

Wadsworth Gas Attack and Rio Grande Rattler

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PREPARE TO LIVE!

Do you happen to know that 93 out of every 100 men who go into action against the Huns, come out alive?

Do you know that this percentage holds good not only for one battle or for one engagement, but for entire campaigns?

And do you realize that the indications are that the same figures will obtain throughout the war—until peace is effected?

Well, the fact remains that it is quite so. As a matter of official record, the total losses sustained by the British troops has been less than seven per cent. of the men engaged. And while it has no direct bearing upon the point we seek to insert into your troubled mind, that seven per cent. may be made more impressive by comparing it to the fact that twenty per cent. of another Allied army was lost through venereal disease—another official fact, incidentally.

The moral should be as patent to you as the leggins on your chilled shanks.

PREPARE TO LIVE!

“Prepare to Live” is the shibboleth of the Army Y. M. C. A. Thrift Campaign. This campaign is under way now. It was inaugurated January 1, in this camp. It will continue throughout this month. Ask any Y. M. C. A. worker at any Y. M. C. A. building about it. The plan is simple and safe.

Here is why a thrift campaign is necessary.

One of the greatest surgeons in the United States Navy has studied the facts and figures of the various hospitals of the various camps and has arrived at these conclusions:

That the predominant idea amongst enlisted men is that they are going over the top and, therefore, to death.

That these men have decided to live whilst they may; to have a final fling, so to speak.

That thus decided the men are spending not only whatever money they may have or receive from the Government, but as much as they are able to obtain from relatives and friends.

That many soldiers will return to civil life in debt, because they have wasted their money, and have not prepared to live.

Don't be a jellyfish! You're coming back. Start to save now for the big, good days that are coming after the war.

W. A. D.

SOAKING THE SOLDIER.

We feel like lambasting somebody. Somebody very much in need of lambasting comes to our mind. It is the soldier soaker.

You all know him. You are shining your shoes for retreat when he insinuates a derby-hatted head in the door, and purrs, “Any nice pillow-tops, boyiss?” Before you have a chance to reach for your gas-mask, his sleek figure has followed his derby-hat into the tent, and he has spread out on your cot an array of trinkets that would make a Flathead Indian throw three fits.

Pink silk pillow tops, with “Mother” written on them in purple roses, pennants that suggest Bulgarian atrocities, jewelry with a woolworthian look, near silk handkerchiefs that leave o. d. marks on your face, and a variety of what-nots and junk.

He wants the dear lads in khaki to have some “soo-ners,” he explains in an oily voice. so, out of pure patriotism, he will sell one of his pink silk pillow tops with the purple roses for the insignificant sum of \$3.75, although it would cost you \$6.00 anyway in New York. He, philanthropically, it seems, is selling it at cost. He will also be glad to sell you a ring for your sweetheart, he says with a smirk, for as little as \$4.50.

At this point you execute short jab with your bayonet in the direction of the peddler's coat tails. If you are wise, you do. If you are gullible—and so many of us are, alack—you get stuck with one of the pillow tops, which do cost \$6 in New York (per dozen), or with some of the jewelry, which promptly turns green.

Look out for this bush-league war-profitteer. He does a fly-by-night business, grabbing all the money he can, and unloading on the unsuspecting soldier all manner of trash. After he is gone, the soldier can find that his pink silk pillow is not silk, and that the purple roses come off on his ears; he can discover that the ring he bought can be duplicated down town for half the money. The peddler should worry. He is far, far away, luring the dough from the doughboy in some other camp.

If you must buy pink silk pillow tops and souvenirs, get them from an established store, not from an itinerant suit-case. Don't let the soldier-soaker soak you. He will, if you don't watch out.

R. E. C.

THREE MONTHS FOR A DOLLAR!

The biggest bargain in Spartanburg—and some say it's the only one—is **The Gas Attack**. Our subscription rates, which we have just announced, are three months for a dollar. And that includes postage and the mailing of the magazine to whomsoever you want it sent.

At present we are offering a single copy of **The Gas Attack** for the ridiculously low sum of five cents. At the same time the vendors of newspapers who wander around camp piling up fortunes get a similar amount for a daily newspaper, and a whole dime for a Sunday newspaper.