

### ARE YOU WOUNDED? THEN GO FARMING

Base Hospital Gives Practical Training to Its Convalescents

### REAL PARADISE PROVIDED

Something for Every Getting Well Sick Man to Do in Loire Valley

I want to go back. I want to go back. I want to go back to the farm. Far away from here. With a wound stripe on my arm. I miss the sergeant (A former bar-gerit) Waking me at 11 p.m. I think your Z. of A. sir. Z'very gay, sir. NEVERTHELESS! I want to be there. I want to see there. A certain someone\* full of charm. That's why my litany Is always of Brittany Down on the farm!

Every soldier who rises from a sick bed in Base Hospital, 8 and begins to think restlessly of getting back to his outfit must turn farmer before he can turn fighter again.

As soon as he has retrieved his legs and convinced the ward surgeon that he should be marked "Convalescent," he bids a grateful farewell to the nurses who have brought him round, promises the head nurse he will write her how he is getting along and betakes himself to the convalescent camp. This is so near the hospital proper that you can hit its top sergeant, if you care to take the risk, with a well-aimed pebble from the hospital windows. And it is the men of the convalescent camp who run the hundred acre farm which Base 8 has just acquired.

It is a fine old hill-side farm, which was doubtless under tillage long before the Romans came that way to build the wall of which a crumbling fragment is still proudly pointed out in the little town of Savenay nearby. Very possibly its method of cultivation could have furnished helpful hints to Virgil when he wrote his "Georgics." The "Rural New Yorker" or ancient Rome. Now it is an American farm, tilled and sown according to the latest light, not from Rome but from Ithaca. Any fine morning your journey that way you will see men in olive drab hoeing the potatoes or weeding the redish bed or tossing fodder to Hindenburg, the fattest of the pigs.

From the freshly turned fields, the workers take in the wonder of that landscape, where the silver Loire stretches away in the misty distance through a rolling countryside dotted with slow turning windmills. A shift in the wind brings up from the village the music of the cathedral chiming.

Helping Themselves and Others While these soldiers are thus being won back to the sturdiness they need, they know that the work they are doing is storing up food for other men who will come along, sick or wounded, to fill the beds they have left vacant. For while the farm and its instruments have been provided out of the bottomless pocketbook of the Red Cross, the institution threatens soon to be profitable. It promises to furnish eggs, green vegetables in abundance, pork aplenty and fresh milk to the tune of three hundred precious quarts a day; added riches for what is already celebrated up and down the line as the best mess in the A.E.F. It will provide market truck in such quantities and so close at hand that the mess sergeant's head can rest easier in his tent of nights.

When a man reports from the ward to the convalescent camp, he is immediately classified as Class A, B, C, or D, and not till he has worked for a while with the robustness required of Class A can he throw down his hoe and reach for his rifle. Two hours of every morning are given over to farm work, the afternoons to drills and games. The O.D. farm hands all ride back to noon chow in trucks, but the A men have to walk over to the farm in the morning.

Every Monday, the medical officers pass on the general state of health and reclassify the hobnobs. The members of the board are known as the Owls because of their disconcerting knack for recognizing malingering at sight and for hissing the sometimes brilliant bits of acting done by the occasional doughboy who has grown so fond of his bed and his egg-nogs that he is known around the premises as a "mattress lizard."

Plan Wholly Self-Operating The whole "Back-Through-The-Farm" movement, the whole convalescent camp is self operating. It provides only two S.O.S. jobs, because the passing procession of patients manage the whole affair themselves. The convalescent sergeants and corporals drill the rest. A recuperating cook putters about a field range set up in the ancient kitchen of the farm house and a slowly fattening patient does the odd chores about the place, while another wields the hammer in the making of pig pens and such.

### TO REIMBURSE OFFICERS

Officers who lost their equipment when the steamship Tuscania was torpedoed and sunk in February, can be reimbursed, according to a paragraph inserted in the Urgency Deficiency Bill, now on the statute books. Word of the inclusion of the paragraph in the measure and its adoption has just been received here.

### A RIVER BANK IDYLL



### SPRING DAYS DOWN IN THE S.O.S.

When a player steals home in an S.O.S. after mess ball game these rainless days and is forced to slide for it, he raises a dust cloud that looks like the smoke screen of a couple of super-dreadnoughts. Wherefore, they have found a real use for the old overseas cap in the S.O.S. They brush off home plate with it.

Monsieur Bonnechance—that isn't his name—runs a thriving little farm in a village not far from the spot where several hundred Americans are quartered. Monsieur Bonnechance is a veteran of '70. Also, he keeps a highly creditable cellar.

He was showing some Yanks the cellar, and stopped before a cask of goodly aged wine. "It shall be opened for all you Americans," he said, "après la victoire!" The line forms at the right.

A graceful little species of bird that looks, flies and acts like a cross between a common sparrow and a barn swallow is found frequenting one mess hall in large numbers after every meal. The mess hall used to be a French cavalry stable, but it is scrupulously clean from stone floor to tiled roof.

So far the K.P. union has not protested against the birds' doing a good share of its work, although it is evident that the feathered understudies receive only board and lodging for their helpful scavenger work.

In that same mess hall the doughboy may read as he eats the pleasant names—and numbers—of the horses who used to team it. "Tapine 423." "Bayard 365." "Myriame 442." "Mirabelle 378." And one is a little poem all itself:— "Rose D'Or 384."

The Atterbury, otherwise Attaboy Special, whose lusty Yankee whistle is the nightly lullaby of one town in the S.O.S., has a bell that is the wonder of the countryside. French locomotives, as every American here found out on his first sight or ride back of one, carry no bells. Crowds of French people gather in delighted wonder to watch the Attaboy go snorting through the villages—rather not to watch it, but to hear that wonderful bell.

A real live imitation of Coney Island has sprung up on the banks of a river within handy reach of the Americans in the vicinity. For their benefit most of its placards are printed in a sort of English. Reads the announcement for the ring game: "7 ring 4 cent."

Crash! went the adjutant's window. Exactly 79 seconds later his orderly brought in Private Homerun, breathless and crestfallen. "Private Homerun," said the adjutant, "allow me to congratulate you. It's a good three hundred feet from here to the home plate."

The New Overseas Cap has been anticipated by at least one officer. He found that by tucking the ridge-pole of the old overseas cap down under the eaves-trough the wearer might make himself really presentable, and so his whole command did it. The result was so close a resemblance to the new cap that this particular unit feels that it anticipated the whole Army.

It is the duty of a certain Engineer sergeant to take half a hundred German prisoners out in the morning and see that in the following eight hours, they do their bit toward winning the war—for the Allies.

For three days the sergeant had been troubled by the fact that the P.G.s were not "bitting the ball." He had exhorted them and ordered them and they neither understood nor obeyed. Finally, he sent for an interpreter. The latter arrived when the sergeant was in a particularly angry mood.

"I want you to make these guys quit layin' down on the job," said the sergeant. "I want you to ask 'em how the hell they expect us to win this war by stalling around this way."

### MAN OF 93 HAS WAR RISK POLICY

And Premiums Have Been Computed for Even Higher Figure

There is a man 93 years old in the service of the United States who is eligible for war risk insurance. Not only is he eligible for it, but he actually holds a war risk policy.

It happened back in Washington. An officer in the War Risk Bureau there who is now in the War Risk Bureau here was approached one afternoon by his chief, with the resulting dialogue: The Chief: How far along have you computed those premium tables?

The Officer: Up to 65 years inclusive, sir.

The Chief: Well, here's a man 93 years old in such and such an office of the Navy who wants to take out a policy. Figure those tables up to 95. He may have a brother a couple of years older.

So the officer took a 40 mile automobile ride to the place where he kept his cotton gin, or milling machine, or caterpillar tractor, of whatever apparatus is used to figure out premium tables, and worked into the wee sma' hours of the morning computing those tables for every age between 65 and 95.

Whether his chief was kidding him or not is not for the officer to say. He can only point to the tables as proof of his work. And if anyone in the A.E.F. between 65 and 95 wants a war risk policy and can't find the premium in the new war risk circular, the Bureau can supply it.

### THE SPRINKLING CARTS

I have seen the bravest quail. I have seen the faintest shine. I have watched the best grow stale From long vigil in the line; But of all incongruous things, Fit to throw one in a trance, This the explanation brings: Sprinkling carts on roads of France!

Sprinkling carts on roads where mud Topped the rim of wagon wheel When I first arrived—oh, Lud! How those marches made me feel! Wet and slimy was the way, Dull and lowery was the sky, Till I gave up in dismay, Laged, and wanted much to die.

Now the roads are full of dust, Throats cry out for many beers; So, to wet them down or bust, Came the doughty Engineers With their water-wagon bold Hitched to mules that gaily prance Bless those men, with hearts of gold, Sprinkling on the roads of France!

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One casual barracks is so high-ceilinged that the bunks stand four deep, and the upper is, to say the least, well up. They are not always in use, but once in a while an unusually large number of casuals happens along and fills them up.

It was under such circumstances that one man got in so late that nothing but the fourth floor was left.

"How'd you sleep?" asked the friendly casual top in the morning. "Sleep?" was the answer. "I didn't sleep, I just lay awake and hung on."

"What's this, another rest camp?" asked the spokesman of a group of newly arrived casuals of a group of newly arrived casuals who descended from an "hommes 40, chevaux 8" special at a certain town in France.

"No, this ain't no rest camp," said an Engineer sergeant. "This is a railroad construction outfit. You do nine hours a day on a shovel here and march four miles to and from work."

"Thank Heaven," said the casual with a sigh. "We was afraid it was one of those rest camps."

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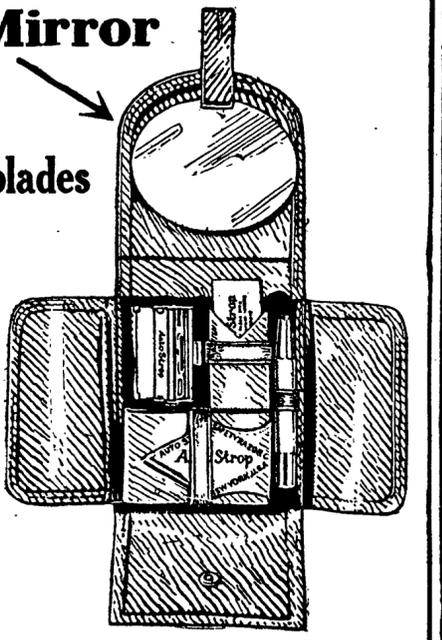
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**ETIQUETTE HINTS FOR DOUGHBOYS**  
Questions Answered

By BRAN MASH  
T. E.F.V., A.H.W.—No, men in the service are not expected to send wedding presents to parties resident in the United States and not anxious to leave the United States via the Atlantic route. If, however, a perfectly husky civilian ex-friend of yours sends you an invitation to the approaching ceremony, it is perfectly permissible to note the date and then cable him, on that very occasion. Many slacky returns of the day, or something equally bright. He will understand that the cable message costs just as much as the more conventional pickle fork, and all will be well.

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