SPRING SUGGESTIONS FOR A.E.F. MILLINERY —By WALLGREN

BORIS'S BIG NOSE SCENTS POISON AFAR

Boche Gas Registers Quick Knockout When It Hits Loyal Russian

WINTER DINNER DISTURBED

Bolshevik Propaganda Won't Have Any Effect on One Slav's Fighting Temper

Boris is a good, loyal Ally. He is one of the few Russians still in the game as an active combatant. But, being new to the game on the western front where they fight by order, any old time, instead of holding an initiative and referendum before going on raids (as they are said to do in the East), he got stung when his company went up forward—badly stung.

For Boris is not a mujik, but the pet of a company of mujiks. He came over with them early last year, before the revolution, and trained with them here in France. They were due to go up to the line last fall, but something came up to prevent it and they went, as they thought, into winter quarters.

Boris thought so, too. Accordingly, Boris, being a bear—a real live Russian bear, but as tame as the ex-Czar—made his preparations for hibernating. To hibernate, you eat at one sitting enough to last you through the winter, turn around three times in a pile of straw, and go to sleep. If anybody calls you before groundhog day, that anybody is committing a social error.

Boris hibernated all right. He ate up all the young lambs, rats, goats, and garbage in the surrounding countryside, garnished with much garlic and washed down with frequent potations of beer. Then he laid himself away to his long rest.

But while Boris was thus absent on detached service—very detached, to judge from his snores—orders came that the company was to move. The word was quickly passed around by a series of whispered sneezes, and everybody got ready. Finally, when everything was set, there remained only one job: to wake up Boris.

Reveille For Boris

Now, like Ivan Petrosky Skevar, famed in song and story, the sons of the Russians are sturdy and bold and quite unaccustomed to fear. They will volunteer for a trench raid, for outpost duty when things are lively, for anything under the moon. But, having been brought up with bears, they are naturally a little bit chary about waking up one of the species before he's through with his three months' beauty sleep.

No volunteers being forthcoming to tickle Boris' ribs or bean him with a mallet or do anything else that might wake an ordinary person, the command drew lots, and two luckless comrades were elected. By dint of much prodding with their bayonets for about half a day, they at length got Boris to open one eye.

"Mzgrrrrrupbmtevitch!" he growled; which, being literally translated, means, "What'n'ell are youse guys routing me out for at this hour of the night? I'm not on K. P. today!"

"Baklushkoshkovkaya bedam!" they shot back at him; meaning, "The outfit is moving up front and you've got to come along. It's orders, so get a wiggle on."

"Grrrmp!" snorted Boris, much put out. But, being a good soldier, he unwound himself from his cruller-like attitude, stood up on his hind legs and stretched, yawned a cavernous yawn, and, falling in at the rear of the column, proceeded to drag himself and all the winter dinner inside him over the roads and up to the front.

They gave Boris a steel helmet. They put a pack on his back. They even gave him a gas mask. And thereby hangs the tale.

Where Boris Fell Down

While Boris could present arms and do all the other things of close order drill to perfection, he had never been able, because of the natural clumsiness of his claws, to put on a gas mask with the speed required for safety. Consequently, Ivan Smolny, his most intimate pal among the humans, was told off to put Boris's mask on in case of an attack—of course, after he had first adjusted his own. This arrangement had just been perfected, and thoroughly agreed to by both bear and man, when Ding! Ding! the gas gong sounded.

Whack! dropped the helmets, and everyone proceeded to tamp down those masks. Ivan had some trouble with his at first, but by frantic pulling managed to get it on and suck wind in the orthodox manner. The minute that was done he looked around for Boris.

But Boris was out. Boris had passed out cold. Being gifted with larger nostrils than the genus man, he had taken a good long sniff of the approaching deadliness and had just naturally toppled. There he lay, feebly clawing the air and breathing spasmodically.

"Loosen his clothing!" shouted one of the first aid men who came rushing up. But, since Boris had no clothing other than that he was born with, that order couldn't be obeyed short of skinning him alive. "Drag him to the rear!" shouted somebody else; so four huskies got hold of Boris's two hind legs and dragged him, willy-nilly, through the mud to comparative safety.

Someone brought out a flask, and pressed it in between Boris's big teeth. He drained it—and it held a quart—at one gulp: coughed, and grunted a very weak "Thank you" in his best Moscowese. And then—and then he promptly proceeded to regret it.

He regretted it visibly and audibly, all over the shell-torn country. He had considerable to regret, for he had had all that winter dinner with him when he was gassed. All the things that gas does to a man it did to Boris, and then some; for no man could ever have stored away the amount of food that the bear had.

In the Captain's Bunk

The regretting process over, Boris dragged himself into a dugout. That it happened to be the officers' dugout made no difference at all in his young life. He curled himself up on the captain's own bunk and took up his sleep just where he had left off. In sooth, he was a mighty sick bear.

When the captain came back from a tour of the part of the line his men were holding, he took one look at his bunk, and decided to sleep elsewhere. There are limits to personal bravery. Besides, one of the oldest mottoes in Russian folklore says, "Let a sleeping bear lie."

* * * * * *

Boris is on the mend, now, though. Ivan, who acts as his interpreter, says he apologized profusely to the captain, and told him he thought he was only prompting a lieutenant's bunk. In fact, Boris has gained so rapidly the past week that he has been put on light duty, acting as company scavenger.

He is counting the days, though, until the company goes back to the trenches, and he swears that if he can only set paws on the Boche who let loose that nauseating vapor upon him, said Boche will be in for a pressing engagement in the form of a bear hug that will squeeze the very daylights out of him.

NO RESTRICTIONS THERE

"America's help is restricted by her small amount of tonnage. She will work all the more politically against us."—Admiral von Tirpitz.

You want to remember, Herr Admiral, that our ward politics can be pretty rough.

PICKING UP A FOLLOWING

She (at home): "Raymond must be making friends with the French very fast."

Other She: "Indeed?"

She: "Yes, he writes that for several weeks now he has been a guest of Adrian Barraque."

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS

Correct Letter Writing

By BRAN MASH

Correct letter-writing is the *sine qua non* of the cultivated doughboy. In the Army, in more senses than one, a man is known by his letters. For example, the differences between N.A. and U.S.A., between U.S.M.C. and U.S.R., are quite marked.

But all joking aside, to be able to write correctly and get it by the censor is the last test in gentlemanly deportment. Accordingly a few simple rules—very simple, in fact—are here laid down for the guidance of the novice in "the gentlest art."

When writing to a young lady whom one does not know, extreme caution should be practiced, even when she is sponsored and chaperoned by a Home Chapter of the Red Cross, the Epworth League, the Y.P.S.C.E., or any other benevolent organization. Even when she has sent one something (like a bath robe) which one cannot possibly use, one should try to be polite in thanking her for it; polite, but firm. One should not encourage her to send any more things, because promiscuous correspondence with people with whom one is not personally acquainted is not considered *au fait* by the higher circles in Army society. One should lie to her bravely and tell her the thing she sent (it was probably a hand-embroidered doilie for a billet bureau) was exactly the thing one needed. It won't be the first time one has had to tell a white lie, at that.

If writing to a young lady whom one does know, the rules for correspondence are greatly relaxed. The extent to which one may go in giving vent to one's feelings is limited solely to the amount of one's acquaintance with the young lady before one sailed. In general, though, it may be put down as distinctly bad form to talk shop when writing to any young lady. She is not interested in the location and strength of military units, so long as the crosses at the end of one's letter are always to be found in the same place, and in increasing force with each succeeding letter. No matter how well one knows her, one should not try to send her a copy of the song the Engineers sing on hikes. The chances are that she wouldn't like it. Neither would the censor.

When writing to one's parents, the same rules about talking shop hold good. One's father and mother are not interested in maps of France; they would much rather see one's own plain but honest map any day. The only news of a military nature that they care about at all is the news that oneself is well. "I am well and healthy," sprinkled liberally throughout the letter, adds much to its tone and piquancy, for home consumption. So do such expressions as "We love our captain," and "The boys are simply crazy about the new lieutenant who was wished onto us by the Old Man." The last phrase is particularly efficacious when it happens that the lieutenant referred to is censoring one's mail.

Finally, in writing to one's former boss, one should be uniformly polite, chatty and agreeable. If he is keeping up part of one's former salary while one is over here, one should be effusively so, for he is thereby showing himself to be a real sport. But whether he is or not, he is a good guy to keep in touch with, because—popular opinion to the contrary notwithstandnig—this war isn't going to last forever, and one will still be under the necessity of earning a living when one gets back.

Transportation Officer.—The man who invented the story about side-door Pullmans being capable of holding 40 men.

ASK THE CHILDREN, IS PORT'S GREETING

City's English Speaking Students Act as Interpreters For A.E.F.

A certain French port is capitalizing the linguistic ability of its school children to reduce the difficulties of its American visitors who *pas comprends*. Every student who has advanced far enough in the study of English to speak it to a practical extent has been made a semi-official interpreter and is expected to place himself at the disposal of Americans whenever possible.

The pupils are given a badge modeled after the sphinx worn by French army interpreters. They wear it whenever they are in public. Notices have been placed in all American gathering places advising United States soldiers to "ask the school children when in doubt."

The coming of the Americans has acted as a great stimulus to the study of English in French schools, according to civil officials of this port. The increase in the number of pupils studying the language of France's principal Allies has been more than four hundred per cent in the last nine months.

A DOUGHBOY'S DICTIONARY

General.—A man who has made a business out of soldiering all his life, and who therefore ought to know something about it.

Colonel.—A man who has made a business of soldiering almost all his life, and who therefore ought to know a little something about it.

Lieutenant-Colonel.—See Colonel.

Major.—A cross between a Colonel and a Captain- with accent on the cross.

Captain.—A man in the predicament of a father with from 176 to 250 live, healthy and irrepressible husky children.

Medical Officer.—A curious person with a mania for looking at human feet, tongues, etc., for giving a sloppy mess-sergeant hell, and for forbidding one to use the only drinking water obtainable in the village—thus driving one to beer.

Insurance Bureau Officer.—A queer bird who is trying to separate one from one's money.

Lieutenant.—A young man loaned to the Captain to help him hold down his job.

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