

HERE AND THERE IN THE S.O.S.

The French in the S.O.S. region have a delicious sense of linguistic values. Witness this sign on the window of a restaurant patronized by British and Yank toolers at two nearby depots: "English spoken. American understood."

The picturesque conical straw hat of the Annamites, the French Orientals, has been replaced—but you wouldn't know the difference unless you looked closely.

When the Annamites came to France to work in the common cause with the men of most of the other areas of the earth, they more or less willingly made certain compromises in favor of Occidental dress, but they clung to their straw hats. The fact that every succeeding rain witted and virtually destroyed the hat mattered not. It mattered to the French Quartermaster Corps, however, which had undertaken to keep the Annamites stocked with wearing apparel. There were visions of a big fraction of the revenue of France going for straw hats, Oriental style, until the difficulty was solved.

The hats of the Annamites are still the same shape and the same color as ever, but instead of straw, they are made of a light canvas which sheds rain and sunshine with equal facility.

He came from Georgia, so he did, and his job was unloading Q.M. stores at a certain big depot in the S.O.S. It was noon and he was, on his own confession, "pow'ful fat-lad" but none the less willing to talk about his work.

"Jah lah!" he exclaimed, wiping the sweat from his ebony brow. "Nofthin' 'frum mah'nin' to mah't but totin' stuff to soldiermen to eat. Lowd, boss, you never done see so much vittles stacked up in yo' lahf as we done got in dat dere shaid."

"Ross" who was only a doughboy back from hospital and on his way to a classification camp, thought it sounded interesting.

"What kind of cats you been stackin' up there, Sam?" he asked. "Lowdy!" exclaimed Sam. "What kind ob cats mah't we got stackin' up 'sweat you mean? Dey's bacon—mum-buns, an' 'bawrd-braid, an' 'bacon an' beans, an' calumet tomatoes, an' beans, an' 'bacon an'—"

"Good grief!" shouted the doughboy. "The same old stuff?" And with that he fled.

You might think they were little, round-side shrines, all beaded over on top of their four supporting poles. There is one in front of almost every barrack building in the S.O.S. On closer inspection, though, you see that while not exactly shrines of religion, they are shrines of temperance. For, suspended under each one of these early canopies, is the O.D. container of water better known as the Carrie Nation Cup.

They are awfully strict about the use of chlorinated water down in the flat lands upon which many of the big camps in the S.O.S. are perched; they have to be. And that is why the C.O. is tended so carefully, kept cool in her sylvan grove, and all the rest.

Through the A.E.F. generally, by the way, a lot of work is being done toward the purification of water supply, the Medical and Engineer departments collaborating with that end in view. A branch of the water supply service of the Engineer department has been established for the laboratory examination of water supplies, and for sanitary inspection work. Part of the personnel for this branch is drawn from the Sanitary Corps of the Medical Department. The laboratory work is done in Medical Department or mobile laboratories.

One of the assistants to the Division of Sanitary Inspectors is charged with the supervision, handling and treatment of water beyond the authorized "water points" at the front, the care of containers, and so forth; so that the water finally used by the troops shall be safe.

An Aero Squadron in camp at the Aviation Instruction Center bids fair to give the famous Marine Zoo up in the Chateau-Thierry region a run for its money, if its stock keeps growing and the interest of its members in the gentle study of natural history does not die down. True, the aero lads' compound does not boast a real ant-eater, as does the Marines' corral, nor has it as many stray little refugee dogs; but what it lacks in those particulars it makes up in rabbits and a real live baby wild boar.

The boar is a real one, with an elongated snout and no jaw to speak of—much after the fashion of the Crown Prince's physiognomy. His hairy, dun-colored hide is relieved by stripes of a lighter hue till, seen in eerie twilight, he much resembles an animated Navajo. He is kind and gentle, minds his own business, rooting around at the end of his rope all day, and has but one vice—that of snorting continually like a freight hauler sleeping soundly after a hard day in the yards.

And his name? Really, this is a family paper; but still, if you insist on knowing, it's "Goney." As to whether or not he lives up to his name—well, ask his orderly; he's got one.

They were sitting around in the room wherein the company barber holds forth, in a camp not so very far removed from the sentries, where the old, coming out of hospitals, and the new, coming out of transports, frequently meet. After the immemorial custom of changing the man in the chair had been duly observed, the "next" started chaffing each other.

Over in a corner a shy young second lieutenant sat, not taking very much part in the chaffing. (Yes, reader, there is a new issue of shy young second lieutenants; have you got yours yet?) The old-timers, pausing in their fun, sought to include him in the conversation. "You've just come over, haven't you?" ventured one of the two-strippers, with kindly infection.

"Oh, no, sir," protested the S.Y.S.L., bristling in an instant. "I've been over here two weeks!"

Of all scientific and mechanical products which make war possible, none is more important than tin. You might conceive of a big scale war without gas, or airplanes, or a lot of other things, but you couldn't conceive of one without tin. A big fraction of the vast supply of food and medical supplies for the A.E.F. come in tin cans, and it would be impracticable if not impossible to handle most of it in any other kind of a container. On the docks at the base ports and in storage warehouses are stored literally millions of cans containing myriad articles.

Some day some one ought to write a poetic tribute to the old tin can—it has got it coming.

GREATER LOVE HATH NO MAN—



HENRY'S PAL TO HENRY DEMONSTRATING THAT A BILLET IS A BILLET EVEN THOUGH IT HAS TO BE LABELLED

Le front, 18 Aout, dees nerf—dees wheat. Bonjour Henry: How do you like my French Henry. Ain't I a bear cat... I can speak the language fluently now. If I keep on learning French as fast as I can now maybe I'll be far enough along by the time the war finishes so that I can start a French class in lack of J. C. Billings office down by the post office when I get home. I bet I could make Miss Hope who teaches the French class at the high school look sick when it comes to talking French.

Well Henry I'm finished with the mule skinner's forever. It's a mighty good thing I am too I guess because they got old Hardballed back from the Germans the day before I left and that's one mule I'd a killed without having any hard feelings in my heart. I left the outfit yesterday and went back to my own co. of doughboys who are going to the lines too sweet and I guess maybe I'll have another chance to get all them Boches I got to get yet.

We are leaving cis swa for a petit town up by the front where we are going to rest up for a few days so's we can give Fritz hell right off the bat. It's a nice place where we are going and I'm going to do a lot of sleeping because I got a hunch I'd better get ahead on it so's I won't get so far behind after I get to chasing Boches. Goodbye Henry. S. T. B.

France, Aug. 20, 1918. Dear Henry: Well Henry if you was trying to sleep some and a cow come along and licked you in the snucker and you woke up would you say nice cow etc. and put her on the neck and a lot of things like that.

Henry we got up here last night and since then there's been enough things happened to me so that if I was home in Erie City and had the same things happen to me there I'd have old lawyer Taylor fixing up enough suppenies to last the sheriff 2 wks. I been insulted right and left by nothing more than common barnyard animals.

Last night when we got here one of these birds with a red band round his sleeve came out in front of the co. and says we are going into clean billets and that he wants us to take care of them while we're here Henry and see to it that they are cleaned up every day.

All right Henry that was fine. I begin to think how nice and quiet it would be in one of these billets and of how much sleeping I would do.

Well Henry this bird headed us down the street and at every bit we'd come to he'd halt us and run a bunch in. I had my arms on one billet where a pretty mademoiselle was looking out of a second story window, but I was too far down the line to get it so I started to sneak up along the line of file, closets when a sergeant who I guess was watching the same billet saw me and I had to bear it back too sweet.

Well we started out and halted again and this bird who seems to think he owns the whole burg run us through a barn door. On the way we had inside Henry 30-35 men. We got inside Henry and I don't start being normal for something that looks like a billet. Where is it I says. Oh sleep anywhere here this wise bird says, and beats it.

Well Henry I slept in places where this billeting bird would freeze to death and maybe catch meningitis etc. and I don't mind that much. But what I don't like about the deal is this bird's idea of a billet. Why in hell didn't he say we was going to sleep on a barn floor and not disappoint a guy like that.

Well Henry I went to sleep on the floor. It was just of dark in there and I couldn't see just where I was sleeping. About 2 p.m. an old cow come in and laid down long side of me. She'd been out to a lawn party maybe I guess and was kind of late about making camp. But I didn't mind her coming in late if she'd of left her cow she kept chewing the cud it made me hungry to listen to her Henry.

When I woke up about this a.m. Henry there was one of them long haired goats that they milk laying on the foot of my bed. There was another guy sleeping opposite to me from where the cow slept and long side of him was a fat old cochone which is French for hog Henry.

The right information about the lay of the terrain etc. Henry like we fighting men say. "This mademoiselle was a pretty little thing at that Henry and she wore a pair of good old U.S. army gussets. The Lord only knows where she pinched them Henry because you know how scarce gussets are up here.

Well Henry since I ain't seen a skirt for a few days I thought I'd try and make a hit. I started kidding her along and was going to ask her to promenade after dinner when the Top blow his whistle to let us know breakfast was ready. I never missed flapjacks since I been in the army Henry and just because there was a female there that was no reason that I wasn't going to get up and dress. So I says ally too sweet. I told her to get out if she didn't want to blush or something because I wasn't going to miss any flapjacks.

Pretty soon she says voo fini coushay matnow. Wee I says—ally. But she didn't ally an inch Henry. She just kept right on milking and started in kidding me. Par necessary poor moi ally she says.

Well Henry wasn't I in a hell of a fix. What would you do in a case like that with all them flapjacks getting cold or being cut up by some guy who is always there for seconds.

Well I speeded up to about 40 mi. per hour Henry and made a dive for my pants. But Henry I caught my right foot in my breeches leg and—well I ain't telling you what all I felt in trying to get my right foot out of the left leg but I ain't sleeping there any more. Tonight I'm going out in the woods back of town and have a good peaceful snooze. So long Henry. Your pal, S. T. B.

P.S.—Write often Henry. P.S. oncero.—Next morning. It rained pitchforks last night Henry.

NOT SO FAR TO DROP

Rear Hank: Next time them Boche aviators come around, I'm goin' to sneak up on the bill. Front Hank: What's that goin' to get ye? Rear Hank: Them bombs had a whole lot softer up there.

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BULLETS RIP TENTS, NURSES KEEP POSTS

Women Are Dragged from Side of Wounded in Bombardment

The conduct of 30 American nurses, members of a mobile field hospital and several operating teams, who during the Second Battle of the Marne remained at their posts of duty through several hours of severe shelling and two air raids, in one of which Boche aviators turned their machine guns on the ward tents, is praised in a letter from the Medical Officer of the division to which they were attached to the Chief Surgeon, A.E.F.

At the same time it is disclosed that the Red Cross hospital at Jully was not the only one which the Huns ruthlessly and deliberately attacked in their offensive of July 25.

At 12:10 a.m. on the morning of the artillery attack on the hospital, shells began falling within a few hundred feet of it. At 3:20 a.m. the Germans changed the range and several shells passed directly over the operating building, bursting 20 feet behind it.

Nurses Ordered to Safety Shortly after 3 o'clock the 30 nurses were ordered into bomb proof shelters. They had to be dragged from the side of the wounded they were attending to safety.

At 8 a.m., when a shell struck a ward building, killing one wounded soldier, they insisted upon being allowed to succor the other wounded. At 6:30 o'clock, oblivious to the shells which continued to explode near them, they assisted in getting the patients started to another mobile hospital hastily erected a few miles back.

The nurses took up their posts at the second hospital and the second night they were there hostile aviators dropped two bombs within a few rods of the hospital, ignoring the Red Cross markings, which were plainly visible.

On the following night, Hun aviators again attacked the hospital, and falling by a matter of yards to make a direct hit on any of the ward tents, one of them flew low and emptied his machine gun at them.

LANK HANK GOWDY GRINS AS OF YORE

Catcher Finds Fritz Noisier and Meaner Than Old Time Pitchers

Here he came, swinging down the road just back of the lines with the same old grin. He had been under fire, he had been hard at it for some time past in the big push, but the old grin and the same old gauging gait were still there.

War had been unable to change Lank Hank Gowdy from the old Lank Hank of baseball days.

"This game over here is all right," said Hank, "but for a steady job all the rest of my life, I guess I'll take baseball. We are going to see this one through to a finish till the winning run goes over in the ninth, but after that I don't mind admitting I'll be ready to change the gas mask for the catcher's mask and to take my chance against Walter Johnson's fast one rather than one of the fast ones from Fritz."

At that, Fritz hasn't got much more speed than Walter has and no better control. But he's noisier and meaner, and I guess we'll have to drive him from the box, or help in doing it. Fritz won't follow the rules and he wants to do his own umpiring, but we've been landing on him lately and he's about given up hope for any lucky seventh. He had a rally going, but he couldn't keep it up."

Lank Hank looks just as he did in the old days. His uniform isn't the same color or shape and neither is the mask he wears, but the change hasn't affected that world-embracing grin nor the cheery call along the road.

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