

THE HOB-NAIL SHOES.

By Pvt. Charles Divine, Ambulance Co. 108.

Oh, you can take the high road, and others
take the low,
And you will be in Scotland, France, or any-
where you go
Oh, many moons afore 'em, lads; the roads
will crumble fast—
Or you can sail your shoes as ships, and
you can be the mast.

An army travels on its feet—Napoleon was
wrong;
The hob-nails would have cut the road from
Moscow half as long,
For when you strike a ruddy plain, as dough-
boys sometimes must,
You'll leave behind macadam where you
pounded through the dust.

So plant your feet with thunder and a
philosophic trust
That when you lift your shoes again your
legs won't crack or bust.
An ugly lump o' leather, over hilly ways
you'll plod,
So put your feet in hob-nail shoes and place
your faith in God.

And when you leap across the top, through
battle-smoke or haze,
The Boche will see an armored tank upon
each foot you raise.
They'll run in fear—and those who stay,
the stunned among your foes,
They'll lose their guns and gumption if
you step upon their toes.

Oh, thirty-seven hob-nails in the sole of
every shoe.
Oh, thirty-seven hob-nails, boys—or is it
forty-two?

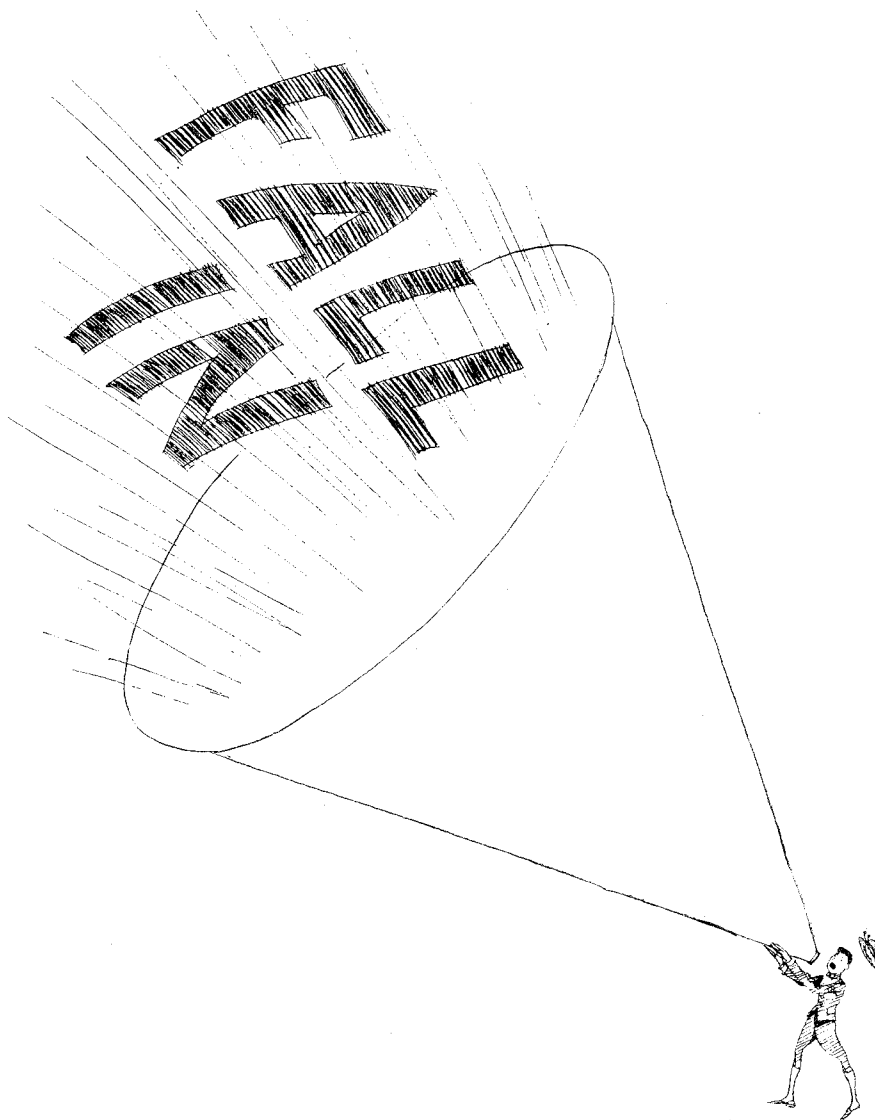
A'stamping stars for footprints in the roads
that you pass by,
And some day you will stamp the stars—
well, maybe, on the sky!

CAMOUFLAGE.

Of late the scene painter's art—technically
known as camouflage—has raised the conceal-
ment of batteries and their observation posts to
the realm of the uncanny. According to Major
Wagstaffe, you can now disguise anybody as
anything. For instance, you can make up a
battery of six-inch guns to look like a flock of
sheep, and herd them into action browsing. Or
you can dispatch a scouting party across No
Man's Land dressed up as pill-boxes, so that
the deluded Hun, instead of opening fire with
a machine gun, will merely post letters in them
—valuable letters, containing military secrets.
Lastly, and more important still, you can dis-
guise yourself to look like nothing at all, and
in these days of intensified artillery fire it is
very seldom that nothing at all is hit.

BEWARE!

The following letter from the war depart-
ment to the division commander is publish-
ed for the information of all concerned:



"HOW IT SOUNDS AT 6:15 A. M."

"It has been brought to the attention of
the war department that considerable in-
formation of military importance becomes
public, due to the fact that officers and
men send out a great deal in letters and on
postcards to relatives and friends by whom
it is made public.

"To avoid the leaking out of military in-
formation, instructions regarding secret in-
formation were issued in general orders No.
94, war department, 1917, but considerable
information continues to become public.

"The secretary of war directs that all
officers and enlisted men of your command
be directed to exercise the greatest amount
of care to prevent all military information
from leaking out and to refrain from dis-
cussing in public or from mentioning in pri-
vate letters anything whatever which might
be of military value to the enemy. Consid-
erable of importance becomes public through
publication of letters; the publication of let-
ters is generally objectionable because very
frequently they carry information harmless
in itself, but seriously harmful when con-
nected with other items of apparently harm-
less matter.

HAVE YOU SEEN JANE?

She Came From Brooklyn to the Camp, and
Now She is Missing.

Jane came from Brooklyn. She was young
and unsophisticated. All the men in Com-
pany I, 106th Infantry, fell in love with her.
But now she is gone. She has, perhaps,
eloped with some wicked city chap from
Spartanburg. Company I is inconsolable.

But most inconsolable is Lt. Ira I. Hodes,
who brought Jane down from Brooklyn. Lt.
Hodes wants to find Jane. He will be most
glad to get any information about her.

She has brown legs, and a black body. She
has a regulation tail, 1 and 5-16th inches
long. She has a slight limp in her off hind
leg. She has a very intelligent black and
brown face, and a winning smile. She is
two and a half months old and is a full-
blooded Airedale pup. If you see Jane, let
Lt. Hodes know.