutely aware of the farm wagons with large wheels; he has not been aware of the

very modern granaries. Just as he has been irritated by the French lack of bathtubs and has failed to look at the conditions in our own large cities and remote villages, as he is disgusted with the French habit of housing the pig in the front yard and is merely amused by the Irish habit of housing it in the house itself, so he compares the things he sees in Germany with the things he has seen in France unfavorably for the latter, and does not take into account in the comparison that the great part of French manufactories were destroyed in the war, yet that France produced enormous quantities of shells, cannon, airplanes, and the other essentials of war; that Germany was beaten, but never invaded, that the test of efficiency is to make a machine work for you, not work for it; that to be efficient in one department and inefficient in another equally important one is like building a stone house and forgetting to bind the stones together, which is not efficiency at all; that, unlike us and the very new German confederation, in France you always have to remove something that has existed for a long time before you can build anything new; that in France the son follows the father and stays at home, which explains, but in no way attempts to defend, his provincialism. The Yank sees in Germany factories and farms much like the ones at home; does he ask himself if, as in the case of the tractor, the physical and racial characteristics of France demand different methods, as the physical characteristics of our own country demand that we plant cotton in the South and not in Maine? Or that France is slowly, gradually adopting the modern and the efficient things which are essential to the new-world conditions, just as we slowly, gradually realized the new-world conditions, which forced us into the war and into international politics and alliances? In this latter case we, too, had to overcome a long tradition before we could begin to play our new role.

The American soldier landed in a French port which was crowded with loose women; he went to a depot in a town where were also an inordinate number of prostitutes; he saw thousands on the Paris boulevards. And because he had often heard the phrase “The French are a frivolous people, fond of dancing and light wines,” because he had seen French sex farces and dramas of intrigue acted in our theaters, and because the tradition of “Gay Paree” has long been accepted among us, he interpreted what he saw as universal; he concluded that the French people are immoral. He said, “So this is Paris,” to describe anything extraordinarily gay or dashing or risqué. The American may on occasion be immoral, but he never approves of immorality. Consequently, he disapproves of the French. He is fundamentally Anglo-Saxon; so he was disgusted with what he saw. He neg-

lected to remember that part of his history which recounts that wherever there have been soldiers there have been numbers of loose women; he forgot, for instance, the training camps at home, and the quarters near to navy-yards; he failed to recall the various campaigns in our cities to drive prostitutes off the streets—campaigns which decreased the number on the streets, but certainly did not send the others to nunneries. He would be highly indignant if any one were to assert that Broadway is the United States in miniature, or that in the night court one can ascertain the moral condition of his country. Like our tourists in Europe, the immoral things are obvious; the modest things, because they are modest, stay indoors and make no noise.

Since the early days of the war France has had her already closely populated territory decreased by an eighth, and a large part of the population of the invaded eighth has been quartered on the other seven-eighths. Since the autumn of 1914 the only part of France which was not invaded was no-man's land. Moreover, Paris has been for these four years and more the center of the world. The normal number of prostitutes has been augmented not from the French alone; there have been a great many Italian girls, Swiss girls, and Belgian and Spanish. There has been that sort of invasion, too. But it was not the amount of immorality which offended the Yank so much as its openness, as the fact that it seems to be officially recognized or at least not officially curbed.

Probably the most startling difference between the Anglo-Saxon and the Latin point of view is that the former pretends that he hasn't physical functions, and the latter accepts both their fact and their universality. Consequently, the former is always trying to conceal the fact that they exist, and the latter, by recognizing their existence, takes them as a matter so commonplace that they are not worthy of remark. It is entirely a matter of point of view, and has nothing whatever to do with morality. For morality is a part of personal conduct, and is in no way related to time or place, light or darkness, publicity or secrecy. The question is, then, not whether a Parisian blocks traffic on the Boulevard des Italiens to stop and kiss his girl, but whether their relation is honest and decent. Thus the justice of the American criticism becomes a question of comparative statistics which I am not capable of resolving. This I can say, however, that the great proportion of the prostitutes in France subsist on strangers, not on Frenchmen. And that as the inordinate number of strangers in France now is quite abnormal, so is the number of prostitutes. French officers have expressed the wish to me many times that it had been possible to invite all the American soldiers to French homes. They feel that it is most

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lamentable that the American soldiers should have their idea of French life only from the public places.

In those same public places Sammy sees a great deal of drinking, but rarely does he see a Frenchman drunk. That is because the Frenchman drinks long rather than much, and for the most part he drinks the "light wines" of the familiar phrase. He sees no reason why he should go indoors to drink if the weather permits him to drink out of doors, just as he sees no reason to pretend that universal necessities do not exist. He prefers to be neither amazed nor ashamed that he has to eat or to drink or to do other things which are necessary to life, to everybody's life, which are therefore matters of such common knowledge that they may go unnoticed. Likewise in his attitude toward social tragedy. The ruined girl plays little part in French novels and dramas; infidelity plays a great part. Because in infidelity a faith and an intimacy have been violated, and the victim is left poor and disillusioned. Whether the French way of looking at these things is worse or better than ours is not a thing that a mere human being can determine. I now realize that "there is much to be said on both sides," as a well-known radical once said to explain why he considered himself corrupt. There is much to be said on both sides. Which brings me to the fifth cause of the American soldier's disaffection for the French.

"They are not like us." You hear it often, the expression that the French are "queer," which is just another way of saying they are different from us. No one could possibly question that. But the use of the word "queer" implies something more than difference; it implies a criticism in which our standard is taken as the normal, and, quite naturally, a very high normal. I have never known anything "queer" to be above that normal; it is always below. And it is well not to forget that if they seem queer to us, undoubtedly we seem queer to them. So do we to the English, and the English to us, despite our common language, laws, code of manners, and conduct. How much greater the queerness on both sides, between the French and us, who have neither language nor the same source of civilization in common!

I think the fundamental difference between the Poilu and the Yank is that the former enjoys processes, the latter conclusions. We want to "clean up the job," to "get there," to "speed up"; our phraseology combines work with physical movement, and does not belie us. For we are still a migratory people, forever moving, tearing down our houses and our cities, and rebuilding them. We are still capable, one might say, of celestial dissatisfaction. An American sailor expressed his first impression of Bordeaux and of France by the ejaculation, "The last architect in this

burg must have died of starvation about three hundred years ago." We prefer the new—new buildings, new scenes, new fields of endeavor. Our young men leave home to make their fortunes; the young Frenchman stays home to make his. Very likely physical conditions are largely responsible for this difference, for we still have the space in which to be migratory; the Frenchman hasn't. So he stays home and cultivates his garden. Also the adventure of discovery is still possible in our country; we are "finding" gold here, oil there. In France the earth has been discovered and mapped; there can be no sudden "findings." If you know positively that you will not wake up some morning and see oil geysering in your back yard, you are apt to work rather hard to make cabbages and beans grow in your back yard. And you will find an adventure in making them grow. You will also find a deep love. The most violent anger I heard the French express in the war was when they saw trees maliciously hacked, and cabbages cut and left to rot, by the Germans. They could understand everything the Germans did but that; they could shrug at the other things and murmur, "C'est la guerre"; but the wilful, useless spoliation of things that grew was utterly beyond their comprehension. We are different in that respect. We recite, "Woodman, spare that tree" with much feeling, and some one is able to make the conservation of forests a subject of national importance for a moment; but not for long, because our forests seem illimitable yet and their conservation not vital. But every Frenchman knows that every tree that falls must be replaced or else there will soon be no trees in France.

Their reverence for things that create expresses itself in other ways. I am a writer, though not a successful writer. Since the armistice my regiment has been quartered for from three to six weeks in each of four small villages. In Pontsericourt my landlady herself made a fire every morning when I went out, so that when I returned from breakfast my room would be warm. In Santine my room was so small that with the bed and the wash stand there was no place for even my canteen. The proprietor refused to permit me to light a fire in the fireplace on the ground that it would burn the bed, which it would have done. Some days later he saw me writing in the cold room. That night I found the bed replaced by a smaller one, the wash stand removed to his kitchen, and a fire in my room. At Feigneux, for a joke, one of the officers told the old lay in whose house I was quartered that I was a billionaire, "the paper king of America." Madame made fires for me every day, frequently using her own wood, and I thought it was because of the billionaire myth; but when we left she refused absolutely to ac-

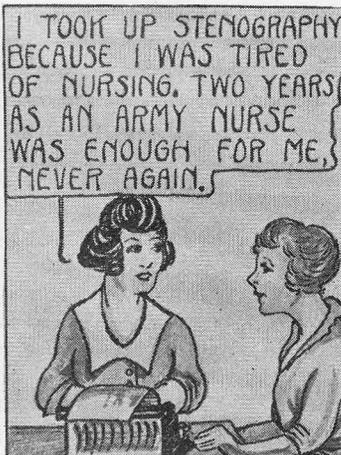
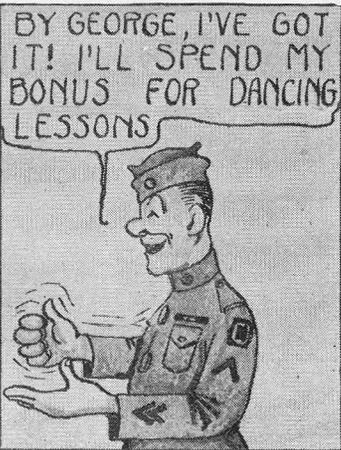
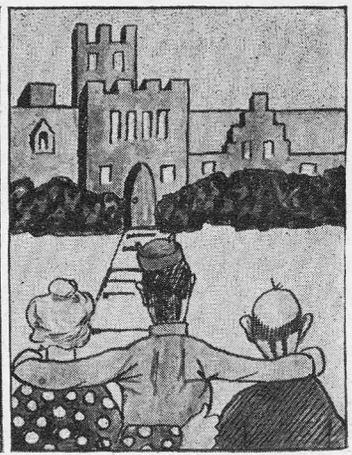
cept a sou from me, either as a tip or as payment for the wood. At Mitry, where I am writing this, Mme. Didert not only lets me have her dining room, which is also her parlor, to work in; she tends the fire, and she gives me tea in the afternoon. Among the rarest things in France now are wood and sugar. Wood is not only rare, it is expensive; sugar is rigorously rationed, and my ration goes to my mess. Mme. Nidert shares her own poor ration with me. I am not the only American in the regiment, but I am the only writer. They have expended their energy and their resources to give me a place to write because to them the man who is working in the arts is trying to express people and their emotions, to crystallize in words or colors or marble the thing we call civilization. The success of the laborer does not matter, so he be sincere. It is this spirit in the French people that has drawn artists for many generations to Paris—the spirit which strives to encourage the worker if the medium he is working in be fine. In Anglo-Saxon countries the atmosphere is surcharged with the question, "Are you successful in what you are doing?"; in France, "Are you doing something worth doing?"

The spirit of laissez-faire is closely related to this question, and from laissez-faire springs the superb voluntary discipline of the French Army. A colonel in the American Marines told me that he would not sit down at the same table with his own brother if the latter were an enlisted man; my captain in the French artillery corresponds with his former orderly, and dines and plays frequently with his non-coms. An American lieutenant informed me that the reason there are so few orderlies in the army is because the American Army is democratic. Every French officer has an orderly, but in the French Army every orderly is a volunteer for that service.

They are not like us, the French. And we are not like them. And although many American soldiers are exasperated by the differences, they are all too intelligent and modest to desire that the world model itself on us and become like us. They realize that there is room for many civilizations, and that it is supremely desirable that there should be many. We do not abase ourselves when we say we do not really wish all other peoples to be like us. On the contrary, we show a desire to elevate civilization. In one thing, however, we must be alike if we are to have peace; we must have the same conception of honor. France and the United States have that! Germany has not.

(Concluded on Page 41.)

Bonus Investments, By Jack Berger



The Relation of the American Legion to a Divisional Organization,

By Thomas J. Ross, Jr.

(Continued from Page 6.)

has gone further than this—it has not been content to refer each case to the Federal agency that was created to serve the disabled veteran.

After a thorough investigation of the workings of the Federal Vocational Board, it has branded the first year of activity of this government agency as a "black record of broken promises" and has suggested in the American Legion Weekly certain remedies to correct deplorable ineffectiveness in dealing with the men who paid with their bodies. The Legion has also approved, officially, the bill recently introduced in the Senate by Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin, which would give to all veterans of the war with Germany, regardless of disability, nine months' educational training in approved colleges, schools and apprenticeship institutions with free tuition and government pay of sixty dollars a month during the period of training. This bill, known as the War Service Educational Act, has been introduced in the House by Rep-

resentative Fess, of Ohio, and referred to the House Committee on Education.

In the preamble to its Constitution, the American Legion summarizes its ideals as follows: "For God and Country we associate ourselves together for the following purposes: To uphold and defend the Constitution of the United States of America; to maintain law and order; to foster and perpetuate a one hundred per cent. Americanism; to preserve the memories and incidents of our association in the Great War; to inculcate a sense of individual obligation to the community, state and nation; to make right the master of might; to promote peace and good will on earth; to safeguard and transmit to posterity the principles of justice, freedom and democracy; to consecrate and sanctify our comradeship by our devotion to mutual helpfulness."

Congress has stamped its approval on this program of national service in time of peace by authorizing the incorporation of the American Legion, a bill which President Wilson signed in his

private car during his recent visit to California. For the first time in the history of the United States, the national law making body has honored an association of veterans with formal incorporation.

Any group of fifteen service men and women, no matter where they are located, may apply for a charter to form a local post. This application is forwarded to the state secretary, who issues the charter after it has been approved and signed at National Headquarters. Guillaem Aertsen, Jr., of 121 South Fifth street, Philadelphia, is the state secretary for Pennsylvania; C. Brocke Pollard, of 1114 Mutual Building, Richmond, is state secretary for Virginia; and Charles McCamic, of 904 National Bank Building, Wheeling, is the state secretary for West Virginia. These secretaries will be glad to supply complete information and instructions, together with the necessary application blanks, to any former member of the 80th Division who wishes to affiliate with the American Legion.

Said the Service Man to the Service Girl, By Faith Baldwin

(Continued from Page 5.)

pressed me about our men was just that clinging to their own; their own state; their own town; their own people. They had fought, so you hear, for an ideal; for an abstract thing; for the wrongs of the world, and the other little fellow. But in their hearts they were fighting for their own; for that bit of earth, back in the states; for that girl next door; for the home things, and the dear things which might, inconceivably, be threatened, should the enemy be victorious.

And said the Service Man to the Service Girl:

"You all have been mighty fine to us. Two millions of us went over, and here we are back again and the people of New York and Long Island aren't tired yet. We sure are grateful—and so are the folks at home —"

He paused a moment, and held out his hand.

"Good-by and good luck," said the Service Man.

"The same to you," said the Service Girl.

"Oh, luck's with me all right," he answered, "for tomorrow I'm starting—Home!"

And our love went with him, East or

West, North or South, it followed him. For if war taught us anything it has taught us the meaning of our name: The United States.

MISSING NO CHANCES.

Policeman (to prisoner leaving dock, who had just been sentenced to six months)—"Excuse me, but do you want to let your house?"—*London Opinion.*

WHAT DID HE SAY?

Observant Youngster—"Oh, look at that funny man, mother! He's sitting on the pavement talkin' to a banana-skin!"—*London Tit-Bits.*



The New Army of Ex-Soldier Civilians, By Arthur Woods

(Continued from Page 22.)

grading men already classed as skilled and capable of greater accomplishments, men who have had an earning capacity of only \$15 to \$20 per week as non-skilled workers are being educated as proficient artisans, being paid a living wage during the training period, and after schooling lasting three weeks to two months, are sometimes transferred to jobs paying \$50 to \$75 per week.

The advantage of such a system to the employer is increased productive power in shop and factory, elimination of waste due to unworkable methods, and saving of vast amounts heretofore charged to "labor turnover."

Men who have no desire to engage in business or industry but because of the vigorous life of the camps wish to continue that life in the great out-doors may go "forward to the farm." At the close of previous wars the movement has always been in this direction and most of the great pioneers were former soldiers.

At the close of the Revolutionary Wars many crossed the Alleghenies to settle on the land to the west, and the veterans of the Civil War moved out and peopled the public lands beyond the Mississippi and the great northwest.

The farmer of today is a pretty independent man. He no longer follows a furrow the whole day at the heels of a balky

mule. He uses a tractor which pulls three plows. The scythe for large fields is as obsolete as the spinning wheel. The harvesting machine and the binder have taken its place. Farming has become a business and a science.

I have seen the American soldier in the training camps in this country and in France, and at the front. And what I have seen of him and heard of him, makes me all the prouder to be an American and to have been privileged to wear the uniform. I believe he will meet the demands of the troubled times ahead with simple courage, with common sense, with deep loyalty. And his country needs all he can give.

ARTHUR WOODS.

Old Pals of the Army—Was There a Job for "Brooklyn Dick"?

(Continued from Page 23.)

tary Train and he was a poor soldier at all times except when the division was in action. Then he worked his head off. Nothing was too big a task for him to undertake and he never complained. Back in the training area, he was a devil-may-care person with no great regard for discipline or anything, except getting his "three squares."

Dick was slight of build and seemed rather effeminate. He was an interesting talker and had lots of things to talk about. While "on the road," he said, he preferred the farming regions of Pennsylvania to any other. There they are kind-hearted and generous. They do not put you to work or throw you into jail just because you're a wanderer collecting a living off the world at large. They take

you in and feed you fine. The cities do not offer such good opportunities, he declared.

He always insisted that when he got out he was going back to his old job. It was the only life, he said. I suppose that there is no reason to believe that he didn't get it back. But it must take a good man to hold a job like that down in these days of the high cost of living.

Private Ananias, By Oliver Daube

His name was (deleted, he might read the article). However I'll give the gentle, or rough as the case may be, reader an idea what his name was not. It warn't, as he use dto say, Percival, Fillic, Reginald, Alfred or Freddie. Anyway, as Shakespeare said, not quoting him exactly, "what's in a name?" and so in this little sketch our subject will be nameless.

He was born, he used to tell us very earnestly. With a twinkle in his eyes he'd remain silent for a spell and begin to laugh and add the necessary details to his original statement. February 29th was the date of his birth, but the year

he'd conveniently forget. The place was on a river boat on the Ohio river and he used to repeat for us the earnest argument that his father and mother had a few days later, as to the feasibility of dumping him overboard. His early education, he asserted, was secured in the "barrel houses" of Ohio towns and cities. He graduated at an early age, with honors, and then went west where he spent thirteen years rustling cattle. He served eight years in the navy next, following this with an enlistment in the regular army cavalry, and after his discharge from the army he returned to the west to rustle cattle

for six more years. He married a Pennsylvania woman and came east to make his home but couldn't find the little village where she lived and made up his mind to join the marines. He served four years with the sea soldiers on every ship of the U. S. navy that ever floated, and then enlisted for Mexican border service. He was discharged and re-enlisted for overseas service.

"How old are you, J——?" some one would always ask.

"To look at me you may not believe it. I'm only twenty-five growing on twenty-six. I'll be twenty-six November 11th, next."

They are Not Like Us, By David Carb

(Continued from Page 38.)

When the Yank arrived on the Rhine he found life much easier to live than it had been in France. In the first place, the Germans could understand his wants, for the common words of everyday life in English derive from the Saxon, not from the Latin. He found also people who were somewhat familiar with his customs, or rather, he was familiar with theirs, because he had seen many Germans at home who had not adopted American customs. Furthermore, he had left a country that had been both invaded and depleted; he entered a country that had been only depleted. He saw the German towns

modern, and forgot for the moment the use to which that modernity had been put. Finally, the Germans seemed clean, as to a stranger a small boy will seem clean; the small boy's mother knows that he has washed only the visible portions of his anatomy, and has washed that much only because he was forced to. In other words, the American soldier had left a country where the principal occupation had been to win a war and to recover from the war; he entered a country where the principal occupation was to please him and to win his sympathy. There is small wonder that all the exasperations he had been subjected to in France grew

into a disaffection for the French people as he walked the paths efficiently strewn with roses by the Germans. But he is too keen to be taken in in the long run, and his mature consideration will reveal to him that the Germans did not cease to be his enemy on the eleventh of November, and that their new attack was aimed at his self-respect. The same mature consideration will also convince him that it is to the advantage of both parties, and to the advantage of the world, to try to understand and appreciate the man who has the same standard of honor and of justice that he has, though in manners, customs and point of view he is not like him.

The Baker's Barrage

By William P. Sherman.

THERE were a lot of gallant members of the A. E. F. who never heard a gun fired in action, and they aren't proud of the distinction. I know an outfit that went over early in the war in the full expectation of serving where the shot and shell fell thick and fast, only to be stuck in a little town some 40 kilos from the nearest point on the front. They took some consolation out of the fact that they were in the Zone of Advance and in the way of a German drive—if the Boche took it into his head to come in their direction. Anyway, they could go out on the hillside in the evening and hear the boom, boom of the big fellows not such an awful distance away.

I may as well admit that I was one of them. And it was I who awoke one morning in our humble stable and heard the almost indistinct sounds of what I felt sure must be the guns of an early-morning barrage. I wakened my companions and we all listened. It was something worth listening to. We speculated on what it could be. The papers the next day told us the Germans had begun a drive on that day. Thereafter we awoke at 4 o'clock each morning to listen to the barrage, which we

fancied became a little louder each day. It continued until the Americans mixed in things and began to drive the Germans back toward Berlin. And it continued until the armistice was signed—and afterward. There seemed something wrong about that. Here the war was over, the last shot, except a few playful ones be-

tween the friends, had been fired, yet our own pet barrage was being put up daily. It was disconcerting.

It was months afterward that one of us wandered into the cellar occupied by "Goeffrey Boulangerie," on the rue in front of our home and discovered that Geoffrey had a gasoline dough-mixer which he started up in the wee small hours of the morn. Concealed as it was, its intermittent firing sounded through the walls to our unsophisticated ears like the thunder of distant guns.

There was our pet consolation all shot. No, we weren't right up at the front, we could tell the home folks, but we "could hear the guns." Hot dawg, think of that! We could hear the guns. And the guns were Geoffrey's dough mixer.

War sure was full of disappointments; wasn't it?



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A newspaper tells of a New York couple being married in an airplane. The only advantage was that they got back to earth more quickly than most newly weds.—*Boston Transcript*.

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As a beginner orders will be accepted for the following pictures. Photographers have promised delivery within two weeks of receipt of order. Please order by serial number and title of photograph, to facilitate delivery and avoid any chance of error.

SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE	SERIAL NO.	DESCRIPTION	PRICE
1	Jumping Off Place, 160th Brigade, Sept. 26th, 1918.....	.50	11	Armored Machine Gun Nest at Bethincourt.....	.50
2	Barbed Wire in Front of Dead Man's Hill.....	.50	12 (a)	Ravine Between Sommerance and St. Juvin.	
3	German Dugouts North of Bethincourt.....	.50	(b)	General View Ravine Aux Pierres and Woods to North.	
4	320th Inf. P. C. at Gercourt.....	.50	(c)	Close-up of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
5 (a)	Machine Gun Nests in Bois de		(d)	Close-up of Out Post "Fox Holes" in Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(b)	Dannevoux.....		(e)	Woods North of Ravine Aux Pierres.	
(c)	Boche Observation Tower on Dannevoux Ridge.		(f)	Sommerance and the Country to the North.	
(d)	Boche Artillery Position Captured 319th Infantry.		(g)	Ravine North of Sommerance.	
(e)	380 mm. gun Captured by 319th at Dannevoux.		(h)	Rau de St. Georges—Alliepont in the Distance.	
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(b)	Battery of 150's captured in Bois de Sachet by 320th Infantry.		101	Major General Adelbert Cronkhite.	1.00
(c)	A Close Up of one of the 150's.		110	Brigadier General Lloyd M. Brett..	1.00
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(b)	Close View of "Fox Holes" on Hill 274.		7250	General View of Harbor of Brest...	1.25
(c)	Close View of South Edge of Bois des Ogons.			Following were taken at Camp Lee:	
(d)	Open Ground Between Bois de Ogons and Woods to the North.		3823	West Virginia Day in Camp Lee...	1.00
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10 (a)	Nantillois-Cunel Road near Farm de Madelaine.				
(b)	South of Cunel near the Boche trench "de Mamelle."				
(c)	Cunel and Surrounding Country, including the Bois de Rappes.				
(d)	Briulles-Cunel Road east of Cunel.				
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Pictures of the Eightieth—Continued

THIS is a list of pictures taken at Camp Lee before the Division sailed for France. They are eight inches wide and average thirty-six inches in length and are suitable for framing. **The price of each is \$1.00.** Order by serial number.

317th Infantry	320th Infantry.	305th Engineers
SERIAL NO. DESCRIPTION	SERIAL NO. DESCRIPTION	SERIAL NO. DESCRIPTION
117 Colonel George H. Jamerson.	112 Colonel Ora E. Hunt.	4162 Entire Regiment.
130 Colonel Charles Keller.	114 Colonel E. G. Peyton.	
4038 Entire Regiment.	115 Lt. Col. William H. Gordon.	313th Machine Gun Battalion
4180 Commissioned Officers.	113 Major German H. H. Emory.	4178 Entire Battalion.
4133 Officers 3rd Battalion.	3850 Entire Regiment.	4173 Battalion Headquarters.
4037 Headquarters Company.	4135 Commissioned Officers.	4176 Company A.
4053 Machine Gun Company.	3882 Headquarters Company.	4174 Company B.
4054 Supply Company.	3861 Machine Gun Company.	4175 Company C.
4056 Band.	3898 Supply Company.	
4044 Medical Detachment.	3833 Medical Detachment.	314th Machine Gun Battalion
4260 Company A.	4201 Band.	4158 Entire Battalion.
4050 Company C.	3878 Company A.	4170 Commissioned Officers.
4047 Company D.	4002 Company B.	
4240 Company E.	3894 Company C.	315th Machine Gun Battalion
4048 Company F.	3880 Company D.	4156 Entire Battalion.
4244 Company G.	3856 Company E.	
4052 Company H.	3892 Company F.	Headquarters Troop
4049 Company I.	3830 Company G.	4153 Entire Troop.
4101 Company K.	3858 Company H.	
4055 Company L.	3886 Company I.	Field Signal Battalion
4051 Company M.	3875 Company K.	4141 Entire Battalion.
	4000 Company L.	4143 Company A.
	3884 Company M.	4147 Company B.
		4145 Company C.
318th Infantry	313th Field Artillery	305th Ammunition Train
118 Colonel Briant H. Wells.	122 Colonel Charles D. Herron.	4130 Entire Train.
119 Colonel U. G. Worrilow.	121 Colonel George P. Hawes.	4132 Commissioned Officers.
4032 Entire Regiment.	3867 Entire Regiment.	4089 Company B.
4015 Officers.	3871 Commissioned Officers.	
4085 Headquarters Company.	3873 Band.	Sanitary Train
4027 Machine Gun Company.	3869 Battery A.	4040 Amb. Cos. 317, 318, 319.
4044 Supply Company.	3811 Battery B.	4038A Ambulance Co. 317.
4127 Supply Co. with Train.	3809 Battery C.	4036 Ambulance Co. 318.
4155 Band.	3890 Battery D.	4242 Ambulance Co. 319.
4012 Company A.	3865 Battery E.	4262 Ambulance Co. 320.
4011 Company B.	3808 Battery F.	
4239 Company C.		305th Trench Mortar Battery
4225 Company D.	314th Field Artillery	4160 Entire Battery.
4023 Company E.	123 Colonel Robert S. Welsh.	
4030 Company F.	3805 Entire Regiment.	305th Trains
4017 Company G.	3815 Commissioned Officers.	4187 Co. A Mil. Police.
4018 Company H, 1st Plat.	3821 Headquarters Company.	4257 Co. B Mil. Police, (Dismt.).
4020 Company H, 2nd Plat.	3813 Supply Company.	4219 Co. B Mil. Police, Mounted.
4021 Company H, 3rd Plat.	3822 Band.	4241 Co. C Supply Train.
4014 Company I.	3827 Medical Detachment.	4213 Ord. Rep. Unit 305.
4010 Company K.	3818 Battery B.	
4026 Company M.	3816 Battery C.	Base Hospital Camp Lee
	3814 Battery D.	4123 Commissioned Officers.
319th Infantry	3817 Battery E.	4125 Noncommissioned Officers.
111 Colonel Frank S. Cocheu.	3812 Battery F.	4122 Nurses.
3835 Entire Regiment.		
3888 Commissioned Officers.	315th Field Artillery	
3846 Headquarters Company.	124 Colonel Russell P. Reeder.	
3896 Machine Gun Company.	4169 Entire Regiment.	
3860 Supply Company.	4059 Commissioned Officers.	
3841 Band.	4197 Supply Company.	
4004 Company A.	4256 Band.	
3844 Company B.	4215 Medical Detachment.	
3847 Company C.	4193 Battery A.	
3834 Company D.	4167 Battery C.	
4005 Company E.	4137 Battery D.	
4106 Company F.	4195 Battery E.	
3843 Company G.	4185 Battery F.	
3849 Company H.		
3842 Company I.		
3852 Company K.		
4105 Company L.		

NOTE: It will be noted that there are certain organizations missing from the list. There are no pictures of them available.

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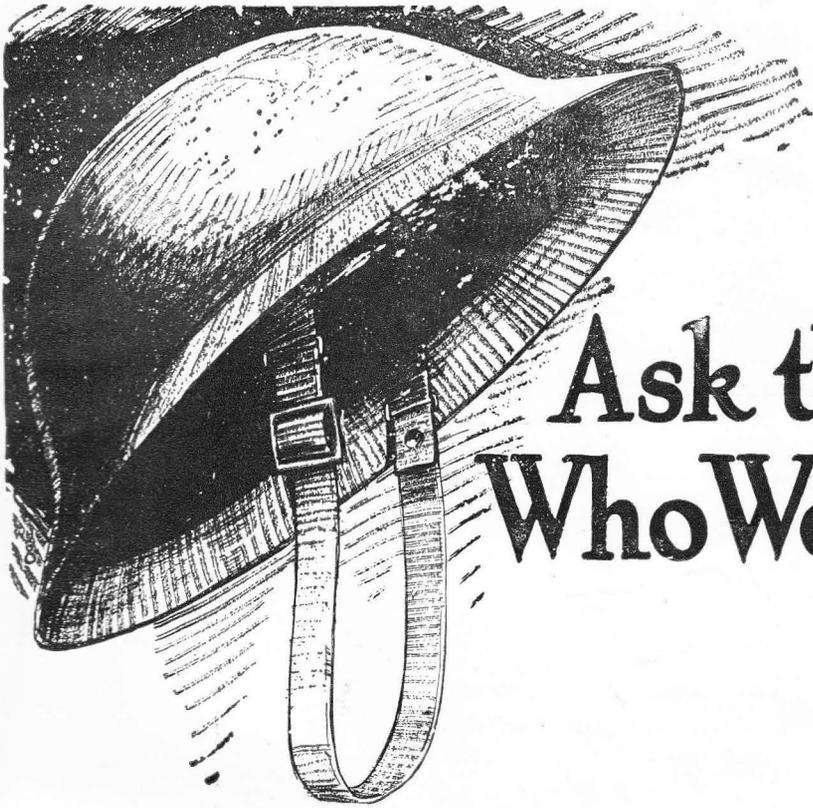
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