9x4x3—Wt. 3 lbs. —By WALLGREN

HUN CHASING FROM THE SOMME TO THE MOSELLE

HE WAS 40 years old and a cook, and he harbored a constant grouch because the skipper, under pretense of his age, would not bust him and let him go forward with the doughboys when his company went in the trenches. He had brought many a wrinkle from the Fourth Avenue chop house which he abandoned the third day after the United States declared war, and he did a hundred different things to army rations which made his own company enthusiastic and every other company in the regiment jealous.

His company, fighting on the British front, had been in the line four days, and this day it was coming out. He didn't know how much of the food which he had toiled to prepare and dispatch forward in those four days had actually reached the men. He figured that it wasn't much.

So he had prepared a meal for them, a meal which excelled even all his previous efforts. The principal feature was hash, wonderful variety of hash which he had been able to make only after obtaining half a dozen unusual ingredients in two days of argument and near-fist fights with various representatives of the commissary.

He had timed the cooking of this hash for the arrival of his company from the line, and as a K.P., detailed as observer, signaled his approach, he watched his hash brown with the tender eye of a true artist. As the men came up the road, hungry, tattered, muddy, exhausted, happy, he went forward to meet them. He stood beside the road waiting paternally for them to approach.

As they got near enough for him to make out individual faces in the line a shell struck within a few feet of him. It tore one foot off and inflicted a dozen other wounds. He died a minute later. His dying words were an order to the K.P. who had run to his side.

"Don't mind me, Harry. You run back and see that the hash don't burn."

An ambulance had just discharged its load at a dressing station, and the quartet of wounded were lying on stretchers on the ground.

One of the patients was a youth, very much of a youth. Even the bandages which concealed four-fifths of his face did not conceal that. While he waited his turn on the operating table his one available eye twinkled as he related to a line of walking wounded how it had happened.

Suddenly he paused in his conversation, having spotted a doughboy trudging down the road, a doughboy from his own home town and his own regiment.

"Hey, Joe!" he shouted, and when Joe reached his side he said, "Say, I'll bet you don't know who I am, Joe."

It's the same old story up on the British front.

"We've changed the name of this outfit," explained a doughboy. "We call it the Picardy Tree Division. Why? No leaves—see?"

A Salvation Army truck, on its way up the Varennes road to the front and loaded with three tons of chocolates, was waylaid by several pleading highwaymen attached to a corps headquarters which lay along the route. They were sternly refused. The chocolates were for the boys in the line. Those at such luxurious posts as the various corps headquarters could get plenty of delicacies. They had the commissary.

"Commissary, hell," said one of the highwaymen gloomily. "I've been there every day for a week and they haven't anything there to eat except corned willy and vinegar."

A shell dropped in a horse transport train on a winding hillside road in Very, and two horses fell floundering to the ditch. A doughboy who had been standing by the roadside ran for an arched passage shelter, his right hand spurting blood where a shell fragment had torn away two fingers. Another soldier bandaged the wound, while several other shells burst near.

Then the doughboy looked out and saw one of the wounded horses struggling in the ditch. Although the shells had been falling regularly at intervals of a few minutes, the doughboy walked out from his shelter, drew his automatic pistol with his left hand and shot the horse. Walking calmly back to the shelter, he said he was sorry he had to use four shots on the horse, but he never had been able to use his left hand very well.

A long line of German prisoners was filing back across a field that the Americans had passed over earlier in the morning. At the rear of the line came an aged soldier, his hair turned gray, a wound over his left eye and tears streaming down his cheeks. With his right arm he was supporting a young soldier who had been wounded in the leg. They were father and son.

On reaching their destination an interpreter asked the older man why he was crying. He said that the young man was his only son and that he didn't want the Americans to kill him.

When he learned from other prisoners already in the prisoners' stockade that they were receiving the best of treatment as prisoners of war and that the Americans did not kill their prisoners, the German's eyes brightened and the tears ceased to flow.

Later, after he had messed on meat, potatoes, bread and coffee, and had traded an insignia button for a package of American cigarettes, which he shared with his son, he was several times happier than a certain other German father whose much ornamented sons only see the front when a French church tower well in the rear permits a safe and sane view of it.

Among the vast quantity of material which the Germans left in their wake where the Yanks attacked on the British front was a tombstone of large dimensions intended for the grave of a German colonel. On it was chiseled the replica of an iron cross of the first order and the familiar inscription, "Gott Mit Uns."

Subsequently, the grave of the colonel was found. The Americans finished the work the Germans had left undone. A detail of eight men carried the stone to the grave and, as they set it in place, a bugler sounded taps over the grave.

A French soldier, stationed at the observation post on Montrose after it had been captured in the St. Mihiel drive, was lending his field glasses to a passing doughboy. He further pointed out the places of interest within view from that hill top.

"See," he said, "down there ran the sector in which I was stationed ever since the war began. And a little further back there is Commercy, where my home is."

"I suppose you could get home, then, once in a while."

"Mais, oui, Monsieur. Once or twice a week ever since the war began."

"Hell," said the doughboy, thinking of his own home in South Bend, Ind. "Hey, Buddie," he called to his friend nearby, "here's a guy that commutes to the war."

One company near Cierges pressed on so rapidly that it left behind companies on both sides, and there was danger of enfilade fire from the German machine gun nests on the flanks. A major found the captain.

"Why don't you hold your men back?" he shouted.

"How can I hold 'em back when the whole German army can't!" returned the captain.

Signal Corps trouble shooters won new laurels in the Argonne drive. One brigade commander reported that at no time was his P.C. cut off, although it was repeatedly under shell fire. Broken lines were connected up almost before the smoke had cleared away from the shell hole in which the wire was lost.

In one line after a period of shelling the trouble shooter counted 19 breaks within 200 yards, but the line was put back in use so quickly that the use of runners was kept down to a minimum.

In one P.C. a brigade commander and his staff watched a trouble man start out to find a break. He had gone only 50 yards when a shell burst almost at his side. The watchers saw him fall flat. They thought he had been killed. Then they saw him wriggling around. They concluded he must have been only wounded. Then, while he was squirming about on the hillside, the observers realized that he was busily working on the break just caused by the shell. He didn't rise to his feet until he had finished hooking up the line. Then he went on looking for the break he had started out for in the first place.

Miles and miles of German wire were used for American signal lines. The old line was strung along all the roads, and in many cases it was simply a question of testing out and hooking up. In other places the German wire was reeled and laid down again. A number of German switchboards were also captured, many of them serviceable.

A negro, slightly wounded in the Argonne fighting, sat down beside the road to wait for a chance ride back to the field hospital. A man, hastening forward to his place in the line and anxious for the latest news of the battle, asked a report from his colored brother. Had he been in the fight? Did he know all about it? How were things going?

"Yas, suh. Ah knows all about it."

"Well, what's happened to them?"

"Well, it was this way. Ah was a-climbin' over some barbed wire and they shot me."

At a hospital for walking patients. Pacific Coast troops were coming in from the battlefield one by one to have their wounds cared for. As each passed through the dressing tent he was tagged and numbered. A number of them were standing on the outside wondering what was to be done with them next. Some had their hands bandaged, some wore bandages on their foreheads, and some had received slight wounds in the legs.

"Where are you from?" one of them inquired of a wounded comrade.

The comrade told him.

"I'm from that outfit, too," the first doughboy replied.

"So am I, Buddy," said another standing near by.

Anyone with an eye on those three men would have seen them, a few moments later, when the doc had gone to the other tent, tear off the tags that branded them as wounded and trail off through the forest headed for their outfit, then in the thick of the fight.

From the note of an M.P. following the advance: "I have noticed that most of the French who are killed are curled up in a ball. The Americans lie partly curled up as if asleep. The Boches are nearly all spread out, with arms and legs extended."

One of the more unregenerated among the Y.M.C.A. secretaries on his way to the front from Paris, had the time of his life staring reproachfully at two ministers in that organization who, because of their indifferent French, were served in the dining car, when they ordered "beurre," with two large, unmistakable, incriminating bottles of "bierre."

During a heavy barrage an officer passed by a company kitchen up near Avocourt. He saw the cook, wearing blue overalls, standing beside the stove calmly winding an alarm clock and holding it down toward the glow of the firebox so that he could watch the dial that regulated the bell. The gun chorus was under full sway and sleep seemed incredible.

"What's the big idea?" said the officer, shouting so that he could be heard.

"I want to be sure to wake up when the time comes for the boys to go over," the cook answered. "A little noise don't bother me. I used to work in an all-night restaurant in the railroad yards at Chicago."

A company water cart had followed the advancing Ohio troops almost to the shadow of Mountfaucon when a German shell burst in the ditch almost beside the cart. The horse on the shell side was killed. The driver was wounded in the head.

While blood ran from his face, the driver took one look at the wreckage, then started stumbling back along the road. A lieutenant who had seen it all stopped him.

"The dressing station is—"

"Dressing station, hell!" answered the driver. "I'm looking for another horse."

Among the soldiers most talked about in his division is a Yank of Italian birth who learned more of the English language after he joined the Army than he ever knew before. He has proved more apt at soldiering than he has at pronunciation, however.

This Yank was waiting in support in front of a stretch of ground on the British front which an American regiment had taken a few hours before. Peeping over the parapet of the trench, he saw a Bouche furtively looking out of the entrance of a dugout. Without waiting, he clambered out of the trench and raced to the dugout. The German disappeared and the American dived into the entrance after him.

A lieutenant and a squad of men surrounded the entrance. It was a deep dugout. All that the lieutenant and his men could hear was an occasional word or two. Finally the officer shouted down the stairway:

"Did you get him?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," came the reply. "I gotta twenta-two ofa dem."

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COMRADES:

The other day the bill boards announced that the old reliable Biggest Show on Earth had come to town. Yes, Spring is here though I suppose there are no buds on the barbed-wire bushes that grow in the front yards of your trenches.

I take a small boy's delight in circuses, so when the opening day came I started off early, to have time for all the animals and every sideshow.

When I reached Twenty-third Street, I found a huge crowd gathered around the nose of the Flatiron Building. There were a big band playing, soldiers firing volleys from the roof of the cigar store, women selling War Saving Stamps, a recruiting officer—and a big British Tank.

I stared at the Tank with all my might and main. It was the first one of those famous contraptions I had ever seen. Whew! What one of them would have done at Bunker Hill! At last I tore myself away and sauntered across Madison Square toward the Garden.

My favorite newsboy had stopped me to buy a paper when another of the same tribe ran up breathlessly.

"Hi, Chimmy," he shouted, "come quick, dere's a hole in a winder over to the Garden. Youse kin see lions and giraffes and everything!"

"Oh Hell, who wants to see giraffes, don't you know dere's a Tank over to the Flatiron Building?"

I couldn't help smiling at this up-to-date outburst and as I glanced up my eyes encountered the twinkling ones of a disreputable old bench-warmer, lounging opposite.

"As for me," said the old sinner, "I likes to BE a Tank, then you sees GREEN giraffes—without havin' to move."

And do you know, the real giraffes I was presently looking at seemed about as tame as barnyard fowls after hearing of green ones and seeing that Tank. My thoughts kept wandering overseas, where all our thoughts are centering nowadays, building up slowly and surely an irresistible Will to Win, that, sooner or later, shall carry you on and up, over the great crest to victory!

I salute you,

THE MINUTE MAN OF '76.

Rather "light" advertising, some one calls this, whereas "tain't" advertising at all!

What's the sense of talking things to wear for fall the while you all are so busy taking a "fall" out of the Kaiser?

Time enough for "smart new styles" when you get back to the U.S.A.

What's the matter of a few months between friends and customers?

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