

THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

VIII. On the Night of His Wild Adventure in Paris After the War

TO THE EDITOR:

I have an idea that my stay in Paris will be a pleasant one. I shall be disappointed if it isn't. I said as much the other evening, sitting in my tent talking with Jim Mugrums. But he, alas, can't appreciate these things, uncouth soldier that he is. He has never had the benefits of a society bringing-up.

"Are you going to be a nut *all* your life?" he cried.

I took no notice of this uncultured remark. I went ahead, enlarging on my idea of the part I shall play in the great war—I, Ethelburt Jellyback, Private, the scion of a great family.

Ethelburt's Dress Parade.

I will reach France, that pretty land of romance, just as the war ends. Of course, my regiment will be with me. We will arrive, fortunately, too late to enter the trenches under fire. We will walk through them, as a matter of curiosity and to gather souvenirs of our service abroad.

We will be in time, however, to engage in a triumphal pursuit of the Germans, fleeing towards Berlin with confusion and the Kaiser. Then, turning about with victory on our banners, we will march back to Paris on parade. I have an especial, neatly-pressed uniform in my trunk in readiness for it. I hope it doesn't get spotted.

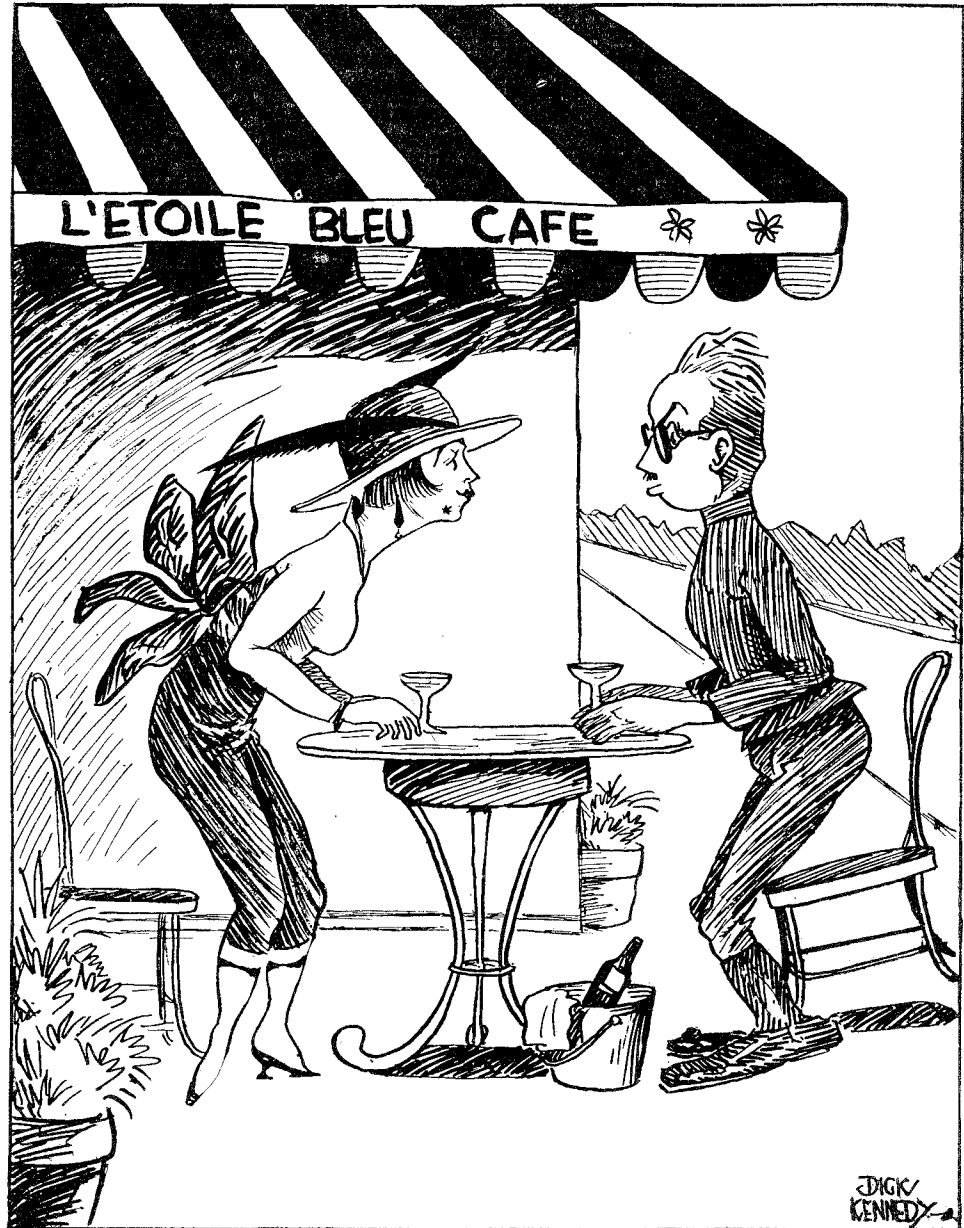
From curb and window and house-top the French people cheer us; the women will throw us garlands, and in our path the children will strew flowers. I prefer daffodils. They're so full of sunshine.

Ethelburt on Detached Service.

My Captain will say to me: "Private Jellyback, the war is over. To-day our regiment returns to the United States. You have asked me for permission to remain behind, to look around a bit. I know you for a cosmopolite, a man of the world. Hence I readily grant you this permission, and assign you to detached service in Paris."

"Private Jellyback thanks you, sir," I will answer. "It has been a matter of honor to do my bit."

And that evening, while all Paris is gay with victory and the bands are playing in the Tuileries, I shall stroll down the brilliantly-lighted Avenue de l'Opera—or, mayhap, the Champs Elysses—in search of ad-



"She will lift her curving lips close to mine."

venture. Ah, adventure! How my heart bounds at the sound of the word. (I have always harbored within me a reckless, devil-may-care spirit. *Debonair*, the French would call me.)

Along the Boulevard He Will Go.

Twirling my cane and the glistening ends of my mustache, I shall make my way through the passing crowds to one of those delightful little sidewalk cafes. People will turn and stare at me, at once recognizing me as one of Uncle Sam's gallant warriors. Into a chair under the striped awning, where the lights of the happy-lanterned boulevard dance on the marble table tops, I shall drop, and with a carefree gesture summon a waiter. The waiter, walking his post on the alert, observing every tip that takes

place within sight or reach, will hurry to my side.

"A bottle of wine, *s'il vous plait, garcon!*"

"*Certainnement, monsieur le Capitaine; toute de suite.*" (Of course, I may not be a captain then, but the waiter will probably think I am.)

Enter, the Woman!

As the waiter sets the wine before me, I will catch from nearby tables admiring remarks directed at me. Just as I lift the sparkling wine-glass to my lips, a charming young woman will take a seat at the table opposite. She will be lustrous-eyed, and as graceful as a flower.

She will catch sight of me. Exultation will blaze in her eyes.

(Continued on page 22)