

### FARMER SERGEANT TILLS LONDON SOIL

Spare Moments Devoted to Allotment Garden by Yankee Cincinnati

### REST CAMPS IN COUNTRY

Tommianns Register a Decided Hit Among A.E.F. Stoppers-Over in Britain

BY GEORGE T. BYE  
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LONDON, April 25.—There are still a few stout-hearted people in these parts who can remember what London was like in the days before the war. I was talking with one of them Sunday, and he didn't have such a long beard either.

We were in Kensington Palace Gardens, leaning on the fence that goes around the palace—the palace where a little girl named Victoria was born and brought up, and where a lot of high hats went one morning to give her the unexpected news that she was queen of the British.

To our left extended the greater part of Kensington Palace Gardens, which merges with Hyde Park. Only a short distance away we could see the famous Round Pond, rendezvous of all the boy yachtsmen and boat builders of London when it is not the British admirals for centuries have learned their first lessons of the sea.

Sergeant at Work, Too  
But it was the scene straight ahead that interested us most. I was trying to keep my eye on the flexing figure of an A.E.F. sergeant, but he wouldn't stay put. There was a multitude bending and raising all kinds of things, some in khaki brown, some in white, and a great many surmounted by the nervous plumes and pom-poms of lady millinery. The sergeant was comparatively near, yet when he stooped I would lose sight of him and would have to hunt hard before I spotted him again. A little farther down was a "Yank doughboy" but he was helplessly hid in the billowing crowd from me.

This was an assemblage of allotment holders. A choice part of Kensington Palace Gardens has been given over to the raising of cabbages, spuds and other munitions of war. Each interested family was loaned, free of any cost, a plot equal to about 300 square feet. The two Yanks happened to be rooming with families whose Tommies were over in France and

Let's hear what Whiskers has got to say first. You fellows can talk with a Yank any minute in the day.  
"The war has driven us to this," he said with a smile, waving a hand over the uneasy scene. "Thanks be to the war. It has given us busy, useful Sundays. In the days of peace how we used to dread Sunday. A month with five Sundays made us fidget a year before it was upon us."

The Newer Promenade  
"We loved outings as much as anybody, but the Sunday outing was a pompous promenade, a sort of compulsory institution. All of us disliked to start anything new, so we all promenaded gloomily. Now the war has given us allotments with a universal fashion that's about as old as the hills and planting on Sundays—and see how gayly we all go in for it. Everybody is as happy as a cricket."

They were that—and after nearly four years of war.  
These allotments are all over Great Britain. Every section of London has them, and all villages and towns and cities. Vegetable patches extend along railway right-of-ways. They have taken all the vacancy out of empty lots. Hotels have their own garden plots. Consequently, England has an abundant supply of vegetables each year, and that's one of two reasons why she faces the submarine menace so complacently. The other reason is her unshakable faith in her navy.

When I went back to talk with the two Yanks they were gone. They had promised Captain W— to be at Chelsea Recreation Grounds at 4 o'clock, and a fellow has to keep a promise made to a captain, especially when he is captain of a ball team. They're practicing for that game with the Canucks on May 11.

They told me in the early part of the afternoon that they were digging for a family with whom they roomed. Two Tommies of the family were in France and were not due for leave for some time.

Back in Cincinnati  
"We offered our services," said the sergeant, "and were glad to do it. It makes us think of home, some how. I always used to putter around in a garden in spring back in Cincinnati and—"  
Cincinnati! When I first saw the two birds I thought immediately of that old Roman guy, Cincinnati, who flung down his plow to take up a spear and fight for his home and his old country. These two Yanks had sheathed their war pens and closed up their military ink pots to help out on a war garden.

Two Cincinnatiuses, or to talk correct Roman, two Cincinnati. And one of 'em was from Chelsea. May be the other was. I was afraid to ask. He might have been from Milwaukee.

Sunday afternoon is about the only time off at our busy A. E. F. offices here. If two men will break away from baseball practice on their one short loafing period of the week, it shows how infectious is the attraction of allotment gardening.

Down in the lovely country where the English girls till the soil, milk the cows and deloney the bees, are some Yankee rest camps. They wear a very fetching costume of these "Tommianns"—white jacket and tight puttees and a white-brimmed Maud Miller hat and some very starched white jeans. Very restful to the eye for these tired young travelers in the rest camps, wouldn't you think? I shouldn't be surprised to hear that some of them get so rested that they ask to be allowed to help out a bit.

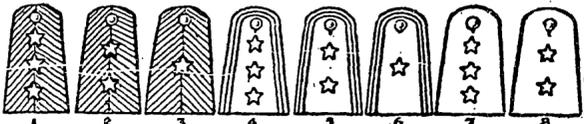
All of which, in a land of romance and poetry, might excuse the following:  
Jill Muller, on a springtime morn,  
Was plowing in a field of corn.  
A Yank, sans rank of beaucoup swank,  
Observed Jill from a primrose bank.

"Fair plow-girl Waac, permit a Jack,  
Who used to have a farming knack,  
To 'fill thy rill, O, jaunty Jill!"  
But Ta! Ta! went the bugle shrill.

NOT ON THE BOOKS  
Lieutenant: Don't you know there's an order out prohibiting enlisted men from yearning leather puttees?  
Private Gethell: Yessir, but mine are only private mitts.

### INSIGNIA OF OUR ALLIES

#### IV.—THE ITALIAN ARMY



Italian Army insignia are probably the easiest to read of any worn on an Allied uniform. It's just our luck, of course, that most of us have seen very few Italian officers to practise salute on, but it is pleasant to know that when we do meet them, all we've got to remember is this:

- Every Italian officer wears a star or stars on his shoulder straps.
- Every non-com wears chevrons.
- Here is the key to the diagram:  
Officer's Shoulder Straps:  
1. General.  
2. Lieutenant-General.  
3. Major-General.  
4. Colonel.  
5. Lieutenant-Colonel.  
6. Major.  
7. Captain.  
8. Lieutenant.

### FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION

Conducted for Suffering Doughboys Far Removed from Their Affinities

D. M. T.—No, her mind isn't wandering. If she repeats herself in her letters, it's just a way some women have of being emphatic. Besides, it all depends on the stuff she repeats. If it's "when are you coming home?" why, you're all right!

A. O. B.—Sure, write and tell her about those new chevrons you got. Don't ever let modesty stand in your way when you're trying to make a hit with her. The only thing to be careful about is not to get busted, so that the gang will have you the lads when her letters come in addressed to you as "Corporal."

X. W. Q.—You say she's read about all those lads getting the *Croix de Guerre* and written to ask you why in hell you didn't get one too? Why—um! Just write her and say that you objected to being kissed by anybody but her, so that you passed up the one they offered you because you couldn't get it without being kissed by the French general at the same time. That ought to make you solid—at least until you have time to think up another one.

E. S.—Always ask to be remembered to her mother—whether you've ever met the old lady or not. It makes an awful hit. The time may come when you'll want to have her mother taking sides with you. Take a leaf out of the diplomatic guy's notebook, and never make an enemy until you absolutely have to.

Y. U.—Yes, it is certainly very unfair of her to write to you in French, because she has all the time in the world to study up on it and you haven't any time at all. She may think it's smart—and it probably is—but you ought to call her down, good and proper. Her name is very firm.

I. D.—Don't DONT—try to write poetry to her. That's the surest way to spoil her, and you'll be out of luck if she asks you to repeat. If you've got any poetry in your system, send it to us in THE STARS AND STRIPES. (Advt.)

### MLLE. SOIXANTE-QUINZE

Oh, mistress fit for a soldier's love  
Is the graceful 75;  
As neat and slim, and as strong and trim  
As ever a girl alive.

Where the steel-blue sheen of her mail  
Is seen,  
And the light of her flashing glance,  
In the broken spray of the roaring fray  
Is the soul of embattled France.

Her love is true as the heaven's blue—  
She will fight for her love till death;  
Her hate is a flame no fear can tame,  
That slays with the lightning's breath.

For the sun of day turns fogged and gray,  
And night is a reeling hell  
When she swings the hail of the shrapnel's hail,  
Or looses the bursting shell.

From high Lorraine to the Somme and the Aisne,  
She has held at bay the Hun,  
That with broken strength he may pay,  
At length,  
For the sins that his race has done;

For Alsace, torn from the mother land,  
Ravished and mocked and chained;  
For Belgium, nailed to the martyr's cross,  
For holding her faith unstained.

Thou Maid, who cam'st, like a beacon flame,  
In thy people's darkest hour,  
Who bade them thrill with patriot will  
By the spell of thy mystic power.

As thou gav'st them heart to speed the dart  
From arquebus and bow,  
Give us to drive, with the 75,  
Our bolts on a baser foe.

That we who have come from Freedom's home  
Across the western wave,  
Such blows shall give that France may live  
As once for us she gave.

May our good guns play with a stinging spray  
On the Prussian ranks of war,  
And smite them yet as did Lafayette  
The hireling Huns of yore!

May we aim again at a tyrant's men  
As straight and swift a blow  
As at Yorktown came, with smoke and flame,  
From the guns of Rochambeau!

Oh, a mistress fit for our soldier love  
Is the *soixante-quinze*, our boast,  
Our hope and pride, like a new-won bride,  
But the dread of the Kaiser's host!

From the Golden Gate to the Old Bay State  
Our marching millions flow,  
But the Girl of Gaul shall lead us all  
When victory's bugles blow!

J. M. H., F.A.  
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### DARNED GOOD STAGE, EVERYBODY SAYS SO

One-Base Hospital Produces Two AI Artists for Its Theater

The curtain, deep purple and yellow, rises.

What curtain? It was to be assumed that somebody would ask a question like that. The curtain of the stage at the Y.M. hut at a certain A.E.F. base hospital, as the story started to say, rises on a scene of variegated and gay color. The curtain was painted by the deft hand of Private I. Van Driest, — Engineer, and the scene is the work of Private D. Morino, — Engineer, assisted by Private Van Driest. The stage adorned by their art is probably the largest and best equipped semi-pro stage in France.

Any time the boys want to put on "Uncle Tom's Cabin"—and stranger things have occurred in this rapidly growing famous army—there will be room for a complete company, including two Little Evans, two Uncle Toms (or should one say Uncle Toms?), two Elizas, two Tossies, and four blood-hounds—in France it would have to be an incessant river that Eliza would cross—any time they want to put on as big and pretentious a show as that, there will be plenty of room on that stage.

### Strong on Mural Decoration

As to mural decorations, these two disciples of the Dutch and Italian schools, respectively, are not idle, either. They are putting in their spare time on silhouetting, and nothing better than the recent silhouette of artillery in action, with the shells spilling all over the place, has been seen in these parts.

Secretary Coleman, who runs the hut, gives the boys the paint and the canvas or paper and tells them to hop to it. It is not quite the same thing as a managing editor giving you a dictionary and a typewriter and telling you to write a poem. That is evidenced by the fact that the boys turn out the silhouettes and the pictures. As competent an art critic as Capt. Ernest C. Peixotto, E.R.C., who recently surveyed the stage, and as well equipped a judge as Miss Elsie Janis, of Columbus, Ohio, New York, N. Y., and France, Eur., who danced, sang, acted, mimicked, and gen-

orally jandised all over it, said that, to sum up the qualities of it in an apt phrase, it was a darned good stage.

Secretary Coleman has three sons. Two of them are privates with the A.E.F.; the third has a defect in his arm, which prevented his enlistment. Mr. Coleman was once a private himself, later a second lieutenant, and when the Spanish-American war broke out he was a chaplain at San Juan. It was Col. Roosevelt's intention, if he had been sent to France with a detachment, to appoint Mr. Coleman a major. When this project was abandoned, Mr. Coleman thought it over and then decided to come across with the Y.M.C.A.

### WILHELM DORTOBEN

A man looking worn and weary and decorated with the Iron Cross rapped on the golden gate. The gate was promptly opened by St. Peter. "Well," said St. Peter, "what can do for you?" "I want to see Gott," said the stranger. "Who are you?" St. Peter asked. "I am Gott's partner." "St. Peter was gone several minutes, then he returned. "Gott says he don't know you." "Tell him I'm Kaiser Wilhelm." Again St. Peter departed. "This time he returned in a very short while. "Step right in," said St. Peter. "There's a lot of people waiting to see you." Presently the gate opened again and Wilhelm bounced out on his ear. He got up and limped off down the dark road mumbling to himself. "Blamed if Gott ain't got a lot of nerve! Dem Western Yanks never was good for anything but M.P.s anyway!"

Private Ivorydome (who is just being initiated into the mysteries of poker): I can't win anything in this jackpot game. I've held three tens twice tonight and nobody's open.

### MAPS FOR ALL FRONTS

Plans, Guides, Aeronautic Maps for American Officers and Soldiers.  
CAMPBELL'S MAP STORE  
(Lithrairie des Cartes Campbell)  
7, Rue Saint-Lazare, Paris (Centre).  
Subway Station, Nord-Sud, Notre-Dame-de-Lorette.

### HOTEL BARKEEPS TAKE LIFE EASY

Campaign to Limit Drinks to Beer and Wines Gets Good Start

[By CABLE TO THE STARS AND STRIPES.]  
NEW YORK, April 25.—"Bronx, Jerry!"

"Sorry, sir, but we ain't allowed to sell no Bronxes."  
"Awri, gimme Martini."  
"Sorry, sir, but we ain't sellin' no Martinis neither."  
"Wassama'er? Your mixin' arm gone lame, or is you out of bitters? Gimme a straight shot o' the hard then!"  
"Sorry, but we ain't got no hard a-tall. Only thing we can give you is beer, and beer and ale and beer, and praps some of that confounded light wine from Cal. Try a sniffer of the Sacramento sherry; they're all comin' to it!"  
"Well, for the love Mike; Awri; I'll try anything once!"

Scenes like this will be enacted in almost every well conducted hostelry the country over as soon as the propaganda among the members of the American Hotel Men's association, advocating the limiting of liquor sales to light wines and beers, gets well under way. It's got quite a start now, and is going even stronger than the thing it is designed to cut out.

The general understanding is that this will mean in the long run the closing of hotel bars. The only hope for the arid is that the great American indoor game of hide-and-seek-in-the-teacup will not be abandoned.

### MISSING LETTER CONTEST

Lieutenant P— arrived in France early in August. He immediately began writing letters to his wife back in Kentucky. He numbered each letter. He wrote a letter every other day for a month, then he began looking forward to an answer. But none came. He wrote more letters.  
A few days ago Lieutenant P— received a letter from his wife. It started out like this:  
"Dear darling Fubby: Received your 61st letter and, dear, I was so glad to hear from you 'way over there. But, dear, where are the other letters?"

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