

THE ARMY'S POETS

FULL DIRECTIONS

We saw them, but we did not need to ask where lay the Front: Their clothes were neat and rolls aback, well-made; They marched with faces wrinkled, not by smiles, or many frowns, Betokening men determined, unafraid.

Once more we saw them, needing not to ask where lay the Front: Their clothes were soiled, and packs in careless roll; They, greeting, made their way along with faces tired yet bright, Betokening men who fought, with heart and soul.

WHO SAID SUNNY FRANCE?

It lies on your blankets and over your bed, There's mud in the cover that covers your head, There's mud in the coffee, the slum, and the bread— SUNNY FRANCE!

There's mud in your eyebrows, there's mud up your nose, There's mud on your leggings to add to your woes, The mud in your boots finds its place 'twixt your toes— SUNNY FRANCE!

Oh, the grimy mud, the slimy mud, the mud that makes you swear, The sticky mud, the greasy mud, that filters through your hair.

You sleep in the mud, and drink it, that's true, There's mud in the bacon, the rice and the stew, When you open an egg, you'll find mud in it— SUNNY FRANCE!

There's mud in the water, there's mud in the tea, There's mud in your mess kit as thick as can be, It sticks to your fingers like leaves to a tree— SUNNY FRANCE!

h, the ruddy mud, the muddy mud, the mud that gets your coat, The sliding mud, the gliding mud, that sprays your pants and coat!

It enters in your mouth till you feel like it slips down your back and it rests in your sox; You think that you're walking on cut glass and rocks— SUNNY FRANCE!

There's mud in your gas mask, there's mud in your hat, There's mud in your helmet, there's mud on your gat, Yet, though mud's all around us, we're happy at that— SUNNY FRANCE!

Oh, the dank, dank mud, the rank, rank mud, there's just one guy to blame, We've got him well we will like H—H—H, and Kaiser Bill's his name! Corp. Jack Warren Carrot, Supply Co., U.S.A.

A LETTER

I'm just a poor luck private, And as lonesome as can be, For I haven't received a letter from Her For—well, seems a century.

As I lie here a-thinkin' of her Upon my bunk of straw, With a tin hat for a pillow, And the wind a-cuttin' raw,

I wonder if she's forgotten me, Her little soldier boy, And why she doesn't write to me, So's to bring me pride and joy.

But 'll wait another week or two, Or in the three or four, And trust to luck in the meantime That I'll get a dozen or more.

Pvt. H. J. Pregel, — Engineers.

TANKS FOR THE YANKS

Now we've started something new, Tanks for "Yankee Doodle Do," And we never start a thing we cannot finish.

Unlike Kaiser Wilhelm's lot, We don't class ourselves with Gott, But we'll increase while Hindy's Huns diminish.

We are training many Yanks To fill up our doughy tanks, And when in head for Berlin we will move it;

And we'll move the Kaiser, too, And of Fritzies make a stew Whenever our superiors approve it.

If we Tankers get a chance, Ere we leave the shores of France, We will surely make things hot for every Hun;

And we'll play our hand the same As we do in every game, And we won't give up until the fight is won, Irwin Salm, Tank Center.

SWAB

A Hospital Corps Man's Plaint

We're Meds plus—plug—pluggin' thru the hospital; Meds—meds—meds—meds fussin' thru the hospital; Swab—swab—swab—swab, Swabbin' bed pans, halls and things, There's no discharge in the war.

Seven—six—eleven, five, nine and twenty crisp today, Four—eleven—seventeen; thirty-two the day before, Swab—swab—swab—swab, Swabbin' bed pans, halls and things; An' there's no discharge in the war.

Count—count—count—count, The patients lying in a row, If your count fails, the Top will be a sign 'em, Swab—swab—swab—swab, Swabbin' bed pans, halls and things, There's no discharge in the war.

We—can—stink—out scabies, lice and filthiness, But not—not—not—not, Not the thrum-thrum of 'em, Swab—swab—swab—swab, Swabbin' bed pans, halls and things, An' there's no discharge in the war.

W—have—swabbed—like hell for months and certify, W—s—not—guns, shells, barrages, or any 'ing, But swab—swab—swab—swab, Swabbin' bed pans, halls and things, An' there's no discharge in the war.

H. C. O., Field Hospital.

THE U.S. MARINES

Let me tell you a story, a story that's true, Of a man in the service that never gets blue.

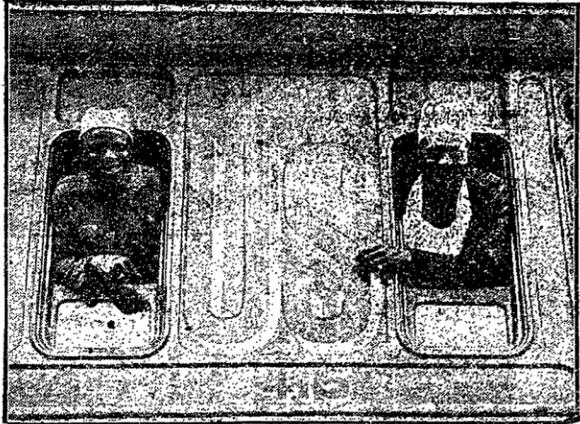
He has a revolver, he carries a gun; He works for his Uncle and says that it's fun.

When troubles come up he's the first on the scene, He's as brave as they make them—a U. S. Marine!

He's at home on the land, he's at home on the sea, He's at home anywhere that he happens to be.

The Army and Navy are good as can be, But they'll never catch up with the U.S.M.C.

JES' DE TWO OF US



Yais, suh; we's de cooks, we is. We's de vittlers on de hos-spitters train, dat's what we is. What's our names? What, bless yo' soul, honey, we ain't got no names. Dey all calls us 'de Gold Dust Twins'!

Y.M. SEC. GETS CHANCE TO SHOW ALL HE KNOWS

Answers Questions With One Hand While He Shovels Out Smokes and Writing Paper With the Other

Have you ever hung over a desk in a Y.M.C.A. but long enough to get a slant on the questions the gang hurls over the mound to the secretary behind there?

"They are like the Question Box columns of fifty Siwash newspapers all rolled into one, and the way the old boy with the Red Triangle on his sleeve bats at 'em and knocks out three baggers and homers with 'em is sure a caution.

Of course, some times he fans, but then what would any fellow do after he's been handing out all day long P. A. at 75 centimes per each, swapping 3 cent American postage stamps for soap wrapper French money, shooting a lot of bull to a crowd of rufex to write home to Mother, or cashing post office money orders for \$9.03 or \$7.85 when the rate of exchange is 5.71 and then some doughboy asks him to write a letter to his brother in Montenegro?

Wouldn't that make any ordinary cuss rare up on his hind legs and blow off steam? But the "Y" fellow just grins and goes to it.

Can't help thinkin' some times that fellows like the "Y" man a lot of fool questions to see if they can get his angora. For instance, here's some I heard with my own eyes yesterday afternoon in 15 minutes while I was waiting for a "Y" man to look up and see if Bloody Mary killed Queen Elizabeth or if Bessie done the trick to Bloody Mary.

"How do you spell 'provincialism'?" Imagine a K.P. pulling that, will you? "How much postage does it take to send a hanky with 'Souvenir de France' brodered on it?" Perhaps you seen one of them hankies with Old Glory growing out of a peach basket and there's about ten stripes and 20 stars in the flag?

Then some creephead what looks like he's doing P. G. work at Sing Sing asks, "Where in Hell is A.P.O. 9560?" Then a big fat slob of an Arubucke from the Pill Slingers comes in with a caddookey over his sartent's chevrons and springs this one, "What's the French word for 'kiss'?" Wasn't it Dr. Munyon who said that nobody loves a fat man?

Then a lollypoply second Loot blows in, "What was the date the Loostians sunk?" asks the Loot.

Then comes in a couple of colored boys from below the Dyson line and they buys some plug and sweet chocolate, and one of 'em leans over the counter like he was feeling for the rail with his right foot and wanted at the same time to whisper to Harry in the white coat that he was awful thirsty but he didn't have the coin to raise a gusher, and he says lowlike to the Sec'y.

"Say, boss, me and buddy wants to know if you'll be ever serving bah in the eafy of the Jefferson Hotel in Richmond?"

Fancy springing that on a "Y" guy! What of he had? It wasn't up to them back of Spades to Dis up skeletons after a fellow had made a clean get away to France!

Then along comes a fellow what used to be a calvaryman on the border. He

was one of them hard boiled ones what spit rust.

"Say," he says, looking as prominent as the white citizens' committee, "who was the guy in the Bible what had a thousand James all to hisself and was there a Jew named Joseph what was S.O.L. 'cause he had a fancy overseas hat and his pals couldn't get none at the Q.M.?"

Wonder what struck him? Must have got religion all to once. And then just before the Sec. came back from the chaplain's room to answer my question, a boy came in to send money home. Now where do you suppose do you think he got money to send home? Gee, after I pays for my Liberty Bond, my insurance and my allotment and a couple of other things Uncle Sam nicked me for, why I've got only enough to buy a good feed with.

But the Sec. was a wise one. He wasn't a kid for nothin'. "Been shooting 'em again?" he asks Casey what was pulling out of his pocket a roll of gingham paper money big enough to choke a cow.

"Yup," he says, I know him well, 'cause him and me used to bud around together when he was breakin' and I was cookin' at the Two Arrow ranch in Texas. "They was rollin' good last night and I won six hundred franks in a little better than two hours."

Then a single faced Pro membership strolled in to get some writing paper to write a love letter to his Lizzie and I got so darn disgusted that they let a thing like that wash his mess kit in a U.S. pan that I just thanks the "Y" man, and turns around and goes to work and spits on the floor and beats it.

Gee, them Y.M.C.A. fellows sure ought to have the Croix de Gurr, all right.

CREED BARS DOWN

Not long ago a certain Catholic chaplain had occasion to hold a service in a Y.M.C.A. building at one of the A.E.F. camps. When the time came for his sermon, this is what he had to say:

"I am speaking in a Y.M.C.A., which some of you may have thought, erroneously, was a strictly Protestant institution. I do not feel that it is a Protestant institution trying to do all that it can for every member of the A.E.F., Protestant, Catholic, Jew, or otherwise, trying to replace over here the companionship that the members of the A.E.F. would have if they were home."

"It is the same work which the Knights of Columbus are trying to do, and which the Salvation Army is trying to do. The more of them there are at work, the better it will be for all of us. Every Catholic boy is welcome in the Y.M.C.A. and every Protestant boy is welcome at the Knights of Columbus but and those of the Salvation Army, which, as always, tries to take care of them all."

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Smoking Manners

By BRAN MASH

The ancient custom of smoking, started by the American Indians and introduced into the British Isles by a boorish person named Sir Walter Raleigh, is revived at rather infrequent intervals by the members of the A.E.F., depending upon the arrival of the wherewithal. Accordingly all smokers and would-be smokers would do well to familiarize themselves with the etiquette of smoking, and to become acquainted with the ritual appertaining thereto.

In the first place, never smoke more than one cigar at a time. To sport two or three of them, all emanating from your facial turret, is to invite requisition by less fortunate members of the command, if not positive physical violence. Cigars—of the smokeable variety—are as rare in France as intellectuals in pacifist gatherings. Those of the non-smokeable variety, which are for native consumption only, are as numerous as rabbits in Australia.

In the second place, never roll a cigarette at a mess table. The stray flakes of tobacco are apt to soil the polished hardwood surface of the same, and constitute a spectacle of waste that makes things hard for the kitchen force at inspection time.

Never shame the major, who has to roll two handed, by any of your wild-west single hand rolling stunts—particularly if on horseback. Try the two-hand method while he is around, or else if you must roll with one hand, do it behind your back. He will think that is modesty in not wishing to show your service stripe to him when he hasn't got one, and won't walk round you to look.

In the third place, never smoke a cornob pipe in the vicinity of a New Englander. It makes him homesick for the old corner grocery store—so homesick, in fact, that his morale is apt to be seriously impaired.

Never allow the pipe—of any variety—to bubble and gurgle and simmer in

YOUNG MAN'S WAR? ASK MR. SCHAWB

Help-Us-Win Club Membership Not Even Confined to Males

PETTICOATED COPS MARCH

But Alimomist Sisters Can't Collect From Men Who Are Now in Service

[BY CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.] NEW YORK, May 23.—Charles M. Schwab as ship builder and John J. Ryan as alibi producer are giving the final blow to Doctor Sless's dictum concerning the uselessness of cluttering up this vale of tears with your presence after you have passed the 40th milestone.

Schwab is 56 and Ryan 54. Washington is daily calling on a larger number of older men to show the young fellows how. You young fellows over there had better look out or we grandfathers will come over and show you.

Women, too, are showing the men how. We are now riding up and down elevators whose destinies are controlled by women operators. We stop and listen to women orators at every corner. We pay our cartage to women conductors and get arrested by women cops. There were 400 women cops in the big police parade here Saturday, looking tremendously fetching in their short blue skirts, white spats, Zouave jackets with white sleeves, Eton caps and black ties. Wait a minute, this isn't the Delineator.

Women Invade Wigwam Tammany Hall has elected 32 women to its executive committee and will elect five more, splitting its 73 district leaderships fifty-fifty between the chiefs and the squaws. The first motion at their meeting was offered by a woman. And it was carried. It requested federal legislation putting Red Cross war nurses on the same footing regarding rank as are the men in the military establishment.

The first woman aerial mail carrier started to deliver mail between New York and Chicago this week. A Chicago woman cop has arrived in New York with extradition papers, handcuffs and a gun and taken a criminal (male) back to Chicago, delivering him safely.

But—one frightful blow has been administered to women's rights—and by a Brooklyn court. This Brooklyn court has decided that alimony cannot be collected from men in service. The United Order of Alimomist Sisters will carry the case to the Supreme Court.

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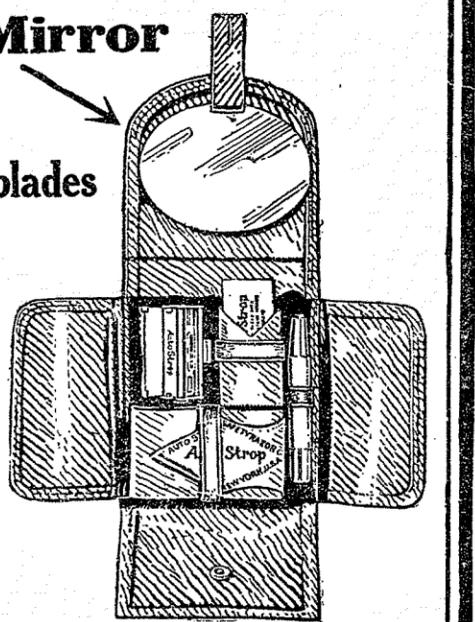
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