

THE DREAM OF THE EDITORS

We, the editors, came walking past Division Headquarters towards the building in which THE GAS ATTACK has its editorial sanctum. We saw a long line of officers waiting outside. They were all commissioned officers.

"What's the excitement?" we asked a bystander. "Are they giving away promotions?"

"No. The officers are waiting their turn to get into THE GAS ATTACK office to see the editors. They've all got contributions they want to submit."

"Well, well," we murmured casually. "They'll have to wait their turn."

We went into our office, rolled up our sleeves, and shouted to the waiting line.

First, a Lieutenant.

"Now you can come in. Who's first? Oh, it's you, is it, Lieutenant? Let's see, you have here an article on trenches for us. H'm. It's neatly typed, and fairly well written, but you lack the punch. More short sentences, straight to the point. And you don't seem to have handled your subject as well as we've been accustomed to having these things done. Now here's an article by Private Jones. Look at that as a contrast. It's better in every way. If you officers could only learn to write as well as some of these privates do, we would print more of your stuff. Sorry, Lieutenant, but we can't use this article of yours. However, we thank you for submitting it. Try us again, won't you? Just pass out around to the right, please. Who's next?"

Then, A Captain.

"Good afternoon, Captain! You don't mind standing, do you? There's only room for one of us to sit at a time. Just let me glance over your contribution and I'll tell you in a moment whether or not we can use it. It seems to deal with the relation of artillery and infantry. That's a good subject, and we'd like to print more articles on topics of that nature. But, Captain, you've gone at it entirely wrong. You begin with a long-winded introduction that takes up most of your article, and you don't get anywhere until near the end. Just take up one of the copies of our magazine for last month and examine that article we printed on page ninety-seven. It's by Private Smith. It'll show you how these articles should be written. Now, after you've studied this other article, look at yours again. Now re-write it so it's fit to print—if you can. Then come back and we'll give it the once-over again. You've just got to keep at these things. That's all the criticism we have time to give you to-day. Good-bye, Captain. Don't get discouraged.

And a Major, Too!

"Come in, Major. What are you holding in your hand? A poem, eh? Stand at ease a minute, Major, and I'll look it over. H'm. That rhyme in the fourth line is atrocious! And here in the second stanza your meter goes all to pieces. Now, Major it's my un-

THE GIRL FROM YOUR OLD HOME TOWN.

I was born somewhere in Heaven,
On a street that they call Broadway,
But the wisest fall for the bugle's call—
So I signed my life away.
It made me mighty sorry, Bud,
To leave my I'il old home,
For you're wise to the sighs and the terrible
cries
Of a New Yorker that has to roam.

But when they said you'll spend the Winter
In the balmy, Sunny South,
I thought of Irving Berlin and his barrels
of tin,
And his songs in everyone's mouth.
I thought of his hundreds of lyrics,
Of wonderful, dear Dixie,
And I wasn't so sad, in fact I was glad
For it looked like a Palm Beach spree.

A-living in a refrigerator,
A-singing a snow bird's song,
What's that? Magnolias and cotton?—Von
Tilzer you're rotten,
And Irving Berlin—you're all wrong;
If you really had to write something,
If you had to put choruses down,
Why not sing of the one good thing:
The girl from my own home town.

She's made the same old camp-fire
Look like the lights of Broadway,
And her New York pep and her big town
step
Just brushes all the South away;
For she made the drab-colored gloomy tent
Seem just like a cabaret,
And the crackling sound of the frost on
the ground
Was a tune a jazz band might play.

So Buddy, take this message
From a boy who is far away,
To the man who rhymes about foreign
climes—
Oh, don't forget Broadway!

PVT. IRA D. BRALL,
CO. D, 102d Engs.

pleasant duty to tell you that you'll never get on as a poet. We've got no less than forty-seven privates who are turning out better verse than this every day. In fact, we get more verse than we can use. What we want is prose. Try some of that and see if you can't turn out something worth while. Good-bye, Major."

We got up and went to the door, from which the long line of officers still stretched a quarter of a mile away.

"Sorry, but we can't see any more of you to-day. Call to-morrow, or send in your stuff by mail. We've got to put our feet on the desk and sleep the rest of the afternoon."
C. D.

WADSWORTH FABLES

Fable of the Boy Who Parted His Hair in
the Middle.

(With apologies to Geo. Ade.)

By Private Howard A. Herty, Co. A, Military
Police, Camp Wadsworth, Spartan-
burg, S. C.

Artemus Perwinkle was a Goof. In other Words he wore Tortoise-shelled Specs and liked the Smell of Sachet. He also wore a Size thirteen Collar. His favorite Head-piece was a Yellow and Black Half-Hat and to Match his Buster Brown collar, he sported a Screaming red Bow-tie resembling a Nosebleed.

Long after he acquired the right to wear garters on his biceps, Nursie would safely lead him by the Hand across the Tracks to School.

After school was over, he'd Sit on Teacher's lap, and they'd eat the Fruit he brought in the morning. When he brought his Teacher an Apple, she Kissed him. He never brought Watermelons.

Artie grew up to be a Cicero Hound. When the Low Brows of the Community would be Strangling themselves in a Playful game of Football, our Gentle Hero would be cultivating Callouses on his Inverted nose, reading "The Development of Art During the Renaissance."

As a Mixer, Artie was a Flivver, but as a Patrician, he was There to the Steenth Power.

As he grew up he became Worse. He hated Girls but was very fond of Old Ladies and Embroidery. To ask Artie about Fulton's chances against Willard or Joe Jackson's best batting Average would be a Wanton Waste of Breath. As a Human Being, he Sinned and Fell short, but to hear him Strum a Ukulele or discuss "The Nothingness of Zero" was an Education.

His idea of Extreme Dissipation would be to leave the House without Rubbers or carry a Forbidden box of Matches.

Most of the Regular Guys about Town were undecided as to whether to embrace him or Kick him. He was queer and almost as Unpopular as a Top Sergeant.

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They had him in Khaki, Somewhere in France. The door had been left open and Artie had been Caught in the Draft. The Hun had been Operating a Mean Stampede over Helpless Belgium when Uncle Sam peeled off his Coat. Uncle Sammie thoroughly spanked the Boches and among those to Return Home was Artie.

He had so many Bravery Medals sprinkled over his Chest that he was actually Round-Shouldered. Now he lies on his Back at Night and Rocks himself to Sleep.

MORAL: Even a Pomeranian will growl if you step on his toes.