RAILROADING AT THE FRONT IS NO PICNIC

Engineer of Big Lizzie Takes Reporter for a Ride and Explains a Few Professional Difficulties.

BOCHE TRIES TO BEAN HIM WITH BOMBS.

Problems of Garb, Breakfast and Tobacco Happily Solved by "System D."

"Casey Jones—mounted up the cabin
Casey Jones—with his orders in his hand!"

The singer, to judge from the way he rolled his r's, ought to have come from somewhere out in the perrrarrrie country of North America; but to judge from his costume, he might have come from about anywhere. He wore the red fez of the Algerian troops, the tunic of his Britannic Majesty's fighting forces, the horizon-blue slicker of the Armee de France, but his underpinning, as well as his voice, was downright United States. Only the khaki trousers and canvas leggins identified him, in part, at least, as a member of an American Railroad Engineers' Regiment.

"Up to look us over, are you," he inquired, grinning genially at the STARS AND STRIPES reporter who had made his way up right behind the fighting lines, to see the engineers at thir work of running supply trains for the French. "Well, sonny, take a good look. We ain't much on clothes"—indicating his motley garments—"but believe me, bo, we're there on work! Y'see, the Boche's birdies make things pretty hot for us at times, flyin' over our perfectly good right of way and tryin' to beat us where the stack shows up bright in the dark. So we have to lay over until they fly back, and then git out and hustle to keep things moving som'ers near on schedule. At that, day before yest'day, we had every blooming train on time.

The Workings of System D.

"These duds"—indicating his international collection of garments—"I know they look funny, but what can a man do? Well, it all works out right enough by what the French call 'System D'—shift for yourself. We start out under the U.S., and we draw some—just *some*—clothes from them. Then they turn us over to the French gov'ment to run this here line up to the front, see? French gov'ment gives us more clothes—some. Then along come some Canucks—damn decent chaps, too, and more like Americans than anything else they've got over here—and they want to trade off with us for some stuff. That's where the coat come from. This red dicer"—pointing to the fez—"I copped off'n a nigger. Funny kind of coon he was, too; couldn't talk English, only French; and we had to teach him how to shoot crap!

"But we got three complete Uncle Sam uniforms, in three different sizes, for the use of the whole outfit. Y'see, three men from our comp'ny get leave in Paree every week, and they just nachhully got to look right when they go down there. So they match, and the odd man has the pick of the three suits, so's he can take the one that fits him. Then the other two flip up, and the guy that don't call it has to take what's left. Gen'rally he's outer luck.

"Look at this engine o' mine," continued the engineer, pointing to the big Baldwin locomotive beside him. "Is't she a pippin, though? These little French ones look like fleas up alongside an elephant aside of her. They're forty-five like her in the same lot, bought by the French for $45,000 a throw, and turned out at the works in Philly in twenty days. They're owned by the French now, but they've got the good old 'U.S.A.' right up there on the water-tender. See it?" He obliged with his flashlight. "Pull? They can handle 166,000 pounds without batting an eye!

Misses the Old Bell.

"Only trouble is," he explained, "we haven't got any spare parts for her, not even spare valves, she was rushed over here in such a hurry. But at that, she's got it over anything that ever sailed over this line before. Why, when we first got here some of the French lines were using old engines that had been made in Germany in 1856. 'Sfact! One of ours, like Big Lizzie here, can do the work of three of the little fellers; and, while I'm not the one to say it, perhaps, our regiment has done the work of an outfit two and a half times as big since it came here.

"Climb up alongside of me in the cab," the engineer invited, "and we'll give her a pull up the line to the next station." The reporter complied, and soon his ears were startled with the long blast of a real American whistle. "Sounds like the real thing, doesn't it?" beamed his guide. "Beats those little peanut whistles they've got on the little French dinkeys. Only thing the boys miss is pulling the old bell, but they can't do it here. Bells in this country are only used for church and for gas alarms. And it bothers 'em a bit the different signals they've got to learn: One to start, two blasts to stop, and eight for a grade crossing. Whew! How much chance would we have to blow eight for a crossing in the States and let anything get out of the way?"

Every Station Is a Block.

Up grade Big Lizzie puffed, and pulled away with a right good will, scuttling around the many curves in the road as if she were on a dance floor. Military railroads have to have plenty of curves, so the Boche airplanes cannot follow them too closely. At the next station the reporter had a chance to examine the office of the Illinois Central agent, all decorated with shells picked up on the famous battlefields at the head of the line, and to see the bunk house and restaurant for the men who lay over there. Every station on the line—there are seven—has an American station master, and all the yards have American yardmasters and American switchmen. There is, strictly speaking, no block system in France, but each station is suposed to be the boundary of a block, and a train simply stays in one station until the one ahead is clear.

"Want some hot water?" querried the engineer of an American who, carrying a big tank, came up to the engine at one of the stations. "All right: it isn't Saturday night yet, but over here you've got to wash while the washing's good. Help yourself out of the engine!" And the American did—with thanks.

The engineer paused a moment to scan the sky. "Pretty dark for the Boches to be out," he remarked. "First night out we were chased by one of 'em in a machine, but we got in all right. That's why we run without lights now, and make the crew use flashlights instead of lanterns. Right over there"—pointing to the side of the roadbed, in the snow—"a 'flyin' Dutchman' came down last week, after being chased by a French plane. His chassis was all riddled with bullets till it looked like Cook's strainer, and his wings were bent till they looked like corkscrews. When they came up to look at the machine, they found the pilot's right body in it, burnt just like a strip o' bacon that's been left on the stove too long. They found the carcass of the officer that was with him about 500 yards away, in the woods somewhere. He must have got a helluva toss when he went.

In Luck on Tobacco.

"Like it?" He repeated the reporter's question. "Like it? Sure; who wouldn't? Only thing is, we're loaned to the French army, as I told you, and the French never have learnt how to cook a man's size breakfast. Now, how in the name of time can a railroad man do a day's work when he begins it on nothin' but coffee and a hunk of sour bread? But we've been runnin in luck lately, buyin eggs and things off the people along the line, and gettin' a little stuff from the U.S.Q.M. now and then, so we make out pretty well. The only thing that got our goat was when they offered us the French tobacco ration—seein' as we were in their army, they thought we were entitled to it. We took one whiff apiece—and then we said 'Nix!' Since Christmas, though, we've come into luck," he added, pulling a big hunk of long-cut out of his Canadian blouse. "Have a chew?

"Danger? Hell! What'd we come over for, a Sunday school picnic? No, when you come right down to it there isn't much. If we get the tip, we just crawl into the dugouts along the road, and shuffle the pasteboards until we get the signal that the party is over. I've had livelier times 'n this out west, with washouts and wrecks and beatin' off a crowd of greasers from the tracks when they went wild, many a time. No, sir war hasn't got much new in the movie thrill line for a railroad man?"

AH! THOSE FRENCH!

"Mademoiselle, tell me: What is the difference between you and a major-general?"

"*Mais, oui, m'sieur,* there are many

differences; which one does *m'sieur* mean?"

"Ah, Mademoiselle, the general, he has stars upon his shoulders; but you—you, mademoiselle, have the stars in your eyes!"

SHAVING IN FRANCE.

The order says, "Shave every other day." Now you, personally, may need to shave every day; or you may need to shave as often as twice a day; or, again, you may be one of those lucky and youthful souls who really don't need to shave oftener than once a week. But, as the order makes the every-other-day shave obligatory, you, no matter what classification you may fall under, decide to compromise on the every-other-day shave In that way, and in that way only, can discipline be maintained and a pleasing variety of growths up and down the comp'ny front be secured.

The order being such as it is, you dispense with washing your face every day. You wash your face on your non-shaving day, and on your shaving day you let the shave take the place of the wash. To be sure, if you are a generous latherer you have to wash your face all over, including the remote portions behind the ears, after you get through shaving; but, being anxious to save time and economize water—thus living up to another order—you never count that in as a real wash. When writing home, you say simply that you wash and shave on alternate days.

A Use for Helmets.

To begin the shaving process, you secure a basin full or a tin helmet full of water—such water as the countryside affords. Usually it is dirty; sometimes in the regions bordering on what has been in German hands since 1914, it minutely resembles the drink that Gunga Dhin brought to his suffering Tommy friend. You remember:

"It was crawly and it stunk."

At that, you can't blame it for being crawly and stinking if it had been anywhere near the Boche.

If you are in billets or barracks, and there is a stove therein both handy and going, and if all the epicures and snappy dressers in the squad are not trying to toast their bread or thaw out their shoes or dry their socks on top of it at the same time, you may be allowed to heat your shaving water—if it can be called water—on said stove. If you are allowed to—which again is doubtful—you are generally saddled with the job of being squad stove-stoker for the rest of the day. This is a confining occupation, and hard on the eyes.

If, however, you are in neither billets nor barracks, but in the open somewhere or if there is no fire in the stove, or, if somebody else has got first licks at it, and you don't fit with the cook of the mess sergeant so as to be able to borrow a cup of hot water out of the coffee tank—why, there is nothing left to do but shave in cold water. This is hard on the face, the temper and the commandment against cussing. Also, if you neglected to import your shaving soap from the States and had to buy it over here, it may mean that you are out of luck on lather.

Anyway, after quite a while of fussing around, you get started. You smear your face with something approaching lather if you've got hot water, with a sticky, milky substance that resembles more than anything else, a coating of lumpy office paste. This done, and rubbed in a bit around the corners, you begin to hoe.

Indoor vs. Outdoor Shaving.

In billet shaving, somebody is always trying to climb into the bunk above over your slightly bent back while you shave—for it is impossible to get your little trench mirror directly in front of your face while you are in an upright position. In outdoor shaving—usually performed in the middle of a village square, near the town fountain—one is invariably bumped from behind by one of the lowing kine or frolicsome colts peculiar to the region; to say nothing of a stray auto truck or ambulance which may have broken loose from its moorings. These gentle digs, of course, produce far less gentle digs in one's countenance. In this way, America's soldiers, long before they reach the front, are inured to the sight of blood.

After you have scraped off a sufficient amount of beard to show a sufficient amount of skin to convince the Top, when he eyes you over, that you have actually shaved, you shake the lather off your razor and brush, dab what is left of the original water over the torn parts of your face, seize the opportunity, while you have the mirror before you, of combing your hair with your fingernails, and button your shirt collar. The performance concluded, you are good for forty-eight hours more, having a perfect *alibi* if anyone comments on your facial growth. You are not, however, in any condition to attend a revival meeting or to bless the power-that-be who condemned you to having to shave in France.

CRUSADERS.

Richard Cœur de Lion was a soldier and a king;
He carried lots of hefty tools with which his foes to bing;
He cased himself in armor tough—neck, shoulder, waist, and knee:
But Richard, old Cœur de Lion, didn't have a thing on me.

For while old Cœur de Lion may have worn an iron casque,
He never had to tote around an English gas-proof mask;
He never galled himself with packs that weigh about a ton,
Nor—lucky Richard—did he have to clean a beastly gun.

'Tis true he wore a helmet to protect himself from boulders,
But then, he had good rest for it upon his spacious shoulders;
While my tin hat is balanced on the peak of my bare dome,
And after marching with it—gee! I wish that I were home!

His feet were cased in metal shoes, in length about a yard,
Which, since they were so big, I bet did not go on as hard
As Uncle Sam'yal's dancing pumps that freeze so stiff at night
That donning them at revielle is sure an awful fright.

He never had to pull a Ford from out of muddy ruts—
Although his breastplate warded spears from off his royal guts,
His Nibs was never forced to face the fire of "forty-twos"
And tear gas would have given him an awful case of blues.

He always rode a charger, while I travel on shanks' mare;
He messed on wine and venison; I eat far humbler fare.
I'll grant he was some fencer with his doughty snickersnee,
But Richard Cœur de Lion didn't have a thing on me!

YES, THEY'RE A FEW.

Green Sentry: "Turn out the guard—Officer of the Day!"

(Officer of the Day promptly salutes, indicating, "As you were!")

Green Sentry: "Never mind the Officer of the Day!"

FASHION HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS

By BRAN MASH.

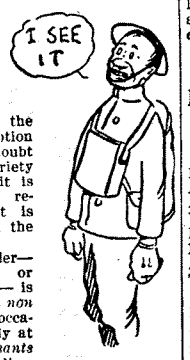
Overcoats are being worn much shorter this season, by request.

The campaign hat, while still *de rigueur* for the less formal functions of army society, such as reveille and mess, is rapidly going out of date. It is said on excellent authority that it will soon be supplanted by a *chapeau* closely resembling the cocked hat worn by certain goodly gentlemen of Boston and vicinity during skirmish drill at Lexington and Concord, Mass. The portrait shown herewith depicts one of the makeshifts now much in vogue.

Rubber boots are much the rage at this season of the year. While not exactly suited to town wear, and while the more conservative dressers still refuse to be seen in them at afternoon-tea, they are speedily adjusted and thus enjoy great popularity among those who are in the habit of "just making" reveille.

Slickers are, at present writing, in great demand among the members of the younger army set. Those who were farsighted enough to procure the heavy black variety when it was issued last fall are counting themselves more fortunate than their friends who chose the lighter, but colder, blue or drab garment.

The tin brown derby is, after all, the most serviceable headgear for all-around wear in the war zone. It should be worn on all formal occasions, particularly when nearing the Boches' reception line. When in doubt as to the propriety of wearing it, it is always well to remember that it is better to err on the side of safety.



The face muffler—either English or French design — is another *sine qua non* for all formal occasions, particularly at *soirees* and *dansants* near the first line. In fact, some of the more careless dressers who have neglected to provide themselves with it have suffered severely, and been roundly snubbed. While it is at best an ugly piece of facegear and extremely difficult for the uninitiated to adjust correctly, its intricacies should be mastered at the earliest opportunity by those having business "up front."

The knit sock, home made preferred, is indispensable for wear inside the regulation field shoe during all formal and informal promenades. It is a sign of *gaucherie*, however, to allow the top of either sock to protrude above the puttee or legging. Care should be taken that the socks fit the feet as snugly as possible, else ugly bunches will form at the heels and toes, thus robbing the gentle art of walking of all the pleasure which Henry Ford put into it.

The web belt, worn on most formal occasions, should always be well filled when the wearer contemplates a business trip. Cautious dressers do well to adjust the belt so that the pistol holster hangs within easy reach of the right hand.

Spiral puttees have advanced so far in popular favour that they are now being issued for general wear by such a conservative (but ever reliable) gent's furnishing house as the U.S.Q.M.C.D. They are considered warmer than the old-style canvas leggings, although, as they take longer to put on, they are rather frowned upon by the more hasty dressers. They should be tightly wrapped if the wearer possesses a shapely lower limb; but tight wrapping is apt to result in tired feet at the end of a promenade of any duration.

The regulation field shoe has been designated the correct footwear for business and informal occasions. Care should be taken to secure sizes which will admit of the entrance of the wearer's feet (one in each shoe) when encased in at least two pairs of socks. Although

numerous complaints have been lodged against the hobnails which infest the soles of these shoes, it may be said in extenuation that they are indispensable for marching along slippery roads, and also extremely useful when the wearer is engaged in kicking Germans in the face.

The Sam Browne belt is worn exclusively by officers serving with the American Expeditionary Forces—that is, in the American Army. It is a natty leather ornament, and much sought after. It is, in fact, the last word—*dernier cri*—in gentlemanly attire.

Mr FIRST NIGHT IN THE ARMY.

I'm there with two thin blankets,
As thin as a slice of ham,
A German spy was likely the guy
Who made them for Uncle Sam.
How did I sleep? Don't kid me—
My bed-tick's filled with straw,
And lumps and humps and big fat bumps
That pinched till I was raw.

Me and my two thin blankets
As thin as my last thin dime,
As thin, I guess, as a chorus girl's dress,
Well, I had a dandy time.
I'd pull 'em up from the bottom,
Whenever I started to sneeze,
A couple of yanks to cover my shanks,
And then how my "dogs" did freeze.

You could use 'em for porous plasters,
Or maybe to strain the soup,—
My pillows my shoes when I tried to snooze—
And I've chilblains, a cough and croup.

Me and my two thin blankets,
Bundled up under my chin;
Yes, a German spy was likely the guy,
And—MY—but they were thin.

HEARD IN THE CAFE.

"So you were down at El Paso the same time we were? Bum town, wasn't it?"

"Let's see,—I knew a lad out in Kansas City and his name was—"

"No, I haven't been up in Alaska since 1908, but there's a guy in our comp'ny who—"

"By the way, where did you say you came from in New Hampshire?"

"Sure enough. We hung around there at Tampa until—"

"Yes, I got a paper from my home town in Nevada that said—"

And, in spite of talk like that, there are some people back home that think their own communities' men are doing all the fighting.

CAN YOU BLAME HER?

Teacher in French School: "Marie, what is the national anthem of La Patrie?"

Little Marie: "La Marseillaise."

Teacher: "Good! Now, the national air of England?"

Little Marie: "God Save the King."

Teacher: "Very good, mon enfant! Now, the national air of the United States?"

Little Marie: "Certainement! It is 'Hail, Hail, the Gang's All Here!'"

GOOD ENOUGH FOR HIM.

"Well, Bill, how are you getting along with your French?"

"Fine! I know the words for wood, straw, beefsteak and suds; what more do I want to get by with?"

SUCH IS FAME!

"Jake, who's this Lord Reading that's the new British Ambassador to the States?"

"Reading? Say, ain't he the guy that run a railroad somewhere in Pennsylvania?"

English and American
OUTFITTERS
Best choice at moderate prices
THE SPORT
17, Boulevard Montmartre, 17
PARIS

NEW YORK - - - WASHINGTON
BRENTANO'S
(Société Anonyme)
Booksellers & Stationers,
37, AVENUE DE L'OPÉRA, PARIS.
Latest American, English & French Books
MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.
Dictionaries, Phrase Books in all Languages.
United States Army Regulations, etc.
FINE COLLECTION OF WAR POSTERS.

AMERICAN EYE GLASSES
E. B. Meyrowitz
OPTICIAN
LONDON 1A, Old Bond St. PARIS 3, Rue Scribe.

SHIRTS KHAKI COLLARS
6, Rue Castiglione, (Opp. Hotel Continental) PARIS.
A. SULKA & Co
Mail orders executed.
34 W. 34 Street, NEW YORK

SOCIÉTÉ ANONYME DES FILATURES, CORDERIES & TISSAGES DE LIN — BESSONNEAU Administrateur
BESSONNEAU
is the creator of
Aeroplane Sheds | Ambulance Tents
Hospital Sheds | Sanitary Huts
The BESSONNEAU constructions have stood their tests for many years in several campaigns on all fronts and in all climates.
The BESSONNEAU constructions are now being imitated, but only BESSONNEAU makes his canvas properly waterproof and does the whole of his constructing himself: Tents, sheds and huts.
To have every real GARANTEE one must have the trade-mark:
BESSONNEAU

LIKE A LETTER FROM HOME.
That is the purpose we hope to serve with
The Stars and Stripes
IF YOU ARE A WRITER:
Send us Copy.
IF YOU ARE AN ARTIST:
Send us Pictures.
IF YOU ARE A HUSTLER:
Get your captain to allow you to help us build up a 100 per cent. circulation and put cash in your company funds through subscriptions and advertising. There are no profits in THE STARS AND STRIPES for anyone but its soldier subscribers.
THIS IS YOUR PAPER IN EVERY SENSE. LEND A HAND.
Address all communications to
THE STARS AND STRIPES,
Press Division,
G.H.Q., A.E.F.,
France.