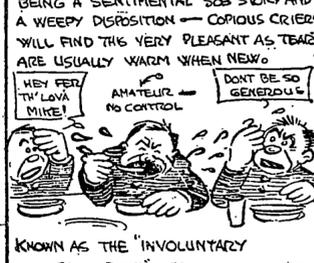
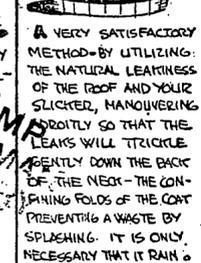
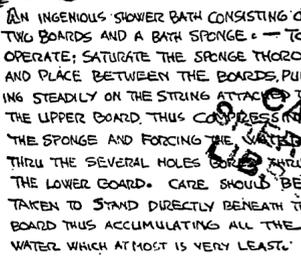


# WELL, IT'S MORE THAN THE TURKS GET!

—By WALLGREN



## WHEN JOHNNY COMES SAILING HOME AGAIN

### There'll Be Lots to Do Before We Get Back Into Cits, But How About Those Annual Reunions?

Of course, we all know what we'll do when it's all over, and this coarse and vulgar Hohenzollern person has been taught his proper place, and the world has been made safe for democracy and all the rest.

We'll go home; and the old packs will never seem lighter than they will as we trek down to the wharves at the port of embarkation. And on the way over we'll sing—sing all the way, and never have a thought of seasickness. No, not even if we have to cross the English Channel on our way back will we experience the slightest touch of *mal de mer*.

And when we steam into New York harbor, with every tug, every ferryboat footing its dullest to welcome us, and the windows of the skyscrapers just jammed full of people aching to get a glimpse of us, and the wharves clogged with all our families and friends just dying to get hold of us, and Lower Broadway banked from the first to the twentieth story with the massed flags of the Allies, and City Hall smothered in red, white and blue rosettes, with the mayor (whoever he may be then) standing in front with his plug hat and frock coat on extending the keys of the city, and all the rest, and Fifth Avenue lined with memorial arches and courts of honor and sprinkled with flags till it looks like the Milky Way, it will be a great and a happy day.

There will probably be a parade all the way from Washington Square up to Grant's Tomb, to be sure; but by that time, some kind power will have directed us to remove our packs and we won't mind the hike a bit. We'll just stick up all that perfectly fine pavement with our old hobnailed shoes—they will be fully old by then, unless we get a new issue—and swing along. And when we pass the President of the United States and the Secretary of War and the Governor of New York and Lord Knocks who else, at the corner of Fifth Avenue and Forty-second Street, we'll snip 'em at "Eyes left" that'll fairly take 'em off their feet.

#### Still a Lot to Do

Of course, they'll probably shove us off after that to some camps for a while, until we can turn in all our stuff conveniently, and get our papers made out, and attend to all the rest of the formalities, but we won't mind it, because we'll know it can't last forever. They'll probably be easy on us about reveille at those camps, because they'll know we won't be training for much of anything; and we can afford to get along with small kitchen details in anticipation of the eats in store for us once we're released.

Then, after we've got our service records made out as they should be made out, and our clothes with the buttons and honest to goodness trousers with cuffs on the bottoms of them, have come along from home or somewhere, and we've collected all the back pay that's due us, and have squared up our accounts with the United States, they'll probably let us go; not too many at a time, so as to clog up the railroads, but bit by bit, the guys who have served the longest getting the first crack to get off. But before we'll march we'll march to the colonel's tent, one by one, in our new and funny-looking civvies, and take him by the hand, man-to-man like, and tell him what a hell of a good old guy he is in spite of all we've said about him, and how, if there is another war, we want to join up under him, and all the rest. Then we'll hop the train, and beat it for home.

And how they will begin to spoil us at home! What feeds they will set before us, what attention they will lavish on us. And how busy we'll be kept telling us about everything that's happened to us, and everything that didn't happen to us, and everything that might have happened to us but didn't! They simply won't let us alone, that's all; and we'll have to hero with a vengeance, whether we want to or not. All the old boys in the shop will envy our brown complexion and our extra inches of chest expansion and all the rest. It may take

us some time to get back into the swing of things, but the bosses will be patient. And we will be so tickled with the fun of punching the old time clock that we'll forget it's just another way of answering "Here!" at roll call.

But, after a time, things will begin to get irksome. The going to work and coming back, the eating supper and going to the movies or the theater or the lodge meeting, will begin to pall on us a bit. Then it will be about time for the most enterprising guy in the outfit to send out a bunch of reply postcards asking us to meet at some restaurant in the near future for a reunion. Will we bite? Our guess is we will!

#### Just Like Old Times

If the enterprising guy in question is on to his job, he'll select a little French kind of restaurant, not too expensive, where they positively refuse to serve the vegetables along with the meat, and scorn the use of butter at the table. He will see to it—if the States haven't gone dry—that a bottle of *vin rouge* or one of soapy beer is placed beside every plate, and a bag of rolling tobacco is on top of every napkin. He won't arrange any formal program of speechmaking unless one of our old generals happens to be within range; and he'll let us furnish our own music. That we will, too, with a wallop.

All the old songs that we fine things, expected acquaintances in the dark, the old buddies they will begin to wonder if we're ever going home, and will begin to hint broadly to the man in charge that it's about time he started us. Finally, in our own good time, and not before, we'll begin to go home.

#### WHY IS IT?

That they always send you oodles of artillery gloves from home the minute you've been transferred from the artillery to the motor transport service? That, right after the distribution of cigarettes from the company fund, you get slathers of 'em from home—whereas, you hadn't had a butt of any kind for a month before? That, after you've been promoted, you can't get any chevrons for a month and a half to show your pals who you are? That, just after you've gone out and bought a pair of puts on your own, the supply sergeant takes it into his head to issue better ones than those you purchased?

That, just after you've done your own laundry, at the expense of parboiled hands and a broken back, a pay-day comes along, bringing plenty of laundry money with it? That, after you've taken one of these billet baths in a mess tin, you find out there are perfectly good shower baths only a quarter of a mile away, and that they were there all the time you were wrestling with the sponge? That, after you've paid 100 francs to a French dentist to go over your teeth, a regimental dentist arrives in the town who would do the whole job for nothing? That, just after your barrage of letters to a girl back home has begun to make effect and her replies are becoming better and better with each succeeding mail, you suddenly discover that you don't care about her at all?

That, on the very night that you decide to slip mess and buy a feed of your own, the cook dishes out real steaks, fried, and apple pie?

Poor Fish—The gink who didn't know the war was over in Russia. Poor Boob—The fish whose pack comes undone on the hike. Nut—The poor cheese that goes out and does setting up exercises by his lonesome without being told so.

## OVER HERE

When I hung out in the U.S.A. An' the war wuz off across the sea, An' I read the papers in a casual way, I see who pitched on the follerin' day, Things sure looked different t'ime.

I knew men wuz kill like they wuz a pest, An' sometimes the rivers wuz runnin' red; I'd heard tell on a front what they called the "West," An' the big print said: "Russia's Takin' A Rest"— But that didn't mean nothin' in yours truly's head.

I thinks t' myself: "What a waste o' time: What a gang o' rummies t' fight like dogs. All them poor mothers—gee, it's a crime! Well, Barry'll get them Red Sox t' climb." My mind wuz on baseball an' not soldier togs.

I wuz sweet on the moon with its yaller light— Youse know how 'tis with a girl by your side; An' I says: "Wouldn't this be a sight With no moon at all t' shine in the night?" I wasn't hep then 'twas at night the Boche fled.

An' now that I'm here an' the war's here, too, With the States three thousand miles away, Things looks lots different than they used t' do, An' I've got 'n entirely new point of view.— Buck home, I couldn't spot how the land lay.

We gatter beat Fritzle t' keep 'im back: "I show 'im that 'tats' war makes the world go, So that he an' all others'll remember the fact." Decide war's not worth shootin' fore they take the next crack.— We're scrappin' t'give Mr. Mars the K. O.!

SGT. FREDERICK W. KURTH, Q.M.C.

## CHANCE IN A MILLION BLESSED HIS SAILING

There is a red-headed sergeant in this Army—let's call him Starfield—who had such a wonderful piece of one-chance-in-a-million luck as a sort of God-speed the day he sailed away from America that he doesn't see how the Germans can hope to do him any damage. He must be immune. The very memory of it is his talisman.

Nine years before America entered the war Starfield entered the Army, and in those years he let it carry him all over the world—Porto Rico, China, the Philippines, Mexico, all of them a long, long way from the little home in Connecticut he never saw again.

He was in the Medical Department, working in a hospital near the Mexican border, when the order came to pack up and start for France. Here, at last, was the prospect of New York, here a chance to see his mother once more and perhaps the kid sister, Joan, who was playing jacks on the front steps the day he left home.

From the moment the order came, he began writing to the family. He signalled his approach by miles. He cast off a fresh telegram every time the train stopped. He arrived at the boat at last, sure the folks would come to him, when he made the heart-sinking discovery that if they did he wouldn't be allowed to see them. No one—no one—no one—no one—no one could leave the boat no matter how long she lingered at her pier. Getting off was as complicated as a service record and as uncertain as the letters from America. He sent his last wire then—just to say goodbye and tell the folks not to bother to come.

That afternoon, a freak chance sent him out on the pier in charge of a sick soldier who had to be moved to the dock dispensary. It gave him 15 minutes to look about him, 15 minutes to stand gloomily watching the officials who hurried to and fro and the pressing, restless, disappointed crowd of friends and relatives outside the ropes.

As his eyes wandered over that crowd, they lighted—and lingered—on the slim figure of a girl, an uncommonly lovely girl, he thought, with dark auburn hair, and great, wide, worried grey eyes. He was desperately lonesome and, as she seemed to be looking helplessly and vainly for some one, he felt a wild desire to offer himself as a substitute.

He had just a quarter of an hour in which to scrape an acquaintance. He had worked faster than that in many a port. He gazed his hardest. Their eyes met. He grinned hopefully. She hesitated—then beckoned. The next minute, he was over by the ropes.

"I wonder if you could help me," she began with a dazzling smile. "I am looking for a Sergeant Starfield."

"Why," he stammered, "I am Sergeant Starfield."

"There was a moment's pause and then—to the great delight of the surrounding crowd—she kissed him. She kissed him three or four times.

"I'm Joan," she said. He had picked up his kid sister.

Twenty pledges would I sign And forego all shades of wine Just to get a chance to draw Chocolate soddy through a straw.

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## S.R.O. IN S.O.R. AT CAMP OP'RY HOUSE

### "C'est la Guerre" Nets One Company Fund Nearly 2,000 Francs

"C'est la Guerre" was the almost inevitable title of a burlesque in three scenes recently written, staged and acted by and for Company D of one of our regiments of railway engineers. Unless you have tried to put on a show in the A.E.F. yourself, you have no idea how much work there was behind the production, with its stage, props, foots, curtains and all. The net profit for the company fund were nearly 2,000 francs. "C'est la Guerre" was a great success even if it did run only one night. It played to S.R.O. in the S.O.R.

The humor was very local, with cooks, censors, top sergeants, barbers and the like, as characters, and with such musical numbers, composed for the occasion, as "The Humors That Run Through the Camp," "The Supply Sergeant" and, of course, "Oo La La."

A burlesque show without any chorus girls is one of the horrors of war and Company D had to do the best it could with a chorus of "Sick and Damaged Soldiers" and another of "Kitchen Police."

The burlesque show was run off as part of a bill that included a number of boxing matches, with contestants drawn from other companies in the regiment, from other organizations in the vicinity and even from the nearby French village, which contributed a welterweight artist who cemented the Entente Cordiale by winning the decision over a youth from the Ordnance Corps.

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