



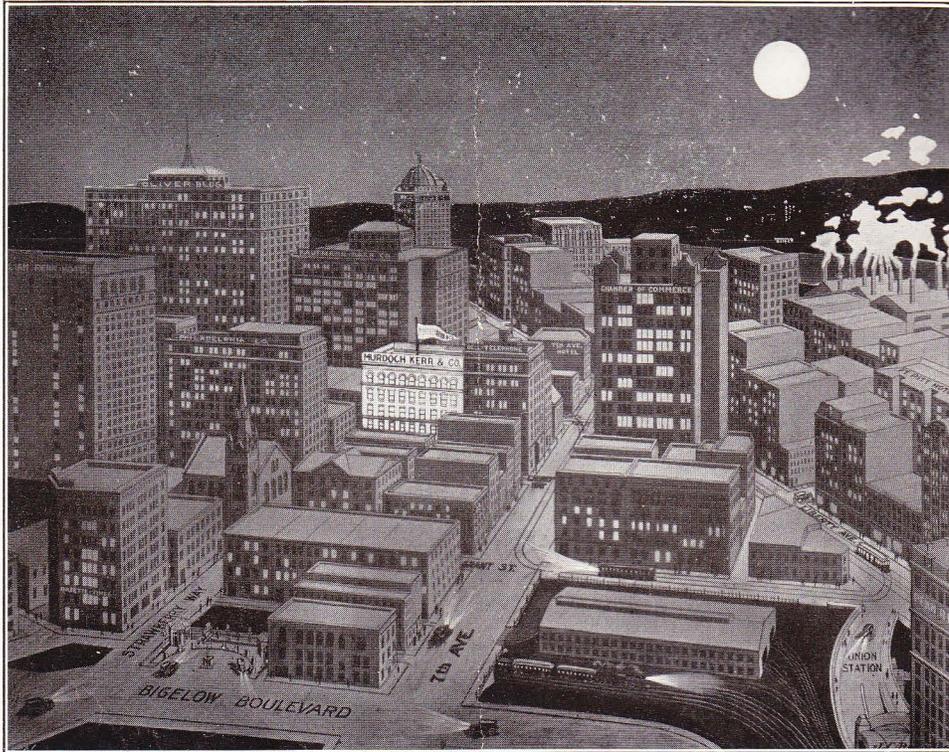
THE SERVICE

MAGAZINE

SERVICE

The battles of our righteous Cause are won!
 The far flung triumphs of Democracy
 Argonne, St. Mihiel, Chateau Thierry
 Blaze forth fair victories from sun to sun,
 Soft on the lovely breast of France each one
 Of those, our comrades, foreordained to be
 A sacrifice, is cherished tenderly,
 Whiles we return to do the yet undone,
 There lie before us grievous wounds to heal;
 Fresh nations to be built and organized;
 Black stains to be erased; to be devised,
 Undreamed of plans for universal weal;
 A world-wide anguishment to expiate;
 The cry for tolerance; an end to hate.
 Strong hearts and valiant! Hail the mighty task,
 Furbish the armor. Keep the issue clean.
 They live who serve. Through us the hand unseen
 Shall rear His living altar. Work! We ask
 One requiem; one prayer; one tablet plain:
**THESE SANCTIFIED GAVE NOT THEIR LIVES
 IN VAIN.**

—Willis Vernon Cole



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FOREIGN LANGUAGES



H. B.
OFFICIAL

Some of That "Somewhere in France"

The Service Magazine

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An Announcement

THE following pages 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 sweet-hearts of these men. Ask **SERVICE** if you have problems to solve connected with your army or navy experience.

In fact, when you're in doubt ask **SERVICE**.

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NEXT MONTH—Herbert Adams Gibbons, author of Paris Reborn and A New Map of Europe, will feature the issue with an article on "When We Go Back to France."

As Miss Sees Mam'selle

She has fewer "Little specks of powder, little dabs of paint" on her face than she's generally accredited with

By Irene Austen

THE colonel's lady and Judy O'Grady may be sisters under the skin, but even sisters differ. There is a law of nature which says no two persons are the same physically or in temperament, so no French girl can stand for the womanhood of the entire nation. It is especially difficult to treat as a whole the girls of a country where lines of class distinction are drawn so sharply.

Probably every American girl who went to France was interested in and curious concerning the personal appearance of mademoiselle, due to the far-famed Paris fashion. The Parisienne is almost always smartly dressed; many of the peasant women wear costumes peculiar to the district in which they live. Often these are black dresses with some kind of a prim, white head dress and often a peculiar coiffure.

There are fewer "little specks of powder; little dabs of paint" on the face of the Parisienne than report will have it. The fact is that French women are no more addicted to the use of rouge than the American city women or they are better artists in using it.

At present mourning is naturally very much in vogue; it is most elaborate where it can be afforded and often so well arranged that one envies the fate of the woman who can make so charming an appearance in such somber garments.

The ice cream habit is less in vogue among French girls than American. The best reason for this is that fathers usually hold the purse strings, and the second best reason is that during the war "glace," candy and all such nick-nacks were seldom to be had. One seldom sees French women driving automobiles or sporting about a tennis court or golf links, a la Americain.

Mademoiselle enters into one line of work which the American seldom touches; manual labor about the farm and in the field. I wonder if those who have sung the praises of the dainty hands and feet of the girls over the sea have ever seen the buxom Breton maidens bare armed and wooden shod, driving home the cows or working in the harvest fields.

The women work in the fields and on the farms even in normal times, but their burdens were increased a hundred fold during the war. While American women were



He, too, saw Mam'selle and then married her

doing their bit for the Red Cross and in the Liberty Loan drives, their French sisters were in the fields with ox teams and two-wheeled carts, doing their best to raise from the impoverished soil food for the army at the front and for themselves and children at home.

Not only did they bear the burden during the war, but it will be theirs for the rest of their lives. There is scarcely a low-walled, thatched-roofed house in Brittany which does not bear a white cross at its door, marking the loss of a man in the household, and many other parts of France have suffered equally.

Many a doughboy returning to this side is inclined to answer the oft repeated, "What do you think of the French girls?" with a description of one from his limited acquaintance. "The French girls? Oh, yeh, I knew beaucoup o' them," the gold striper tells the interested group on the front porch. "Yeh, sure they're purty. Tres jolie they are with black eyes an' hair an' little shoes with big ribbons on 'em. Huh? Lovin'? oo la la!" and he either goes off in a recital of his conquests while on his three-day leave in "Paree" or he doesn't, contenting himself, perhaps with memories of his strolls along the Champs Elysees or the Seine with the arm of Georgette or Marcelle close about his olive drab blouse.

"Tres jolie" describes many of the girls of France, and some are "lovin'." Hundreds of the boys got to see only one type of French girl and that was the type most easily seen. The general impression of French femininity on the American soldier was not altogether just or as favorable as it should have been. This, of course, does not refer to the men who brought home live samples, but I have heard the boys speak of the French women in more complimentary terms on this side of the water than they ever did on the other where "parley-voing" was sometimes difficult and often cause for exasperation.

Having watched many a Yank draw a little leather case from his pocket and display with pride the picture of the girl he left behind, I suspect him of bluffing who boasts of his conquests among the French girls.

In France, as in America, the easiest class of girl to know was the most apparent. So often did the soldier on the street feel a tweak at his sleeve and hear some chic little black-eyed mademoiselle inquire, "Voulez-vous promenade avec moi?" that the sentence found its way into a song. This, of course, in the cities, for the men in the line saw few women until after the armistice.

The girl in the small French village sometimes became a person of interest to the doughboys stationed in the district. Often the wooden shoes were replaced by beribboned black leather slippers and the "Frenchies" began to take on "class" which brightened the existence of the boys considerably. Perhaps the highest percentage of Franco-American marriages resulted from circumstances such as these. For many reasons comparatively few of the soldiers had access to French homes of culture and refinement where the daughters were always chaperoned by one or both parents. In Paris, the French homes dances were weekly events for the American boys and in such university towns as Beaune, Toulouse and Montpellier, the French mothers opened their homes to the student-soldiers from across the sea with a hospitality that cannot be rivalled in America.

(Concluded on page 32)

Knocking the H out of H. C. L.

A strategic plan for an attack on the high cost of living by former service men and women's organizations

SERVICE is human and three times a day must eat in order to keep alive that it may fulfill its purpose, which briefly is to serve to the best of its ability. 'Tother day, when the noon whistle blew, *Service* took its hat from its accustomed peg and wandered out to lunch.

Service only recently left the service—with Uncle Sam—and during those days food prices had little room in *Service's* thoughts. The times have changed, however, and it was just 'tother day when *Service* was glancing over the menu card, with particular attention to the right side of the card, that it received its first blow in the region of the belt from H. C. L.

In both pockets *Service* had just about a quarter and the morning's work had given *Service* an appetite not at all commensurate with that amount of money. To make a long story its proper length, during the fish course—water was the only other course—*Service* determined, between bones, to devote its time and energies to devising a plan that would help in a successful attack upon H. C. L.

When the fish was finished and the water drunk *Service* arose from the table and returned to the office with the following plan fairly well established in its mind.

The plan is based on a scheme devised seventy odd years ago by a small coterie of weavers in Rochdale, a small manufacturing town in the north of England. From a contemporary publication recently we read very interestingly of the Rochdale plan, which the numerous former service men's, and in a broader sense, former service women's organization, springing up in America now like our huge military establishments two years ago sprang into existence, might emulate with the same promise of profit and success.

The flannel weavers of Rochdale were vexed some seventy years ago, just like the flannel weavers of America, if there are any, and everybody else in these United States are vexed today, with the high cost of living. Their case seemed hopeless but their persistence was finally rewarded and an idea came to them. The labor unions of the little village formed a society and through this society they began their first move on the high cost of living. A store was established and goods were sold to the society's members at the market price.

At the end of the first quarter a considerable profit was shown which, after setting aside a certain amount for a sinking fund, was divided among the members of the society in proportion to the amount of



goods each had bought. The rebates were substantial and the experiment proved so practical that new members accumulated like flies around a sugar bowl.

From this modest beginning the society grew and prospered. By successive steps it embarked in the wholesale business and later became its own manufacturer. It spread to continental Europe and sailed for America. When the great war broke out various co-operative societies in all Europe were doing an annual business of approximately \$500,000,000, which, in the pre-war days was a figure which slipped into print only on the rarest of occasions.

With the coming of the war the society's growth did not slacken but found new responsibilities and did important war work in all the European countries. In Russia, particularly, during the war, has their growth been phenomenal.

Backed by labor and other organizations, the co-operative movement, modeled after the Rochdale plan, has made some headway in America. It has at least demonstrated its practicability and its success points the way to other organizations, should they decide to adopt such a plan in a combat with the H. C. L.

The Rochdale plan is elastic and would apply as perfectly to one organization as another. A post of the American Legion, a divisional veterans association, a post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, a zone organization of the Mothers of Democracy or a smaller unit of an army, navy or marine organization could adjust it to the peculiar needs and conditions of

their respective battle grounds.

In a divisional veterans' organization with members scattered over an entire state, or parts of two or more states, the association's headquarters, in addition to the organization's routine business, could take charge of its mercantile business. A good beginning is frequently a modest beginning. Perhaps the plan could get impetus from a mail order business.

At first a very limited number of articles might be handled, such as writing material engraved with the divisional or unit insignia, divisional pins, rings and other novelties. Although not necessities the principal object in starting off with such articles would be to encourage the members to cultivate the habit of communicating with the association's headquarters. Then other articles could gradually be added to the stock in trade, wherever possible taking advantage of individualizing them by the use of the divisional or unit name or insignia.

Under this head such articles as fountain pens, smoking tobaccos, safety razors and shaving supplies, cigarettes and cigars, perfumes, toilet soaps and articles, handkerchiefs, pillow covers and the like could be included. A circular letter could determine the sentiment of the organization in regard to a further expansion of the list which could include, eventually, standard drug store supplies, hardware articles for which there is a fairly consistent demand, staple grocery articles such as canned and package goods, articles of clothing such as belts, socks, stockings, underwear, collars, ties, and the like. Hunting, camping and fishing supplies would no doubt find a ready market in a field of this kind. In fact there would be no limitations to the new lines that could be developed with the growth and expansion of the business.

At stated intervals lists or an abridged catalogue of the articles on hand, with the price and an accompanying note indicating the percentage of saving compared with the prevailing market price, could be mailed to the members of the organization. Such a list could be easily enclosed in the same letter carrying some official organization information, thus killing two birds with the same amount of postage.

If the support of the mail order business justified it, branch stores could be established throughout the territory, particularly in cities and towns in which the divisional veterans' association was well represented. Through these stores the necessities of every-day life, particularly groceries, meats, clothing, coal, grain and the like could be handled. If the stores prospered, new members, outside of the divisional organization could be admitted into the co-operative plan, gaining the same benefits as the other members from a division of the

profits based on the amount of each member's purchase. The buying for the branch stores would be carried on through the organization's headquarters in order to benefit from buying in large quantities.

THIS idea occurred to *Service* one day when out to lunch. The H. C. L. is a vital issue with it as well as with every individual in the country today, and over the fish course the plan submitted was devised. It is based on a co-operative scheme that has been working with phenomenal success for the last seventy years. If you agree or disagree with us or have any suggestions to make for the improvement of our plan write *Service*. Let us get together on this proposition and, on the age-worn theory that many heads are better than a few, we may arrive at a solution that will make it cheaper for you to eat and live and also for *Service* to eat and live—and serve.

A fund would also be set aside from the profits, to be administered by the organization's headquarters, for purely organization purposes. This would mean that assessments for the maintainance of the organization, as a social scheme, would be materially reduced if not entirely wiped out. Any surplus that would accumulate could be used in the promotion of association activities as reunions, picnics and the like.

These co-operative stores, or even the co-operative mail order business might at the present time be able to make some arrangement whereby they could co-operate with the War Department in the disposal of the

huge amounts of surplus army commodities which began September 25. A list of articles which the War Department is trying to place on the market now includes huge quantities of socks, underwear, shirts, rain-coats, blankets, gloves, tobacco and soap.

American Legion Posts could adopt the Rochdale plan even more easily than a large, more widely scattered organization. Its membership coming from a certain restricted area, a central selling point would be easily accessible to the members. The store's profits, after a certain percentage had been set aside for maintenance and support of the post, thus eliminating the necessity for assessment of the members, would be returned in dividends to the members of the post.

A post of the Veterans of Foreign Wars could follow the same plan; zone organizations of the Mothers of Democracy could adopt it, and smaller unit organizations on a less pretentious scale could use it as their battering ram against the vulnerable wall of the high cost of living.

It is not entirely beyond the pale of reason that some day these various former service men's and women's organizations would pool their interests under a single head and with a combined numerical strength of many millions would dictate the cost of living instead of, as at present, having the cost of living dictated to them.

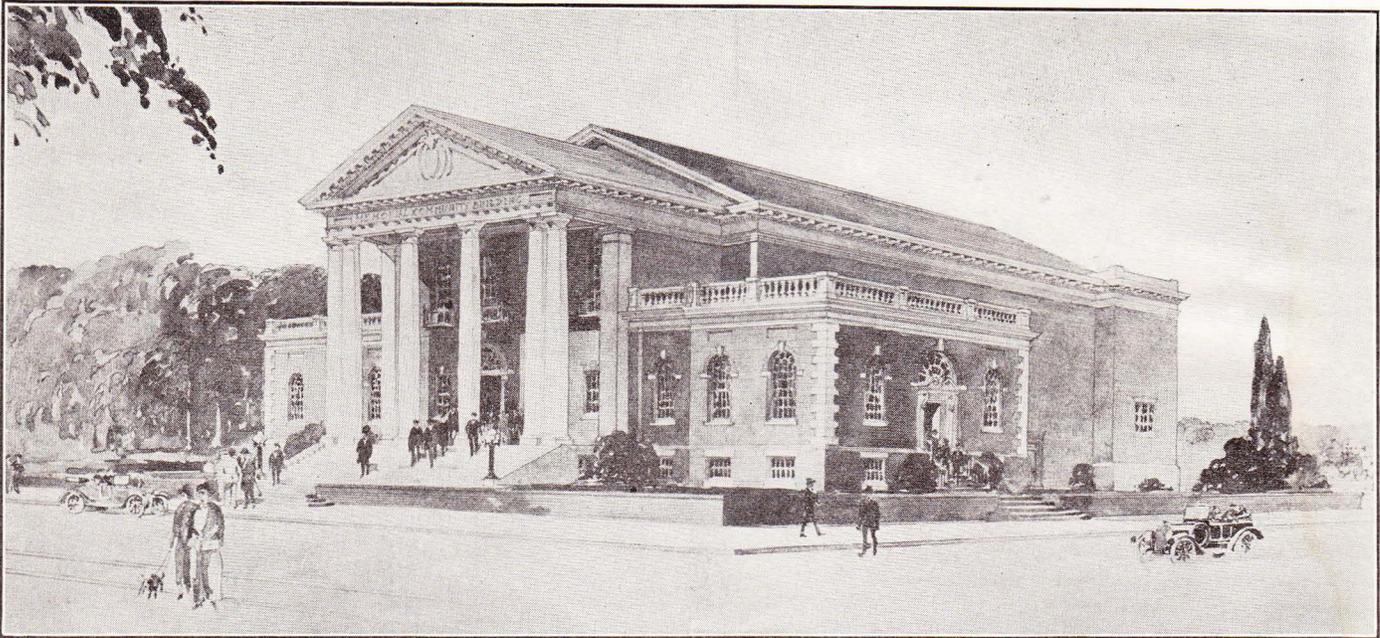
Some may say that *Service* instead of formulating a practical plan to help solve the high cost of living problem is only dreaming dreams, but seventy odd years ago the Rochdale flannel weavers dreamed dreams and it's a pertinent speculation to wonder what percentage of them dabbled in such dream figures as \$500,000,000 as a year's business.



Farm de la Madeleine, on the main road between Cunel and Nantillois. It was a grim harvest that was reaped here last Fall

War Memorials

By W. M.



Memorial Community Building proposed for Goldboro, N. C. C. Adrian Casner, Architect. Its main features are a complete theatre and memorial hall with tablets, trophies, etc., and extensive social and recreational rooms.

THE end of the War has brought two things—Peace and War Memorials. If the former has not come to stay, from the evidence we have on hand the latter will be no makeshift in the permanent factors of the country.

With few exceptions every city, town, village and hamlet throughout the land is planning a permanent memorial as an expression of gratitude for the unselfish service of their sons and daughters in the recent war. Some communities are a step ahead of the rank and file and have started actual work. The majority, however, are still feeling their way, guided by the common impulse of a devotion to a common ideal. This ideal, expressed in the words of Harold S. Buttenheim, is to erect a type of memorial that will help the living while commemorating the dead.

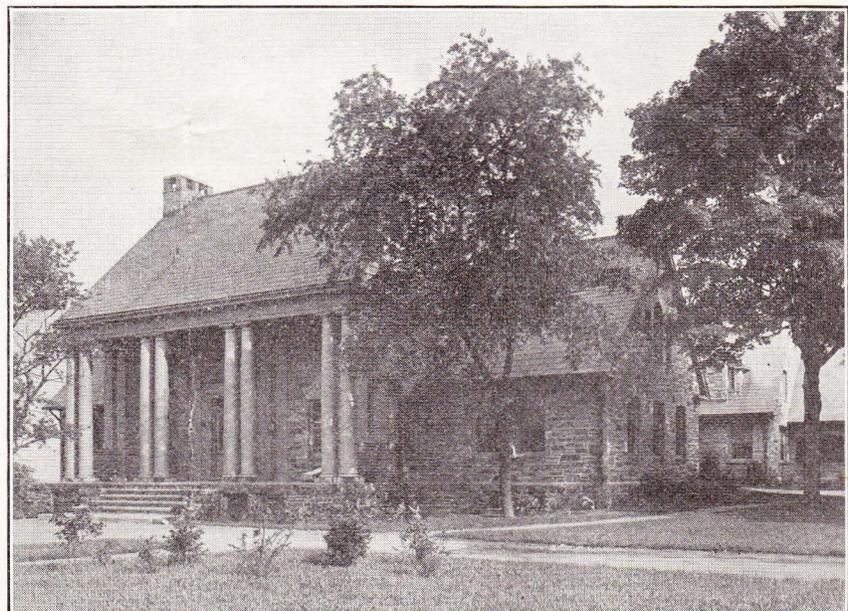
Many communities are engaged in the task of translating this ideal into the concrete terms of their own language. Its a language of its irregular verbs and regular ones, too. It has its nouns and pronouns, adjectives and adverbs, prepositions and conjunctions. Its not a language so uncommon either that it will be without its tense, its conjugations and inflections and to the extent that it is earnestly studied in that degree will it be exactly expressed.

Following the Civil War the people of this country went through the primary grades of war memorial expression. Their alphabet and numerals were plain granite monuments and mil-

itary statues which sufficed no doubt for the sentiment of the period and certainly proved their inspiration for the generations that were to come. In the impressionable knickerbocker age what member of the Army of 1917 has not stood reverently before the heroic statue of a Civil War soldier and stirred by his youthful emotions of patriotism and loyalty, silently pledged himself to serve his country in the event of another crisis? This alone made that army of

granite and bronze soldiers which sprang, on foot and horseback, to pedestals in every park and city square in the days following the settlement of the rebellion, worth while.

Those, however, are the marks of our primary methods and having advanced a grade or two beyond, our expression today will be in terms of our higher development. Monuments and statues will find their place also in the memorial language of today but rather as



The William A. Read Memorial Community House at Purchase, N. Y., for the past two years has functioned as a center for all sorts of community interest, social, artistic, recreational and civic.

the punctuation marks than style and construction.

Decorative structures, embodying the two fold idea of usefulness and enduring beauty, typify the terms that most communities are thinking in today. These structures embrace as many different forms as the communities that are considering them. The community house seems to have struck the most responsive chord of the many memorial buildings that have been suggested. Auditoriums have the next largest following and in order named other types of memorial buildings that have been favorably received are hospitals, libraries, club houses, municipal buildings, chapels and churches, schools and similar structures.

In a recent survey of the Bureau of Memorial Buildings of the War Camp Community Service it has been shown that two hundred and eighty cities and towns have definitely decided upon war memorials in the form of buildings. While plans have not been officially adopted by this number, nevertheless their acceptance of the idea of a building for a memorial shows the distinctive trend in that direction. In addition five hundred other cities and towns report that memorial committees are considering the building type. Hundreds of other communities have appointed memorial committees which, doubtless, are considering, with any other memorials propositions, the building type.

In these communities that have already planned their memorial buildings the type usually is a social and recreational center. In addition to the memorial aspects of the buildings, providing for the erection of tablets in honor of those who fell and containing, perhaps, the names of all others who served and unit designations, a chief consideration is a group of social rooms with library, game rooms and kitchen. A gymnasium and pool room may enter into the scheme and in some cases there is a complete theatre. Pro-

visions have been made in some for facilities for art exhibitions, dancing and every form of community activity that can be imagined. The chief aim of such a composite building is to make it a hospitable and democratic center for all legitimate group activities of the people.

Throughout the states of Pennsylvania, Ohio, Virginia and West Virginia there is unusual interest and activity in the war memorial movement. At Harrisburg, Pennsylvania action has been instituted by one branch of the government to secure permission for the construction of a Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial Bridge, authorized by the

the memorial that will make acoustic conditions such that a speaker from the rostrum can be heard by everyone of the immense throng gathered on the slopes of the natural open air theatre.

The associations of the spot make it a particularly appropriate place for a memorial. It was here that many of the great war meetings and rallies for Pittsburgh and vicinity were held and it seems unusually fitting that it should be improved for future use and selected to commemorate the purpose it, too, served so well.

Towns in the Pittsburgh district are undertaking separate war memorial

propositions. McKeesport decided to abandon extensive plans for a welcome home celebration and devote its energies to the raising of a fund for the construction of a community house. In Duquesne the city has acquired a number of acres for a park which will be designed to serve the purpose of a war memorial and recreational center. In Homestead there is a movement on foot for the selection of an extensive community house as its war memorial contribution.

In Johnstown, Pa., the City Planning Commission has announced that it favors a community house to span the Stony Creek river. The intention is to have the structure rest on great concrete arches, and it is proposed that it shall include an audi-

torium large enough to accommodate 5,000 persons; social rooms; art and recreation rooms, a memorial hall, war relics museum and library. In the city of Meadville, no definite plans are under way but a Community House is favored.

An elaborate park improvement plan has been adopted by the citizens of Warren to serve as a memorial to the war veterans from that place. The plan includes the improvement of a stretch of river bank land for park purposes.

(Concluded on page 35)

Worth a Little Thought

THE country-wide movement to honor, through communities and localities, those who served in the World War has resulted in the growth of a better-than-average crop of memorial ideas.

A rather novel method of putting into effect a war memorial came to the attention of the author of this article, and, while it partakes of the dual nature of chaff and whole grain, nevertheless, if sifted through the mill of practicability the chaff could be winnowed away and the grain retained.

The idea is founded on the French principle of deferring the building of memorials for a number of years; the money, however, to be raised immediately. This money would then be invested and the income used to educate a number of former service men, selected by a competitive method, in the different trades and professions pertaining to building and designing. During the time between the completion of the education of the men and the beginning of actual work on the memorial these men could follow the trade or profession that they had been educated in for the practical experience to be gained. At the same time they could be working on plans for the memorial and, when accepted, would be in charge of their execution.

Thus a truly Soldiers' and Sailors' Memorial would be created—inspired by their heroism, designed by their brains and built by their hands!

legislature to be a part of the Capitol Park improvement.

In the City of Pittsburgh committees representing various patriotic organizations are considering a memorial structure somewhat novel in its conception and embodying a number of splendid features. It is planned to accommodate a natural amphitheatre formed by the slopes of Flagstaff Hill in Schenley Park and consists of a decorative wall with one side devoted to memorial purposes and the other side connected up with a rostrum for the holding of big outdoor civic meetings, rallies and celebrations. Provisions are considered in

The Old Home Town While the Boys Were Gone

Playing a Game That Brought 'Em Back

By Helen Fisher Price

IT has just occurred to me, after jotting down the title, which was suggested to me for my article, that it could be summed up in just one word. The old home town was "dead." But before it reached this state it passed through many transitional stages.

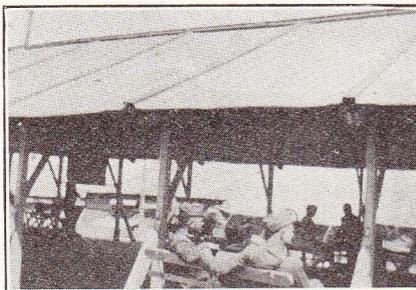
First was the half belief that the whole thing somehow really could not be true. That your brother John was not really at camp, but was off for a summer vacation as usual, or that Jack, the Jack you had known all your life, wasn't anxiously and, to his everlasting credit, eagerly waiting for his number to be drawn, because he had been turned down as "physically unfit for military service."

Slowly you realized the war was making tremendous changes, right here in your own little town, miles away from the field of action. At first it was all really exciting, you were living in a new and strange world, at a high state of nervous excitement and tension; where events moved with astonishing rapidity, with now and then the little groups of Capt. Bound's drafted men passing through the streets to the station, at first with a crowd of town folks to cheer them off, but all too soon with just those near and dear to notice. And then before you realized it, they all had gone.

I suppose every young girl had the same experience. I simply couldn't get used to not seeing the "young familiar faces." I constantly caught myself glancing up as I passed the corner drug store ((accidentally on purpose, as of old), expecting to see the customary group of boys—or, getting in an elevator, I would reach, mechanically, for my vanity case, before I'd realize that it didn't really matter if my nose did shine; that there was no one "interesting" to see its gleam! Oh, a dozen such incidents a day would bring home most poignantly the truth that the boys were gone.

There were times I really almost dreaded to go down town, I missed them so. Then one day a curious incident happened. On turning a corner suddenly I almost collided with Jack's father, there in front of the corner drug store in the attitude I had so often seen Jack "assume." Or was the pose inherited? Or was it even possible that the father, with the son now so constantly in his thoughts, was the one who unconsciously was doing the "assuming."

At any rate the resemblance was startling, and it gave me an idea that helped



And this is what the boys were doing—part of the time

tremendously to ease the heart aches of my trips to town. I fell to looking for resemblances, little mannerisms of speech or action, the tilt of a nose, the set of a hat, even the slightest of similarity between the sons at the front and the fathers at home.

It was extremely interesting. There was, however, one man who puzzled me. I knew him and his son Harry intimately, but never before had it impressed me how greatly they differed. The father, a man pale of face, tall and very thin, with weak looking blue eyes and a close cropped Vandyke beard. Harry, the son, an athlete in college and the opposite in every way, except his height. I gave the father a "mental shave" every time I saw him, in hopes of finding some resemblance to the deeply-dimpled (and how he hated them!), rosy-cheeked face of his son, but I never could.

Some of the resemblances were really humorous. For instance, once I saw a particularly "unresembling" father peel all the icing off a piece of cake at a Red Cross tea, a trick I'd seen his son do at many a dinner party; or, again, I would find a similarity in a fondness for red ties, or four lumps of forbidden sugar (surreptitiously secured) in a "war-work luncheon cup of coffee."

All the fathers of the boys I knew were at these affairs. I'd get so interested in my little game of resemblances (which, selfishly, never told to anyone) that, I'm ashamed to say, I'd pay more attention to the way George's father was stroking his chin and turning a pencil over and over in his hand (how many times during a high school lecture I have seen George do precisely that) than to what the speaker was saying—unless he was "one of my fathers," and then I listened to how he talked, more than to what he said.

Goodness, I have written hardly one word suitable to the title given me to dis-

cuss, but then I did sum it all up in that initial sentence: "When the boys had left, the old town was 'dead.'"

True we were all busy enough, but the "spirit" of the town was gone, for after all it is the youth of the town that gives it life—for the flowers won't bloom unless the sun shines—and the young daughters of the town don't shine when the sons are gone! But, as in nature, so in war time, the "son-less" days don't last forever, and one by one the "young familiar faces" reappeared.

All this time, watch as I would, I could find no resemblance to Harry in the bearded face of his father. Then Harry returned. We had heard that he had been badly wounded about the face and also severely gassed, but I was not prepared for the change in him.

Being away at the time Harry arrived home, I first saw him again after he had resumed civilian clothes. I had just entered the office building and was still somewhat blinded by the glare of the sun outside. Stepping on the elevator, I thought I recognized its other occupant and said, "Good morning, Mr. Grant," before I realized that it was not the father.

Then it was that my little game, that had brought me so much comfort and pleasure during all these months, began to hurt. I had no longer to look for the resemblance, it was all too sadly plain: his tall, thin body, his pallid face, and most striking of all, the close cropped Vandyke beard, that hid not only the hideous scar, but the characteristic cheery dimples.

Though that was the first hurt my little game had brought me, it was not the last, for as the boys gradually reappeared upon the street, I unconsciously found myself at my old habit of looking for resemblances. But now it was not for resemblances between father and son, but rather resemblances to the "boys who used to be."

So very many of them had gone away boys and had come back men. True, the same thing would have happened inevitably at home in time, but it would have come so gradually we should scarcely have been conscious of it.

Something of youth seems to have gone from all of them, and I still somewhat sadly find myself looking for the "young familiar faces" in the faces of this new manhood, that has returned so splendidly to us from France.

—And Across the Rhine

By Daniel McGuire

"HEY, MAC. Save me the butt, will ya?"
"Too late, kid. Joe's got it."
"All right, Joe. After you."
"Me buddy's got it."
"Where is he?"
"Right here to me right."
"After you, Jack. Whatcha say?"
"Vic's next after me. Save ya th' next one."
"Hey, Vic."
"Whaddya want?"
"After you on that butt."

"Cripes, man, they won't be a real drag left by th' time it gits round to me an' I'm gonna bank what they is left when I do git it."

The "butt" was a pitifully thin cigarette, made out of an American "giveaway" paper and a few odd shreds of foul-smelling German tobacco. The persons to whom the "butt" was an object of such concern were American soldiers—prisoners of war. They, too, were proportionately, as the pitifully thin—as thin, cigarette. The butt was drawing near its finish with heart-rending to these men, because it was the only one in sight and nobody knew where the next would come from. In this, also, the soldiers were like the cigarette. Their gaunt faces, languid talk and near-lifeless movements showed that they, too, were drawing toward their finish.

This little scene was not unique in Langensalza a little over a year ago. It happened every day, as often as sufficient "makings" could be policed up in the narrow limits of the prison block.

Langensalza is a name that will cling like a guilty conscience to the minds of eighty-odd members of half a dozen American divisions and oodles and oodles of unlucky French, British, Russian and Rumanian soldiers.

Langensalza was a "strafe" or punishment camp. Its "barbed wire" soup could turn even a starving stomach. Its fleas outdid the Huns themselves for cussedness. It was hot as blazes in the day and so cold you couldn't sleep at night.

The German sergeant-major ordered every new prisoner to sew up the holes in his clothes with a threat of dire punishment for failure. There wasn't a needle or

thread in the crowd. He ordered the mud and grease and blood washed out of all uniforms. We hadn't seen a cake of soap for two months.

Every day brought several funeral processions from the Russian or British or French quarters past the Americans' block. Usually two men carried the rough box, an indication that there wasn't much left of the poor cuss who had occasioned the doleful ceremony. Also, it was a hint to the hungry spectators that his death wasn't hastened by over eating.

in box cars and fourth-class coaches for days at a time through France and Belgium and Germany. In all this time they had received food on an average of about once in 24 hours. Usually the soup—invariably it was soup—was nauseating. Whenever it was fit to eat there was just enough to make them wild for more. They'd drain the last drop from the tin cans which they used for mess kits and rake the inside with their fingers for the "leavings."

The worst of it was, they never knew when they were going to eat. Sometimes they'd have to go 12 hours without food. Sometimes they would go 36. One thing, though, they had learned. They knew that when they did get something to eat they wouldn't get enough.

Through all these weeks of systematic starvation they had tried to "kid" themselves that there were better times coming. For many days the Huns had kept them in France. Their aim had been to have the prisoners do their heavy labor behind the

lines. But all of a sudden the lines moved backward, and kept moving backward so fast that they had the time of their lives to keep the prisoners moving faster than the lines.

Somebody had heard an English-speaking Boche officer say that when the prisoners got back into Germany their food and general treatment would be much better. He explained that the reason they didn't get enough "chow" near the lines was that it was very hard to keep supplies coming to the front. Most of the boys had a more or less vague recollection of having heard him. He was a smooth-spoken chap who had been in the United States many years, loved it like a patriot of '76, and was heart-broken because he had been caught by the Prussian iron hand while on a visit to his mother at the start of the war. So jolly was he and so seemingly whole-hearted in his attentions to the American prisoners that most of them overlooked the fact that Americans were always first out to work in the morning and last in the soup and bread line at night. They only recalled that he had predicted better times when they got to Germany.

So they "kidded" themselves along.

"Aha-a-a! Meester Ve-e-elson!"

A straggly line of prisoners, just captured by the Germans in their last offensive, was crawling up the steep hill north of the Marne, not far from Chateau Thierry.

German officers and soldiers came running from all directions to see them. Prisoners of war were nothing in German soldiers' lives, but these prisoners were a new species. They wore olive drab and their helmets were like the British. But British soldiers didn't run around in their shirt sleeves. Besides Tommy didn't wear an olive drab shirt with a collar.

As the captives passed between the German lines upon either side a query from an officer brought the reply:

"English, me eye! We're Americans."

"Ach! Amerikaner!"

This exclamation, long drawn, was gasped from a dozen throats.

A rapid fire of jabbering ran up and down the ranks. Then, in chorus, almost as if it had been rehearsed for this particular occasion, came the taunt:

"AHA-A-A! MEESTER VE-E-E-LSON!"

Then there was a sort of isolated enclosure in the camp, not far from the Americans, where they could see trembling, mumbling, silly-looking men—finished products of the salt mines. For some trifling offense they had been sent to the mines to slave and had come back wrecked in mind and body.

Another interesting spectacle to be seen almost daily was several prisoners marching rapidly in a circle in the main area wearing huge packs on their backs. The packs were filled with stones and sometimes with earth. These men were inmates of the dark cells—sentenced to solitary confinement. Once each day they were brought out to the main area for "exercise."

Such was Langensalza.

Seven weeks these Americans had been prisoners of the Germans. Seven weeks they had lived on little more than a daily fragment of black bread while their hungry, aching stomachs turned at the horrible mixture, misnamed soup, their captors set before them twice a day. During those weeks they had labored back of the German lines. They had hiked many kilometers a day. They had ridden, jammed

"Aw, hell," somebody would say. "This can't last always. They gotta come across with the chow when they git us into Germany."

"Sure thing," another would agree. "They ain't gonna let us croak. If they didn't want us to live they'da knocked us off up in the line. They gotta feed prisoners. That's international law. If they don't, take it from me, they'll hear from the U. S. when peace terms comes up."

This was a favorite clincher. The "power of the U. S." and "international law" always settled such arguments. The prisoner's faith in them was implicit. He'd forget that it was with the "power of the Hun" he was then dealing and that his beloved "international law" was the biggest joke Germany had ever known, except the sinking of the Lusitania.

They kept on hoping. They kept on moving—always toward Germany. And the nearer they got to Germany the less they got to eat.

After a week or two of misery in the French city of Laon, eighty of them were selected, with several hundred French and a few British, to go by train through Northern France and Belgium "nach Deutschland."

At six o'clock that morning they had marched down the steep hill from the citadel, which was their "home" during their stay in Laon. A half-pound of crackers were the first food they had received since noon the day before. Most of them ate their rations before they reached the railroad station.

All day long they loafed around the station yard while the heat waves from the August sun quivered over the brick pavement. They had no water and the Germans wouldn't give them any. Most of them had no food. Those who had mastered their hunger to the extent of saving some of their crackers started trafficking with those lucky ones who had a few cigarettes. The price of a cigarette was eight crackers, or biscuits. One of these biscuits was about the size of the end joint of a man's little finger.

Whenever a deal was closed it was the signal for the forming of a little group of smoke-hungry men around the chap who bought the cigarette. Everybody wanted a "drag" and usually everybody got one as long as the fast-burning German cigarette lasted.

One would suppose that the man who sold the cigarette would have received the attentions of the "drag" delegation. But there was a sort of unwritten rule against asking for a whole cigarette as a gift. Cigarettes were so scarce it took as much gall to ask for one as it would have taken to ask a man to give away his breeches. Besides, those who lacked this sense of delicacy had learned that it was no use to ask for a whole one. There was nothing doing. "What, a whole cigarette? Howd'ya git like that? Man, I traded me wrap leggings for five marks and bought these. Twenty of 'em. Git that? Twenty for five marks. That's more'n a dollar, an' I only got 'leven left. Where 'n 'ell d'ya spose I'm gonna come in if I let youse

guys set around here an' smoke 'em all up? I'll give y'a drag, though."

It was always like this. The owner of the smokes would hardly have given his own grandfather a whole cigarette, but he'd pass out the "drags" or "inhalers," as they were sometimes called, with a lavish hand and be content with only a couple of puffs for himself. He'd light it and then start it on its journey around the circle. That would be the last he'd see of it until it was returned to him for a last pull, a courtesy always extended to the owner.

So it was that the owner of a pack of cigarettes could display his property without causing the flutter of an eyelid. Nobody would stir. But let him light one and there'd be a rush.

As the morning wore on and biscuits vanished faster than did the cigarettes, the price of cigarettes went down. In an hour or two a cigarette brought only five biscuits. But noon drew near and a suggestion that the Germans might kick in with some chow boosted the price of cigarettes to seven biscuits. Noon passed and the realization that the Germans might not serve dinner knocked the price down again. It dropped to four by mid-afternoon, when renewed rumors of something to eat had a strengthening effect and the price rose to its original figure—one cigarette for eight biscuits.

At five o'clock came the order to entrain. With it came the first official report on "chow" prospects. "Essen in die morgen." The bottom dropped clean out



A Detachment of Troops passing through Aisey-sur-Seine on their way to (deleted)!

—And Across the Rhine, By Daniel McGuire

of the cigarette market. You couldn't have bought a biscuit for a whole pack.

The Yankees heard the news that there would be no food until morning without batting an eye. They had become thick-skinned to such treatment. They were learning the lesson, taught with German thoroughness, that the less they expected the fewer disappointments they would meet.

Nothing ever turned out according to prisoners' expectations. The Huns specialized in disappointing. They got more fun out of fooling their captives than they had when they first turned poison gas on the Canadians. That was a "scream" while it lasted, and is still talked about with a chuckle by some of the old-timers who witnessed it. But it was "old stuff" at this time. Kidding the prisoners was a live joke. There was so much field for development. Their ability to figure out just what the prisoners expected was amazing. Even when they failed to get on the right track they'd start rumors about something that was "going to happen," work the prisoners' interest to a high tension and then "fool 'em."

The Germans separated the prisoners into nationalities, American, French and British, and packed them into the train. Most of them, including the Americans, were assigned to fourth-class coaches, the remainder in box cars.

"O, boy! This ain't so bad," chirped an optimist, as he plumped himself down on the wooden bench in the narrow compartment. "This is the first time I've rode in anything but a box car since I left the States."

He was the first one in.

"Don't kid yerself. They ain't doin' this to make us feel at home. Maybe we'll wish we was ridin' in box cars before we git to where we're goin'." This came from a chap on the tail-end of the line.

He was right. They wished that very thing before the train pulled out.

The compartments in the car contained seats for nine. There were two benches, facing one another. They were built like those in the waiting room of the "Harvestville" railroad station, with iron partitions between the seats. The longer bench was divided into five seats, while the other held four. This was due to the presence a structure of some kind at one side of the compartment. The benches were so close together that when all seats were filled each man's knees dovetailed between those of the fellows opposite.

The compartment was filled in less time than it takes to tell it and the last man in slammed the door. This started trouble.

A yellow-whiskered German sergeant came running to the side of the car. He pointed to the door.

"Offnen! Offnen!" he roared. His neck swelled and his face grew red.

"Now what in the same hill d'ye s'pose that old son of a dog-robber wants?" queried one of the boys, in a forced tone. They were used to these childish displays of Prussian rage.

"Maybe we got in the wrong car," suggested another.

So nobody stirred.

Prussian sergeants are used to being obeyed. Whatever it was this one wanted done, nobody did it. He was dumb-founded. He couldn't understand why these Americans didn't jump at his command. He glared a moment. Then the fireworks started.

He stamped his foot. He shook one fist, then both fists. When he found his tongue he swore. It was worse than swearing. It was downright "cussing," elaborate, explosive and spiteful. What he said must have been terrifying, because the German soldiers nearby pussy-footed slowly backward and away from him, and stood pop-eyed, open-mouthed and silent.

It seemed as if all the gutturals in the German language were ripping themselves loose from his throat.

Once he shut his eyes and beat his breast. You could see the bobbing of his Adam's apple through the tall collar of his coat. His whiskers bristled.

But his wrath was wasted. It "fell flat."

When he paused to observe the effect of the "barrage," he found the doors and windows of the cars filled with the grinning faces of the American prisoners who had enjoyed the demonstration thoroughly.

City Vignettes

CITY PARK

Hush of the tranquil night,
Scented the air, and still,
Tender the stars, and bright,
Shadow on lake and hill.

Night, and the park asleep,
Star spun the sky, and blue,
Velvet the gloom, and deep,
Hush of the world—and you.

FROM AN OFFICE WINDOW

Bathed in the mellow afterglow
Buildings, towers and churches lie,
Haze where the somber rivers flow,
Distant hills and the darkling sky,
Lights in the gloomy street below
Where the traffic surges by.

Poised like a gem above the town
A single, golden star looks down.

WILLIAM J. GRUNDISH.

By this time his mind absorbed the fact that he was talking to men who spoke a foreign tongue. This, too, seemed to make him mad, but he merely muttered something about "dumkopf" and "schweinhund." Then he rushed to the door and jerked it so hard he nearly knocked himself down.

"What in the name of gumption's comin' off now," the prisoners queried among themselves.

The sergeant yapped something at one of the guards and held up his right hand with the thumb and two fingers extended. Germans always use the thumb in indicating numbers with the hand. If they mean one, they hold up the thumb alone. For each additional number they raise a finger.

The guard then told off three men from the prisoners still outside and started them toward the compartment which had occasioned his wrath.

The men inside, for the first time, understood what the fuss was all about.

It was their turn to come in with a roar.

"Hey, you fool squarehead," yelled one. "This thing's full now." He started to count. "'Ein, zwei, drei.'" That was as far as he could go in German. But it didn't matter, the sergeant ignored him and shoved one of the newcomers toward the door.

"Nine men in here now," the Americans protested, frantically. "Nine men. D'ye git that? Nine in here."

"Nine men in here" and the German protested, frantically. "Nine men. D'ye the sergeant understood. But he shook his head angrily and replied:

"Zwelf mann."

Somebody in the crowd happened to know what "zwelf" meant.

"Holy jumpin' Jupiter! He's gonna jam twelve guys in this hole. Can ya beat that?"

"Hown'ell we gonna git any sleep in this boat's what I wanna know."

"All the sleep you'll git tonight, Mac, you can stick in yer left eye."

"T'ell wit' sleep. Where'n th' cock-eyed blazes am I gonna sit down? Tell me that," wailed one of the newcomers, struggling to hold his balance, with his feet tangled among the shins of those seated.

"You'll set on yer ear, if y' don't lift yer big foot off my toes. Whatcha think yer standin' on, a platform?"

"I can't help it. Whaddye s'pose I'd be walking on yer blamed feet for if I could?"

"Well, ya might be careful, anyway. It's bad enough to be crowded like this without havin' somebody trampin' up yer corns."

"Aw, lay dead. Whatsamatter with you? D'ye s'pose I come in here of me own likin' to keep from gettin' lonesome? Th' Dutchman put me in here an' here I stay."

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Industrial Training

The Solution of the Fighting Man's Problems

By Lieut.-Col. Arthur Woods
Assistant to the Secretary of War

WE face today two conditions which absolutely dovetail one into the other—the high cost of living and social unrest. With both of them our returned fighting men are intimately connected. Making one problem out of the two conditions, it is as much for the soldier to solve it as for the nation.

And what shall this solution be? We do not live in Utopia. Few of us are capable of transmuting dreams into hard facts. Ideals are essential but realities fall short of them. Nevertheless, there are helps to a practical solution of this problem. One of them is industrial training. In a word, the times call for factory owners and industrial corporations throughout the country—20,000 in number—to undertake industrial training for their workers at the same time that they pay them a sufficient living wage for the period of their apprenticeship.

And among "workers" I include our honorably discharged soldiers and sailors who have come home with new hopes and battle-born ambitions. This plan is earnestly recommended to those patriotic employers who really have the best interests of the country at heart, and incidentally their own.

With the cost of living soaring higher, the question of efficiency in production and manufacture has come to the front as the issue of most fundamental importance in the solution of the living problem. It is becoming clear that some remedy must be found for a situation in which thousands of workers—earnest, respectable men doing their best every working day of the week—are attaining an output of not over 35 per cent. of their best human capacity.

American factories are today using 6,000,000 or more workers to do what 4,500,000 men could do as well if they were fairly trained. This means that our manufacturers are paying the wages of 1,500,000 workers who are really adding nothing to the total output of the industrial system.

In the manufacturing section of New England—and few portions of the United States are more important in the production of our daily necessities—factory experts have stated that the plants are not more than 60 per cent. efficient in output, merely for want of more skilled and intelligent man power. This does not compare very well with a pre-war Germany in which individual industrial training was so successfully operated that 65 per cent. of the managerial and technical force consisted of men who had started work as unskilled or semi-skilled labor.

In aggravation of the high cost of living, the entire question has been brought to a

head just now by the large numbers of soldiers returning to civilian life from the military service. Many of these men went to war unskilled workers, but because of their experience have come back with greater ambitions and larger vision. They have the psychological start for better things. They have the desire to improve their condition and their earning power. But they have neither the skill nor the means for developing the skill without which their ambitions cannot possibly be realized. They must have industrial training immediately and on a sufficiently large scale to offer an opportunity for advancement to every man who wants one and deserves it. These men must earn a living wage while they are learning and must be taught intensively enough so that in a short time they will be able to realize their ambitions and to increase their earning powers.

That greater production means lower prices is axiomatic. That this result can be accomplished with those very men who are at present classed as unskilled laborers is abundantly proved by the experience of a number of factory owners.

The superintendent of one of the biggest metal working establishments in the country states that mechanics who had been with them for two years were trained for one week. As a result they doubled their individual production. In another plant, by 11 o'clock, a worker returning from the training department, did what has been estimated formerly to be a day's work. In a shoe factory in Brooklyn, sixty soldiers were recently employed who had had no previous training in shoe production. They were taken on with the avowed intention of being put through the training course in order to be taught their trade. The men started at \$15 a week and after training for three to six weeks some of these men are earning as high as \$70 a week.

Bearing in mind these random illustrations of the possibilities of industrial training, what is the country doing today to accomplish the same result on a larger basis? The answer can be given briefly without noticeable inaccuracy. It is doing just exactly nothing at all.

The United States spends \$700,000,000 annually on general education. It spends \$5,000 of public money on any one who has sufficient means to live without wage-earning in the years between sixteen and twenty-one. But it seldom spends a single dollar on making a mechanic.

Where millions are spent for a few thousand professionals, nothing is spent for the millions who produce our necessities. So long as this condition persists, no remedy for the high cost of living can be suc-

cessful because it is only by going to this fundamental feature of the problem that anything can be accomplished.

At the outbreak of the war, the need for increased productivity in the industrial system was clearly appreciated by the country's leaders. The United States Training Service under the department of labor was organized to promote training classes in industrial plants and offered its free services to manufacturers in starting such classes. By these means during the war, large numbers of unskilled workers were turned into skilled workers in a short time, and the entire available fund of skilled labor was markedly increased thereby.

Not only did these training classes produce new men, but they also increased the level of ability of many of the old ones and increased the efficiency of the entire plant. Congress having failed to provide the necessary appropriation for continuing the work, this national effort has lapsed into inactivity, with the result that today 20,000 industrial corporations in the United States which could advantageously adopt such a plan of industrial training, are doing nothing to better the skill of their men, raise the output of their plants or increase the general level of production throughout the United States.

What industrial training means in terms of advancement for the workers of the United States can scarcely be overestimated. A great majority of our 10,000,000 factory workers confront a changeless task that they do not really comprehend; a task that they will never get a chance to master or escape. It has recently been said that "labor unrest at this time is an effort to secure a recognition of personality." This is absolutely fundamental to the solution of our industrial and labor problems. High wages alone will get us nowhere, because the monotony of a routine task and the lack of opportunity for advancement will not be replaced by a mere increase in the weekly pay roll. Men must have every reasonable opportunity not only to improve their wages but also actually to improve their working conditions; an opportunity to express their personal ambitions by graduating from the less skilled and less interesting to the more skilled and more interesting type of work.

Nor will this be a difficult matter once the facts are clearly presented to America's industrial leaders, because not only is future productivity increased but the men more than pay for themselves at the same time that they are learning. More and

(Concluded on page 35)

The Mothers "Carry On"

To Mothers of Democracy: What is Your Chapter Doing? Surely it Has Some Project Under Way. Tell it in 500 Words and Send it to Service

By Mrs. Taylor Allderdice

Will you help? Mrs. Allderdice, the sponsor of the Mothers of Democracy, the first of the organizations formed by the mothers of soldiers, expresses in this article the wish of every member of the society—the granting of a National charter to the "Mothers" by Congress. It's up to you to say whether they shall have it—whether your mother and your "buddie's" mother shall have at least that recognition for their war work. Write to your Congressman direct, or send your opinion to SERVICE. It will be forwarded at once.

The signing of the armistice, which put an end to so many war organizations, simply means a wider field and increased endeavor for the "Mothers." It is generally that way. Whatever the new occasion, it usually means a little more work, a little more worry, to mother. She assumes the additional burden uncomplainingly and willingly and "carries on." What less could be expected of a mothers' organization? And it's in this article that Mrs. Allderdice tells the how and the why of it.

To Mothers of Democracy: What is your chapter doing? Surely it has some project under way in regard to memorials, community life and the like. Let's hear about it. Tell it in 500 words and send it to SERVICE.

ONE of the many sad features connected with the war has been the demobilization of the splendid organizations and working bodies of women formed among all classes and denominations. Last year the canteen costume, the kahki uniform, the emergency aid suit, the white aprons and belts of the surgical-dressing women, were seen everywhere. This year we are back again to the shirt-waist and skirt, the dotted veil and sailor hat, the blue voile dress and summer fur.

It seems a pity that the woman who met, day after day at her chosen war work, not caring whether she worked next to a society woman, a laundress or a shop girl, should now in most cases be back in her intimate narrow circle, and again feeling the influence of old-time prejudices.

However, one patriotic organization, to the surprise of many, not only is still alive but growing in usefulness; this is the band of women known as "Mothers of Democracy," developed from the "Cheer up" meetings started in February, 1918, coincident with the mothers' meetings of the 319th Infantry.

Only those who have worked in this organization from the beginning can place the real value on its "worth-whileness." The only entrance fee being the necessity of having a relative in the service, there came together women who had never seen or heard of each other, and who had absolutely nothing in common except motherhood.

The first benefit to be derived was the broadening of a mind cramped with details of every-day life, generally limited to four walls or perhaps one block of a city or village. The gradual realization that

"service" was "service," whether in the army, navy, marines or aviation, whether in camp in France or America, whether drafted or by enlistment, whether officer or private, drew the mothers of men as by a magic wand, and as the sons were one in point of service, so the mothers were united by a bond of sympathetic understanding, of a common burden, of sorrow and patriotism.

This was an ever widening process helpful not only to the woman herself but to society in general, meeting in the school houses of 75 different districts in Allegheny county alone, not to speak of the numerous groups in other counties of the state, meant an opening for social center work, the one splendid movement that will create and effect improvement in any community.

It would be simpler to tell what practical work these women did not do, but in sewing for the Red Cross, working in hospitals, child welfare, making scrap books and baking pies and cakes for the sick and wounded soldiers, sending ice cream and

other dainties to army hospitals, answering the call for nurses during the epidemic of influenza, forming a great committee on the Liberty Loan drive and for the War Camp Community Service, they demonstrated their motto, "We prove our love by service."

With monthly dues of only ten cents, these women by various means have filled their treasuries, the money to be used for the erection of memorials, in the form of tablets, memorial trees, hospital beds, welcome receptions for returning heroes and in some instances to aid in the erection of hospitals.

Really there is nothing of a dignified character that the "Mothers of Democracy" cannot accomplish. I wish the reader might come to the meetings of the county chapter and hear the reports from the chairmen of the different units, 77 in number, whose activities vary according to the opportunities and needs of the respective communities.

The American Legion has appreciated the "Mothers of Democracy" because no soldier will be without employment if the "mothers" know about it. Perhaps the American Legion in its turn will see that these mothers have a suitable meeting place.

This organization of mothers, born in the city of Pittsburgh, state of Pennsylvania, has gone through the different phases, from birth to maturity, without any help from the city fathers or from those who at first were so keen for the plan to be carried out.

The Mothers of Democracy received their state charter November 11, 1918, the

Youth

Bright sunshine shimmering across a
windless sea,

The scent

Of living flowers,

The brimming cup of love's own
sacrament.

Sad star gleams flickering

Above a fetid marsh malign,

The passing glory of scarlet leaves,

The stain of wasted wine.

—By William I. Grundish.

Two Months in a Destroyer

With the last day piled on some jagged rocks off the coast of France and the vessel almost disemboweled from stem to stern.

By P. V. H. Weems

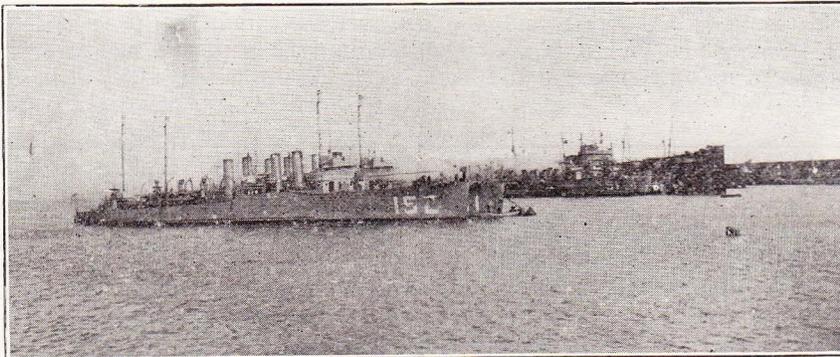
Lieutenant-Commander, U. S. N.

ON October 5th, 1918, the fast new oil burning troop transport, "Orizaba," loaded with troops, lay across the pier from the mammoth Leviathan's berth at the Hoboken docks. Steam was up, supplies aboard, and sailing hour had been set for the afternoon high tide. Three hours before sailing time, I received a hurry call to report at Admiral Gleaves' office. Upon reporting, I was handed telegraphic orders from Washington detaching me from the Orizaba and ordering me to the new destroyer Murray as Engineer Officer. My time was up on the Orizaba, as I had put her in commission and had served as Engineer Officer six months, which was the time allowance to train a substitute. Hurriedly packing my personal effects and building goodbye to my shipmates, I walked over the gangway just before the Orizaba was ready to shove off.

I proceeded in an army boat to the Murray, which was anchored in North River, off Ninety-sixth street, ready to sail with a convoy two days later. The "flu" had depleted the crew of the Murray, and as it happened had stricken down some of the best men in the crew. The engineer officer had been sent to the hospital with the "flu," hence the rush orders to me. When I took over the Engineer Department I found that we had just two men who had destroyer experience, and one of these was sent to the hospital when the ship touched at the Azores. On the Orizaba I had five assistant engineer officers, and a power plant of 9,000 horse power; on the Murray I had no assistant engineer officers, and only Jacobsen, the senior chief machinist's mate, who had never had destroyer experience, while the engines developed a total of about 27,000 horse power. This comparison illustrates nicely the difference between a transport and a destroyer. The transports are roomy, comfortable and easy to manage. The destroyers are comparatively small, often uncomfortable and, due to the great horse power in

such restricted space, the machinery is complicated and must be kept "tuned up" at all times. The help one has and the work to be done on a destroyer are in inverse proportion to help and work on a transport.

On October 7, 1918, the Murray joined the ocean convoy consisting of seven troop ships, escorted by the armored cruiser Seattle and eleven destroyers bound for Brest, France. In refreshing



Destroyers in the harbor at Ponta Delgada

my memory by my personal journal, I find the first entry to be: "October 8, 1918, first destroyer trip—sea sick—rough weather." In addition to the discomfort due to rough weather, I feared that something might go wrong in the engineer department before I had time to become familiar with the plant. It was plain that so many of the men were absolutely green that any sort of casualty to the machinery would be serious.

We soon found that it would be necessary to put in to the Azores for fuel. Therefore, on October 11th, the Murray increased speed, changed course to the right, and left the convoy to make the Azores. After we had gotten "over the hill" from the convoy we had our first trouble in the engineer department. A slight amount of water had gotten into an oil tank, and was picked up by the fuel oil service pump. As the boilers refused to burn sea water, the fires went out! Three weeks later a little thing like this would not have lowered the steam for five minutes. However, at the time we were puzzled. None of the men appeared to know what the trouble was. I knew, from my experience on the Orizaba, what the trouble was, but did not know how to overcome it. While we were puzzling, steam went

down, making it necessary to shut down all machinery. In a few minutes we didn't even have enough steam to pump oil, so we had to man the hand pumps. Finally, after rolling about in the sea about twenty minutes we drew off the water, and got the fires going by hand.

Steam was raised and we were nearly ready to go ahead when "bang!" a ten inch shell landed about 200 yards on our starboard beam. The armored cruiser Seattle had sighted us and made the recognition signal, which we did not answer promptly. The ten inch shell was sent over our way to determine if we were a friend or enemy. It was well that she withheld her fire after the first shot, for it was several minutes before we got our searchlight working so we could make our recognition signal.

The rough weather and extra speeding we had done had rapidly depleted our fuel oil supply. In fact, it soon became a question whether or not we could reach Ponta Delgado, but finally at 12:30 A. M. on the 16th we reached port, with sufficient oil to steam three hours. Twelve hours later, after taking on fuel and water, we left Ponta Delgada to intercept the convoy.

On the 17th, 400 miles northeast of the Azores, there occurred an incident of the sort that adds to the mystery of the sea. The lookout reported an object in the water. On approaching it, it proved to be a life boat. On closer inspection it proved to be a camouflaged metal life boat bearing the fateful "No. 13." It then dawned on me that we had sighted the ill-omened life boat lost from the Orizaba in a blow about July 20th. At the time the boat was lost there were predictions of bad luck. On August 17th a depth charge accidentally exploded, killing Commander W. P. Williamson, who had remarked: "No. 13 life boat is lost overboard."

The submarines kept clear of our convoy, (no troop ship, bound for Europe, was harmed while under American escort), but several whales were not so

discreet, and as a penalty for this indiscretion, had several 300 pound TNT depth charges dropped on them.

The usual in and out convoys were run, without any special incidents, until Armistice day on November 11th. On that date we were at sea searching for an east bound merchant convoy. Radio messages had been coming through hinting about the armistice. Finally about noon we received a message announcing the cessation of hostilities. The morning had been misty, but by the middle of the afternoon the mist had lifted and the sun had broken through the clouds, forming one of the most beautiful colored skies I have ever seen. We had just sighted the convoy, consisting of twenty-four fine clean merchant ships, all but two of which were flying the American flag. In the convoy was the famous "TUCKAHOE," the American ship which was built in 37 days. All these ships were in formation resembling a checker board, and all were camouflaged.

When the destroyer escort speeded ahead of the merchant convoy to take position one of the merchantmen hoisted a signal inquiring if the war was over. Immediately the other ships in the convoy hoisted the same signal. It would be difficult to devise a more inspiring sight for an American citizen than to watch that wonderful "All-American" convoy on that historic day. This was one of the first convoys composed principally of American ships. Not only were they American ships, but they displayed American intelligence, keeping formation accurately and answering signals promptly. Never before had I been so seriously impressed by the greatness of the American Merchant Marine.

After the armistice was signed, and urgent repairs made, the ship was sent on a holiday trip to Eng-

land. During the war ships ran without lights, and in close formations. After November 11th the lighthouses were put in operation, and the ship's running lights turned on, yet the psychological effect of "letting down" after that date was such as to counteract the advantages of aids to navigation. Our trip to Eng-

land emphasizes this "let down." In order to give the narrative of the trip accurately, I'll quote a letter written at the time, when events were fresh in mind:

"U. S. S. Murray,
Care Postmaster New York,
December 6th, 1918.

My Dear Folks:

Since our departure from England, I find it necessary to write another round robin, as I wish to let you all know about the very exciting time we have had getting from England to France. You will be more interested as brother Hatton was on board.

We left Weymouth, England, Tuesday afternoon and were due to arrive at Brest, France, early Wednesday morning. At five thirty Wednesday morning, due to an unknown current that had set us back ten miles during the night, the Conners, leading the column of destroyers, ran on some rocks. She fired a green rocket, but as we were second in column, we could not keep clear, although we backed down hard. We piled up on some jagged rocks, and the poor old Murray was almost disemboweled from stem to stern. When we crashed I jumped up, called Hatton (who was already up), then rushed to the engine room just as we grounded the second time, pushing the engine room floor plates up on the port side. Then in about four minutes the engine room was flooded and my men were wading about in water up to their waist. It looked as if the good old ship was a goner, but we closed the water tight door leading to the after engine room and kept both engines going although the forward engine was just about covered with water. My men showed what was in them. It was the first time they had been put to the test, and they delivered the goods. This is one example: Thorpe, an engineman

(Concluded on page 30)

The Coal Burners

Listen all ye sea dogs and ye beach hounds too,
And I'll spin you a yarn that is guaranteed true,
Of the gang that cleaned up the submarine pest
Of the old coal burners that are based on Brest.

Up in the channel and in the North Sea,
Fritz is raising hell and damn near running free,
But in the Bay of Biscay, who wears the pants?
Its the old coal burners off the coast of France.

They sent out a big one for to stop the troop's lane,
Within a week he had to put into Spain,
The Spanish asked him, "Well, what you got to say?"
"Oh! I met a coal burner in the Bay of Biscay."

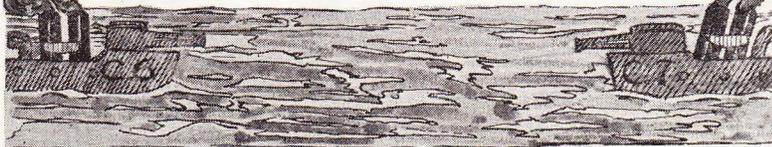
A submarine commander stuck up his periscope,
He'd heard a convoy coming and wanted to get the dope,
But when he saw the escort, he let out a squeal,
There's a coal burner with 'em so its me for Kiel.

From the Suez Canal all the way to Dunkirk,
In all the places where the submarine work,
Of all the bases whose records are the best,
It's the old coal burners that are based on Brest.

CHORUS:

The old coal burners,
They've got a bunch of shocks,
The old coal burners,
They're filled with TNT,
The old coal burners.
Davy Jones' locker
Is waiting for pirates like the U-53.

(Tune: Casey Jones).



Song—The New Industrial Factor

*Somebody said that it couldn't be done---
But he with a chuckle replied---
That maybe it couldn't, but he would be one
Who wouldn't give up 'till he tried*

By Chas. S. Wengerd

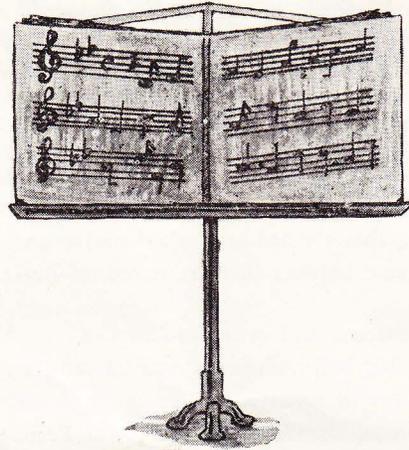
Director Department of Music War Camp Community Service

BUSINESS men are in much the same frame of mind today that a great many military officers were when singing was first introduced in the training camps in this country. Military men could not see how singing had anything to do with fighting. They could not understand how it would help their "squads right," and "squads left," or the one, two, three, four of their cadence drill. They were training men in the grimmest of business; that of killing as many of the Germans as possible. But after the War Department song leaders had demonstrated to these officers the effect of singing on the morale of the men, they accepted singing whole heartedly as one of the greatest factors in the development of a good fighting man. "A singing army is a fighting army," said Maj. Gen. J. Franklin Bell at Plattsburg in April of 1917.

During the early days of our entry into the war when the first thin line of United States troops began arriving in France, silent and terribly serious, General Pershing and others of our far-sighted and discerning military men, cabled back to the War Department that they wanted a singing army.

A singing army meant a happy, contented army. They realized that a singing army would be a far greater force for victory than a silent one, and that the morale of the troops depended very largely upon some means of self-expression, and they turned to singing as the greatest medium at hand.

The outcome of this was that the War Department through the Commission on Training Camp Activities, placed trained song leaders in all the training camps in this country, and singing—mass singing, became a regular part of the military train-



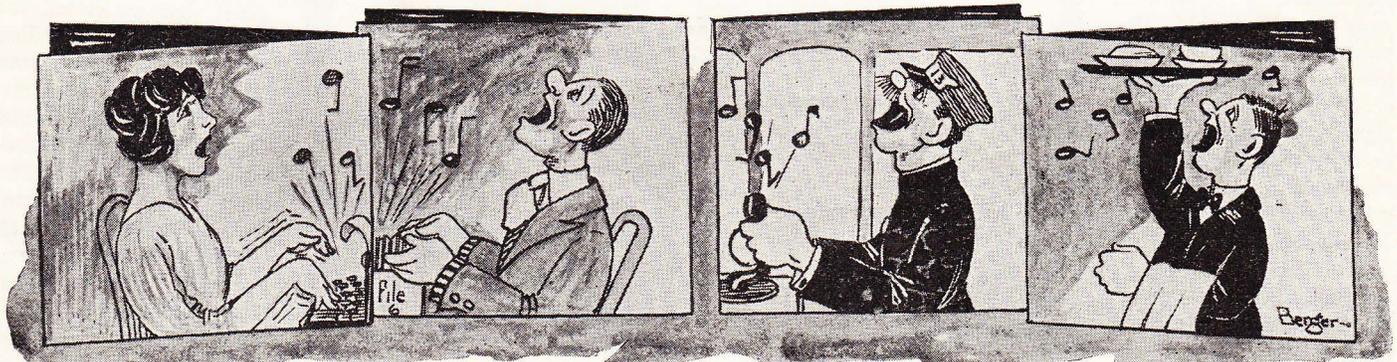
ing schedule. The undaunted spirit, courage and determination of our men is only a reflection of the high state of morale that had been largely stimulated in the camps in this country through systematic and almost universal singing. These men went into battle with a song in their heart—the song of a great and world-wide freedom for all people.

What singing did for our men during the war, it will also do for the industrial world in times of peace. There is no difference at all in the psychological effect of singing on a man who is fighting or a man or woman who is engaged in some branch of industrial work. It is just as important that the industrial world be in a state of high morale in order to accomplish the best results, as for the fighting machinery of a great army. Every business man realizes the state of unrest in the industrial world today and is wondering what the outcome will be. Many men of big business affairs are trying conscientiously to meet the perplexing questions of industry. They are doing everything possible to sur-

round their employes with every comfort and convenience during working hours, and are providing many recreational features for the off time of employes. Community singing, special choruses, bands and orchestras have been organized and found to be of great value as a recreational feature.

The war is now over. The conflict of arms is over. The inevitable days of readjustment are upon us. The war has changed many things. Social, political, economic and industrial disturbances are rampant, and the future peace of the world and the cause for which our men fought, depends much upon how these questions are met and settled. We need something to keep the people of this country in a sane, harmonious frame of mind. We need some mellowing influence; some inspiring influence; some influence that will weld together all classes of people in our nation in one great, harmonious whole, and there is no force greater than community singing of the right sort. Music is the one thing that all peoples of all nationalities, classes and interests can understand and do together.

During the active period of the war it was the splendid spirit of the people of this country as expressed in song that kept up the patriotic feeling of the civilian population, and backed up the unconquerable spirit of the army and navy. This spirit of song was set in motion in practically every city and hamlet all over this vast country. A very large number of industries held community sings, even during working hours, and everybody was working under a white heat of enthusiasm. The slogan was: "A Singing Nation Behind a Singing Army."



Are we to continue under this white heat of enthusiasm in times of peace? No, but it should be continued in a normal way. No person can do his best if he is not happy and contented. No nation can prosper unless its people are happy and contented. No nation can be a great nation unless all classes and interests are united and act in harmony. People understand each other better when they do the same things together. The war has brought the people of all classes in this country together to help win the war. They have worked side by side for one great cause. They have come together by thousands from all walks of life and have sung the stirring patriotic songs of our nation. This spirit of doing things together should be kept alive.

Every true American realizes that we owe a debt to the men who saved us from the grasp of the Hun, that we will never be able to pay. It is up to us to do everything within our power to help the ex-service man during this trying time of readjustment to civilian life. He is in a more or less restless state of mind, and if we will surround him with the right sort of influences, and adapt the recreational features that he became accustomed to during the war, to peace time conditions, we will do much to help him to be contented and happy. We should put community singing into every nook and corner in every city, especially where it touches the ex-soldier, sailor or marine. We can help to spread the most powerful propaganda for the cause of democracy through the medium of community singing. We can help to keep these men, and all other classes and interests, in such a happy and contented frame of mind, that they will be practically immune to the disturbing influences that are running loose today in this country and the world at large. Masters of industry can exert a tremendous influence for good if they will adopt a more extensive program of recreational features.

This use of community music is not some fantastic dream of idealists but a practical working reality that can be, and is being applied to all phases of industrial life today. We learned during the war that community music—singing or playing together in large masses was practical and highly beneficial. Why not apply the same thing more extensively to our industrial life? It will work satisfactorily in the most unexpected places if given a fair trial.

But there is a deeper significance in community music than its use as a pleasing and entertaining recreational feature of our industrial and social life. It has a real educational and refining influence. It will do much toward the Americanization of the foreign-born residents of this country. It will be an invaluable means of familiarizing these people with our language, and

we cannot expect to have them truly Americanized until they do understand and speak the language of our country. Through community singing, they will feel the emotional pulse of the nation and will understand far better the ideals for which we stand.

In order that community music may be of real value, we must make it educational and uplifting; but this cannot be done in a few months' time. We need to eliminate many of the sensational methods used during the war. We will need to begin with music that the great mass of the people can appreciate. Those who have had superior advantages of specialized study can appreciate and enjoy grand opera and symphony orchestras, but they are only a small per cent. of the great mass of people. Community music to be of real value to the masses must start where they can appreciate it and then gradually lead them to a better appreciation of better music. It will take years to accomplish this, but it is not impossible.

Singing does every one good, and practically every one can sing. They don't need to sing excellently, but they can sing together, and doing this means doing something good and useful together. People can do few things together, and if they are good things, they are better for the experience. Singing together develops a sense of comradeship and team work. It will take team work to make democracy successful. It takes team work to make industry successful. Our boys fought to make the world safe for democracy, and now we need red-blooded Americans to make democracy safe for the people. We need true blue patriotism today as much, if not more, than we did during the war. We can overcome many of the hard problems of the day, and especially those of the industrial world, through the medium of song. When people sing together, they have confidence and courage, and they will think and act sanely and with assurance. Hard tasks will seem easy, and dark clouds will disappear and we will see the sunshine.

It is not an uncommon thing to see in conspicuous places in many industrial plants this placard: "Keep Smiling." It's a fine slogan. If the industrial world wants to make that slogan a living reality put alongside of it this other slogan: "Keep Singing." Community music—community singing will do it. Singing during the noon hour; organization of special choruses, glee clubs, quartets, orchestras and bands. Put the smile into business with music. It will do it. It is doing it all over this country.

"Somebody said that it couldn't be done,
But he with a chuckle replied,
That may be it 'couldn't, but he would be
one
Who wouldn't give up 'till tried.
So he buckled right in with a trace of a
grin
On his face. If he worried he hid it.
He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it."

The industrial world, the social world and the musical world is being co-ordinated and greatly uplifted through community singing. The people of all nationalities, classes, interests and abilities, in this country are finding their voices. Each individual is being greatly benefited. Neighborhoods and communities are being welded together into a spirit of brotherhood; and the spirit of comradeship, true patriotism and unity of purpose is being created within the nation that will make a truly United States. Community singing is a powerful factor in shaping and moulding the thought and action of a nation. It is a powerful factor for good in the industrial and social world today. It is one of the good things that have come out of the war. Let us keep it alive. Let us hold fast to that which is good.



Historical Le Mans

Eighteen Hundred Known Years to Its History This "Big Town" of France Spans the Christian Era

By Arthur H. Brown

Former United States Army Chaplain

AMONG the regrets which now begin to jostle with proud memories is our failure to appreciate the historic when it was all about us in France. This failure is, of course, easily explained. The present was so overwhelmingly with us that the past had little chance to make a powerful appeal. Then, too, what appeal it was capable of making found in most of us impenetrable ignorance.

As we passed through some unimpressive little town out of the main current of life and events, we imagined that we were bringing it for the first time name and fame; when, like as not, it antedated our entire American civilization by half a thousand years and our coming was only one more chapter in a long and glorious story. In respect to the more knowing, even those who did feel the pull and the pulse of it—for the past is a living thing in the Old World—were not as a rule in a position to gratify their interest.

With the chaplain it was somewhat different. More of a free lance than perhaps anyone else in the army, he had the opportunity as well as an exceptionally strong inclination to look about him with a curious and inquiring eye. Especially was this true of the present writer to whom, for a brief time, was assigned the agreeable task of acquainting himself, and thereafter others, with aught of significance and worth in the neighborhood where for the time thousands of soldiers were billeted.

Armed, not with a Baedeker, but with an interpreter (his own French never matured), he would invade a town that promised to yield some treasure and would direct his assault upon the mayor, the schoolmaster or the village cure as the likeliest sources of information. Generally, it was the cure who proved the best repository of local lore. Can one ever forget or cease to admire those simple-hearted priests who, with the reverence that knowledge inspires and the love that long association breeds, would show one the cherished reliques of an older day?

What information their own rich memories failed to bring to light was generally available on the shelves of their libraries where books stood ranged that looked as though they outrivalled in age the neighboring church itself. Here where everything fairly reeked with the past, including our little, snuff-loving, cassock-clad priest, he

would adjust his glasses over the yellow page of some ancient volume and discover for our use the forgotten fact.

Our contact with these interesting men was not without its humorous side. The same confusion which the silver cross, worn by Catholic and Protestant chaplain alike, gave rise to in the army where a young, unmarried Methodist minister, for instance, might be startled to hear himself addressed as "Father," was responsible for the frequent invitations to say mass which came to one who was entirely ignorant of the rubrics and ritual of Rome.

Singularly enough, on the other hand, our greatest temptation to indulge in "vin rouge" presented itself in the genial, hard-to-be-resisted form of these spiritual shepherds, whose hospitality called for the very best their scanty cellars could yield. Quite mystifying to them was our water-drinking habit, when, pressed to imbibe a "better" cordial, we declined.

On the last lap of the "race" (ill-chosen word) to Brest we spent a few weeks in the neighborhood of Le Mans. But our eagerness to be off made most of us too impatient to look around. The few who did so, however, found material aplenty to stir them tremendously as in imagination they tried to reconstruct the days forever gone.

Le Mans is one of the "big towns" of France, with a population of seventy thousand, busy, prosperous, housing a number of industries and quite a railroad center. A monotonous little river, the Sarthe, cuts through the heart of it. The city is not particularly attractive, but its broad streets were a delightful change to the visiting soldier, and its wide sidewalks a decided relief after what he had been used to, namely, a two or three foot projection from the side of the house which sometimes, when he needed it most, denied him even that small margin of safety and, narrowing down to nothing, dumped him unceremoniously into the road. But it is not so much for what Le Mans is as for what it has been that our interest is excited.

Le Mans has about eighteen hundred years of known history to its credit, thus practically spanning the Christian era. A visitor to the Place des Jacobin has the boundary dates set for him, first, in a sunken garden which was once an arena where gladiators trained—that for the early days of Roman occupation—and, then, close

at hand, the big Yankee Division Hut built last winter in New England fashion with large stone fire-place and home-like decoration—that for 1919, and the American occupation.

Between those two limits what a varied story! Le Mans was for long the seat of government for a Roman province and remnants of the walls which then surrounded it still remain to tell the broken story of what was once a fortified town. In the fourth century Christianity was introduced by St. Julien, the real facts of whose life have long been lost in a maze of legend. In the eleventh century a successful attack by William the Conqueror brought the city under English sovereignty. This was but one of a series of sieges to which it was Le Mans' unfortunate fate to be subjected during its long and stormy career.

The Plantagenets fought beneath its walls and Berengaria, the widow of Richard of the Lion Heart, lies entombed within its gates. During the French Revolution, when seized by the Vendéans, stubborn battle took place in its streets. But, amid all its varying fortunes, the crowning humiliation came on June 12, 1871, when it was occupied by German troops. A fine monument to General Chancy in one of the public squares commemorates the well-fought but futile battle which preceded the occupation. The fall of Le Mans on this occasion made impossible the relief of Paris.

But sieges and battles fought are not the only claim of Le Mans to historic interest. This city, for example, had her own Maid of Orleans or rather "Pucelle du Mans" as she was called. She, too, declared herself inspired; convinced her Bishop of that fact; gained an audience with the same king before whom Joan appeared; but unlike her now canonized predecessor she proved a false prophetess, and instead of being glorified in martyrdom was made a public spectacle in the pillories of Le Mans.

It is also of interest to know that it was here in Le Mans that the Church Council of 1248 forbade surgery to monks and thereby retarded the good science for two centuries by denying its use to the most thoughtful and cultivated men of the time and surrendering the beneficent practice to wandering frauds. This was done on the ground that the Church "abhors the shedding of blood."

But for her shortcomings in one direction the Church made up by her virtues in other directions. Conservative in the science of healing, she brought the art of building to what was perhaps its highest state of excellence.

As is generally the case in France, the whole local history of Le Mans is reflected as in a book by her cathedral. There the story of ten centuries stands written, and most eloquently too. A gigantic mass of masonry on the edge of the great public square, St. Julien overshadows everything else. Unlike its neighbor, the Y. D. Hut we spoke of, which despite its twelve hundred feet of floor space, took only thirty-three days to erect, the building of this mediæval miracle in stone is spread over some six centuries, and still it remains unfinished and will probably always remain so. But enough of the builder's dream came true to dazzle us fairly with the brilliancy and the daring of his conceptions.

As we cross the square, preparatory to climbing the long flight of steps which leads to the West Front, it is the exterior of the choir in all its massive proportions that arrests the eye. Three tiers of flying buttresses spring up from among the clustered chapels below to catch the lateral thrust of the tall walls. This peculiar invention of the middle ages combined grace with strength before steel solved in a simpler but less attractive fashion the problem of high construction.

Skirting the tower, which by the way never attained the height it aimed at, we come abreast the nave. Our first impression is one of disappointment. The choir amazed us by its immensity; the nave surprises us by its comparative smallness. Then, too, the one is Gothic, magnificent Gothic, with all the daring and display which that type of architecture affected; the other belongs to an earlier school, the Romanesque, with rounded rather than pointed arch and plainness almost severe. But interest heightens when we learn that this is part of an older church built in the ninth century. The rest was torn down to make way for the larger structure we have mentioned, and the nave was destined ultimately to share the same fate.

As we turn the southwest corner, we pause a moment to note a huge basaltic fragment embedded in the walls. If conjecture may step in where positive proof is wanting, we would say that it was part of a pagan altar and its presence here symbolizes the triumph of Christian light over heathen darkness.

The West Front is now before us. Diminutive it seems and yet doubtless reckoned large in its own day. There beside the portal, built, we presume, to call the

faithful to prayer, is a poor tiny tower "topped with a peaked little bonnet," so insignificant and altogether unworthy of its position that one cannot help but smile. Yet age has its privileges. Traditons assigns this tower to a period centuries earlier than anything around it. But why linger when a cathedral that ranks among the first seven in all France—and France, remember, is "the very Palestine of them"—puts itself at our disposal and bids us enter.

They say that the old cathedrals have souls. We are conscious of it the moment we step within this one. Certainly there are no saintlier preachers than they. Noble heights, shafts of sunlight, breadths of shadow, slender but high-mounting pillars, lofty arches that span wide spaces, glowing windows that give warmth and color, and in the far distance, up the long vista of the nave, the dim but ever-burning flame above the altar—all suggest the mystery and the mightiness of faith. So, as we enter:

"And leave our burden at this minister gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait."

Ruskin has called one great cathedral the Bible of Amiens. It is most appropriate. Carven Bibles they are, adorned within and without by myriad figures, human and divine, which tell well-nigh the whole Scripture story from creation on. Prophets and apostles, saints and sinners stand stiffly in their thousand niches or look down upon you from storied windows. Here above a door is Samson breaking the lion's jaw, thus symbolizing the might of the Church. There Peter and Paul prove themselves actually to be the pillars of the Church as they bear the weight of heavy stone on their unbending shoulders. Or, if we turn to the windows, we see in colossal panels the figures of Moses, Isaac, David, and other heroes of the faith. Then in the central window, conspicuous beyond the rest, the dear Christ Himself.

The windows in the transepts and the choir, however little the uninformed may realize it, are the greatest glory of this cathedral of marvels. Their date ranges from the twelfth to the fifteenth century when the art of staining glass reached a perfection that has since been lost. They have about them all the mellow brilliancy of antiquity. As they break up the white sunlight into a rich mosaic of color, the radiant blending of a thousand mingled dyes, one can but stand before them in speechless awe of their beauty.

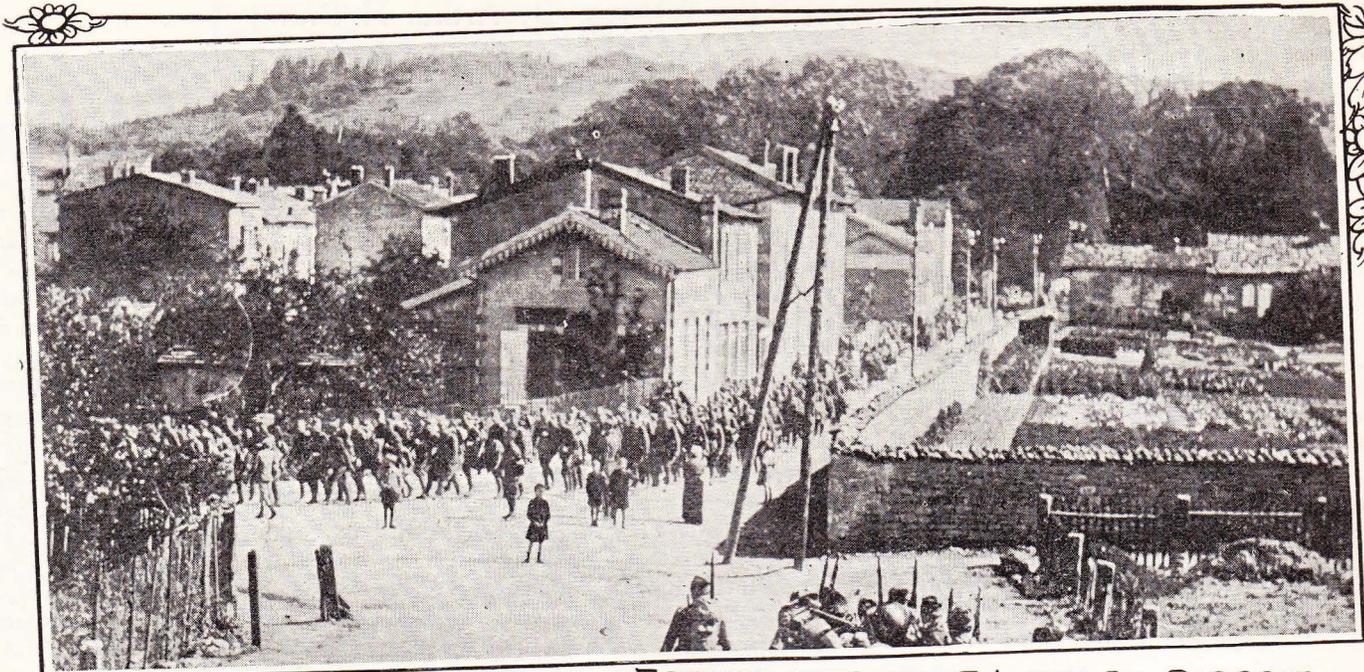
Lifted to so high a state of thought and feeling, one can scarce believe one's ears when told that in the days of the Red Terror, following the overthrow of the Monarchy and all that savored of the same spirit, the mayor of Le Mans announced that "this ancient house of error" was to be demolished. In 1797 "one Boisquetim" asked permission to "transform it into a handkerchief factory." Happily they did not represent the prevailing voice.

In the baptismal chapel is a handsome mausoleum of Langey de Bellay. If one may judge from his bombastic epitaph, he was a great man in his time, for he put down the rivalry between the pen and the sword as to their comparative mightiness by wielding both with rare success. "Here lies Langey who with pen and sword surpassed Cicero and Pompey." A visitor, who inquired in the very best French at command for one of the "tombeaux," was led by a courteous priest the whole length of the nave and respectfully shown the "tramway."

Another curious survival is seen in one of the walls of the choir. There a niche is cut and fashioned inside like a desk. One can see at once that it was intended for a book which was protected by bars of iron so placed that an arm could be reached through and the leaves be turned. The book is gone, along with them that read it, and so are the bars; only the holes in which the latter were sealed remain. An inscription tells the rest of the story—"Master William Thelardi, canon of the church, has given the breviary for the use of the indigent. Pray God for him." The whole thing points back to the days before the printing-press brought books within the purchasing power of the common people.

Those stone ledges one sees along the side walls were in early times the only seats in the church and were intended for the weary pilgrim and the infirm. Other worshipers, writes Bishop Hildebert, leaned on sticks and staves, "except as the words of the Lord were read, when they quit every support and stood with uncovered heads." Speaking of seats, half way down the nave there is a sign in English which painfully reminds the "dough-boy" that even in church "rank" has its privileges, for this is what he reads: These seats are reserved for American soldiers. Officers are invited to place themselves in the choir near the bishop's throne."

With this jarring reminder that after all we live in the twentieth century and not the twelfth, we take our leave, for if we miss retreat an acceptable excuse will be hard to offer, albeit we have been lingering among the sacred shadows of one of the noblest of the works of man.



TROOPS ARRIVING AT LIGNY-EN-BARROIS.



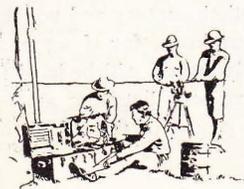
Elsie Janis and her mother leaving an American divisional headquarters at Beauval. They contemplated taking it along but not seriously.



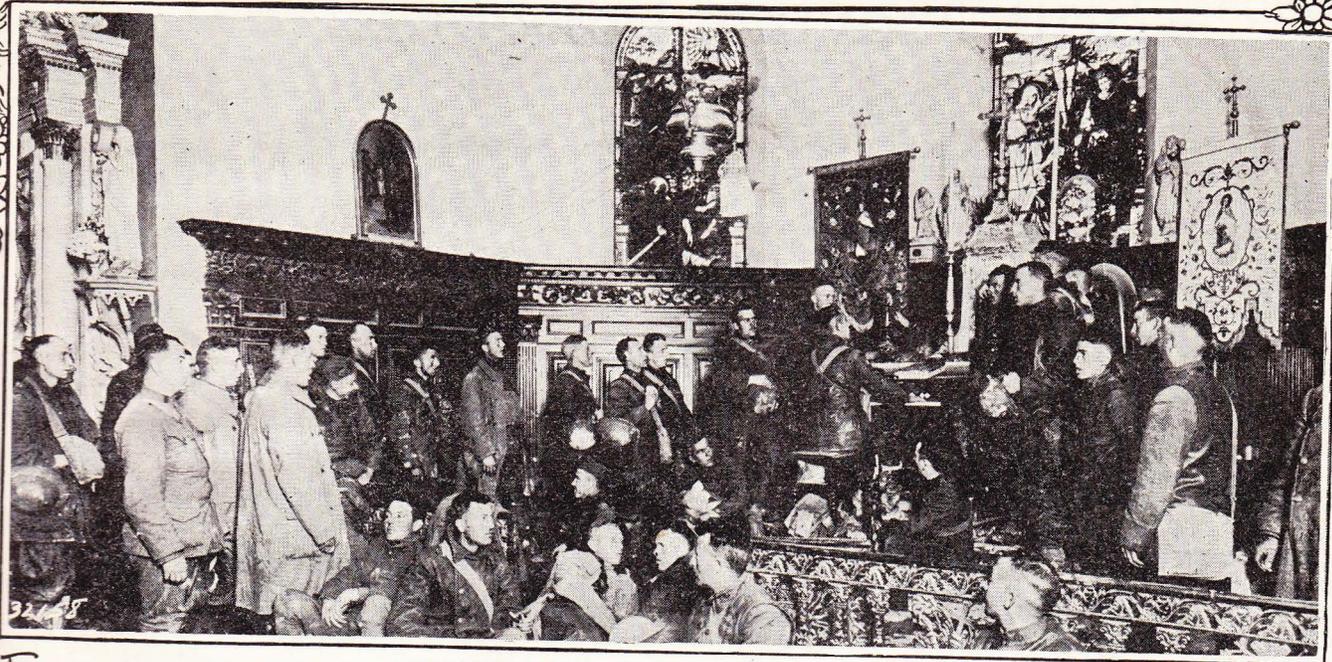
Looking north to the town of Nantillois. Its a peaceful ruins

when Nantillois and T.N. Me about the same thing

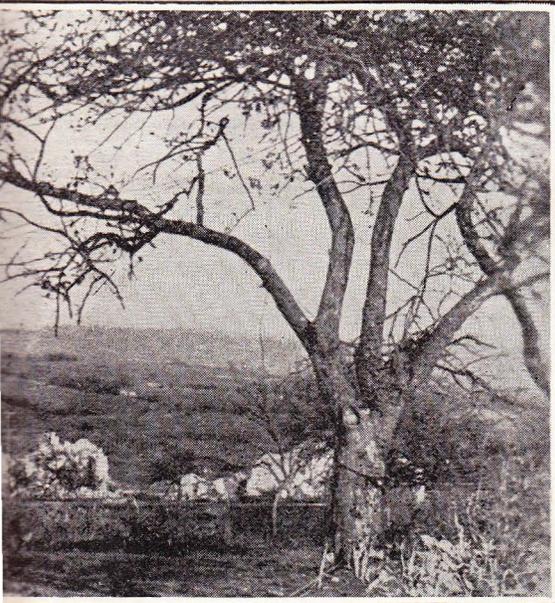
Four infantrymen leaving Florent (which is the name of the village) and bidding Bon Swa to madame.



A YEAR AGO

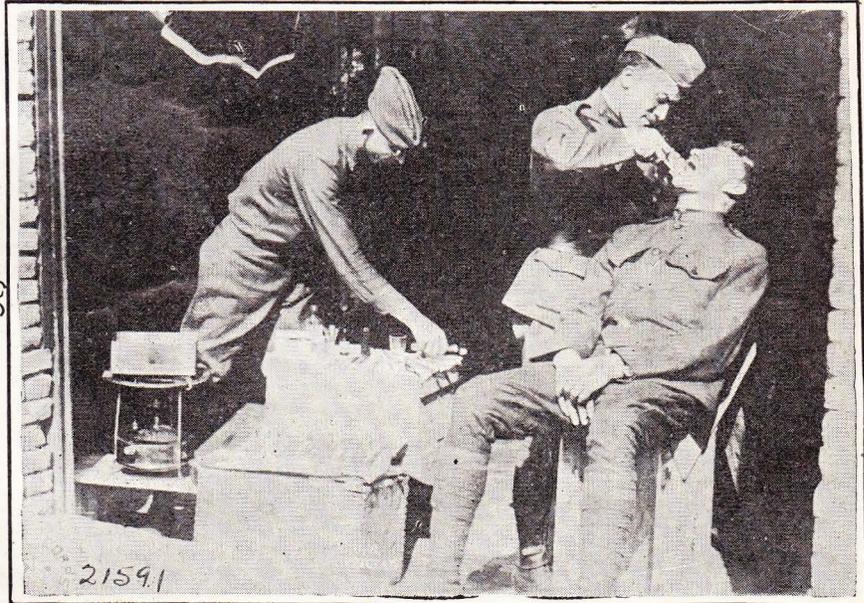


TROOPS SINGING AND PLAYING THE ORGAN IN THE CHURCH AT VAUX.



...as now but there was a time, not long ago,

tillois
meant
the same
g



In the dentist's chair at Beauval - Appearances to the contrary, dentist and patient belong to the same army.



Troops at Imecourt discussing the advisability of being at Imecourt



Still Moving Forward

By Reuel W. Elton

Resident Secretary of Eightieth Division Veterans' Association

IN France the Eightieth Division's motto was "Always Move Forward" and it did. Those strenuous days of moving forward in the face of terrific Boche machine gun fire and shellfire are passed, but a new day has dawned and in place of the Eightieth Division, a military unit of the United States Army, the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association will carry the divisional banners again, always forward.

The sector in the new arrangement will cover considerably more ground than the different parts of the battle line, held and advanced on the Western Front. Consequently co-operation and the full support of every member of the division is much to be desired in order that the far-flung line extending through Western Pennsylvania, West Virginia and Virginia, with slender salients extending into Eastern Pennsylvania and Ohio and virtually every part of the United States, may be held.

The cost of holding these widely diverted lines is relatively small—one dollar initiation fee and one dollar a year dues for each member of the association. So far 16,000 former members of the division have joined up with the veterans' association and indications intimate that this main body will be heavily reinforced by substantial gains in membership.

From the very first days of the division it was apparent that the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association would eventually become a fact. During the nine months' training at Camp Lee associations and friendships were formed that the mere process of demobilization could not sunder. The year's service in France only served to intensify the bonds that held together the members of each squad, platoon, company, regiment and division itself. If the purpose of the association were no more than to maintain a headquarters through which former members of the division would keep in touch with former buddies, the project would be desirable and worth while.

Real crystallization of sentiment did not develop until the early spring of 1919 following the cessation of hostilities. Expressions regarding the new organization were solicited from officers and men of the division and virtually unanimous sentiment was found in its favor. This was early in April and it was decided then to act quickly.

Momentarily, moving orders—at least to another area—were expected, and, realizing the importance of forming the organization while the division itself was still intact, it was necessary to work at double-time speed.

A committee was appointed to draw up articles of organization and then the drive for membership was instituted. The 16,000

men who affiliated themselves with the veterans' association amply justified earlier plans for the organization.

In the articles of organization, drawn up in France, it was decided that the association's objective would include the fostering of a number of desirable principles. The promotion of fellowship among its membership, the promotion of the welfare of its members, the perpetuation of the record of the Eightieth Division in the world war, the promotion of the welfare of the families of the members of the division who lost their lives in the service, and the consideration of questions of military policy concerning the United States is the goal set before the association.

Membership, naturally, is limited to any person who served with the Eightieth Division and has been honorably discharged, or has been retained in active service, placed on inactive service or retired.

A short time after the division's arrival in America headquarters were opened in the Bessemer Building in Pittsburgh. Three rooms are maintained here, a large one as a reading and meeting room and two smaller ones for business purposes.

The vehicles that will carry the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association forward are the various plans for service to its members. In the midst of the most beautiful scenery the smoothest ride becomes monotonous and an effort will be made to take the most pleasant, most helpful and most interesting route to the end of serving the association's members.

Sooner or later every former member of the division will want to own a copy of the Eightieth Division History. Its publication is now in the hands of the Association and announcement will be made in *Service* when it is ready for distribution. Arrangements are also pending for the production of the Eightieth Division insignia pin, buttons and watch fobs. This phase of service may even be extended to include the sale of such articles as divisional pillow tops, writing paper, fountain pens, and numerous other articles that lend themselves to this idea.

Work is also under way for the collection and publication in suitable form of all divisional photographs, whether taken abroad or in camp. It is planned, also, at a later date to issue a book of cartoons, drawn by a well-known member of the division, depicting the risible side of life while "Eightieth Divisioning."

The establishment of local posts or clubs of the association in the localities where the number of members warrant such a move is now under consideration. The possibilities of this plan are being studied

closely and an announcement will soon be forthcoming concerning definite steps to be taken.

For the avowed purpose of stimulating legitimate rivalry between the members of different divisions coming principally from the same territory as the Eightieth Division, the association is looking forward to some time in the future when a huge inter-divisional athletic meet can be arranged. A large city necessarily would have to be chosen as the place for the meet and membership contingents outside of the city designated could hold competitions for the selection of teams to be sent. The gate receipts of such a meet should cover the major portion of the traveling expenses of these teams.

The Eightieth Division reunion and picnic will be an annual affair. Encouraged by the success of the first one, held on July 22, at West View Park, Pittsburgh, more elaborate plans are being formulated for next year's big go-to-together meeting.

A suggestion has been made that, on account of the division coming from such a large area, each city, town or community in which the division is fairly well represented hold its own reunion, to take place on the same day. It could be arranged to have a number of prominent persons speak at some of the larger centers and then an abridged text of their speech could be sent by wire to the smaller reunions to be read on a place in the program.

The association is in possession of a small fund to be used for the relief of members in need of assistance. This fund, known as the Eightieth Division Veterans' Association Relief Fund, was started from the profits of the *Bayonet*, the divisional newspaper at Camp Lee, and had been placed, prior to the division's sailing for France, in the hands of the Red Cross for administration. The fund represents the balance which the Red Cross had on hand when the division returned to America. Five hundred dollars has been added to the fund by the Welcome Home Association of the Eightieth Division of Pittsburgh, bringing the full amount to fifteen hundred and ten dollars. Efforts will be made to build this fund up to a point where it will be of real service.

The Pittsburgh Welcome Home Association of the Eightieth Division has never failed in its interest in Eightieth Division affairs. The Veterans' Association has two beautiful flags—the National colors and a Gold Service Star flag—gifts from the Welcome Home Association. The arrangement of the Eightieth Division Memorial Services on September 28 in Memorial Hall, Pittsburgh, brings the splendid activities of this association to a close.

If You Are Dropping Your Government Insurance Reasons For Picking It Up

By Chas. M. Jones

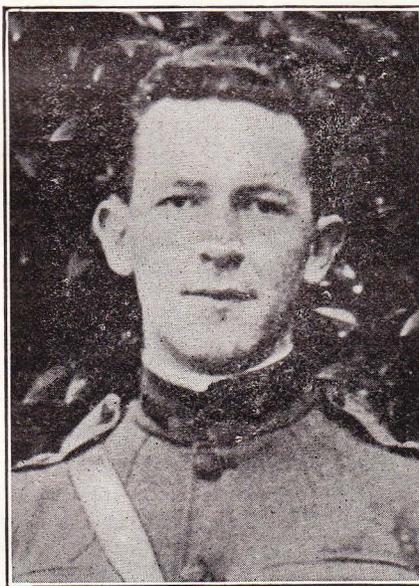
OF the 4,000,000 men formerly in the service of the United States during the war just brought to a close over 93 per cent. were insured with and by the United States government for an average insurance policy of \$8,700. In other words, about 3,800,000 soldiers, sailors, marines and army and navy nurses were protected by the government for an aggregate amount of insurance that was larger than the total amount carried by the entire remaining insured population of the United States with all the old-line insurance companies and fraternal or beneficial orders. Of this number, however, perhaps 10 per cent. know that they can continue to carry this insurance permanently with the government, or know what particular advantage or value it is and will be to them.

Attempting to convince the tremendous number of others of their individual necessity of continuing their government insurance is a difficult proposition.

"Selling insurance" in any way except by personal interview is extremely hard, as every man has his individual reasons for buying it that must be appealed to, or his individual objections against it, that must be overcome. His reasons for buying it may be as peculiar as those of the soldier who constantly advertised the fact that he had purchased a \$10,000 policy because, as he expressed it, "They ain't gonna send any ten fousan' dollah man into the firing line, 'cause they is too valuable to lose." Or his reasons for not buying may be as far-fetched as that soldier who, though he had a wife and two children, would not take any insurance because, as he put it, "Boss, no one ever asked me did I want to join de army—dey jes' said, 'Boy, youse due for camp, so come wid us,' and when I gets to camp dey never asks me does I feel like gettin' up or drillin' or workin'—dey jes blows a bugle and I does—and dey never even asks me does I feel like eatin'. dey jes blows dat bugle again, and I has to eat then or not at all. So now, when you asks me does I want to buy insurance—well, I jes' gotta say 'No, no, no' to somebody." Just as this soldier was sold insurance after he was convinced that the only ones he was hurting by such an objection were his wife and children, so could every man be convinced if it were possible to talk to him personally. Each individual objection can be overcome as soon as it is known, no matter whether it be "I don't want any insurance now that the war is over," or "I have no one dependent on me and have no need for insurance," or "I don't want to continue my insurance because the new policy is going to cost me twice as much as my old one," or "I don't

want any policy that is not paid in a lump sum to my family after my death, but is paid in installments."

First, the necessity for insurance after the war is over is just as great as it was during the war because there are constant hazards that may occur at any time. Last year more men died of influenza than were killed in battle during the war in the same period. Just when another influenza epidemic might occur, or just when any such hazard may come, it is impossible to tell. We must be prepared now against the recurrence of such contingency because when these events occur again and we have the most need for our insurance, we may not be able to buy it, either because of lack of funds or because we may be unable to pass a physical examination.



Major Chas. M. Jones, Government War Insurance Expert, who will answer through Service questions concerning insurance, allotments, compensation, etc.

Every man who is married, or who has any family depending on him, realizes that he has present and future responsibilities. He knows that he can provide for his present responsibilities to his family through his present earning capacity. There is no way except through the purchase of insurance that he can be absolutely certain that he is going to be able to provide for their future. The future is provided for only by our present saving capacity. This present savings put into insurance are the ideal protection against the future, because they cover every emergency. The man who has no dependents now may have them at any time, and just at the time that he acquires these dependents he may be unable to buy

insurance. The man who asks a girl to marry him, and who cannot guarantee that he is going to provide for her in the present and in the future, is hardly deserving of any respect. Even this man should realize that there is a time coming in the future, after he reaches the age of 65, perhaps, when it will be necessary for him to have saved up a fund that will keep him when he is unable to keep himself. To all of us the future now looks very rosy, but we must remember that since figures show us that out of 100 men who start at age 25, that by the time they have reached 65, 36 men will be dead, 53 men will be dependent on someone else for support, six will be self-supporting and five only will be well-to-do—that the average is against us.

In answer to the objection that the greater cost of the new policy makes it undesirable, first a knowledge of insurance principles is necessary and then the explanation is simple.

The rates for the old policy are only cheaper in the early years. Its rate constantly increases for the reasons that will be given hereafter. The rates for the new policies never increase, but remain at the same original figure until the maturity of the policy. Because of other reasons, that also follow, the new policies cost less in the end for each year that the policy has been carried. To first prove this in figures taken, as an example, a man who takes an ordinary life policy at age 25. He pays \$12.90 a month for \$10,000 of insurance. At the end of forty years he has paid a total of \$6,096. His cash value that he can withdraw is \$5,490. His \$10,000 insurance has only cost him for forty years the difference between these two figures, or \$606. For one year, \$10,000 would have cost him, therefore, only one-fourtieth of this amount, or \$15. His present \$10,000 term policy is costing him on the average of \$6.50 a month, or \$78. He saves, therefore, \$63 the first year by carrying the new policy. Each year his saving will be more because the cost of his present policy is increasing until at age 65 the cost would be \$402. His saving that year would be \$387.

If an endowment policy had been as an example instead of the ordinary life, it would have been found that the insurance eventually cost nothing, because the insured receives at the maturing of his endowment a sum in cash that is larger than the total amount he has paid in.

The explanation for all this is as follows: The old policies were based on what is known as term insurance. Its rates are only figured for one-year periods. The insurance is only charged for the death losses that will normally occur in that year

among the men of his own age. Each year that he grows older the cost is bound to increase, because men die faster at increasing ages. There is, however, very little increase in the number of daths in the increasing ages from 20 years to 30 years, most of the men in the army being between these ages, the yearly increase was hardly noticeable. As an illustration, 7.8 men out of each thousand men who are at age 20 die in one year, and only 8.4 men in each thousand at age 30 die in one year. However, at age 65 there are 40 men in each thousand of that age who die in one year. The cost for insurance, therefore, would be five times as great as it is now if the soldier were allowed to continue his present policy. And, furthermore, the cost would continue to increase each year until it got to such a prohibitive amount that the insured would be unable to meet it and would have to forfeit his policy.

It is at these older ages that we find it very hard to meet any premiums. Figures show us that the income of the average man is slowly increasing until age 55. At that time it fast decreases each year. As has been stated before, out of one hundred men who start at age 25, by the time they should all be 65, that 36 will be dead, 53 will be dependent on someone else for support, only six will be self-supporting and only five wealthy. It is necessary to have a policy, then, that in later years will cost us little or nothing.

It is easy to understand, then, that, though the old policy appears very desirable now because its cost is cheap, it is a very unsatisfactory policy in the end, as it does no accomplish our ultimate purpose.

The government, therefore, now offers us policies that will always be satisfactory, because they are designed to meet this recognized condition of decreased earning capacity in old age. Each policy does it practically on the same plan, namely, it requires us to set aside in the early years of our policy the sum that will make our insurance cost little or nothing in later years.

With the exception of the endowment plan all the policies are paid only in the event of death or total disability by the insured, and are paid, not in a lump sum, but in installments of \$5.75 monthly for each \$1,000 of insur-

ance. In other words, if a man has \$10,000 in any form, even though it be a term insurance, his family will receive \$57.50 a month for 20 years.

In answer to the objection that some do not want insurance that will not be paid in a lump sum to the beneficiary, at the time of the insured's death, actual figures are the best argument. It was decided to pay by monthly instalments because past experience has shown that 85 per cent. of the money that has been paid in lump sums by insurance companies has been squandered or lost within seven years after the death of the insured. It is certainly not the intention of the insured in taking his insurance to have it lost in this way. It is his purpose in taking insurance to guarantee them an income that will take the place of his present income in case he is unable to provide such income through death or disability. The only safe way to guarantee that they will continue to get this income throughout the period in which they need it was to pay it in the present manner. The 20-year period was selected because it is the ideal one to suit the needs of the average man. If the insurance is left to the wife and children it takes care of them during the period that the children are being educated, and takes care of them until such time as the children are able to provide for themselves and also for their mother. If it is left to the parents there is every likelihood that they will not live for twenty years beyond the death of the insured.

The argument is oftines advanced that the insured is losing interest on his money by receiving payments in such a manner. This is not the case. The beneficiaries

actually receive \$13,800 for the \$10,000 insurance, which amount is the interest figured at 3½ per cent. on the amount that remains after the previous year's benefits have been paid. The insured oftines figures that his beneficiary could invest the \$10,000 in such a manner as would net them 6 per cent., or \$600 a year, and they then always have their \$10,000 and would be getting annually an amount in interest that would be almost equal to the amount they are now getting, when they get a part, both principal and interest, monthly from the government. It is very easy to figure it theoretically how large an interest rate can be gotten, but it never works out practically, and in thousands of cases the principal amount is lost in a very few years. The one great necessity is continuous income. Past experience has shown that over periods of 20 years' investments only net an average of 3½ per cent. That is the reason that the government adopted 3½ per cent. as the rate of interest to be paid. The first year on this method the beneficiaries receive 3½ per cent. interest on the full \$10,000, which is \$350 annually. This, of course, would only be about \$30 a month, and not sufficient to support any one. It is necessary, therefore, to take a part of the principal amount of \$10,000. Since it was decided that \$57.50 a month, or \$690 a year, would be sufficient to support a beneficiary, it is necessary to take the difference between the \$350 interest and the \$690 that is to be paid, or \$340, to make up the necessary income. At the end of the first year there is then not \$10,000 left, but \$9,660; 3½ per cent. interest on this amount is not \$350, but only \$338.10. To make up the necessary \$690, naturally,

there must then be taken out a larger amount of the principal sum. And so, under each of the following 20 years, although the interest rate remains the same, the amount of interest grows smaler, and the amount deducted from the principal must therefore be larger. At the end of the 10 years there is only about \$20 interest, and the balance of the principal must be used to make the necessary payments.

Past experience has shown that this monthly installment form of payment is the most satisfactory in the long run, and the best suited to practically every case.

If this article proves a good insurance agent and you've changed your mind about dropping your Government Insurance, the matter of reinstatement is simple.

If discharged from the service more than three months and less than nine months, the former service man can reinstate his Government War Risk Insurance Policy by forwarding to the Premium Receipts Division of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., all back premiums, with a letter of application for reinstatement. Make check or money order payable to Treasurer of United States. On July 1, 1919, the rates increase a cent a month per thousand over the rate prevailing before that date.

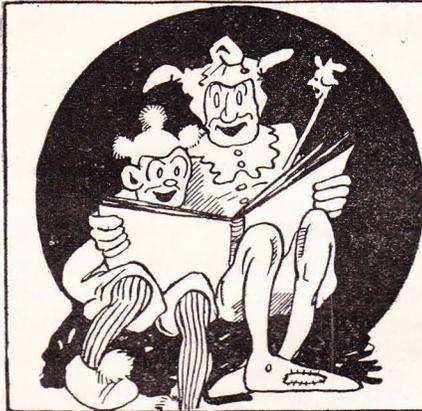
The application for reinstatement should contain the following information:

- (a) Full name and address.
- (b) Former rank, organization and serial number.
- (c) Amount of insurance originally carried, and amount that is now desired to reinstate.
- (d) That the applicant certifies that he is now in as good health as he was at the time of discharge. No medical examination is necessary.

If the applicant has been discharged from service less than three months no health certification is required.

If the applicant has paid the first premiums following his discharge but is back more than three months and less than nine months he can reinstate his policy in the same manner as above.

Write QUESTIONS Department, care of The SERVICE Magazine for any further information.



A PAGE TO WIT

Dear Santy:

I'll admit that this letter is a bit premature, but force of circumstances makes it imperative that, at this time, even before the Christmas advertising has been started, I address you.

Santy, I want to be funny. In fact, I've got to be funny, and every time I read the title of this page and realize what's before me, I wonder if my funny bone has decayed. Perhaps you understand, then, why I would give anything that I possess to be funny for thirteen hundred words or so.

In the Yuletide season in other years you have helped me, Santy. Can't you help me now? If you could understand, Santy, how badly I want to be funny, knowing you for the good-natured, accommodating person you are, I feel sure that you'd come across with three short columns of humor. I appreciate that it's up to me to make you realize this, and for the next three—or thirty—paragraphs I'm going to try to make you understand the terrible unfunny position that I'm in.

In the manner of a logical statement of fact, Santy, I will state, in order, the reasons why it is imperative for you to understand why I've got to be funny.

Reason No. 1: Staring at me, Santy, at this moment is a page. It looks to me larger than the "new" page which every day somebody is going to turn over but never does on account of its size. This huge piece of fine (the paper in this magazine is the finest), white paper must, before two nights and a day, be filled with wit and humor. Its supposed to be new wit and humor,

The old typewriter is sarcastic, Santy, and offers little help. It repeats that it can't be done. And as I look out the window and get up and open the door and look out, I, too, feel the hopelessness of it, for all I see is white paper. Great bundles of FINE (more advertising), unprinted white paper cut in sizes $11\frac{1}{2}$ by $8\frac{1}{2}$.

All the folks, too, that I see along the street, Santy, appear to be coming from the paper mill. They have under their arms paper—white, FINE and unprinted—and they also carry baskets full of it, and all seem to be coming my way.

On my desk in front of me—in the direction that the typewriter is looking—is

more of this same, FINE quality, blank white paper. Its in great sheaths, and, as I pound the old typewriter into a semblance of submission, the huge piles topple over and smother me in the midst of their complete blankness.

This is the first reason why you should understand. This page has got to be filled and be funny. And then, Santy, how would you like to be smothered in the midst of thousands of sheets of blank, white paper? Its not onl suffocating, but its positively humiliating and it makes the old typewriter laugh with bitter sarcasm.

Reason No. 2: Santy, the printers are waiting for this copy. Since Wednesday three weeks ago the printers have been waiting. I wouldn't dare, Santy, to tell you how many of them there are that are waiting, but I will give you a notion of the number. It composes almost the entire membership of the local union!

Every morning these printers come to work at 7:30, punch their time-cards, strap on their working aprons and then—wait. Imagine what it costs! I am not familiar with printers' pay, but if they were only getting fifty cents a day, imagine again what it must cost!

But, Mr. Claus, the question of cost is not my only reason for worry. An idle man, some great philosopher once said, is more dangerous than two idle men, and so you can imagine what the idleness that exists in that printers' union is causing today.

The trouble doesn't usually start until after the first half an hour of waiting in the morning. Naturally the idle printers stand around in groups and converse. And naturally the first subject they talk about is when will this copy come in. They discuss this from every angle, including the one based on its non-arrival.

This topic adds, frequently, a little heat to the conversation. A fist or two is shaken at another fist or two. Somebody, however, reads the union rule which prohibits fighting over copy, and the matter is thus amicably settled and a new topic for discussion is taken up.

Ten times out of ten and a half it is the high cost of living. And its during this discussion that indications of worse trouble, if the present state of waiting is to continue are seen. The men become

greatly agitated, and dodging back of the high type cases they shower the boss with large pieces of head type, for the general feeling is that the high cost of living would not be so high if they received sufficient income to travel on the same level with it—and very, very naturally the boss gets the blame and the head type.

During this discussion the emotions of the men become almost uncontrollable, and one of them will dramatically shove his hand into his trousers' pocket and draw it out closed. He will then open it, the fingers held rigid, and exhibit contemptuously in the palm fourteen cents—a dime and four pennies.

In a trembling voice he will say, "See, if after four and a half hours' waiting, I wanted to go out to the resaurant and get a plank steak I couldn't do it. I'd have to starve because I haven't enough money."

Encouraged by this demonstration, another idle printer will dive under his apron with his hand and draw forth from the pocket of his waiting trousers a small handful of change. "See, if my wife ordered me to bring home after the day's waiting a pound and a half of wheat, shredded, I couldn't do it, because I've got barely enough here to buy the latest edition of SERVICE."

But, Santy, the idleness of these printers is even causing greater mischief. They are threatening to walk out and not wait another day. They demand more and better money and waiting conditions substantially improved. The owner of this establishment is a good fellow and I don't want to bring this trouble down upon his head.

Reason No. 3: My job depends on me being funny, and while I'm willing to make a change, I'd as soon be funny and not go. Appreciating the labor situation I realize that I could get a job somewhere as a strike-breaker—not such pleasant work, perhaps, but hardly less arduous than the task of being funny for one thousand four hundred and forty-four words.

But, Santy, there's always a satisfaction in doing what you set out to do. I want to be funny—to hold my job, get the printers to work and fill this page!

Yours in Fun,

A PAGE TO WIT.

P. S.—I WANT to be funny, I do.

Home Service of the Red Cross

By Edward A. Woods

LOOKING far beyond the day when war-time tasks will be finished, the department of Civilian Relief of the American Red Cross is perfecting a peace time program which it is confidently expected will practically and directly benefit eventually countless thousands of citizens in the humbler walks of life in all parts of the United States.

This program is being worked out under the direction of J. Byron Deacon, a former Pittsburgher, who is now director general of the Department of Civilian Relief for the American Red Cross. His headquarters are in Washington.

In close co-operation with him is Edward A. Woods, who has been chairman of the Civilian Relief Department of Pittsburgh Chapter, American Red Cross, since the chapter was organized.

The crystallized plans of the department are to be set forth in a peace-time manual of Home Service which Mr. Deacon is preparing. With a newly created bureau on Rural organizations at work and rapidly increasing demands for home service despite the cessation of the world war, this major department of the Red Cross shows signs of a realization that its day of usefulness is just dawning.

In Allegheny county, thousands of men who were in the service have turned to the Home Service Department of Pittsburgh Chapter for assistance and counsel. Thousands of families within the jurisdiction of Pittsburgh Chapter have sought the hands of the "Greatest Mother in the World" and have found her always sympathetic and always ready to give what was needed. This Home Service work of Pittsburgh Chapter will continue until there is no further need of it. Since the armistice was signed, this department of the local Red Cross has been greatly enlarged because the problem of a returned service man has multiplied greatly during the last year. In the matters of compensation, arrears in pay, war risk insurance, the soldier and sailor has found that the Home Service Department of Red Cross is headquarters for aid and advice. Sickness, poverty and distress in the families of any service men get the prompt and thorough attention for which this branch of the Red Cross is noted.

The war is over and most of our troops have returned from over seas.

Other phases of Red Cross war work are slowing down, but with Home Service it is different. Home Service is not over; it has not diminished in volume; Home Service workers are now working harder than ever before. These figures tell the story—300,000 soldiers' and sailors' families in one month was the Home Service high water mark during the war; but six months after the signing of the armistice 460,000 families sought the services of the Red Cross. Each succeeding month since last November has seen a large number of service men's families come to Home Service Sections; and no Home Service worker would venture to say that the peak has been reached.

Why is it that Home Service continues—must continue—long after other phases of Red Cross war work in the United States shall have subsided? Because, during demobilization and the period of soldiers' and sailors' readjustment to civil life which follows demobilization, no less than before, are families subject to sickness, financial, business and legal troubles. Soldiers' and sailors' wives and mothers are just as much in need of counsel and guidance in household management and discipline and education of children; they are equally in need of protection against the vicious and unscrupulous. The demobilized service man turns to the Home Service Section with delayed allotment problems and problems of compensation and insurance. Returned soldiers and sailors must be helped to find jobs.

Problems of health, vocational training and readjustment of disabled soldiers are at flood-tide.

Approached from another angle, the reasons why Home Service must continue its war service for some months are:

Service men and their families have become accustomed to turn to the Red Cross for neighborly counsel and aid.

The public expects it.

The Red Cross is pledged to the public and to service men and their families to 'see the job through' to a workman-like finish.

Federal departments and bureaus which touch the interests and welfare of soldiers' and sailors' families are increasingly availing themselves of Home Service Sections to make personal contact with the families.

But Home Service sections are thinking beyond the day when war time tasks will be finished. Even before the armistice was signed, but particularly since then, an impressive volume of evidence has come to headquarters and division departments of civilian relief, indicative of the desire to continue Home Service, as a peace-time activity of the Red Cross.

What are some of the needs which people everywhere who want Home Service to go on have in mind? They appear to be thinking chiefly of the families which need help in time of trouble. No place so small but has its families who at one time or another face grave difficulties. A child falls sick and a doctor or nurse is needed; a mother dies, leaving little children for whom must be found a suitable home with relatives or foster parents; a factory closes, throwing the young father out of work. A new job must be found and perhaps temporary financial assistance arranged; a young man develops tuberculosis and would gladly accept sanatorium care if he knew its importance and where to apply for admittance; a lad becomes unruly and the distracted parents would welcome as big brother the young man who 'has a way' with boys, if they knew where to find him.

Those who want Home Service to go on do so because they covet for their communities a means of providing such neighborly services as these, and it is just such Home Service that every community in the country will have as long as there exists a need for it.



War Camp Community Service, Past and Future

By Jessie Payne

SPECIAL investigations made on the Mexican Border in 1916 when our soldiers were quartered there convinced the War Department that the war camp-community problem was a grave one. There was, according to Raymond B. Fosdick, the investigator, absolutely no amusement, entertainment or recreation save that offered by a few saloons and highly prosperous red light districts.

When the United States entered the world war in April, 1917, the government realized that she owed her choicest young manhood a more normal environment. Secretary Baker immediately appointed the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities, "to re-establish the normal social contacts of life for the large numbers of men suddenly herded into the training camps." The Navy Department established a similar one for sailors. Raymond B. Fosdick became chairman of them both. These commissions, acting jointly, called on the Playground and Recreation Association of America to represent them in communities wherever soldiers and sailors would go in any number to spend their "off" time.

This agency, operating under the name of War Camp Community Service, and adding to its permanent staff of expert organizers as rapidly as possible, went into camp-communities and coordinated their facilities into definite and ordered programs, wherever necessary supplementing native resources with others from outside. The movement developed rapidly into a wholesome, nation-wide program of hospitality for service men. Some few towns asked at first, "Just what can we get out of the soldiers," but they began asking instead, "What can we do for the soldiers." Using their wide experience in community organization, the local executives were able to prevent duplication of effort and to ensure every phase of service, to service men and their families being covered.

Forming their committees as they did from representatives of every interest in the community—the churches, fraternal orders, business circles, labor unions and social and women's clubs—they began early and unwittingly, everywhere to lay the foundations for a new civic solidarity which began to manifest itself in permanent community service programs

everywhere long before the end of the war. In more than six hundred towns and cities, "Red Circle" clubs, canteens, service men's hotels and community houses were opened to furnish cheap, good and enjoyable—"places to go for the men on leave." Church basements, vacant stores and theatres were pressed into service. Through these social centers uniformed men met the civilian men and women. They met the young girls, too, and mingled with them freely in well-chaperoned dances and other good times.

Disgraceful resorts quietly disappeared from more than one town after the leading citizens had become aroused in behalf of the soldiers. Profiteers, such as always flock in on the heels of the camps, folded their tents and stole away after certain volunteer activities on the part of local legal groups allied with War Camp Community Service. Every town had an outfit of information booths and headquarters for information about housing facilities and employment for soldiers' wives. Volunteer entertainment groups of all sorts covered circuits of the clubs and went into the camp hospitals and social "huts." Much of this was the work of tireless, enthusiastic women, as was the manning of the canteens. Special attention was paid to negro soldiers in the camps where they

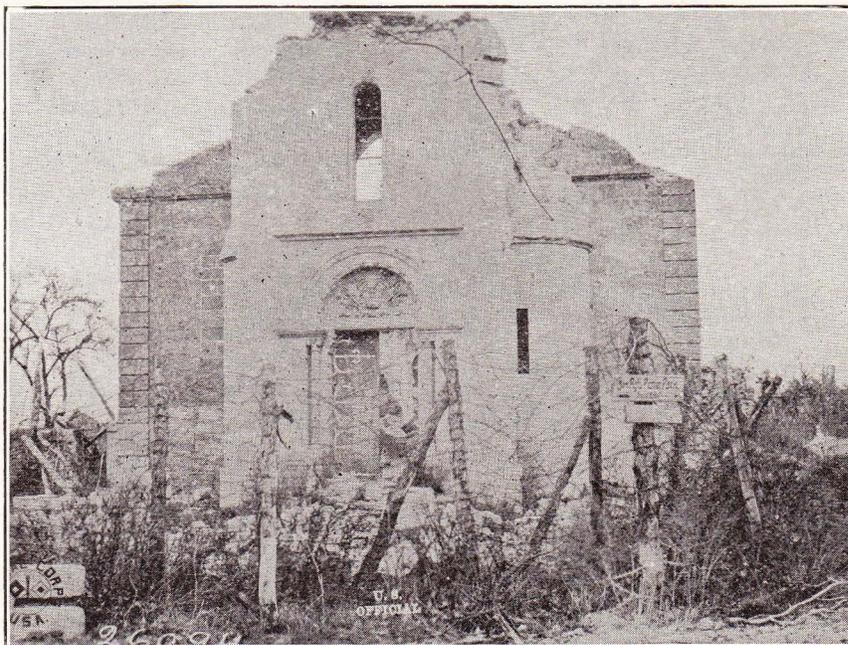
were present in any numbers. Clubs, hotels and home hospitality were furnished.

The personnel of War Camp Community Service, counting the local committees and the volunteer workers, have been said to have outnumbered the soldiers in khaki by the end of the war. It is difficult actually to estimate their numbers, but viewing their war accomplishments as a whole, it is easy to conclude that the great nation-wide friendliness which they have promoted, have been one of the main by-products of the war, at home.

And what next? The clubs and canteens are still running. Yes, and the need is as great, if not greater, for the same hospitality and kindly guidance for the men in their hours on leave in these difficult days of readjustment. How many men have been saved in the transition from khaki to "cits clothes" from blank despair by the thousand services of this organization no statistician can compute.

But in the days when, figuratively speaking, the last man is demobilized and back in a civilian role, what of this organization and what of all the good will and good works it has mobilized? Will they be demobilized too?

The answer is Community Service, (Incorporated), as many industrial cities



Church at Gercourt, which was a landmark for thousands of American troops passing through the village

have already come to know. What W. C. C. S. did in sending trained organizers to camp communities Community Service is now doing in industrial cities where great hordes of war workers settled and made (and in most cases are still making) goods for America and the Allies. The fact that some of the workers have been diverted to different productions does not lessen the need for attention to their leisure time. And from the success of community service among industrial workers conclusions have been drawn as to the success of community service in cities whose populations are not chiefly made up of laborers.

There is always an advantage in co-operation and there are always various classes in a city which need to be interpreted to each other. There is always a resulting contentment from getting together with all groups represented and planning what the community as a community wants and then getting it. In many cities numerous welfare agencies have been attempting to provide some of the needed recreational facilities but there has been need of an advisory body or a clearing house so that there should not be duplication of effort in some spots with other areas neglected.

Of the fifty cities where Community Service is now operating the plan followed runs something like this. From the national organization a trained director goes to the city but with no fixed program to impose upon its people. The strength of the people has been well demonstrated, and it is clear that organizing power is needed practically everywhere but not dictatorship.

A Community Service Commission is the first step (though the name differs in the various cities) which commission resolves itself into a clearing house for community problems. Here the representatives of churches, welfare agencies, industrial groups, neighborhood societies and commercial orders meet and receive mutual aid.

In one phase of community work there is much enthusiasm aroused everywhere, whether or not a commission is yet established. In the words of Hon. William Cameron Sproul, Governor of Pennsylvania:

"Communities everywhere, realizing what they have been able to do for the soldiers, have begun to take serious thought for the possibilities of their own betterment through community organization. The Community House is one of the evidences of organized community spirit.

"It gives me great pleasure, of course, to know that Pennsylvania leads the country in the number of such enterprises under way. Philadelphia was the first great city to pledge herself to the building of a memorial auditorium. It is going to be a great two-million-dollar structure suitable for housing big get-togethers of the people.

"Only a month after the armistice was signed the 8,000 inhabitants of the little town of Catasauqua came together and made their plans for a Community House. These plans, since followed in other towns, might well inspire the most lethargic of communities to bestir themselves. A Memorial Society was formed, of which every man, woman and child

was invited to become a member, pledging dues of from one to five cents a day for a period of five years. With the \$125,000 thus pledged the building is assured. It is to be such a building as will contribute to the happiness and advancement of every man, woman and child. It will contain an auditorium, recreation rooms, gymnasium and swimming pool, as well as a Hall of Fame, which will contain the war records of the locality, including bronze tablets on which will be inscribed the names of men who went out from that community. The property will be held by a board of trustees, chosen for life, and managed by a board of governors elected annually by the subscribers."

All this as to the beginnings and program of Community Service points the way for other cities which are rapidly falling in line. What the national organization is now doing for the cities which have adopted the community service commission plan, it is prepared to do for many more, either in sending the most scientific and best trained specialists in organizing to them or in advice as to the course of procedure. If a community house is being considered the Community House Department of the Community Service (Inc.) 1 Madison Ave., New York City, will provide the proposed plans of the best architectural council.

In the old days when crowned potentates were good form we cried, "The King is dead! Long live the King!" Today we can cry with equal zest—"War Camp Community Service is passing out—Long live Community Service!"

'Atta Boy

He comes from out the common ranks
of men like you and me,
An effective, enterprising, normal
man,
Entrenched in each tradition of the true
democracy;
Peace on earth, good will to men his
working plan,
But when his rights were raided and
his honor was invaded,
He assumed the khaki of the camp
with joy,
And now he is delighting in the manly
art of fighting,
For the truth while people hail him
" 'Atta boy."

REFRAIN.

O, 'Atta boy, O, 'Atta boy,
We're with you heart and soul,
In the uniform you truly are a joy.
When you've seen your business
through,
We'll be waiting still for you,
In the meantime God be with you,
" 'Atta boy."

The dragon's head is wounded and he
hits below the belt,
He has run amuck and lost the Mar-
quis' rules,
Still a principle is working, and its in-
fluence is felt.
It will prove the cultured gentry to
be fools.
There's a law in operation called the
law of compensation,
And it dooms each beastly thing that
would destroy,
But thank God you are aligned on the
perfect side of mind,
And it spells your name as victor,
" 'Atta boy."

REFRAIN.

O, 'Atta boy, O, 'Atta boy,
We're with you heart and soul,
In the uniform you truly are a joy.
When you've seen your business
through,
We'll be waiting still for you,
In the meantime God be with you,
" 'Atta boy."

When the present phase is over and
the things you've sacrificed,
Fade to naught before the mighty is-
sues won;
When you've cast Thor's heavy ham-
mer at the patient feet of Christ,
And you've heard the still small voice
that says, "well done."
In the great confederation which shall
make earth one fair nation;
Every man God's own, all freedom to
enjoy,
We will call for you to stand with the
helm in your hand,
Though the same old-time reliance,
" 'Atta boy."

REFRAIN.

O, 'Atta boy, O, 'Atta boy,
We're with you heart and soul,
In the uniform you truly are a joy.
When you've seen your business
through,
We'll be waiting still for you,
In the meantime God be with you,
" 'Atta boy."

WILLIS VERNON COLE.



Recently Decided—He—"Phyllis is a decided blonde, isn't she?"

Her friend—"Yes, but she only decided last week."—*London Blighty*.

What He Was—Colonel (a great sufferer with corns)—"Look here, sergeant, I believe you have a man named Smith, who is a chiropodist?"

Sergeant—"Misinformed, sir—'e's Church of England."—*London Tit-Bits*.

Caustic Comment—"Did anybody comment on the way you handled your new car?"

"One man made a brief remark, 'Fifty dollars and costs.'"—*Boston Transcript*.

The Kind He Wanted—Clerk: "This is the best burglar alarm made. The burglar no sooner enters the house than it alarms the residents."

Customer: "Haven't you got one that will alarm the burglar?"—*Pittsburgh Post*.

A Conservative—"In his palmy days the stage-robber was a picturesque individual." "Yes, and not grasping in his methods, either."

"No?"

"Unlike the modern profiteer, he merely took what the passengers happened to have at the time. He didn't take an option on what they expected to earn for the next five years."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

Pretty Hard Fight—"Did you struggle against the consequence of temptation?" asked the prison chaplain.

"Yes, I did," replied the prisoner with conviction.

"Ah! But you could not have fought quite hard enough or you would not be here now."

"You're right, there, guv'nor," cheerfully assented the convict. "But still I put up a pretty hard fight. It took seven coppers to get me to the lock-up."—*Pearson's*.

A shell-shocked marine who recovered his power of speech when a dentist drilled into a nerve probably said aplenty, if he did justice to the occasion.—*Pittsburgh Gazette Times*.

Those Girls—"Jack complimented me on my complexion last night."

"Sort of a powder-puff, eh?"—*Boston Transcript*.

Little Sinners Fare Worst—"If dat Kaiser," said Uncle Eben, "had gambled wif crap dice instead of a war, dar wouldn't have been no delay whatever 'bout bringin' 'm to trial."—*Washington Star*.

Self-Classification—To be strictly accurate, it was not a smoking compartment, but the man was puffing away at a chubby briar, despite the pained expression on the old lady's face. By and by the old lady, who was the only other occupant of the car, showed signs of getting excited. "Young man," she barked, as far as her coughing would permit her, "do you know that it's wrong to smoke?"

"Well," replied the man, as he enveloped the old party in a wreath of pungent smoke, "I use tobacco for my health."

"Health!" ejaculated the victim, in spluttering tones. "Nonsense! You never heard of anyone being cured by smoking."

"Yes, I have," declared the smoker, still puffing away like a furnace chimney, "that's the way they cure pigs."

"Then smoke away," cried the heroine of the story. "There may be hope for you yet."—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*.

Simply Overwhelmed Him—At one of the big London hotels there is a page boy who in his spare moments is much given to the study of the best English literature.

A few days ago he was paid his wages with a small fine deducted for some breach of regulations. Indignant, the boy said to the manager:

"Sir, if you should ever find it within the scope of your jurisdiction to levy an assessment on my wage for some trivial act alleged to have been committed by myself at some inopportune moment in the stress of one's avocation I would suggest that you refrain from exercising that prerogative. The failure to do so would of necessity force me to tender my resignation.

The manager, tottering, reached a chair, and in gasps asked the boy what he meant.

"In other words, if you fine me again I shall chuck the job!" said the lad.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle Telegraph*.

Misnamed—Sailor—"What do you call this stuff?"

Landlord—"Victory ale."

Sailor—"Then we 'ave lorst the bloomin' war arter all!"—*Passing Show*.

A Changed Man—"No, sah," said the aged colored man to the reporter who'd asked if he had ever seen President Lincoln. "Ah used to member seein' Massa Linkum, but since Ah j'ined de church Ah doan' 'member seein' him no mo'."—*Boston Transcript*.

No Dollar Shrinkage there—Two brothers who stole \$2.32 have been sentenced in Detroit to four and six years in prison respectively. The dollar doesn't seem to have lost any of its imprisoning power.—*Detroit News*.

They Played Hard—"Mother, I'm so lonesome. I've no one to play with," complained Albert.

"Well, go and play with Dickey."

"Oh, I played with him this morning an' I don't b'lieve he's well enough to come out yet."—*Chicago Tribune*.

It is one of the disillusionments experienced by most sojourners on this planet that the wonderful places of childhood's enjoyment are found to have shrunk amazingly on being revisited in after years. Even the small people find that imagination plays pranks with them, and are driven to some such remark as that of the little girl who, on being taken back to the seaside after two years or so, exclaimed: "It's not the same, mummy darling, it's gone out of shape."—*Christian Science Monitor*.

Real "Pot Luck"—A stylishly dressed woman entered the restaurant. The waiter handed her a bill of fare written in French, and said: "Please mark off the dishes you wish to order."

Could a woman, dressed in the height of fashion, confess that she was unable to read French? Taking the pencil, she made a few dashes, and the order read:

"Dinner, 2s.," "March 20," "Vegetables," "Please pay at the desk," "No tips."

The waiter brought her a beefsteak and chip potatoes, but she did not dare to raise a word in protest.—*London Tit-Bits*.

Two Months in a Destroyer, P. V. H. Weems

(Continued from page 15)

at the forward throttle, was maneuvering the engines, gnashing his teeth, and talking to himself about as follows, "She's all right. I'm going to stick with her, I don't give a damn if I am a Reserve." When I heard that, I tapped him on the shoulder and told him he sure was all right, and all of us were going to stick. Another engineman was pushed down when the rock lifted the bottom of the ship up about two feet. He saw the trouble, ran and opened the main circulator drain valve to the engine room, although the water came up under his arms, the lights went out and he was in a close place to work. Not a single man, to my knowledge, failed to do his duty.

We finally got off the rocks, but then found that both propellers were broken about half away, that the forward engine was out of commission altogether (although it made a beautiful submerged run with salt water for oil, and lasted till we got off the rocks), and that eight fuel oil tanks, the forward magazine, the listening room, and two forward trimming tanks were flooded, and that both fire rooms, after engine room, steering engine room, and the crew's quarters forward, were all leaking more or less. Also the store room above the listening room was flooded to the sea level as well as the forward engine room.

I didn't realize what a bad way we were in at first, although I thought we were sinking right down when the forward engine room filled so rapidly. We manned the hand pump, started bucket lines in the crew's quarters and in the steering engine room besides running four steam pumps, and both main circulators on the bilges. We had all fires put out when we took salt water from the forward tanks, and had to get up steam by using the hand oil pump. As the reserve feed tank was smashed in,

and as we ran the forward air pump under water, we had no way of getting fresh water to the boilers from the main condensers. In fact we had a small cofferdam, and two boilers full of water for our feed water. Number four boiler soon became so salty that a tube split and we had to light off number three boiler. An hour or so later a tube carried away in number three boiler, this time so much steam escaped that we had to shut down all pumps till we got pressure on number two boiler. Of course, the ship was gradually settling all the time the steam pressure was low, so you can easily see our predicament—it was a case of "sink or steam." We managed to steam, so the ship is now safely in behind the Brest breakwater.

We were a tired but greatly relieved outfit when we finally reached harbor. A fog set in shortly before or after the accident so that we had to spend over twenty-four hours wallowing around in the sea before we finally towed in. The destroyer that first took us in tow let her port propeller foul our bow and crippled herself. Thus three fine destroyers were put out of commission for some time to come. In other words the elements have handled us more roughly than the Huns. Inwardly I get a bit of satisfaction from the fact that the war is over and the destroyers had already fulfilled their mission.

Probably both the captain and the navigator will be court martialed, although they are careful and experienced officers. It is difficult to explain how it was we missed our course. All six ships in column seemed to have failed to note that we were out of position. This all goes to show what a little variation in currents will do to our science of navigation.

Most of the officers of my rank are the navigators, so it was only my good fortune that I was not navigator at the

time instead of engineer officer.

Another peculiar thing about it for me is that we were within a few miles of l'Aber Vrach Air Station, where my brother-in-law was stationed. The Connors being stuck on the rock for some time, sent there for food.

Hatton expressed admiration for the coolness shown by the crew. All in all it was a big experience for him. He saw about as much of sea life in a short time, as anyone would care to see.

The trip to England to give our crew Thanksgiving liberty was the first relaxation they have had. It was our first holiday trip, so to speak. I feel mighty badly about seeing the good old ship torn up so badly, and I shall hate to see our captain and navigator soaked for the unfortunate accident.

To add to my regret for the accident, we got word tonight that the Murray was scheduled to sail for home on December 18th. As it is, we shall probably spend Washington's birthday in a French navy yard.

Best love to you all.

Sincerely yours,

(Signed)

P. V. H. Weems."

They Couldn't Help It—Two friends met in the Strand the morning after an airplane raid.

"Any damage done your way?" the first asked.

"Damage! Rather!" answered the other. "Father and mother were blown clean out of the window. The neighbors say it's the first time they've been seen to leave the house together in seventeen years."—*New York Globe*.

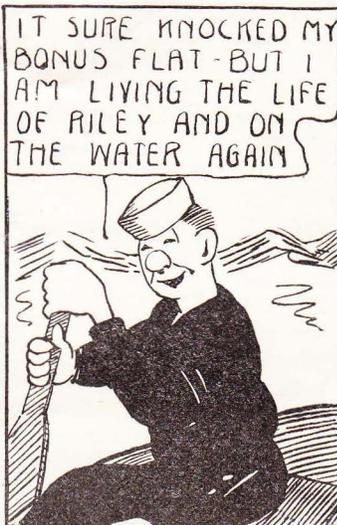
Footing It—Redd—The doctor said he'd have me on my feet in a fortnight."

Greene—"And did he?"

"Sure. I've had to sell my automobile."—*Yonkers Statesman*.



Bonus Investments



As Miss Sees Mam'selle, By Irene Austen

(Continued from page 3)

A visit to a well organized hostess house established by the Y. W. C. A. in any of the embarkation camps in the port towns was a revelation on the subject of French girls. The men and officers who had acquired French wives along with several gold chevrons brought brides and babies with them to the ports of their sailing. The Y. W. C. A. had established a camp or settlement in each embarkation camp known as the Hostess House, with a headquarters building, army barracks divided into small sleeping compartments, mess tents, bath houses and an open-air pavilion. Equipment was provided for outdoor games, but the principal outdoor sport was "billing and cooing." For once, officers and men were equal; each ranked the same caresses.

The Y. W. C. A. assembled under its roof, America's new daughters from every station of life. There were girls whose powdered noses and frizzed hair had charmed the doughboys who had chanced to be without friends in strange cities. There were those who had never been out of the peasant villages where the Yanks had seen them first when stationed there on guard duty or waiting to go into the lines. There were girls who represented the best blood in France waiting with the others, sleeping in army barracks, eating army mess and standing the same daily barracks inspection by an army lieutenant and a Y. W. C. A. secretary.

The great majority of French brides were frankly in love with their husbands and demonstrated the fact. All were anxious to see America and a few, who had lost their homes and families through the war, said with raised eyebrows and shrugged shoulders that "one must marry some man some day and there are few men left in France to marry."

In that statement lies one of the fundamental principles of a French woman's life. She seems to Americans to be brought up with the aim in life of dedicating herself to the comfort of some man. Matrimony is held up to her as the aim and only worthy achievement of her existence.

A French writer who says he has interviewed thousands of doughboys on the subject, concludes that French girls are "more interesting, less mercenary, less dictatorial, more affectionate and more tender than the American." The French temperament with its heights of rapture and depths of distress, its strong likes and violent dislikes doubtless makes the even disposition of the American seem dull. The French girls for the most part do not general! go into business and are not accustomed to handling money as are the girls on this side.

Before her marriage, the girl of the burgoise and upper class French family is supported by her father who often arranges her marriage and always her dowry. After marriage, the husband controls the purse, in fact, is the head of the home in every respect, which probably has something to do with his wife's being "less dictatorial."

French women and girls probably are more affectionate and tender by nature than Americans, and certainly they are freer about expressing their feelings. The reserve of the American woman is practically lacking in the French girl who expresses her feelings of pleasure or displeasure without effort at concealment.

The French custom of public demonstration of affection at first brought forth startled exclamations from members of the A. E. F. The American girl was inclined to mingled scorn and laughter when she

saw the mademoiselle exchange caresses with French men—and others—on the street. Acquaintance with French girls who have been carefully reared leads me to believe that it is not their custom to make a public demonstration of affection, but "it is done" through continental Europe.

The fact remains that the French girl is less inclined to want her own way and is more tender and affectionate than the American girl ever will be as long as she retains her independence both in disposition and in her ability to feed and clothe herself without a husband.

This brings us to the discussion of the mademoiselle in business life where so few of the soldiers saw her. She is the same temperamental mademoiselle in the office that she is every place else. What part of the routine duties please her best, those she does with a willing spirit, but I have seen French business women hurl books after the employer as he disappeared through the door after asking them to rewrite an untidy letter.

Mademoiselle's disposition and temperament make her more of a success in a home where her man is the lord whom it is her pleasure to serve; where she has but to put a single touch to her window draperies or a bowl of flowers to lend charm and grace to her home.

Those of the A. E. F. who knew the real French girl, the mademoiselle who had the benefit of being well reared, can only regret that so many Americans were denied the privilege of meeting the women who are the most lovable and the most artistic in the world.



Troops of the 305th Sanitary Train living up to their name and reputation in the village of Tronville

(Continued from page 13)

never-to-be-forgotten day, when the armistice was signed, and the world wept with joy.

Thanks are due the Pittsburgh Board of Education and the school janitors who so graciously gave the school room or auditorium for the meetings, and to many others as well

Realizing that the endorsement of the government would be of great benefit I carried Senator P. C. Knox at Washington the petition of representative women of Western Pennsylvania, asking that a national charter be granted the Mothers of Democracy. Through Senator Knox the bill was approved by the Committee of Military Affairs, and passed the Senate July 2, 1918.

With the stress of other matters it has not yet passed the House, and I am taking this opportunity of appealing to the American Legion and any other good friends to get this bill through, for be assured there are many other groups of women getting busy for "after the war organizations," and we in Pennsylvania not only deserve, but want the honor of getting the first charter for such an organization.

If the boys whose mothers were helpful in the M. O. D. are grateful they cannot give these same mothers greater pleasure than by getting busy with their congressmen, and pushing as they did in France, while we will keep on in the good work we have begun.

"In Flanders' fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our places; and in the sky

The larks, still bravely singing, fly,
Scarce heard amid the guns below.
We are the dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunset glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders' Fields.

"Take up our quarrel with the foe;
To you, from failing hands, we throw
The torch. Be yours to lift it high!
If ye break faith with us who die,
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders' Fields.

That last verse, how can anyone resist it?

Americanization is our great work and we are beginning with Constitution Day, September 17, being able to distribute hundreds of copies of the Constitution to districts in different parts of the state. Is this worth while?

One law of nature seems to follow along all lines of life and activity, and that is that order is accomplished through chaos. According to the Bible this was true at the beginning, and I suppose will be the method till the end of time

It certainly has been the case with this organization, for the mobilization of broken hearts, sensitive minds, judgments untrained in parliamentary law and organization methods, was quite enough chaos to deserve the contrasting results in a well working, steadily progressing body of women.

The leaders in the M. O. D. of Pennsylvania are hoping to see every school house open on the second Friday of each month—

busy, with a band of earnest women meeting for no other purpose than to give service to their own particular community, in whatever lines deemed best, and by their example and willingness carry the banner to other fields, and to write America on the heart of every foreign mother whose son fought with loyal devotion, for the ideals that belong to all who can say:

"I love every inch of her prairie land,
Each stone on her mountain side;
I love every drop of water clear,
That flows in her rivers wide;
I love every tree, every blade of grass
Within Columbia's gates—
The land of my birth, the Queen of the earth—
My own United States."
(MRS. TAYLOR) ELLEN H. ALLDERDICE.

The Kind That Sticks—"You don't hear any talk nowadays about a more elastic currency."

"No; what we want today is a more adhesive currency."—*Boston Transcript*.

Why?—One—"Yes, in a battle of tongues a woman can always hold her own."

The Other—"Perhaps she can. But why doesn't she?"—*The Sydney Bulletin*.

He Knew—Teacher—"Don't you know that punctuation means that you must pause?"

Willie—"Course I do. An auto driver punctuated his tire in front of our house Sunday and he paused for half an hour."—*Boston Transcript*.



—And Across the Rhine, By Daniel McGuire

(Continued from page 11)

Stay he did. So did all the rest. The door was slammed shut and the prisoners arranged themselves as best they could. They agreed, after a lot of growling and swearing that they would take turns sitting down. The other compartments similarly crowded, also were closed and ill-natured German guards, with bayonets fixed, patrolled the train from end to end under orders to permit the doors to be opened under no circumstances.

Appeals for water were fruitless. Those who deigned to pay any attention at all to the prisoners' requests pretended not to understand. They would shake their heads, look dumb and say "nick ferstay" or something that sounded like that, then look at one another and laugh. But they did understand, because most of the Americans knew how to say "trinkwasser," which means drinking water. Besides, in some of the cars were Americans who could speak as good German as the Germans themselves. Even their appeals were ignored.

Finally, along came a young German private, who had come to look over the prisoners of war. He was far too young to be in the army. His round face was brimfull of good humor.

He heard the prisoners ask for water.

His smile spread half way around his neck. He said, "ja, ja," and gathered all the canteens and tin cans he could carry. The men on guard said nothing to him. Evidently they had received no orders against letting the prisoners have water.

The boy went toward the station and disappeared. Presently he returned staggering under his load of water.

As he approached the car from which he had taken the receptacles he met the German sergeant.

The sergeant let him pass. As he did so he nearly paralyzed the little fellow with a carefully placed kick. It was as vicious and as swift as the sergeant's ugly disposition and long leg could make it. It nearly broke the boy in two.

When the poor fellow wheeled around and "snapped into it" at the sergeant's command, "achtung," old "Yellow-Whiskers" sailed into him with a tongue-lashing that made his previous tirade sound like a lullaby. When he ran himself down he commanded the boy to drop the canteens and ordered him away from the train.

At midnight the train pulled out. They were on their way to the Kaiser's own stamping ground. They had all expected to visit Germany before they left Europe, but not in the manner in which they were

about to do it. It was a trip to Germany, nevertheless, and they looked forward to it with interest, if not with pleasure.

Curiosity is the Yankee's "middle name," and novelty appeals to him, no matter how bad the circumstances under which it is presented.

Not one in the bunch but had sung in his training camp those lines of a popular song about "over the line and across the Rhine," shouting "Hip, Hip, Hooray." Well, they were "over the line" and headed for the Rhine and the rhythmic passage hummed again and again through their minds. But nobody was doing any shouting.

Nevertheless, they were all set to make the best of it. They were almost cheerful.

They didn't know what was coming.

They did not know that the half-pound of crackers they received early that morning was the last bread they would get for 56 hours. They never suspected that they had only two tin cans of thin barley soup coming to them in all that time, or that by the time they got to Giessen most of them would have parted with all the clothing they could spare, and shoes and jewelry and pocketknives, to buy miserable little hunks of stale bread.

Neither did they know they were going to Langansalza.



French kiddies of Vaubecourt were especially fond of American Army Corporals

(Continued from page 7)

In Erie, the community house has found considerable favor. A proposed plan is to renovate the Armory to be used as a memorial for the soldiers and sailors.

In Greensburg, the movement to secure permission for the erection of a \$300,000 Memorial Hall has been blocked by the Grand Jury. The Board of Trade of New Castle has formally launched a movement for the construction of a "Liberty House."

In Charleston, West Virginia, a public library or memorial hall will be that community's selection of a war memorial.

The State of Virginia, through its cities and communities, is showing wide interest in the memorial movement. In Richmond the Baptist and Episcopal churches are considering a project for the erection of a community building. A Public Library has also been proposed. The City of Petersburg is considering a memorial building for the accumulation of the historic data of the community. In Newport News War Camp Community Service buildings have been suggested for permanent clubs. Alexandria is enthusiastically engaged in promoting the community house idea.

Norfolk has accepted the Community House form of war memorial. The plan calls for an auditorium, one wing of which is to be devoted to a war museum and another wing to a fine arts theatre; other rooms will be devoted to the housing of

organizations without a meeting place; a room for bronze tablets and possibly a gymnasium.

A number of cities and towns in Ohio have been active in the memorial movement. In Cincinnati a Memorial Hall campaign is under way. It is proposed that every man, woman and child in Hamilton County contribute one dollar. In Toledo it is the consensus of opinion that the \$250,000 authorized a number of years ago by the county commissioners as a fund for a new Memorial Hall be used as the basis for a new undertaking. A large building, to cost at least \$1,000,000, has been suggested, open to the soldiers and sailors seven days

a week, and to contain a large assembly hall with seating capacity of at least 5,000. It is suggested that the building occupy an entire block in the proposed civic center, and that every man, woman and child in Toledo contribute.

In Warren the expenditure of \$250,000 for the erection of a memorial building will be submitted to the county commissioners.

Salem, Ohio, has already received a donation of \$100,000 and a site from a public-spirited citizen for war memorial purposes. It has not yet decided upon any definite plans.

Industrial Training, By Lieut. Col. Arthur Woods

(Continued from page 12)

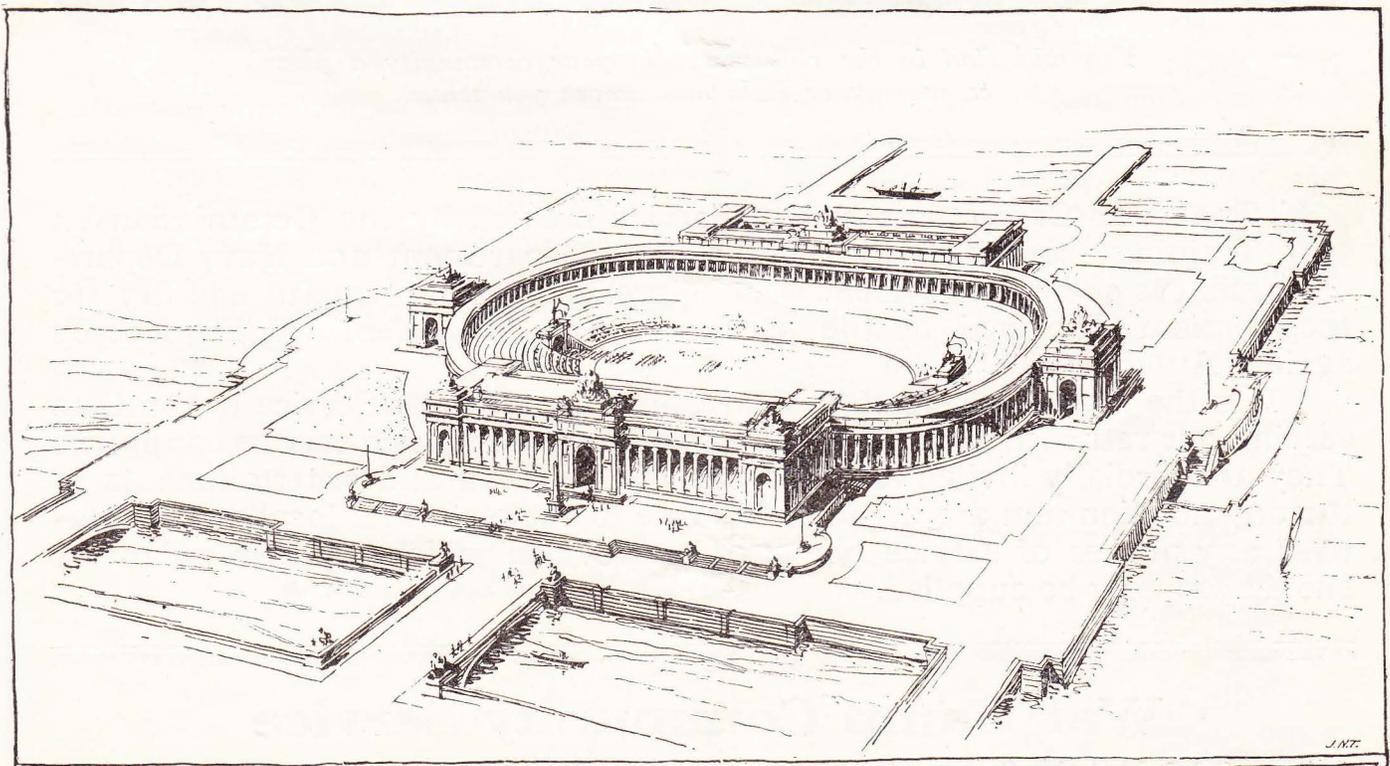
more factories are beginning to discover that raising the level of skill of their workers is a paying investment. It makes for contentment among their men, it produces leaders to take charge of the work requiring skill and intelligence, and it actually increases the profits and dividends by raising the general level of production to a higher plane, by means of increased efficiency instead of increased expenditure.

Labor on the other hand is responding eagerly to this idea because it means increased earning power to the individual worker, as well as independence and better education. It makes for pride in his work

and contentment with his prospects, for every laborer thus has an opportunity to better his condition and improve his status as his skill increases.

The public, in its turn, sees in this a fundamental approach toward solving the high cost of living, and completes the tripartite national approval on which the success of the plan depends.

And, finally, it is what the men who mopped up the Argonne and kept the seas clear of the Hun should have of a right—not tomorrow, or next week, or in 1920, but today.



A suggested Memorial for Chicago. Marshall & Fox, Architects. This memorial scheme includes not only an immense stadium but two buildings which will serve as a memorial hall and war museum and as an indoor auditorium and recreation center.

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War Camp Community Service

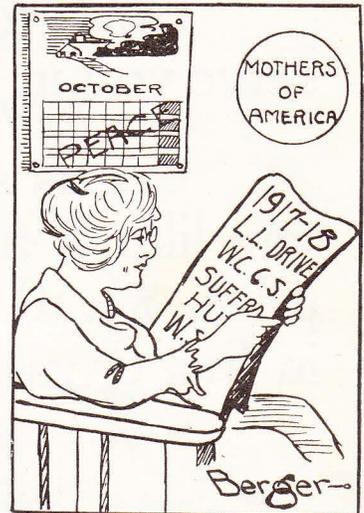
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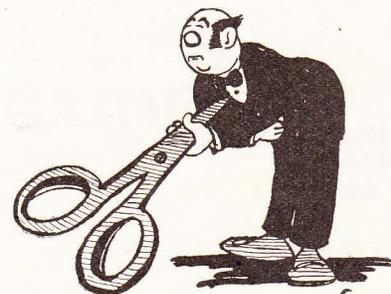
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under auspices

Welcome Home Association ^{OF} _{THE} 80th Division

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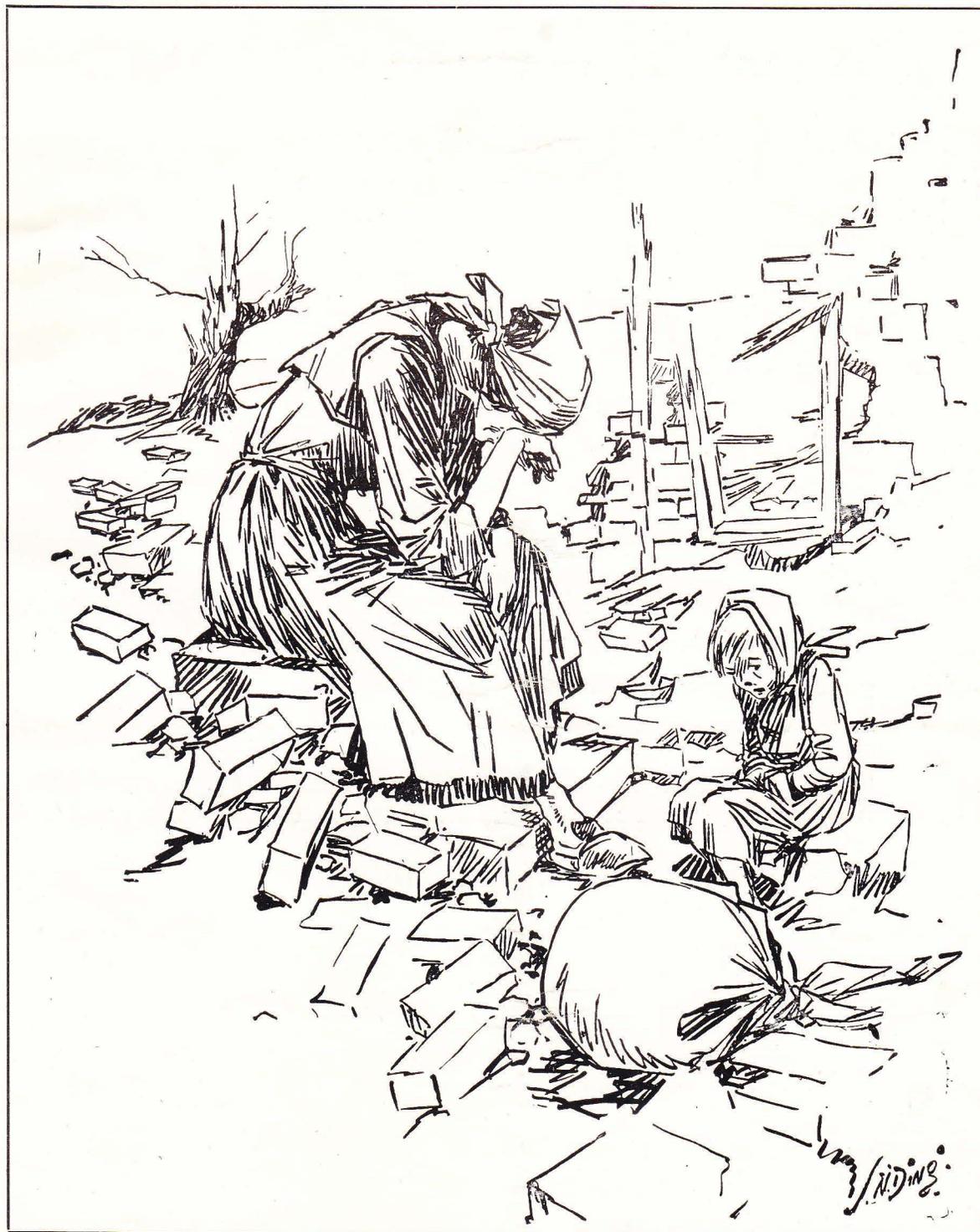
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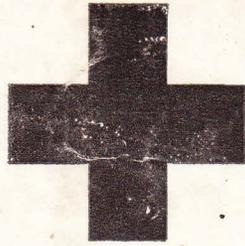


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