

BARBERING OVER HERE NOT LIKE HOME VARIETY

We Had Mud in America, We Have Grown Used to War Bread, But Monsieur le Coiffeur Is Still Very Much a Stranger

If you are nursing an idea that at some time in the near future you are coming to France, start right now and collect together all the razors you can get your hands on. If you haven't the money with which to buy them, beg, borrow or steal—well, you know how Rastus got the melon.

Don't stop with razors, but bring along all the loose shaving sticks, brushes and talcum powder you can cram in your bar rack bag. You may not need all of them yourself, but you'll sure find someone over here who either forgot to bring an outfit or didn't think he would need one. To convince you, I'll testify to the following:

After riding all night in a misplaced refrigerator, my outfit landed at a little village in France. I'd gone ten days without a shave, and when we'd finally located for the night, Buck Sears came up to me rubbing his face with his right hand and holding a hunk of brown bread in his left that looked like a submarine after a depth charge had exploded under it.

"How's your whiskers?" he says. "Mine's so tall they're all fallin' over." And he makes another dive at the toy sub. "Ain't you got no razor?" I says. "Plum forgot to bring one," says Buck, like he was down in a well somewhere.

"Crawl out of that loaf of punk!" I says, and we'll see if we can find a barber.

Soothing Top's Feelings

We promised the top-cutter we'd bring back some essence of grapes so's not to hurt his feelings any by disappearing in a strange land, and started out looking for adventure.

We attracted some attention—we two woolies from the West. When we'd pass anyone, they'd wait till we got by and then they'd stop and look back, like we were a couple of suspects that everyone was hep to.

"Gosh! Did somebody pin a sign on your back or something?" Buck asks, looking me over. But there wasn't any thing there.

We went on a ways and came on some children playing in the middle of the street.

"Penny! Penny—penny!" they all started shouting at the same time and dove at us like we were long lost grand uncles or something.

"I thought we left these kids back at that town we came through this morning—ah, what you call it?" Buck asks.

Must Have One Somewhere

"Maybe we did!" I says; "but they've caught up with us again."

After we'd made our escape we started looking for a barber shop.

Now, if you don't know what to look for over here, you've got a job on your hands trying to find it. We went into alleys, back doors, front doors and even landed up in a cellar, but we failed to find a barber shop.

"Maybe the barber got such things in this country," says Buck.

"Yeah they have!" I assured him. "I remember reading about one once."

So we climbed the stairs and starts out again.

Presently, I saw a man through an open door whetting a razor. He was using his shoe for a strap. Over the door was a sign reading "Coiffeur."

"Here's a koffer!" I says, reading the sign. "We'll try him," I says.

So Buck and I steps in like we owned the joint.

"Bonsoir!" says the guy whetting his razor.

"Now-what?" Buck asks him but he didn't say anything back.

We shook off our blouses while the stage was being set for our execution. There was another guy there who had a second chair and I made for that, while Buck takes the seat up front.

You can use any kind of a chair over here for a barber chair. The only way the plain dining-room chair differs from the chairs used by the French barbers is that it's more comfortable and you can lean back farther. The architect who designed the French barber chair sure was short on geometry and physiology.

He permeated the seat and the back after his square and forgot that the human spine has a slight bend in it.

I sat down in the thing and waited to be tipped back. In front of me was a large mirror, where I could see myself straight in the eyes while the execution took place. Had I harbored a grouchy something, I'm afraid that sitting there that way summing yourself up

while another guy made life miserable for me would have brought about trouble. But there was so much on that face in front of me that I didn't belong there that I couldn't tell whether I was mad at myself or not.

Presently, the scene was set for both Buck and me. I looked over at him and he was kind of looking the proposition over before saying anything.

"How do you feel?" I asks him.

"Like beatin' it for home," he says.

Finally, the artist stops whetting his razor and begins to work. I make out that he's singing, but couldn't catch any of the words.

"Rover," he says, turning round and



"He was goin' to paint my lips with some of that red stuff"

looking me over. "On bien couper les cheveux?"

"I want a shave," I says.

He looked bewildered.

"A shave?" I barks at him. "Shave! S-h-a-v-e—shave!"

He seemed to get me. He took the razor and made motions of cutting his own hair.

"He wants his toe nails clipped!" Buck breaks in on our argument, but I stops him and nods my head to the barber.

Then the trouble started. He wrapped a handkerchief around my shoulders, tucked one corner over the back of my neck and began spreading his lather like whitewash.

Like American Brother

During this performance, he displayed some of the skill of his brother barber over in America. He soaped my ears, shirt collar and nose with soap suds.

His next act was to seize the razor. Never did he offer to soften my whiskers, by rubbing the lather in nor was he so thoughtful as to apply a hot towel. He put his hand on my forehead, pushed my head back until I choked, and then he commenced!

Never will I forget that ten minutes of torture. Buck was grinning and puffing for wind, but I hadn't any time to inquire as to his suffering.

First, my friend began at the bottom and went straight to the top. You've heard how newsboys and shipping clerks did that. This artist was something like them, only he went up much faster.

How many whiskers that dull razor pulled out on its way up from my collar to my temple I'll never know, of course, but it got most of them!

After reaching the top, one usually comes down. He did that. He started at my temple on the opposite side and went down. When he zigzagged round my chin, back again and up over my lip.

Apparently, the job was done, all but having my face washed. I waited for the hot towel while my face burned like a nest of bees had lit on it.

Just Like Barney Oldfield

I looked over at Buck again and he was looking at me, a kind of sickly smile curving his lips.

"How does it go?" he says.

"He's got as much speed as Barney Oldfield," I tells him, "but how's it feel?"

Buck lets a groan out of himself and slips an inch forward in the chair.

I looks around and my friends got a pan of water in front of me and muk-

NOBODY HURT, BUT—

There's a certain cross-roads back of a certain sector on the American front that the Germans take a particular delight in shelling. Near the cross-roads there is a dugout. Men working nearby live there. Just at supper time on a recent evening the Boche began shelling the road. The men were in the dugout. They heard a shell coming. Then it arrived. It came straight through the door, and went smack through the soup kettle.

"Nobody hurt, but hell, look at the soup!" was the report of the sergeant a few minutes later.

"That's one boy that certainly came in without knocking," he added as he surveyed the soup-sodden floor.

THEY'RE ON THE WAY

"Send four roundhouses."

These aren't the words, probably, but they contain the purport of a cablegram from G.H.Q., A.E.F. sent not many weeks ago. It was an American order, and it is being filled in the American way.

One of the roundhouses is in France now and nearly erected, and another is being transported to the site it will occupy. The others will be here shortly. They will house the steaming steeds of the chemin de fer of the American troops.

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A.E.F. WAR WRITERS IN THICK OF THINGS

Three Correspondents Get Close Call When Boche Shelling Starts

SHRAPNEL NICKS HEADGEAR

French Doctor Binds Own Wounds and Sticks to Post in Dugout Hospital

Three A.E.F. war correspondents had a narrow call the other day on the occasion of the first shelling of an American rest-billet village by German artillery—the three being Herbert Corey of the Associated Newspapers, Lincoln Eyre of the New York World, and C. C. Lyon of the Newspaper Enterprise Association.

Together they were standing in the village street, looking for all the world as peaceful as the group in "The Angelus," when all of a sudden—

WHANG!

When Lincoln Eyre looked around, he saw a round shrapnel fragment, striking him off his feet, and battered a good sized dent in the helmet itself. Lyon wasn't hurt; but a man can't have a stray gob of shrapnel bean him on top of his artificial crust, thereby making a noise like the going announcing the last lap of the relay race, without saying something.

As to what Friend Lyon said, Friends Corey and Eyre differ. Friend Corey says that he said "Ouch!" Friend Eyre insists that he said "Hell!" Lyon, the victim, modestly refuses to commit himself. Perhaps, after all he doesn't remember what he said, and who can blame him?

Eyre's Turn Next

The next thing Eyre knew he himself was stunned, his ears filled up by a hollow roar, and his eyes registering giddily on a lot of things that were going about his head like a merry-go-round. When he recovered—quite unhurt—he made his way to the improvised dugout hospital in the village not so much for treatment as to watch an American medic-major and a French medecin do their work, side by side. In other words, he got right on the job, the minute he came to.

Corey's version of the incident is this: "The shrap shell [the one that registered on Lyon's head] had given the German gunner's precise range. Things began to happen so fast that I was dazzled by the speed of it. Four big shells fell almost amongst us."

"Eyre was in the middle of the street—I do not know how he got there, for a moment before he had been at my side—when I saw him stagger. He had been stunned by the shell that had wounded a French soldier."

Then he adds what Eyre, modestly, did not add:

"Eyre and the Frenchman had been trying to reach a wounded man, just as the shell came."

After that Corey went along with Eyre and Lyon to the doctors' dugout hospital. He was standing by the door, chatting nonchalantly with the major and the French surgeon when—but let him tell it:

"I do not know precisely what happened. But there was a flash and an enormous sound and instantly the already smoke-filled air became dense. I picked myself up inside the hospital door."

He discovered that the two doctors

OLD COLLEGE STARS ON LEAGUE'S ROSTER

Engineers Went Through Last European Season Undefeated

The — Engineers are organizing a baseball league, it includes teams representing four companies of the regiment at Camp — and several other organizations there. The regiment includes a number of well known athletes, former college players and several old pros and semi-pros.

Last summer they formed a team and won every game they played in France and England. One company now is trying out 30 candidates for places on its nine, and a like eagerness to get into the game is being displayed by other organizations to be represented.

One company, for instance, includes the following college stars: Greenway, baseball and football, of Washington and Jefferson; Dart, baseball, football and basketball, of Westminster; Hodges, of West Virginia; Traxler, of Purdue; George of Villa Nova; Watson, football and baseball, of Penn State; Keshner, football and baseball, of Carnegie Tech.

In addition to these players the company has Munnis of Pittsburgh High, Woods of Greensburg High, and Damon, Demond, Tench, Yount, Sloan and others of amateur fame.

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"CHING GUM" MUCH SOUGHT

A.E.F. Men Transplanting the Great American Vice

"Ching gum?" Maybe you've heard this query spoken in the expectant tone of a French nine-year-old. He is asking you for chewing gum *americaine*.

Sometimes he gets a little closer the mark by making his request "ching ching" gum, but chewing is a word which so far has defied the juvenile tongues of this land.

Chewing gum wasn't entirely new to France when the American soldiers

came, but its use was restricted to the larger cities. With the Christmas flood of packages from the States came chewing gum and, after that, its introduction to the coming generation, via the generous soldier.

Chewing gum has corrupted whole French towns. They have got the habit, and it is about as serious as the tobacco scarcity. It is a commonplace now for an American soldier to receive ten requests for "ching" gum between the Y.M.C.A. hut and quarters.

French children are the best mannered in the world, but they've got to violate their code to put in a request for "ching."

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MOTHER GOOSE FOR DOUGHBOYS

Ba-ba, Canteen-man, have you any Bull? Yes sir; yes, sir—three bags full. One for the captain and two for the cook. But none for the doughboy a-bathin' in the brook!

Sergeant O'Keefe has come to grief—His men? It is hard to find 'em. Though they have no maps, they'll be back by taps.

Each with his tale behind him!

A diller, a dollar, a diligent scholar, Or what do you wrack your brain? It used to be the infantry drill. But now it's a Ford machine!

There was a mess sergeant who lived in a hut, His boarders contracted a pain in the gut. For he forced them on slum for a whole month to feed, Which lessened their love for the Army indeed.

Corpl' McBloem, he went to the Q.M. To get his poor squad some shoes; But when he got there the Q.M. was bare, And so the poor squad's bound to lose!

Hickory, dickory, dock, The bugler followed the clock. The clock was fast and the bugler was gassed; Hickory, dickory, dock.

Jack and Bill went up the hill To get a pall of water; Along came a shell—Bill ran like hell, And Jack came humping after!

Hey-diddle-diddle! The Loot, in the middle Of night, waked the whole platoon; The bunch got sore at the false alarm And got even by cussing the moon.

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