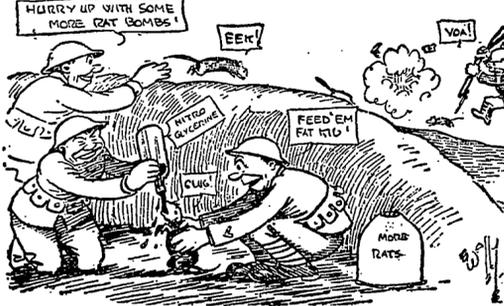


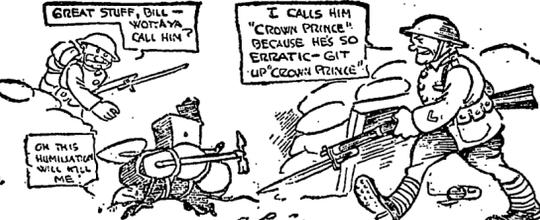
RUFF ON RATS



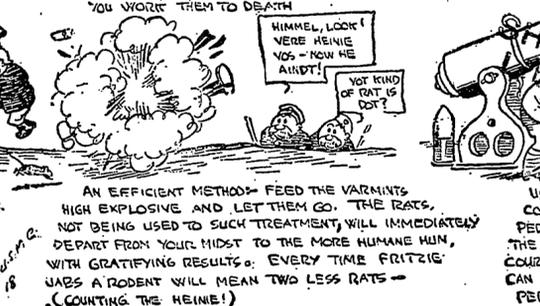
RATS IS A NUISANCE AND SHOULD BE EXTERMINATED; BUT AS PLAIN KILLIN' DONT MAKE NO IMPRESSION ON THE PESTS, HARM MEASURES LIKE 'RUFF ON RATS' IS NECESSARY.



AN INSPIRING EXECUTION WITH PERSONAL ADVANTAGES—MAKE THEM TOTE YOUR EQUIPMENT AND SUCH UNTIL YOU WORIN THEM TO DEATH.



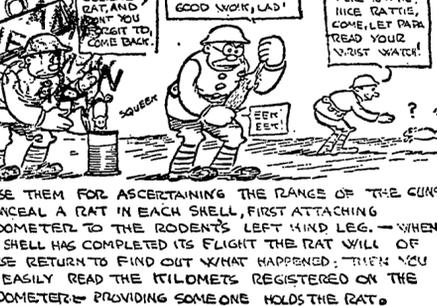
AN EFFICIENT METHOD—FEED THE VARMINTS HIGH EXPLOSIVE AND LET THEM GO. THE RATS, NOT BEING USED TO SUCH TREATMENT, WILL IMMEDIATELY DEPART FROM YOUR MIDST TO THE MORE HUMANE HUN, WITH GRATIFYING RESULTS. EVERY TIME FRITZIE JABS A ROBERT WILL MEAN TWO LESS RATS—(COUNTING THE HEIME!)



USE THEM FOR ASCERTAINING THE RANGE OF THE GUNS—CONCEAL A RAT IN EACH SHELL, FIRST ATTACHING PEDOMETER TO THE RODENT'S LEFT HIND LEG. WHEN THE SHELL HAS COMPLETED ITS FLIGHT THE RAT WILL OF COURSE RETURN TO FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENED. THEN YOU CAN EASILY READ THE KILOMETERS REGISTERED ON THE PEDOMETER—PROVIDING SOMEONE HOLDS THE RAT.

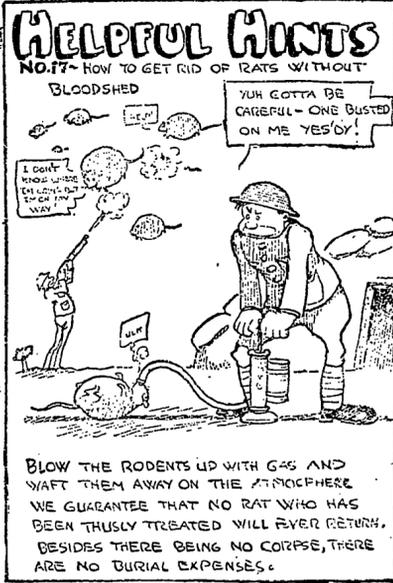


HAVE THE COMPANY BARBER GIVE ALL THE RATS A CLOSE SHAVE AND MAKE THEM STAY OUT IN THE RAIN ALL NIGHT SO THEY WILL CATCH PNEUMONIAS—AS THIS SICKNESS IS FATAL TO RATS, YOU WILL SOON BE RID OF THEM.



HERE COMES ANOTHER ONE, HERE RATTIE, NICE RATTIE, COME, LET PAPA READ YOUR TEST WATER!

-By WALLGREN



BLOW THE RODENTS UP WITH GAS AND WAFT THEM AWAY ON THE ATMOCPHERE. WE GUARANTEE THAT NO RAT WHO HAS BEEN THUSLY TREATED WILL EVER RETURN. BESIDES THERE BEING NO CORPSE, THERE ARE NO BURIAL EXPENSES.

STEVEDORES' CAREER A ROUND OF HARMONY

Base Ports Vibrate With Music These Warm Spring Days

VAUDEVILLE OFFICERS

Buck Dancing Contest Produces Footwork That Would Make New York Sit Up

Just because the colored stevedores of the A.E.F. sing at their work and on the way to work and when passing in and home and sing when they get to their barracks is no reason to suppose that the work doesn't get done. The work does get done, and gets done well, whether on account of the music or in spite of it, it is hard to say.

Nobody knows the results of the work—enormous loads of all kinds of supplies taken off the ships and loaded into miles and miles of giant warehouses or on to the freight cars waiting at the big docks—is likely to quarrel with the music made by this branch of the Army. And surely nobody who has heard the music will quarrel with it.

Every night, at a certain base port, there are dozens of concerts in the stevedores' camp, with harmony close and beautiful. The other evening, some officers, bored perhaps with each other, commandeered a few stevedores that were passing in all likelihood to engage in one of the two authorized crap games the commanding officer allows, with a rake-off for the company fund—and asked them to come into the officers' quarters.

The officers' barracks has a piano, and a floor made of salvaged boards, and one of the stevedores had a guitar and a knife. With these meager properties, a show was put on that would have stood 'em up on Forty-second Street any old night.

Buck Dancing Contest Leads A buck dancing contest lead the program, the prize being a purse of half a franc from each officer present. The Alabamian at the piano let himself out, ragging his whole repertoire and making up more rags to fill in the gaps. On a makeshift floor and in heavy issue shoes, that, however good they are, are not built for dancing speed, five stevedores, one after another, shook ten hoofs. It wasn't easy to award the prize, which finally went to a young sergeant, who did 15 minutes of varied steps that Fred Stone on his zippiest evenings wouldn't be ashamed of.

Then Private Bill —, of Louisiana, played dozens of tunes on his guitar—pronounced GITT-Par. With the adroit manipulation of the knife along the frets, he got the strange, poignant and beautiful effect of the ukulele. When he played "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," one Q.M. captain from Lynchburg couldn't stand it any longer. He just got out his O.D. handkerchief and had a good cry.

Plenty of Parodies The stevedores have a lot of parodies. One they sing all the time is "I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way." Trying to be a soldier for the U.S.A. Going to be a hot time in France some day; I don't know where I'm going, but I'm on my way. It takes the Ninth Cavalry To make the Germans lay their weapons down. Four long years, England and France, Trying to put the Germans in a trance; Fighting for your country, and it ain't no lie Eastward riding going to change my mind. Takes the Ninth Cavalry To make the Germans lay their weapons down. At ten o'clock taps sounded, "Go on to bed, boys," said the captain. And they filed out to their quarters.

JUST THE OTHER WAY "Are you," asked the old gentleman "a doughboy?" "No," replied Private Pasfranc, who hadn't seen the paymaster in six weeks "I'm a doughless boy."

AS WE KNOW THEM

THE PRIVATE

He kicks about his meager pay, he kicks about the grub; He swears by all that's holy that his corporal is a dub; To him each regulation is a source of much distress— But he's never sick on pay day, and he's never lato for mess.

He curses reveille and drill; he tries to skip retreat; He howls about the effort that it costs him to look neat; When work in any form looms up, he tries hard to renig— But he's strong for playing poker, and he's great on bunk fatigue.

He crabs about each feature of his military life; His idea of delight is to engage in verbal strife; He prides himself on knowing every pessimistic trick— And the height of his ambition is to register a kick.

But he really doesn't mean it, for it's just a clever ruse; And we know that chronic kickers have no time to get the blues. And if kickers make good fighters, then we're ready to begin To kick Fritz out of Flanders, all the way back to Berlin!

Pvt. GEORGE E. PARKER, Co. L — Inf.

UNCLE SAM GOES INTO WAREHOUSE BUSINESS

Uncle Sam has gone into the warehouse and storage business. He has gone in heavy. Without using superlatives too promiscuously, it may be said that he is building the biggest system of warehouses in the world and one of the largest railroad yards in the world to serve it. It is an adjunct of one of the new American base ports and one of the biggest construction jobs in the S.O.S.

The warehouse system, when completed, will consist of 116 storehouses, each 500 feet wide and 400 or 500 feet long, and five huge warehouses each 240 by 500 feet. It will contain Army supplies sufficient to sustain one million men for 45 days.

The warehouses are springing up at the rate of several a day and—what is important—they are filled with flour and bacon and ordnance and Q.M. supplies almost as soon as they are completed. It is calculated that there is already enough food in a certain group of these buildings to cause the ringing of every bell in Germany for four days—if Germany had it. A total of 4,500 men is working on the warehouse system and the railroad trackage which will be used for the transport of supplies in and out. There are Americans, white and black, and workmen—civilian and otherwise—representing nearly 20 other nations. There are steam shovels, cranes, pile drivers, switch engines, concrete mixers and all the other machines used on a big construction job, even to a saw and planing mill to cut and dress the lumber which comes fresh from the hands of a regiment of American woodsmen working in the Forests of France.

Hundred Miles of Track Nearly 100 miles of railroad track have been laid and there is more to go down. The men are laying American steel and driving real American spikes, and they are making twice the progress they would if they were using French rails under the French method.

The troops and workmen on the job are in a camp at one end of the yard, with the exception of some units of American colored troops who are enjoying the early summer in tents, and the German prisoners. The main camp is laid out with streets and blocks of barracks.

The German prisoners live in tents also. When not at work they are confined to quarters, the confinement being made secure by a barbed wire fence which encircles their quarters and a squad or so of English soldiers on guard duty. The English troops are in charge of the prisoners. They also act as foremen. The Germans were captured by the British, and that is one reason why the Tommies are guarding them now.

Revelation to Hun Prisoners But the big revelation has been to the 1,000 German prisoners working on the job. When first they arrived, they were inclined to be a little insolent and not averse to making predictions as to what was going to happen to America in this war. In the few weeks since their arrival, however, they have undergone a decided psychological change.

From their camps they can see the American docks of the base port and the main American railroads leading to the interior and the front, and the main United States line of rail transport passes within a few hurried feet of them. They see ships dock and discharge varied cargoes not singly but by the dozen and the score. They see train loads of cheering, singing American soldiers go by day and hear them by night, riding in American cars pulled by American locomotives. They are dumfounded by the American effort and seeing, from their vantage point, the fruits of American activity, they have sadly admitted that Germany has been grossly deceived about the part the United States is playing in the war.

BUSTED SUSPENDERS LOOKED MIGHTY FINE

But Jerry Wondered Why All the Salutes Kept Coming

Jerry never could wear a belt. He couldn't keep the necessary neither garments properly supported without suspenders. So suspenders he had—a fine ornate pair of galluses, designed and embellished by his Aunt Melinda down in Middle Haddam, Conn. They were some galluses. Like the shad which haunts the waters of the mighty river beside which they first were inflicted on the world, they shone in the moonlight.

On this particular night one of their supporting arches had busted clean in two, while Jerry—who was on permanent K.P.—was bending over to lube up a heavy pall of water. Nothing daunted, Jerry strung the one remaining faithful gallus from his left hip up over his right shoulder and back down again to his left hip. Thus equipped, with an extra hitch to make sure, he sallied forth into the night.

Snap! And Snap Again Snap! In the half light of the moon, then just coming up, a passing dough-boy saluted him. Snap! The sentry at the gate of the French cantonment brought his rifle up to present arms. But as Jerry didn't know the difference between the French present-arms and the carry-arms of the old, old manual, that didn't bother him at all. It bothered the Frenchman, though, for he expected to have his carefully executed salute returned in good style.

SNAP! The Yank sentry on No. 1 post rattled his rifle up to the perpendicular with a slam of palm on wood and leather that could have been heard a mile. It woke Jerry from his reverie. He looked; sure enough, there was one

ARTISTIC PHOTOGRAPHY

"My Portrait" FINEST PHOTOS 19 Avenue de Clichy (near Place Clichy), PARIS. Tel. No. 11-33

Best Quality Cotton PYJAMAS for Summer Wear



Special Line made from Dr. J. Anderson's best quality Oxford and Zephyr cloths, light and heavy weights. Per Suit 8/11 (12fr. 15c.) Worth 18/6. Remittance must accompany Order. Send Banknotes by Registered Post, or Cheque on Bankers.

Robinson & Cleaver 156-168 Regent St., LONDON, W.1. England

BELLE JARDINIÈRE THE LARGEST, OUTFITTERS IN THE WORLD AMERICAN AND ALLIED MILITARY UNIFORMS COMPLETE LINE OF MILITARY EQUIPMENT FOR OFFICERS and MEN Toilet Articles—Clothing and All Men's Furnishings Agents for BURBERRYS Sole Branches: PARIS, 1, Place de Clichy, LYON, MARSEILLE BORDEAUX, NANTES, NANCY, ANGERS Self-measurement Cards, Catalogues and Patterns. Post Free on application.

MANUAL FOR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE

by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCS) MANUAL FOR "WAR-WOMEN" IN FRANCE by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCS) ALL BOOKSTORES AND Y. M. C. A. CANTEENS L'EDITION FRANCAISE ILLUSTRÉE, 30, Rue de Provence, PARIS

Soldiers to Learn French Get the English & French DICTIONARY (With French Pronunciation) Price 1fr.25 ALBIN MICHEL, Publisher, 22 Rue Huyghens, Paris

THE BESSON Co., Ltd. LONDON MILITARY BAND INSTRUMENT MANUFACTURERS Fournisseurs to the Bands of the U.S.A. and Allied Armies. Over 500 Military Bands recently equipped. Prices and all information from: BESSON & Co., Ltd. 198 Euston Road, LONDON, Eng.

MEURICE HOTEL and RESTAURANT 228 Rue de Rivoli (Opposite Tuileries Garden) Restaurant Open to Non-Residents.

ASK FOR THEM! MANUAL FOR SOLDIERS IN FRANCE by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCS) MANUAL FOR "WAR-WOMEN" IN FRANCE by G. RUFFIER (3 FRANCS) ALL BOOKSTORES AND Y. M. C. A. CANTEENS L'EDITION FRANCAISE ILLUSTRÉE, 30, Rue de Provence, PARIS

SHIRTS KHAKI COLLARS A. SULKA & Co. 34 W. 34 Street, NEW YORK. Mail orders executed.

To Send Money Home GO TO ANY BRANCH OF THE Societe Générale A Bank with more than 1,000 branches throughout. There you will find Wells Fargo blank forms and instructions. Money may be paid in to any SOCIETE GENERALE Branch for opening a deposit account with us in Paris—subject to check. WELLS FARGO & CO. Head Office NEW YORK 4 Rue Scribe, Paris LONDON: 28 Charles St., Haymarket

Do You Know the Filene Paris Service for Soldiers? IN charge of two American women—not Americans who speak English in thin slices and can't remember whether Boston is the capital of Illinois or a district out West—but real honest-to-goodness American women who have made a trip to Boston and New York since the war was declared. THEY represent in Paris the Filene Store of Boston. For some years they have bought Paris models and sent them over to America. Since America declared war they have also been giving their time to buying gifts for our soldiers in Paris. THESE women are in Paris to help you. Just try once and see. No charge at all for this service, just actual cost of packing, postage, etc. And when you are writing home, tell the folks back there when they are sending you gifts or money to send them through the Filene Paris Service leaving their orders in the nearest of the stores whose names are below. Instead of shipping the goods overseas, these stores write to Paris. That's sensible, isn't it? Saves the dangers and delays of shipping across the ocean. A letter gets over, while a package gets held up. The Filene service will be sure to get your address right if you keep it informed of changes. The folks back home are apt to get your package directed wrong and it winds up in a dead-letter office. So don't forget the address—Filene Paris Service, care of Miss Evans and Miss Chipperfield, 208 Rue de Rivoli, Paris—and write today. WILLIAM FILENE'S SONS COMPANY BOSTON, and 208 Rue de Rivoli, PARIS MISS EVANS and MISS CHIPPERFIELD, REPRESENTATIVES Also representing: BAMBERGER'S & COMPANY Newark, N.J. JOSEPH HORNE COMPANY Pittsburg, Pa. SCRUGGS, VANDERVOORT, BARNY St. Louis, Mo.