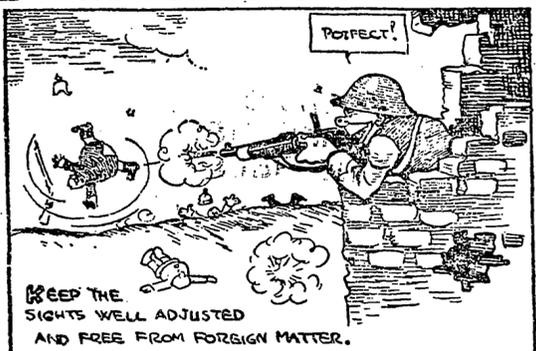


DIRECTIONS FOR THE PROPER CARE OF THE RIFLE

—By WALLGREN



HELPFUL HINTS

No. 8—HOW TO EAT SLUM WITH A BAYONET.

GOSH YOU'RE DIRTY GOOD DUKE—I ALLUS GITS MINE IN ME EYE

WELL I AINT HAD NO MESS TOOLS FOR SO LONG I KINDA GOT LOTS A PRACTISE!

DISGUSTING, HNT IT? WE NEVER DO THAT!

NO, I ONLY USE MINE FOR STEAK.

THE BAYONET SHOULD NEVER BE USED TO CONVEY ANY FOOD OR SLUM TO THE MOUTH UNLESS ABSOLUTELY NECESSARY—SLUM AT ITS BEST IS MOST UNRELIABLE AS TO FORM AND WHILE SOME SUCCESS MIGHT BE ATTAINED WITH HEAVY MARCHING ORDER SLUM THE LIQUID VARIETY IS MOST DIFFICULT TO MANIPULATE—IN THIS CASE YOU MIGHT UTILIZE THE GROOVE RUNNING DOWN THE CENTER OF THE BLADE, FIRST ACQUIRING A LIBERAL GROOVEFUL OF SLUM AND THEN PERSUADING IT TO DRIP FROM THE POINT INTO THE MOUTH OR ANY OTHER VICINITY MOST CONVENIENT—THE BAYONET MAY ALSO BE USED AS A TOOTHPIICK IN LIEU OF A FORK.

YOU GOTTA HAVE A PASS UNLESS YOU'VE GOT ONE

And If You Haven't Got One, You've Gotta Show It Anyway—You Know How It Is at Inspection, Don't You?

You've heard of how closely the captain inspected your gun on that Saturday morning when you forgot to wipe the dust from the trigger guard, and how careful the major was the other morning when he inspected your tent and found that cigarette stub you had so neatly concealed under the tent flap.

And, of the other hand, Private Brown cleaned his gun thoroughly and Corporal Smith polished his tent carefully, both anticipating a minute inspection. But when the officer came round at nine o'clock he utterly belated Brown's gun in his hand while he looked at the grimy but cord and then handed the piece back to its owner. And when he reached Smith's tent all of his attentions were turned upon Smith's torn trousers, and he never once gave the tent an oblique look.

I'm a thorough believer in preparedness now. If you're prepared, you need never expect to be molested; but the minute you're unprepared you can begin to look for the inevitable. Here's more proof of it, and this story can be backed up by Special Order No.—and the A.P.M. records of several different way-points between Inter. Medical Supply Depot No.—and gay France.

A Mission of Great Importance

Armed with a special order pursuant to authority contained in paragraph so and so, Sergeant Schaeffer—he's red-headed, so we call him Red for short—and I detrained at the big city depot and bit off up one of the main big drags bent on a mission of great military importance, as such errands are to all those entrusted with them.

"Here comes one of them M.P. guys," says Red. "I'd better get this pass out so's not to delay us any."

Red gets out the pass and conceals it in his hand, so he'll be ready for the M.P. when we get up to him.

We met him and kind of slowed up waiting for him to demand a pass, but he walked by with his eyes on a pretty mademoiselle and never so much as gave us the once-over.

"Huh?" Red groans to me in surprise. "I guess these M.P.'s ain't so strict as I've heard about."

"Because one dog is friendly that's no sign the next one won't bite," I warns him, and we makes our way on up to the place where we're going.

"Duty before pleasure" is always my motto; so we pushed up our little affairs and found that we had three hours to the good before our train pulled out.

We were standing in front of the Opera Comique figuring out what kind of program was on for the afternoon, when Red calls my attention to an M.P. sergeant sunning along our side of the street.

"You won't see this sergeant lettin' us get by as easy as that other guy did," says Red. "Guess I better fish out my pass."

"Hello, fellows; goin' to take in the show?" this M.P. sergeant says, and brows on down the street.

"Well, well," Red says. "What good's a pass to us anyway?"

It Did'n't Matter Anyway

When the show was about half over Red lets a little squeal out of his throat that attracts the attention of the entire audience. He starts breathing hard and diving from pocket to pocket like he'd made a sudden discovery that someone had rolled him for his wad of francs.

"Been robbed?" I asks him.

"What'd I do with that pass anyway? Did I give it to you?"

"I says, 'you didn't give it to me, Ponquoi!'"

"It's gone, or I'm a liar!"

We got up and went out in the daylight where we could see better. But nowhere could we find that slip of paper.

"Oh, well," I says, after we'd looked some more. "It doesn't matter much. We won't need it anyway."

About that time somebody taps me on the shoulder, and here's an M.P. standing over me. He looked as though war, or from somewhere else where men grow big and tall.

"You got to show your pass in this town," he says in a gruff voice, "or else you're in dutch. It's lots of bother," he goes on, like he wanted to apologize, "but you know regulations require it. Of course it only takes a minute or so, anyway."

"I guess we're in dutch, then," I says, and looks at Red. Red's going

THE PLUTE

He may be a plute in the circle back home, but it don't get him nothin' out here; His belly may ache for a glass of champagne, but he's lucky as Hell to get beer. His custom, you know, in the land of the free was to rise from his bed about nine—

A valet would dress him and button his shoes and bring him his breakfast and wine.

But how things have changed since the draft sucked him in!—he rises at 6:30 now.

And, drinking black coffee, remarks on the fact that he's walked half a mile for his chow.

His sleep once was lulled by the sound of the storm as it whistled and roared round the house; Perhaps he was awakened, but slumbered again, as snug and as warm as a mouse.

But now he is billeted out in a barn on straw in an old cattle stall. While jack rabbits scampering over the field are seen through the holes in the wall.

Oh, how things have changed since the draft sucked him in and cast his small world in dull gloom! He shivers and shakes when a storm whistles now and blows all the snow in the room.

But think of the folks in the circle back home who sigh for the one that is gone; They quickly forget what a nuisance he was and patiently wait for the dawn Of the day that shall bring him from out of the war, and back to his comfort and ease; They dream not so deep he has drunk of the cup, and the knowledge he's gained by degrees.

Oh, how things have changed since the draft sucked him in is told by his coating of tan; He went as a number—and to and behold! He comes to them now as a MAN. SER. RICHARD C. COLBURN.

"WELL I'LL BE----!"

MUSTACHE COMES WITH BARS

Somewhere in France, they're all here—or they will be.

Private Bill Jones, late customs inspector at San Francisco, walked into a depot quartermaster's office, a copy of Paragraph —, S.O. —, in his hand. It was evening and only a major and a captain were present.

"What do you want?" asked the captain.

"Transportation, sir," replied Private Jones, putting forth his best salute.

"This order says I've got to go—"

"Well, I'll be—," said the captain, interrupting. "This is the last place I expected to see you."

"Well, for the love Mike!" exclaimed Private Jones. "I'd 'a' known you in a minute if it wasn't for that mustache and the—a—shoulder bars."

The captain used to be in the immigration department in San Francisco and he and Private Jones used to work together.

NOT LIKE SILVERTON

Private X was strolling along the crooked main rue of an ancient village, displaying a passive interest in spots where German air bombs had dropped not many days before; but only a passive interest, because it was Christmas and he was, for the first time, far from home on Christmas Day.

Private Y promenaded the same rue. They met.

"Well, I be—," They both said it. Private X and Private Y used to live in the same block in Silverton, Colorado.

"I got a letter from my mother and she said you were over here," said Private Y. "But, Holy Jimminy! I never expected to see you."

"Remember Daisy A—," Well, she told me you had finished training, but she didn't know whether you had started for France or not.

"Remember last Christmas Eve when we were at that party at Jim Z's house?"

"Yes," said Private Y, "and here we are."

"Yes, here we are."

"But say," said Private Y, "they talk a lot about this burg, but can you see anything to it?"

"Nothing. Not a thing. Silverton's got it all over this place seven different ways."

"You bet it has," said Private X.

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FREE BAND SCORES FOR A.E.F. MUSICIANS

Even If Yours is an Orchestra, Write Miss Sawyer Anyway

If any bandmaster in the A.E.F. has failed to receive an allotment of new scores from Miss Ray C. Sawyer since coming to France, it was an oversight or an accident and he should write her at once, addressing his lamentation to her apartment at 79 Hamilton Place, New York City. Miss Sawyer is the New York business woman who has taken upon herself, as a little side line after a hard day's work, the task of supplying new music and plenty of it to all the bands in American fighting forces.

Miss Sawyer, whose undertaking was launched when she recklessly adopted a camp band one day last summer, has established co-operation with all the music publishers, and the pieces she gets are so fresh that the ink is often still wet on them when the bundles are made up for distribution. Those bundles have gone to all the camps in America; they have reached the Marine band in Pekin, have been played by the native scout bands in the Philippines, have been heard far out at sea and have come over by thousands to the A.E.F.

Those units have shifted so often and so rapidly that Miss Sawyer is afraid she has lost track of some of them. If your organization cannot boast a band but has an orchestra, ask for orchestra scores. If you have only a piano and a pianist, say so. If you have none of these things, but want to gather round and sing, and if the latest thing in your repertoire is the Irving Berlin ballad they were whistling about New York when you sailed away last June, write to Miss Sawyer. The music publishers give the music, Miss Sawyer distributes it and the bands and orchestras of the Army and Navy play it.

MOTHER GOOSE FOR DOUGHBOYS

Ride a big truck, through mud, rain and muck. To see a fat major get quite out of luck; Leaves on his shoulders, and spurs on his heels. The language he uses shows just how he feels.

Jim stuck his mug out, right by his dug-out. Eating his rice and beans; A Boche sniper spied him and sent one beside him. And grazed off the seat of his jeans.

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner opening his Christmas box; 'Twas then about the end of March, But he found lots of heavy-weight socks!

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