

DOWN EASTERS ON HUN'S TRAIL KEEP OLD WAYS

Close Your Eyes, Sniff, and You're Within Beanshot of Boston

STRAPHANGER STILL THERE Fighters Adapt Home Methods to Trench Life and Decline to Be Thrilled

OLD TIME PIE ON MESS MENU Tour of New-England-in-France Takes Correspondent Through R-less But Familiar Region

By CHARLES PHELPS CUSHING 1st Lieut., U.S.M.C.R., Staff Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

A two-day Cook's tour of New-England-in-France reveals the Yankee fighting man in some strange habitations.

Half a minute later we descended in pitch dark into an artificial Mammoth Cave. It once had been a huge quarry.

Yes, New England is still New England, even in the caves behind Chemin des Dames.

Best index of all to the steadfastness of his habits, his company kitchen, in a sod dugout, still serves baked beans and New England dinner and pie.

No one, apparently, is in the least surprised or disturbed from his Yankee calm.

He took us out to a cliff dwelling village where a company that had been in the trenches for nearly a fortnight.

There wasn't much to it. The Germans thought we weren't looking for them. Well, we weren't. But we were ready.

The general told us of three men who had captured a German, and of how in the process of towing their prize into port the party drifted slap against the German barb wire.

Nothing Doing on Thrillers After a few further hopeless attempts to get a thriller out of the cliff dwellers, we moved along down the road to another settlement.

When Fritz's gunners blast the sky I light one up serenely serenely. The flaming butt from hostile eye.

Yet though thus camouflaged I puff My gratitude is no less fervent— Your smokes are there—I've said enough.

And sign me evermore your servant!

the general's apartment. The rear end of his room ran into the hillside, alcove-like, but the front was open to the light and shrapnel.

Even Wall Paper Practical The room was barely large enough to hold all of our party at once.

In No Hurry to Move Half a minute later we descended in pitch dark into an artificial Mammoth Cave.

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FOR THE FOLKS BACK HOME Do the homefolks a good turn by having us send them THE STARS AND STRIPES every week.

ETIQUETTE TALKS FOR DOUGHBOYS Saluting Manners BY BRAN MASH

The oldest and best families in the A.E.F.—a body which includes both the F.I.F.'s and the F.F.V.'s, those who came over in the Mayflower and those who came over in the transport—still adhere here to the quaint, graceful and altogether pretty custom of saluting all commissioned officers.

Because of the multitude of uniforms, and the variations in insignia, now prevalent in France, much confusion is apt to arise, however.

Our party got out into the open again in due time. Across what so short a while ago had been the "No Man's Land," we tramped down a snake-like narrow gauge railway line in the blizzard to the rendezvous of the motors.

PAYDAY NIGHT "G'mon, Jimmy, we bought all the tobacco we needed down at the Q.M.S. this afternoon."

"Aw-right. But look here, Gus. We gotta buy something for the folks."

"Sure we have, Jimmy."

"Aw-right, Gus. S'pose we get him one of these brackets, if the Loo'll let us send it through the mail."

"Sure, Jimmy. Let's go!"

"The little cuss who was seared of submarines all the way over can go out on night patrol now and never bat an eye."

THANKING THE UNK Dear Unk— These fine cigars you sent Yours truly are the proper fixtures; A long way to make up your vent For months of rolling Gallic mixtures.

They bring a whiff of homelike ness That's mighty welcome in this dugout Where, hounded about by war's finesse I'd assent even stick my mug out.

When Fritz's gunners blast the sky I light one up serenely serenely. The flaming butt from hostile eye.

Yet though thus camouflaged I puff My gratitude is no less fervent— Your smokes are there—I've said enough.

And sign me evermore your servant!

WHY TAKE TROUBLE TO ACQUIRE FRENCH? Too Many Folks Here Know More About States Than We Do Ourselves

You've had it happen to you, no doubt. Go walking along in some French city or town, lose your way, ask the first person you meet, in your best Kankakee French, to put you right, and then—

Private X is on his way to a certain hotel in more certain French capital. It is dark, and after wandering over a couple of bridges and through a series of gardens, he gives up.

When saluting officers of other armies, use your own method, and not theirs.

In all cases, care should be taken, when elevating the hand to the face, that the thumb is tucked carefully in.

time is it? Eight o'clock? Too late! Sock stores ain't open this time of night.

"Aw-right! Same here."

ON THE WRONG TRACK "What," asked Private Bing in agitation, "what does this here pas bon mean in French?"

"It means," explained Private Bang, "no good, not well."

"Good heavens," said Private Bing, "I thought it meant all right. I've been using it for four months."

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