OUR OWN WOMEN'S PAGE

WHAT THE MEN WILL WEAR

Spring Styles Suggested for Swagger Soldiers.

By HENRY

With the first suggestive chills of winter in the air, it seems a bit daring, doesn't it, to talk about spring styles? But already the know-it-alls have begun to cluster around the Sibley stove and whisper of what will be worn in the A.E.F. by the trig aviators and the trigger doughboys next season.

I predict many startling and radical changes, but the more conservative members of the A.E.F., those who expect to extend their European visit, the type of men who sleep on and not in their breeches, will cling to the old popular olive-drab, or mud-brindle, for inspection and drills, varying this with blues and browns cut in loose, flowing lines, for fatigue and lounging wear.

If the little bird, hopping about the orderly room where the Wise Ones congregate, tells me truthfully, there will be one radical change in headgear. In the best circles the tin hat, once so popular among the rollicking young bucks, has been discarded. The less conservative element will substitute the plain black derby or crusher in the States. The latter, however, will not be worn here with any success.

Another innovation will be a small iron bracelet worn just above the right ankle. It will be seen on the younger set who have spent the winter at the exclusive watering places or the larger cities which they have visited informally and often incognito. Attached to the bracelet will be a short chain and ball.

More in evidence than ever will be the little arrow-shaped stripe worn on the left sleeve. This bit of brightness will be chiefly seen among the older set, but will doubtless be affected for a short time at least by the very young. I predict that it will not be popular long anywhere. Qu'est-ce que vous en pensez?

The ruffled chemise will be seen among the flyers as a tea gown or cranking negligee, while in the best air circles I think all of the garments will be worn longer, at least longer than they might have been if the war had lasted.

Now that the rigors of life at the front have subsided, field clerks will adopt lighter and more graceful footwear. The old field shoe, despite its comfortable lines, will be replaced by the russet pump.

As has been the custom in the past, there will be no change in shirts before late summer. They will still be worn by all branches, except perhaps the Medical Corps, both day and night.

As the gentler winds blow up from the Mediterranean, I think we shall see the short coat, the sweater and even the breeches growing less and less popular as a part of the robe de nuit, in fact, it is not beyond a possibility that large numbers of pajamas will be worn, especially among top sergeants and up.

Here is a dainty design for a gilet et caleçon slightly varied from the formal issue underwear. It will probably be worn by those officers and men who, apparently, cannot be hampered by regulations in choosing what they laughingly call their "uniform."

COOTIE HINTS

By Beatrice Buckprivate

An interesting little social gathering at St. Aignan recently developed a novel mode of aiding deserving war charities and at the same time inducing healthful and beautifying habits among those present. At a signal from the hostess, a sergeant-assistant in the Blacksmithing Corps, each guest took off his O.D. shirt and, er, other shirt, and proceeded to count the number of uninvited guests he had unwittingly brought with him from the more forward areas of the A.E.F.

For every uninvited guest each person was penalized one sou, the fines being turned into the fund for establishing an Old M.P.'s Home at Tierra del Fuego, South America. Some of the guests, on hearing of the purpose of the fund, tried to cheat on their counts and to contribute more than they could be legally assessed, but strict justice prevailed in the end.

Sulphur ointment is coming more and more into vogue among the more careful members of the A.E.F. who wish to return to the United States with their beauty untarnished. The most frequent users are said to be those who have guilelessly borrowed blankets at various rest stations in the S.O.S., little wotting that the same blankets had previously been employed by some of their less unfortunate comrades. When thoroughly rubbed in after a hot bath, applied for three days in succession and then followed by another hot bath to take the effects away, sulphur ointment makes for permanent cleansing and beautifying of the skin.

Iodine is, after all, the one unfailing panacea for all facial or interior blemishes, as a hasty glance over the records of the medical department will readily testify. In fact, the younger medical set has worked out a dainty system of patches, whereby a sergeant, if he is sufficiently bald, may wear his chevrons, painted in iodine, on his forehead. This is extremely useful when the sergeant in question is too busy to dress for mess, as it obviates his losing the dignity which his rank, and his rank alone, confers on him.

Our Daily Bedside Story

Now, children, once upon a time there was a young American named Willy Jenks who enlisted in the Army. The poor boob told everyone that he didn't want to go to war at all, but that he knew what the neighbors would say, and that, anyway, he might as well enlist as he was sure to be drafted if he didn't. When he got to France he never told of the enormous salary he received in civilian life, and he said he didn't suppose he'd make as good a sergeant as some of the other men but that he would enjoy wearing the chevrons around. He never even laid awake nights planning what he would do if he ever caught his commanding officer up an alley in civilian clothes after the war. To his great astonishment he was assigned to an office job in St. Nazaire and never left it. He wrote his girl that he was nowhere near the trenches and hoped he never would be. When the armistice was signed he heaved a great sigh and wrote home he was glad he had been spared all the dangers and discomforts of life at the front. He denied with some heat that he had ever turned down a commission. In fact, he said that he had repeatedly applied for a commission but nobody had seemed to give him any encouragement. He passed up an opportunity to buy a Boche officer's helmet for 20 francs.—Now, be quiet, children. Of course, there never was such a person. This is a fairy story, remember. Well, there isn't much more to tell. Private Jenks never returned to America. The other men of his outfit found him too annoying, and one morning just before mess they choked him to death.

DAILY HINT FROM PARIS

Passes will be worn

QUERIES ANSWERED

By Althea

Dear Miss Althea: I have a sweetheart who used to write me regular every week while he was in the Army, but the last letter I got from him, about two months ago, said that he was going to the brig for an indefinite stay. I suppose that meant that he has been transferred to the Navy, and I am wondering if you can tell me where to address his letters in future. Should I address them care of Admiral Wilson, Brest, or send them to Secretary Daniels himself, marked "Please forward"? And why don't he write, even if in the Navy? ANXIOUS ANASTASIA.

Men in the Navy, dear Anastasia, are sometimes just as busy as men in the Army—although, in the case of your sweetheart, it is by no means certain that he has been transferred, much as he would undoubtedly like it at this moment. You are safe in assuming, however, that he has materially altered his uniform, and if not wearing Navy blue is at least sporting blue denim.

Dear Miss Althea: I have been corresponding regularly with a nice young company clerk for some time, but I fear that I shall never be able to understand him and his language after the war. The other day he closed his letter by saying, "Well, I have got to work all night on the payroll; guess I'm S.O.L., all right." Now, can you tell me just what did he mean? LOLA.

Having to work in the vicinity of the average first sergeant (or "top," as he is facetiously and affectionately called in the A.E.F.), is enough to work havoc with any young man's vocabulary, even though he be the nicest of company clerks. As for the expression "S.O.L.," it means nothing more nor less than "Sweet On Lola." You should worry, Lola dear!

Dear Miss Althea: I have an intimate friend who was in one of the last units to go "over there," so I suppose he will be among the first to come home. I am anxious to show him that it doesn't make any difference to me whether or not he actually did get into the "trenches," and that I think he is a "hero" just the same. What should I tell him when he comes back, so that he will know my love has not altered? MARGUERITE.

Not all the heroes, dear Marguerite, did their trick in the, as you say, trenches. When he comes back, just look him square in the eye, and say: "Well, now that you saved up all that bravery that you didn't have to use, why don't you go in and ask father like you've been planning to for the last three years you have been keeping company with me?" He will be able to guess from that right away that you still want him.

HINTS FOR THE HOME

By DOROTHY DOBEIS

The keyword for the soldier's little nest must be economy with beauty and, when possible, sanitation.

Never leave soap, cigars, razors, money or extra collar insignia lying about on the dresser. It will surely get into some comrade's way and he will be forced to dispose of it.

Try to make things as cheerful as you can. Paste the picture post cards they won't let you send through the mails just over someone else's bunk.

If you have stolen any gasoline to clean your gun with, don't put it into a champagne bottle and hide it where the room orderly can find it. He might think it was something else.

Do not waste money on trifles like underwear. Just ask the Supply Sergeant. He is always so willing to give you just what you want whenever you think you need it.

Keep your shelves neat. A small shelf-cover, neatly cut from a shelter half taken from someone in another company or section, will make things more homelike. Until the owner finds it.

Every Saturday after inspection, take the dirty sox out from under the clean ones and put them in the bottom of the barracks bag. It is well to keep an extra pair of clean sox for each inspection.

Don't spend money that might be invested in indoor sports on Brussels carpets.

I must not omit a comment here about personal appearance. Many disregard this and it is, oh, so important, if you are to live happily! Perhaps one of the most horrid things that come between people otherwise fond of each other is superfluous hair! I get so many, many inquiries about this, especially from privates, and many, many remedies have been suggested, but they are often dangerous and only one is really infallible. Take the advice of one who knows; if you are troubled with superfluous hair on the face, for God's sake, before next inspection—shave!

And now, dears, in closing, remember one thing above all, take care of your health! Go to sick call every morning, and perhaps sometime you will be marked quarters. At night cover up your heads, for rat bites are poisonous, and wash every single month whether your comrades think you need to or not.

DAINTY DISHES

From Army Housewives

Miramas Marinque.—As I was in an outfit detailed to guard Q.M. stores, but not to use them, situated about 50 miles from the Italian border, I was at first at a loss how to provide suitable and adequate desserts for my little flock. At length, however, I was able to devise the following, which has met with howls every time it has graced our daintily rustic slab tables:

Three parts south Gaul mud. Two parts native garlic. One-half part Colonel's shaving soap, beaten thoroughly and used as frosting. One part bird seed, sprinkled in with the shaving soap to give a festive effect.

This tasty little trifle can be gotten together in a hurry at any time when visitors are expected, as the ingredients lie near at hand and only a little dexterous filching and mixing is needed. The Stevedores at work on this project say it is an immense improvement on the chocolate pudding they were fed back in the States. I inflict it on the officers' mess at least three nights a week.—I. W. G., Cook of — Co., Q.M.C.

Rolampont Ragout.—My poor, dear boys being at such a loss for toothsome tidbits I have, after much planning by day, contrived the following tasty dish, which can be served morning, noon and night and can be put up in barrels so as to be ready for emergency use. Its ingredients are:

Two parts corned willy. Two parts spuds with jackets on. Four parts water.

If an extra detail blows in at mess time, or one of those troublesome and fastidious Signal Corps outfits happens to drop around, all that I have to do is to add more Marne water and serve. Of course, I suppose that some captious souls will endeavor to point out that my own—MY OWN!—ragout is nothing more nor less than slum; well, what if it is? That for them!—Temperamental.

Patty a la Infantry.—For this delectable dish, I prepare a crust gathered from the old-timers in the outfit. The filling consists of cordite extracted from unused ammunition in the near-by dump; little tasty pellets of BB shot bought from the old-timers hereabout, who still have a foolish habit of shooting game; white flour, and the leftover's of Monday morning's cornmeal mush. To add to the unfeigned surprise which this offering never fails to excite at our little family table, I insert the shreddlings of one sock, winter regulation, in every thirteenth patty served. The dear boys are so occupied in guessing who got the sock that they omit to pass judgment on the character of the concoction per se.

P. S.—I might add that the invention of this dish has made me very unpopular with the Battalion Dental Officer, who now has actually to do some work. But dental officers, taken as a class, never did understand the aesthetic temperament of a cook, whose soul is always searching after the original and appropriate, not to say bizarre.—Tony Tortoni, Cook of — Co., — Machine Gun Battalion.

HEALTH HINTS

By Dr. C. C. Pill, M. C.

N. Y. D.—If you are unable to find an Army dentist with enough equipment to dispose of your dental difficulties, brush your teeth violently with iodine every morning for three days and then have them all pulled out.

F. E. A.—It can hardly be claimed that your indigestion existed prior to enlistment, even if the eggs you ate did. Try painting the cook with iodine.

S. O. L.—This query will have to be answered by courier, as the censorship forbids all reference to troop movements. In the meantime, paint yourself with iodine.

R. T. O.—Unfortunately, the itch cannot justify us in recommending an S.C.D., as we have to have somebody left in the Army. However, you will probably be demobilized before you are cured anyway, if that is any comfort to you. As for iodine—ay, there's the rub.

S. T. B.—Paint it with iodine.

M. P.—Your description of the top sergeant suggests forcibly that he is suffering from delusions—probably a case of manic depressive insanity, brought on by worry. Most of them are. Try spilling iodine on your service record.

A. A. W., C. L. B., S. H. C.—See answer to S. T. B.

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Penelope Prune, the beautiful nurse, comes to France to make the world antiseptic for democracy, and soon becomes an important personality in the big base hospital in Brittany. She is the most dashing figure at the Saturday cotillions for the officers, and her speech is always the cleverest at the semi-weekly indignation meetings held to protest against the cruel discipline invented by the Demon Chief Nurse. When Penelope is on day duty no one in the whole A.N.C. can think of so many annoying things to report about the night force, and when she is on night-duty she keeps the night supervisor all wrought up by her ingenious charges against the stupid day force.

Penelope makes a great hit with all the patients, especially after her ukelele is confiscated by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Soldiers. One day she is transferred to one of the officers' wards and is allowed to take the temperatures of colonels or better. There she completely wins the heart of handsome young 1st Lt. Bolivar, who bites the thermometer in two every time she slips it between his lips.

Lt. Bolivar is very poor, but he proposes to Penelope every time she takes his pulse. Her answers are always elusive, such as "Oh, you go on, Lieutenant," or "Why, Capt. Bolivar, ain't you the cut-up!" and he begins to suspect there is another. Finally, the stouter and more elderly nurses hand him the low-down that Penelope is setting her overseas cap for Master Hospital Sergeant Jenks, an old-timer who hates patients and young doctors, but who loves paper work and Penelope, and who knows more about Sick and Wounded reports than any living man. Penelope is not allowed to speak to the old-timer, because he is an enlisted man, but gossip in the diet kitchen has it that she meets him clandestinely every morning behind the pile of incorrect transfer cards in the Registrar's Office.

One day Penelope is taking her afternoon nap in the middle of the road in front of the hospital when a huge camion thunders along in her direction.

CHAPTER XXVI

Lieutenant Bolivar, allowed out for his first airing, had got his shoes away from the wardmaster at last and was sauntering somewhat shakily through the hospital gate, when his beautiful brown eyes opened wide with horror. There was a truck, booming along the highway, and there, slumbering innocently in the road, was Penelope.

"Miss Prune, Miss Prune," he cried and, lunging forward, he caught her by the shoulders and dragged her to safety just as the F.W.D. lumbered past.

Penelope said she was much obliged and started to sidle away. The lieutenant followed, for his heart told him that the time had come to speak.

"Miss Prune," he said quietly and yet with an undercurrent of passion that made his Sam Browne belt rise and fall like a ship at sea. "Miss Prune—Penelope, I love you."

From the brave old French cathedral in the near-by village came the soft music of the angelus. The brave French windmills on the hill were turning drowsily in the sunset glow. From the postoffice close at hand came the thump-thump-thump of the Chaplain censoring letters.

"I love you," Bolivar went on, with mounting enthusiasm. "I have loved you ever since that little hand wrote 'acute, bronchitis, catarrhal' on my chart. I know I am penniless and haven't even any travel vochers to turn in. But when I get back to Clackamas I will work hard. I am not a braggart and I do not claim to have won the whole war myself, but in the Argonne I did take several strong positions and maybe when I get home, I can get one. Penelope, will you be Mrs. Lieutenant Bolivar?"

Penelope swayed slightly as though she were going to faint, but changed her mind.

"Returned, disapproved," she whispered sadly.

The music of the wind in the brave French trees reached their ears, blending curiously with the swish-swish-swish of the enlisted personnel at mess.

"I am sorry, Seth," she said, gently, "but I am not heroic enough to be poor. I must have fine clothes, automobiles, opera tickets. I cannot live without crepe-de-chine. I must see life, life, life!"

"Then it is true!" he cried in despair. She hung her head.

"You are going to marry that old Master Hospital Sergeant for his money. You are going to sell your soul for his re-enlistment pay."

(Not to be continued)

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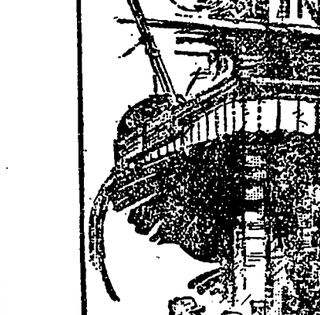

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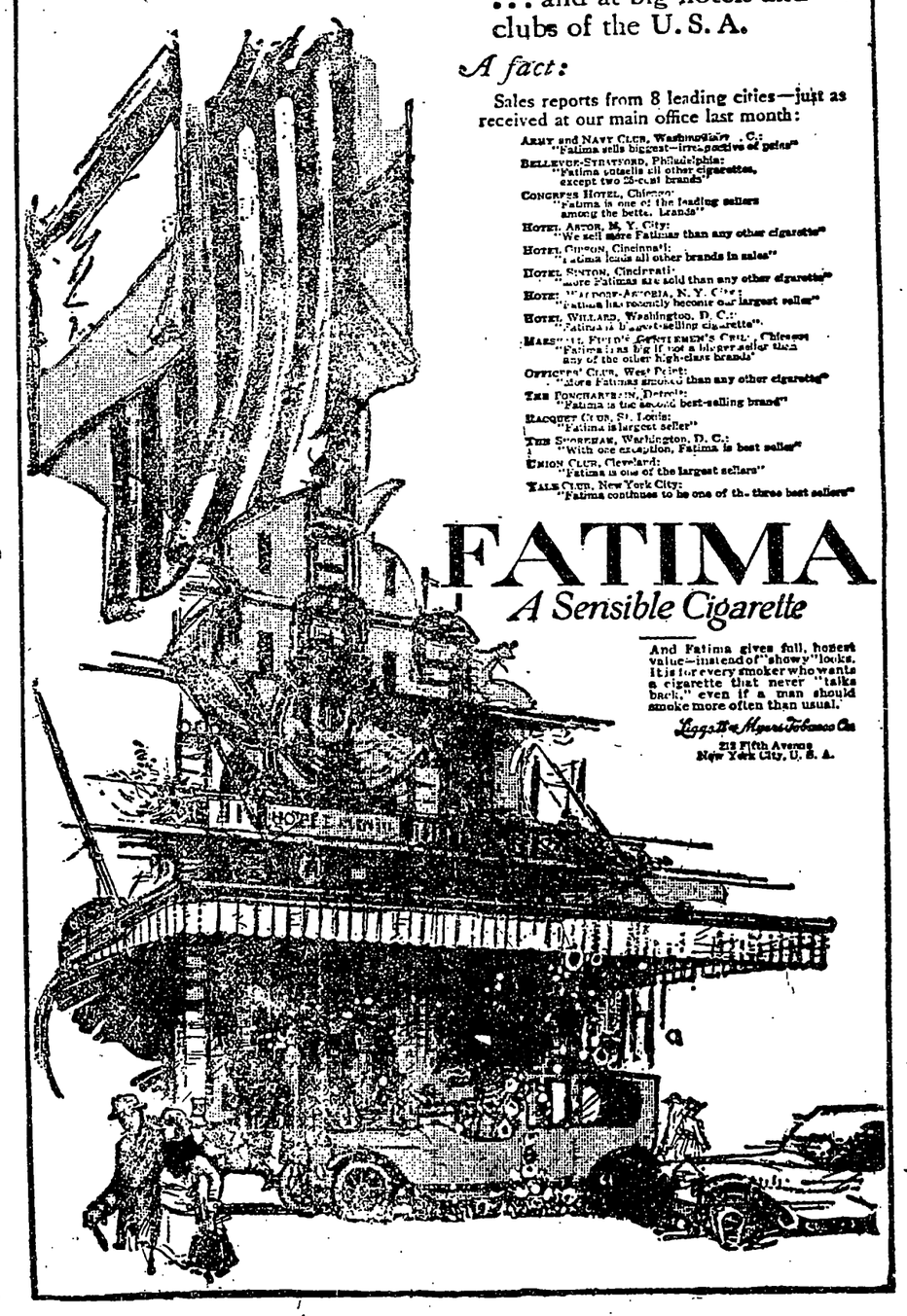

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