



A MILE FROM HEADQUARTERS: PASSING HEADQUARTERS.

MILITARY BOOKS MUST BE APPROVED, SAYS ORDER.

The following advance copy of a War Department general order has been issued at division headquarters at Camp Wadsworth for the information and guidance of all concerned:

"Until further orders, officers and enlisted men and other individual members of the service are prohibited from printing or distributing through publishing houses or otherwise any pamphlets or books not previously published or in process of being published on any military subject whatever except as an approved government publication or as authorized by the war department. In order that there may not be duplication of effort in the preparation of publications and in order that there may be proper supervision and collaboration in the use of information and available records, departments, bureaus, corps, schools, etc., will not prepare nor distribute any military pamphlet or book without first informing the chief of the war college division, general staff, of the contemplated publication. Upon completion of the publication, three copies will be furnished to the chief of the war college division, general staff."

THE MISPLACED PRIVATE.

You know the Misplaced Private. He is a relative of the fellow who, when in civil life, knew how to run the office better than the boss.

He should be a general or a colonel, but by some oversight of the War Department he is wasting away in the ranks. He says so himself. Or, if he doesn't admit it openly, everything he does and says implies that he is a big calibre gun, being wastefully used as a side arm. Every thing is a grave mistake. This fellow has intimate, first-hand dope that it is. If he were only where he thinks he should be—at the top—there would be improvements everywhere, in everything. He would shatter into bits the scheme of things entire and remold it nearer to his heart's desire. The food would be different, the plan of training would be changed, the discipline would be revised, the equipment would be of another sort.

For the Misplaced Private never agrees. He always has something better, not for any other reason than that it's his own—his idea, his opinion, his little single-track notion. His ideal is himself, exalted, lofty, superior.

What a blessing that he is Misplaced, and not where he thinks he should be. His sort will always be lower than self-esteemed worth

deserves, according to his estimate. That assurance delivers us from the menace of The Misplaced Private.

THE SHOT WAS SCATTERING.

An amorous British youth was being taken to task for his flirtations. "Engaged to four girls at once!" exclaimed his horrified uncle. "How do you explain such shameless conduct?" "I don't know," said the graceless nephew. "Cupid must have shot me with a machine gun."

THE GREATER NEED.

Gipsy fortuneteller (seriously)— "Let me warn you. Somebody's going to cross your path."

Motorist—"Don't you think you'd better warn the other chap?"—Everybody's Magazine.

CHEERY.

Bacon—"Let me shake your hand, dear boy. This is one of the happiest days of your life."

Egbert—"You're too previous, old man. I'm not to be married until to-morrow, you know."

Bacon—"That's what I say. This is one of the happiest days of your life."—Spokane Review.