

SHORT ON DRILLS, BUT LONG ON WORK

Engineers Toil Everywhere in France From Base Ports to Front

CAMBRAI MADE 'EM HEROES

One Regiment Alone Is Scattered Over Third of Country and Doing About Everything

We don't know much about the drill. The Doughboys have to do. But we'll make the Kaiser clear the track. And boys, we'll shoot her through! We'll highball down the Aisne and Somme.

And this is what we'll do—We'll ramble in Germany With the old Red, White and Blue.—Song of the Railroad Engineers.

Somewhere in France—anywhere in France—everywhere in France—you'll see it—the red and white hat cord. It may be mud splattered, it may be faded; it may, as a matter of fact, be "back home" in a hat or a tent or a box car while the nominal wearer thereof is out with his blue denim hat and his overalls, and a pick or a wrench or a slide rule or a shovel, hand or steam.

While the doughboy has been running his whetted bayonet through a stuffed sack or the real thing, while the artillery sharp has been whanging away at a real or an imaginary enemy, while the aviators have been getting the balance of their wings and the men to come their final grooming, the men with the red and white hat cords and the castles on their collars have been—working. Yes, more than that, they have been laboring. They have been driving the stakes and raising the tents for the big show.

You have heard about the biggest refrigerator in the world, the new docks, the American railways, the base hospitals, the supply depots. The engineers built 'em. You have seen, perhaps, the new locomotives and heard their rearsuring, rattling whistles. The engineers put them together, and the engineers are running them. From the first pipe to the most obscure nook of French forests, anywhere and everywhere, you will see the engineer doing everything from laying steel while Fritz pours over "hot stuff" to trimming piles for a new dock.

Engineer units were among the first to be organized after the United States entered the war. There were railroad regiments, highway regiments and other organizations for various varieties of work which far sighted Army officials deemed of imperative and primary importance. They were formed quickly, during short periods of training and hustled over here.

Some Training, More Work

And then, without further training or ado, most of them went to work. Some put down track silently behind the Cambrai front until an unexpected and now historical incident disclosed their whereabouts and their mettle. Others worked elsewhere within the radius of enemy guns, with only brief bits of news now and then to tell that they were running trains which ran artillery trucks, or living in billets which Boche aviators dropped bombs upon. The rest scattered to the 57 corners of France and began laying the practical foundation for effective action and victory.

One regiment, which got here last summer, made the dirt fly literally before the snow and rain flew, and they kept it flying all winter. To this organization was given the work of enlarging a French port, to bring it up to American war time needs, and half a hundred secondary jobs, such as building a camp for themselves and later enlarging it into a huge rest camp capable of sheltering half a dozen incoming regiments; putting down a 1,000-foot artesian well; laying out an aviation field, and modernizing and remodeling a building which now is one of the important American base hospitals.

They Can Operate Anything

It has operated pile drivers, steam-shovels, dredgers, work trains and dozens of lesser machines, requiring highly skilled workmen, and it has done in one winter what to the ordinary construction contractor, would have been a two year job. The regiment now is divided and redivided. It is scattered over a third of France, with detachments in scores of cities, hamlets and villages, and some are camped out in the open, until captains and top sergeants, at pay roll and muster time, have to be in a dozen places at once.

The men are making cuts and ballast-roads for truckage, unloading ties and rails and laying them, putting in a switch here, a tank or coal bunkers there. To the casual visitor over this part of France the method in the work is not obvious. The men and the officers themselves do not fully understand the entire scheme themselves, but somewhere at the H.Q.D.G.T. or at G.H.Q. A.E.F., are a few men with estimates of yardage and work reports and special order blanks who do know.

The work went on with a steady progress even through the winter, weather being at times a distressing, but never a retarding, element. There were no days of rain or snow or mud. If the rain fell, the men put on their oil skin suits and marched to the work undaunted, and if the mud was deep—and it usually was—they put on their rubber boots. They worked eight full hours a day seven days a week, and this did not include the march to and from quarters.

Reveille Before Dawn

The engineers usually stood reveille before the first glimmer of dawn, and had their breakfast over, and were at work by daylight. Their evening meal and retreat, usually "stood" in overalls or slickers, came after nightfall, and there were emergencies when the men worked in shifts and "kept the ball rolling" 24 hours a day.

We don't know much about the drill the doughboys have to do, the engineers sing. The reason is they haven't had time to learn. The engineers all have rifles, of course, and they get them out and, by the light of a candle, clean them and oil them, and once in a while a company goes out and does squads right and platoons left just to keep up with the rudiments of the game. Some day, when there isn't any need for suppressing details, and the Army generals have more time to tell it, the story of the American engineer in this war will be written, and it will be a record of surprising achievement.

"And then I went along the street and ran into a Canadian. He was a great scout!" "Thasso? What part of Canada did he come from?" "Oh—from New Zealand!"

EXTRY! DOCS BAG BANEFUL COOTIE!

It used to be the engineer who was always to blame for the wreck. Now it's the louse. Yes, the louse! The humble, inoffending shirt-bound, the cootie, the flannel-buzzard, the only back-biter in the Army that gets away with it—the louse, who is so fond of man that he spends all his time trying to get near to him. The louse is the goat—or worse. Long a social outcast, he is now about to be isolated and interned for the duration of the war.

Enthusiastic and painful researches, conducted by the combined committee of investigators from the American and British Expeditionary Forces, have, so to speak, "pinned the bug" on the louse—yes, the louse! (If you don't like to hear us say "louse," Geraldine, then go up somewhere where you can't hear us say "louse," for we've got to say "louse" in order to tell this lousy story.) Said investigators—medicos all—declare that the louse, and none other than the louse, is the communicator of the pet disease of the exclusive western front—namely, trench fever. Therefore, the louse, one of the most venomous heilooms of the Army, has got to go.

No Chance to Wriggle Out

He's been spotted, has the louse, from the way he spotted his victims. He was given every chance in the world to prove himself innocent, but he writhed and twisted and wriggled so much on the witness stand, under the cross-examination of a high-powered microscope, that he literally hanged himself. The fact that he took the stand in his own defense didn't help him a bit with the jury. The jury was composed exclusively of doctors. No wonder its verdict was cruel.

It's a long story, this story about the louse. It starts out with the British-American Committee, headed by Major Richard P. Strong, U.S.M.R.C., gathered together in solemn conclave to use up part of the \$100,000 fund set aside by the American Red Cross for research work. They decided, right off the bat, that the thing that needed research the most—in the medical line, that is—was the maddeningly known as trench fever.

They started to work in a British hospital in France. What they had to work on consisted of one officer and 72 enlisted men of the A.E.F. who volunteered as experimentation subjects. From them, and the things they did to them, they gleaned the information that not only is trench fever carried by complete inoculation, but it is transmitted in the serum of the blood.

Shrapnel?—Guess Again

So far, so good. Now, what takes blood out of a man, and gives it to another? That was a poser for a while. Somebody guessed shrapnel, somebody guessed bread pudding, somebody guessed again, and there they were. It looked like what our French friends call an impasse.

Finally, one of the younger doctors,



who had just come down from an aid station up front, scratched his head in search of a thought. He didn't find a thought but—

You guessed it. He found one. He was a beauty (the find, not the doctor). A nice little red one, his fat little belly (the louse, not the doctor's) all distended with a lot of red corpuscle juice. He was just about to hop from the doctor's head to the person of one of his brother practitioners (the doctor's not the louse's) when the doctor caught him, all crunched for the spring. "Enraka!" shouted the doctor, lapsing into Greek in the excitement of the moment. "I've got it. It's the louse that takes blood out of a man and gives it to another. And, pari passu, ceteris paribus," he went on, lapsing into Latin in a state of lesser excitement, "if the man bitten first has the trench fever, the louse that bit him will, when he bites the next man, transmit the trench fever to him! It's as plain as the nose on your face," he remarked, in conclusion, looking squarely at the chairman of the committee.

Getting the Goods on Him This would have been conclusive proof of the louse's guilt, for anybody but doctors. Not so with them; they like to give their patients a run for their money, so they let the louse vamp on until there was no possible doubt in the minds of any of them that the louse was the runner, the agent de faison, or whatever you want to call him, who spreads the disease from command to command. They therefore got together, and pronounced sentence upon the louse in a body, without a single dissenting vote.

The germ of trench fever has not yet been isolated, and it is not expected that it will be for some time to come; but a start has been made, at least, in locating the transmitter of it. The campaign from now on will consist of a great drive to get rid of lice—using preventive measures instead of inoculation and curative ones, as it were, to prevent the fever's spread.

The louse, like a Turk, hates baths. The louse, like a Bulgarian, hates steam laundries. Therefore, the doctors and the men of the Sanitary Corps and the company commanders and everybody concerned, are going to go after the louse by first going after the men with baths and steam laundries, and soap, with a new zeal. At frequent intervals along the front "delousing stations" are to be set up, and there all men capturing lice will be directed to report with their prisoners for examination and detention until the lice are all thoroughly disembarbed.

Several packs of blooded louse hounds are to be brought over from England to join in the linc and cry. Louse hunting in the open, back of the lines, both on horse and afoot, promises to become one of the great sports of the spring during the rest periods. The cry has gone forth: "No peace with louseocracy!"

ON GUARD

I've done some dirty diggin', and I've toted heavy loads. I marched for many miles a day on slimy muddy roads; I've loaded trucks, and clipped up wood, and thought it mighty hard. But I'd sooner do them all at once than have to go on guard. They worked me in the kitchen till it tried my utmost soul. And then I joined the firing squad—the one that shovels coal. I've even picked up stumps and scraps around the barracks yard. But I'd sooner do it all again than have to go on guard. It's on those bitter, wintry nights—your backbone all a-chill. And cursin' every German boob, and mostly Kaiser Bill. 'Tis then you know within your soul there's nothing quite so hard As being routed out of bed to have to go on guard. It's being out alone at night, and walkin' up and down. And speakin' not a word until the sergeant comes around. And all the time a-thinkin' of your Susies or your Maude. Yep! I'd sooner do most anything than have to go on guard. H. J. WATSON, Sgt. Engrs.

ARABIAN KNIGHT LOSES WILD RACE

Pursuit of Embusque Had To Be Cautious With Lady Aboard

Down at Y.M.C.A. Headquarters Nurse — and three convalescent patients are recovering (slowly) from the shock of an automobile accident which befell them the other day when she was making her regular Lady Bountiful rounds of the hospitals.

The driver was no less a person than an Arab nobleman, an ex-aviation officer wounded several times in battle and still carrying a bullet embedded in his skull. He is a marvelous chauffeur, Ford or no Ford, and the accident was simply this—that a low-down car tried to pass him on the road and that that low-down car happened to be driven by some one for whom the Arabian had no earthly use.

On the not very great strength of the nurse's previous suggestion that she was in somewhat of a hurry, the Arabian opened up and that bit of French countryside was thereupon treated to a wild race that will never be forgotten, a race that just missed nineteen disastrous collisions and that was accompanied by a hair-raising, rapid-fire interchange of French cursing such as it takes years and years in the Latin Quarter to acquire or even appreciate.

The convalescents wondered what surgical ward they would land in and what nurse would tend them. The nurse thanked her stars she did not know enough French to understand the talk with which the startled air was blue.

The driver's own thoughts were probably stirred by ancestral memories of Arab steeds racing over the sun-baked desert. Thus ran the race until, just when disaster of some sort seemed inevitable, the low-down car yielded up the road and disappeared down a little side-rue.

When their own car gradually slowed down and its startled passengers had caught their breaths again, the Arabian explained. "Had I not had a lady aboard," he said, "I would not have driven so cautiously. I would have damaged that fellow. Do you know what he was? An embusque. I split in his direction." And he did.

HIGHLY HONORED

Private Binks: I saw the General the other day. Private Banks: Uh-huh? Private Binks: Yes, I saw the General and had quite a talk with him. Private Banks (quite interested): Zasso? What did he say? Private Binks (much elated): Why, he came into the office, and I was waitin' there to see the Cap'n, and I stood up and saluted, and he said, "Rest!"

LOCAL NO.—, A.E.F.

Tired Sentry (who has just been awakened for 2 to 4 a.m. shift): Jimmy whack! My turn again! I only turned in ten minutes ago. Corporal of the Guard: You fall right in, bo. Ain't you satisfied to be in the only part of the Army that keeps union hours?

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BELGIAN ORPHAN FINDS A.E.F. HOME

William Jockey, Waif of 13 Who Looks Nine, Goes to School in O.D.

'OLD MAN' KEEPS TEMPER

Admirable Act, Says Colonel, and Plan Spreads Through Whole Regiment

They called him "Jockey" because he looked like one when he put on his first O.D. shirt and breeches, donated by the smallest man of the company. The name probably will stick, for at the school to which he has been sent he is enrolled under the name of William Jockey.

Jockey is a Belgian waif, who says he is 13 and looks nine. He was adopted several months ago by a company of American railway engineers after he had been fathered by several British units in Belgium for a year. As near as can be learned he is an orphan. He was adopted several months ago by a company of American railway engineers after he had been fathered by several British units in Belgium for a year. As near as can be learned he is an orphan. He was adopted several months ago by a company of American railway engineers after he had been fathered by several British units in Belgium for a year. As near as can be learned he is an orphan.

The "old man" eventually did get wise, but he didn't get sore, too. In fact, he was pleased and went to the colonel, who sent word down that it was an "admirable act" and that Jockey would be semi-officially countenanced as a permanent mascot and protégé of the company if a special contribution were made to the company mess fund to comply with Army regulations.

Best Bank for Deadhead Guest

The lat was passed for a mess fund and the sum gathered provided a surplus big enough to buy Jockey a tailor-made uniform and the rest of an outfit. After that he slept in the best bunk in the company's quarters and held an informal French class every evening, at which, it may be mentioned, he picked up more English than his students did French. A month ago it was decided that Jockey ought to be getting an education. His future was debated at a formal company meeting and it was decided to send him to a boys' school in a city near by. Every man pledged himself to contribute two francs a month for his support.

Two other companies in the same regiment have adopted Belgian boys in the last few weeks and are planning to send them to school, and the six remaining companies are looking for others. It's getting to be the style.

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