

MORE DOUGHBOY HINTS FOR BROTHERS TO COME

Bring Along a Cake of Soap to Look at, Buy Your Souvenirs Now, and As For Razor Blades—!

DEAR FELLOW SCRAPPERS:

As our last letter had to be stopped in order that we might go out and stop a few Boches that were getting a bit too nosy around our wire, we didn't get a chance to tell you all that we wanted to tell you about how to prepare for your trip over here. We find, on reading your trip over here. We find, on reading THE STARS AND STRIPES (a good deal of it was cut out by the censor) that we didn't put you wise to quite a number of important things. Therefore, here goes the second installment; you can take it or leave it just as you like—but remember, we've been through it and are only trying to help you out.

First of all, don't buy any sea-sick remedies. They are no good. The only sea-sick remedy known in the Army is a rejection by a recruiting officer. When you've got that you are pretty well immune against *mal de mer*, as the French call it. We call it that, and then some more.

So don't bring any pills aboard your transport. And, when that feeling comes, and the ship is going up and down like the old see-saw out in the back yard, and the sky looks like the upper side of a speckled trout, and the waves are lashing higher than the Woolworth building—just give in. Everybody will be doing it from the C.O. down. In fact, if you don't give in you will not be playing the game; you will be missing a real experience. What were deck rails made for, anyway?

Interesting Tour of Guard Duty

If it is just your luck to go on guard on the day when the *mal de mer* first hits you, don't be sore. It will be the most interesting tour of guard duty you ever put in. If you are a corporal in charge of a guard detail, march it up and dress it and tell the sergeant major that the detail is correct as hell, whether it is or not. He'll be too sick himself to care about checking up on you. And as for the officer of the day and the adjutant—you have a right to insist that they stand at least ten paces in front of your front rank. Otherwise your care in having all those bully boys slogged up so pretty for gungny mount will go for nothing. To be doubly sure, have them all turn out in slickers, unless otherwise ordered. Don't try to recover too soon. Don't

GOOD OLD FRIENDS

A LITTLE STORY ABOUT A BILLET

It wasn't my fault—I had nothing to do with the billeting arrangements—but every living creature in the old house, and everything inanimate, seemed to cry out that first day against my intrusion. The rusty hinges of the gate protested shrilly before I could set foot in the yard. The billeting sign, done in stencil on a piece of new pecking board, seemed to be a desecration of the charm of the grey stone wall. Madame B— met me at the door and failed to accept my proffered handshake. (How could I know, then, the reason for her seeming coldness?) Grey-headed Monsieur, bent over his cane and shuffling along in wooden shoes, wearily led the way upstairs.

Once in my room, the little knickknacks on the mantelpiece, the prayer chair and the rosary beside the bed and the shelf full of well-worn books smote my conscience again. Those books, in particular, I took one down—Montaigne! The man who had lived in this room and whose personality had colored it, the man who had gone out from here to die, perhaps, for la Patrie, had loved Montaigne! I am not ashamed to say it: as I closed that book and stealthily replaced it on the shelf the tears stood in my eyes.

How was I to know, then, that the Man of That Room was still alive and gallantly fighting for his country? How was I to know, then, that Madame B— did not take my hand because, through illness, her sight was nearly gone?

Next morning Madame and Monsieur invited me to their little cellar-like living room downstairs. It had a tiny stove, two chairs, a table covered with oilcloth. An aged terrier, addressed as "Moose," hopped up to the shelf on the front of the stove, hugging the fire. All seemed so old, so wintry, so pitiful!

Little by little, we grew better acquainted. I gave Monsieur a package of American pipe tobacco. That did much to break down barriers. I told him it came from Virginia and he looked up the State in a tiny school geography which treated of the whole North America in a one-page colored map, with three-quarters of a page of text opposite.

Madame followed me to the door that morning and whispered: "He has not had tobacco to smoke these two months, Monsieur. Ah! He will now be *bien content*!"

And, truly, he was. It warmed one's heart to see him sit by the fire and puff at his old black briar pipe.

Soon I learned about Madame's illness and had one of our Navy medjecs pay her a professional visit. It was wonderful to see how she began at once to pluck up hope and spirits. The doctor's cheerful manners (bluff, old mariner) did as much as his medicine to effect the transformation. Within a week she declared her sight was clearer. Doubtless it was, too, for her ailment was one which quickly affects the eyes.

My morning calls became an institution. I was shown through the other rooms of the house, closed since the war—the "company" kitchen, with copper pots and pans of every shape and size shining on the walls; the parlor, with a grand piano which had been mute since the first days of the war.

I learned, then, about the daughter in Paris—"you should hear her sing, Monsieur, and you would say, as all do, *ravissant*!" And, lastly, in a more hushed tone, Madame told me of the son away at the front; how hard he had worked, and how he had climbed, grade by grade, from the ranks to a lieutenant's commission.

Gradually, the place seemed to grow more friendly toward me. Aged Moose showed he could be taught new tricks; at least, he learned to bark a friendly greeting every morning when I came downstairs for a pitcher of hot water. The fragrance of Monsieur's pipe bade me daily welcome, too. Madame could smile now—she had seen so much more clearly, thanks to the good sea-doctor from America. One day she was even persuaded to put on her Sunday black silks and fare forth to hear our Marine band play in the village square.

"You must not think me over-critical," she reported later, "but your sea-soldiers

skip any meals. Keep right after your little old stomach, giving it something to do so as to take its mind off itself, feeding chow to it as often as they will let you. After a while your stomach will get it through its bean that the chow was meant for it to keep, and will say "Thank you" and hold its peace. The process of education, though, is apt to be a pretty long one. Don't try to hasten it.

Another thing: Don't spend all your money on board ship, if the ship has a canteen or a barber-shop or any place where you can spend money. You will have lots of use over here for all the dough you have, and you will get twice the value for your kake over here that you will on the transport. Besides, if you start out with a neat pile, you can usually increase it on board. How? Guess!

Buy Your Souvenirs Now

Buy all your souvenirs of sunny France before you sail. Stuff them in your barracks bags and let them stay until you get over here, then show them to your censoring officer. Do them up, and mail them. Also buy all your German helmets, German bayonets, Iron Crosses and the rest before coming over. You can pick them up dirt cheap on the lower East Side of New York for example—and at much less personal inconvenience than you can here. Over there the factories can turn them out by wholesale; over here you have to pick them up at retail, and must drive a pretty sharp bargain to get them.

Speaking of sharp bargains, bring your own razor. You have heard of course, a lot about English cutlery; but England isn't engaged in making that kind of cutlery now. Don't gamble on picking up a razor on this side. If you use one of the safety affairs, put a package of blades behind each ear, one in the sole of each shoe (*la la Nathan Hale* with the foot plans), one in every pocket, and the rest wherever you can stuff them. Good safety razor blades are as hard to find in France as Boches in Heaven.

Also soap: Soap is not as plentiful over here as soldiers are. Although you may not have much occasion to use it, the mere having it will give you a sort of righteous feeling. Taking out your cake of soap and looking at it every once in a while will give you almost as much comfort as looking at your girl's picture in the locket she gave you. That cake

of soap will remind you of many a happy Saturday night spent wallowing in the family sink. It will form one of your most potent links with home.

Our co-inhabitants of the dugouts are cute little fellows, but are rather pressing in their attentions at times. They like us a lot, and just dote on our underwear, which they think is good enough to eat. If, however, we have a cake of good, pungent tar soap around, they fight as shy of us as ministers fight shy of a corner saloon. Therefore, try to slip in a cake of it in addition to your other soap; it's as good as an anise-seed bag for keeping the shirt bounds on the wrong scent.

Choose Smokes for Quantity

As to the cigarettes you bring over, just remember that the cheaper and stronger they are the more you will have and the longer they will last, for you won't want to smoke as many strong ones as you would mild ones. Over here there is no case in cigarettes. You may offer a nickel-for-twenty brand to a general, and he will fall on your neck in gratitude. Cork tips, gold tips, scented ones are taboos. Even if you've got gold shoulder-bars, you shouldn't insist on having butt-tips to match.

Don't load yourself down with jewelry, identification tags for your ankles and one for each toe, and all the rest of the junk. We can assure you that you'll have little or no use for a scarf pin over here, and the Government issues good dog-license tags which are perfectly O. K. for formal and informal wear. Rings are only in the way when wearing your handling a gun, and are apt to slip off and be lost in unfathomable depths of the light brown mud of the countryside. And ear-rings are reserved solely for the commanders of U-boat crews.

Bring along one good book for use on the trip over and on the long train rides that seem to prevail in this corner of the world. In case you've already got a book, look it well over to see whether it bears reading and re-reading. If it doesn't, get another one—almost any one that's written in English. You needn't bring a Bible, because somebody will be giving you one every time you turn around in England and in France. Take them all, with thanks, when they're handed out to you. If you collect enough of them to pull out one that some day you will read part of one; that's why they give you so many.

Well, a *nos moutons*, as the Poilus say. If we've forgotten anything, please excuse us, for we've been pretty busy recently. Write again if there's anything you want to know about how to get ready for coming over here, and what to bring and not to bring. We have had so much good advice given us that we can afford to give away some of it and still be well supplied ourselves. Yours till the Kaiser croaks,
THOSE WHO KNOW.

should practice harder on the 'Marseillaise.' They already do really well with 'Madelaine.' And they are really wonderful when they go at those happy American pieces.

We pledged the contents that evening in a bottle of twenty-year-old port from the cobwebby cellar, sipping slowly, and talking the while of the happy days to come, with peace in the world again and all the church bells clanging joyously.

When the hour arrived that I must shoulder my pack and bid good-bye to my billet, I took down Montaigne again. This time the good old book was like my good aged hosts and venerable Moose and the rare old wine. I chanced on a passage of philosophy about wars. . . . I closed the book reverently after a while and put it back, *bien content*.

Madame and Monsieur followed me to the gate, wrung my hand and wished me the best of luck. Moose barked excitedly. "We shall not forget you, Monsieur Charles. We have learned to love you. Long live America!"

Nether shall I forget you, good old friends, nor be ashamed of the love I bear you—you and your friendly land that tries so bravely to be gay.

"Vive la France!"

I blurted it out, choking.

They understood and tried to smile. The old gate creaked as it closed after me—this time not so shrilly. C. P. C.

HORRORS OF PEACE

I miss my three-dint neckties, I miss my silken hose, I've really got to miss a lot. While I wear army clo'es. But, when I think of garments, A load slips off my mind—I'm not bereft, for I have left The sport-shirt far behind.

TITLE MISLEADING

"Wassamatter, Mike? You look sore." "Well, why shouldn't I? I run into a French guide what wanted to show me the Bourbon Palace. I thought I was in for a drink, and whaddaya s'pose it turns out to be? The place where the French Senators pow-wow! Nary a drop of Bourbon in sight!"

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THE PARENTAL WING

Dr. — wasn't particularly keen to have his son Billy join the army, since Billy was at best delicate and was only 19 years old. Besides, Billy was in college, and the doctor had a fair theory that he ought to finish out his course, seeing that he had only a couple of years more to go. Furthermore, the doctor was coming over to France himself—joined up for the duration of the war for hospital service—and he thought it not more than fair to the rest of the family that Billy should stay at home.

Billy, though, had a mind of his own and a way of his own. He purposely flunked a couple of exams in June (after his father had safely left for the other side) and enlisted. He called his father to that effect, and in due time was for given.

Time went on. Billy wrote to his father in France as regularly as any kid of his age ever writes to his parents, and then came the long lapse that, to his father, meant the trip over, the delay in getting mail, and any number of things. But when the time stretched out far more than it ought to, the good doctor began to be worried. He made all sorts of inquiries as to the whereabouts of Billy's unit, but could get no satisfaction.

He was working off his uneasiness by pacing the hospital corridors one day when he was summoned to look at a new case—one of bronchitis, say—that had just come in. It looked like a bad one, said the assistant who summoned him. So the doctor made haste to go to the new patient's bedside and see what was up.

The patient had his head buried in the pillow when the doctor got there, but the doctor gently pulled him around, and then—

"Billy!" This very sternly. "What's happened to you? Why haven't you written before?"

"Dad!" This very faintly. "Couldn't write. Dad: been too damn— I mean damn—sick! How—are you?"

"Well," rejoined his father, with a touch of sarcasm that conveyed a world of joy. "Now, young man, I guess I'll pull you through. But you've got to do

those who know.

That a chaplain is a human guy. That the fellow who went to so eastern a college that he can't pronounce his rrs is able to bang the Boche with the best of the cowpunchers.

That a lot of fun can be had on a small outlay of money.

That you get used mighty quick to being your own chambermaid—yes, and sometimes your own cook.

That you can go to a doctor or a dentist without having to worry about his bill.

That the bird who complains about having to lug his wife's bundles home in the subway doesn't know what real tugging is.

That the man who used to think it a hardship to have to take his sister to shows and things would be darn glad to be able to take her anywhere, now.

That a man can lead a perfectly healthy, normal, sane and happy kind of existence without trolley cars, movie shows, burlesque, cocktails, and other instruments of civilization.

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BOYS!

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just as I tell you about taking medicine.

"Hell!" ejaculated Billy in a hoarse bronchial whisper to his next-cot neighbor. "Isn't that just my neck? The old man'll make me toe the mark all the time I'm here and ship me out as soon as I'm well, without a chance to loaf a while! I was hoping for some easy doc I could put it over on!"

Then—"All the same, I'm glad I found the old man, even if I had to get sick to do it!"

NO MONOGRAM EITHER

"These new drawers," said the outraged private, "they come up to here. And this undershirt," he continued with heat, "it hits me just below the armpits!"

"Well," said the Supply Sergeant, "they meet, don't they?"

"Yes, but—"

"Well, if they meet, what are you licking about—expect a tailor-made fit around here?"

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