

TRENCH SHOWMEN PUT ON A MUSICAL NIGHT

Program in Their Rest Camp Features Mouth Organ and Trench Fiddle Numbers—Also a Prize Recitation

By W. J. PEGLER Correspondent of the United Press With the A. E. F.

The men of L Company had a "musical evening" back in the rest camp on the night before they went back into the trenches.

The big Swedish supply sergeant played every thing he knew on his trench-made fiddle—whittled out of ration boxes during olden moments of the program.

Wille, the sixteen-year-old corporal whose age shows "21" in the orderly room, sang "Cucuracha," the rollicking Villista song which many an Amex soldier learned on the border.

Johnson, the captain's orderly, contributed two waltzes, one with the "plink-plink-plink-plink" in imitation of the banjos which were lacking from the musical company.

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won the Y.M.C.A.'s first prize just before the regiment went into the trenches in a contest to advertise the atrocities of the Boche and perk up the regiment's fighting spirit.

One lad submitted a photograph of a girl, clipped from a back home newspaper. She is a very pretty young woman. He wrote below the photograph: "Protect Your Sister from the Boche."

By the rifle on my back, By my old and well-worn pack, By the bayonets we sharpened in the billets down below,

And the Boches big and small, Run up your boys a-squinting in the ditches very long,

For we'll soon be busting through, God help Fritz when we do, sir, Let's be going, Colonel Blank, because we're feeling mighty strong.

The sergeant recited his poem and brought down the house. There was a lot of yelling and the captain had to lift his hand in a gesture of restraint on the noisy cheering.

But the damage had been done. There was a vigorous and angry knocking on the door, and in the silence that followed the machine guns were heard again.

The captain went to answer the summons and stepped outside to talk with a second lieutenant of an engineer company stationed near the front to build a light railway.

Just One More Song! "Captain, don't you think you mean ought to be made to consider someone else?" the second lieutenant demanded in an irritated tone.

"I've been working since five a.m. and so have my men. We are tired. This noise is disturbing us and it's now 8:30. My men have got to get sleep and so have I."

Always a diplomat, the captain apologized, accepting the entire blame. "Well, I'll have just one more song," he bargained, "and then we'll quit."

"Thank you, sir," said the second lieutenant, and he turned back along the path to his billet.

Probably the captain had the engineers on his mind when he came back into the hut.

"Let's have the engineer's song," said he.

They whooped it up. And the next night at dusk they marched back into the line—mud, filth, hardship, peril, patrols, shrapnel, mines, the Boche and rats that grow big as chickens, for another spell in the trenches.

At the end of the first hour's marching, during a ten-minute breathing spell, I discovered a fellow New Yorker in one of the companies.

"How's the hiking?" "Say, this ain't hiking, it's skating, and I've done plenty of that out in Pelham Bay Park," was the reply.

"I'm getting along great, outside of a few fractures of my funny bone and internal contusions the first two or three times I forgot to watch my step. If the Boches have any shrapnel that's harder than this road they're doing well."

Gothamite Sticks It Out I noticed this chap again a couple of hours later. He was at the tail end of his platoon, limping badly.

The officers without exception watched their men as a collier watches the ewe lambs in a flock. Most of those who were mounted got off their horses at one of the day's distances in just two hours and a half. And they came in singing! None of the new, much-plunged war ditties, but the doughboys' venerable battle hymn

"The Infantry, the Infantry, with the dirt behind their ears, The Infantry, the Infantry, they can't get any beers; The Cavalry, the Artillery and the bloomin' Engineers.

reached the town in which they were to pass the night this youth pointed his rifle at his head and pulled the trigger. There was no explanation for his act, other than that he had seemed in a despondent mood for several days. He had enlisted at the start of the war and had a good record as a soldier.

I am in this war, the indispensable, the always-to-be-reckoned-with. I am the wrist watch.

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NO TALKING IN RANKS!



Jock: "What's the difference between a collic dog and a classy boulevardier sucking a cane?"

Bock: "You've got me; spring it."

Jock: "One is a model collic and the other is a mollycoddile."

TWO WAYS TO FUSS A NURSE

Not long ago a witty private attached to a base hospital was confined in a ward by illness for several days. He was in the habit of "rubbing it in" on his comrades.

"We had some time on that moonlight promenade the other evening—didn't we, nurse?" said Mike in a loud voice. This impertinent question raised sixty heads from their pillows and sixty pairs of eyes were gazing at friend nurse.

She looked puzzled, blushed several times and then spoke, but in a low, quiet voice, observing the effect of his impudent question on said nurse. He hesitated long enough to temper his joke, and, seeing that the nurse was smiling it off, said: "Oh! That's all right, all right; but you're not any more ashamed of it than I am."

THE WRIST WATCH SPEAKS

I am the wrist watch. Before the war I was worn by women. Rebejewed and fragile, I hung about their dainty wrists, looked at more for the gems that adorned me than for the time I kept.

I was also worn by lounge-lizards, the boys who had their handkerchiefs tucked up their sleeves, who would be soon be seen without their highly-polished canes as without their trousers, the little lads who tried to sport monocles and endeavor in vain to grow mustaches and to cultivate un-American accents.

I was the mark of the woman and the she-man. I was ridiculed by stage comedians, by cartoonists of the press, by haberdashers and men's outfitters of all sorts. To buy me was to buy social ostracism at the hands of one's fellow-creatures.

But now—behold me, revived, reglorified, part and parcel of the practical equipment for the most practical of wars!

Tuned to the minute, I give the time for the marching millions from the base ports to the front.

From the general down to the newly-arrived buck private, they all wear me. On the wrist of every line officer in the front line trenches, I point to the hour, minute and second at which the waiting men spring from the trenches to the attack.

I, the speed-devised, am the final arbiter as to when the barrage shall be laid down, when it shall be advanced, when it shall cease, when it shall resume. I need but point with my tiny hands and the signal is given that means life or death to thousands upon thousands.

My phosphorous glow soothes and charms the chilled sentry, as the steady, witness of every action, the choncler of every second that the war ticks on its way. Lifted forever and forever above the poodle-dog class of useless ornament, I am the instructor, the arbiter, the consoler, the friend of every officer and every man.

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COMPANY FUNDS PROFIT THROUGH A. E. F. NEWSPAPER

Every Soldier Subscription Means Immediate Luxury Money

CHANCE TO CORRAL GOLD Company with 100 Per Cent Subscription List Will Make \$200 for Year

BULLETIN No. 10 GIVES PLAN All Profits From Publication of THE STARS AND STRIPES Also to Go to Companies

How company funds can be swelled materially through subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official publication of the A. E. F., is made clear in Bulletin No. 10 which has been sent by G. H. Q., A. E. F., to all unit and detachment commanders of the American over-seas command.

The price of a three months' subscription for soldiers is four francs. If the number of subscriptions in a company totals 150 or over, one franc of each individual subscription price is added to the company fund.

If the total number of unit subscriptions is 100 or over, but less than 150, seventy-five centimes of each individual subscription price go into the company fund. Sixty-five subscriptions will mean that fifty centimes of each individual subscription price go immediately into the company fund, while a total of subscriptions below sixty-five will give the company fund twenty-five centimes of each subscription price.

Thus, no matter what the number of subscriptions to THE STARS AND STRIPES in a company organization, the company fund will benefit, and every soldier knows the luxury-buying power of every additional penny in a well handled company fund.

In addition to benefitting immediately through receiving a share of every three months' subscription price to THE STARS AND STRIPES, the company funds will also participate in the profits accruing from the publication of the paper, profits that are confidently expected to result from civilian subscriptions and advertising.

Besides setting forth how company funds will profit from the publication

NOT IN THE AERO CORPS



—Merely A Mess Sergeant Going Marketing

of THE STARS AND STRIPES, the official bulletin also tells the easiest way for members of the A. E. F. to offer subscriptions for the paper. The bulletin follows:

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY FORCES, France, February 8, 1918. BULLETIN No. 10.

1. The Commander-in-Chief has authorized the publication of a weekly newspaper by and solely in the interests of the personnel of the A. E. F.

2. This newspaper—the only official publication of the A. E. F.—has been named THE STARS AND STRIPES. It will be published every Friday, beginning February 8, 1918, for the duration of the war.

3. THE STARS AND STRIPES will give the A. E. F. the latest news from home by cable, through its American staff correspondent, a life-long newspaper man of national reputation. He will not only cable over and explain the important happenings of each week—he will also cable the A. E. F. the latest news of sports at home.

4. THE STARS AND STRIPES will give the A. E. F. news about itself, keeping every unit as fully informed as possible as to what the entire A. E. F. is doing. The folks back home have been getting this news all along; now it will be given every week to the members of the A. E. F.

5. In addition, THE STARS AND STRIPES will serve as a medium of publication for poems, stories, articles, caricatures and cartoons of army life produced by members of the A. E. F.

6. In brief, THE STARS AND STRIPES will be strictly and solely an "A. E. F. newspaper," bringing to its members regularly every week the news which up to now it has received at best irregularly and in an unsatisfactory manner. In addition to this, THE STARS AND STRIPES will be an excellent medium through which you may keep relatives and friends at home informed of such interesting information as they can obtain in no other way.

7. It is hoped that there may be a large subscription for THE STARS AND STRIPES in every company or corresponding unit of the A. E. F.

8. The individual subscription for three months for any member of the A. E. F. is four francs, paid in advance. In order to facilitate the handling and accounting for subscriptions, the following plan for handling the same in company or detachment lots is made:

No. of subscribers. Proportion of authorized company organization. Price per copy of paper. Period.

150 and over... 3/5 Fr. 3.00 8 months

100 and over... 2/5 Fr. 3.25 3 months

A CHANT OF ARMY COOKS

We never were made to be seen on parade When sweethearts and such line the streets, When the band starts to blare, look for us—we ain't there. We're musing around with the eats. It's fun to step out to the echoing shout Of a crowd that forgets how you're fed, While we're slogging our duds hacking eyes out of spuds— You know what Napoleon said.

When the mess sergeant's gay, you can bet hell's to pay For the boys who are standing in line; When the boys get a square, then the sergeant is there With your death warrant ready to sign.

If you're long on the grub, then you're damned for a dub, If you're short, you're a miser instead, But, however you feel, you must get the next meal— You know what Napoleon said.

You think it's a cinch when it comes to the clinch For the man who is grinding the meat; In the heat of the fight, why, the cook's out of sight With plenty of room to retreat. But a plump of a shell in a kitchen is hell When the roof scatters over your head, And you crawl on your knees to pick up the K. P.'s— You know what Napoleon said.

If the war ever ends, we'll go back to our friends, In the army we're v'ry a one— We'll list to the prattle of this or that battle, And then, when the story is done, We'll say when they ask, "now what was your task, And what is the glory you shed?" "You see how they thrive—well, we kept 'em alive!" You know what Napoleon said.

NO RECIPES REQUIRED Hash is a staple dish in the American home, but not in the Army. Therefore, when a mess sergeant repeated the hash diet several days, one of the privates made several remarks about the food to his pals.

"How do they make that 'ere hash?" he asked innocently. An ebony-hued lad who had been second cook on a Mississippi packet looked at the questioner and smiled. "They don't make hash; it jus' accumulates."

AMERICA DROPS POLITICAL GAME TO WIN THE WAR

Continued from Page 1 news usually effective in scaring the stock market had practically no effect on it. Even the bad news about the sinking of the Tuscania caused no flurry. The steadiness appears to indicate an extremely strong general confidence.

Whole Nation Tested NEW YORK, Feb. 7 (delayed in transmission).—During the month just past the whole nation has been decidedly tested. The unexampled weather and the fuel scarcity put a severe strain upon all classes of the population. The entire country, with all its teeming cities and mixed populations, withstood the test in perfect order. Admirable conduct was in evidence everywhere.

The American people proved that self-government works. There was no occasion anywhere for the authorities to suppress disorder; there was no need for appeals to patriotism. The people faced the problem quietly, resolutely, patiently.

One of the extraordinary aspects of the situation was the unexpectedly great efficiency under sudden strain of American local government, city and state. Excellent cooperation was afforded in meeting the needs of the Federal Government. Municipal machineries everywhere worked wonderfully well, and a general view toward the subordinate personal and sectional interests was everywhere to be observed. In other words, the communal spirit was universally exhibited.

A Splendid Answer The five-day factory suspension order afforded another drastic test of the national spirit and good sense. It was met with a response which was inspiring. An intelligent, broad view of the situation was general, and the order was obeyed in spirit as well as in letter. Violations of the order were astonishingly few. Thus the first actual demand on the American people for some sacrifice and some actual privation for the furtherance of a great purpose has been answered splendidly.

The people's attitude toward the present discussion in Congress on war mater has also been good up to date. There is no indication anywhere of an inclination on the part of the nation to be carried off its feet. The public attitude is earnest, but patient. An intelligent desire to know all the facts is preponderating any display of temper.

American Principle Works The people have shown, in a big, dignified way, their determination to know the why, the truth, and to give a fair, calm hearing to all. They have made it clear that no man with a good case need fear the verdict of his country. They have created a court of public opinion before which any man might be glad and proud to appear.

I believe the Army in France may rest its full faith on the big fact that the American principle does work. We must doubtless expect other events affecting the nation's courage, and cannot expect a continuously perfect reaction, but the past month has assuredly proved the soundness of the whole body of the people, and has given an example of surprising solidarity without loss of the typical American independence of thought.

BEATING THE BLUE PENCIL

Here's one way correspondents have of gently evading the censorship and still staying in the good graces of the censors:

"I visited today a unit that is commanded by a major who is still in his early thirties," a correspondent will write. "This young major is the son of a former President of the United States, who has very prominent teeth, who occasionally, mind you, will drink a milk punch just before retiring if he has had a particularly strenuous day, and who is the inventor of numerous phrases, such as the shorter and uglier word, 'you and I are practical men,' 'the strenuous life,' etc., etc."

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YES! Americans, you will find torches and bulbs at "LALUMIERE pour Tois" 8, Rue St-Florentin, Paris (Ode).

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