

A SOLDIER'S DIARY BY THE NUMBERS.

Astonishing Statistics Revealed In This Interesting and Intimate Record.

On March 25, 1918, we will be in the service 31,536,000 seconds, during which time we have wandered so far that we are now 1,631,817 steps in quick time, from New York, and 1,359,848 steps in double time.

While on furloughs I have spent in train fare \$69.42, and in street car fare, \$1.75, besides a nickel which they overlooked.

I received exactly 421 epistles, containing 46,310 words, and in these words 277,863 letters, while I have sent out 763 letters containing 231,892 words making 1,855,136 letters, using eleven bottles of ink or 7,712 drops.

I received from the tobacco club 61 packs of Bull Durham. Each pack containing more or less, 90,031 particles of tobacco, thereby receiving 5,491,891 particles in all, of which I wasted 3,263,432 grains by rolling my own, also blistering my fingers in the process.

I have listened to 450,863 notes from bugle calls, of which, 321,632 were unnecessary, being either drill, fatigue or first calls.

Have used up 43,206 beans of coffee in consuming 1,081 cups, enough to fill a tank 54 inches in perimeter shaped like an irregular icosahedronparallelpipeddodecahedromazate-rainorthodizaxtrous, and pretty deep.

The ashes from my pipe for like period, if used on Ash Wednesday, would cover a spot about the size of 50 mils at 15 inches, on 256,843 foreheads.

Have covered 72 miles walking back and forth to the showers and to other nearby points.

Helped carry from the trains 3,600 black iron cots which should have been painted white, so as to be lighter.

Have spread no rumors, but hear that the war is not going to end this week.

Have seen myself in the mirror 2,421 times, enough to craze an ordinary observer.

Never turned down an offer to be a lieutenant.

Brushing my clothes, I have worn two inches from a whistbroom containing 321 straws, thereby consuming 624 inches of straw, not counting the 84 inches used to clean my pipe nor the twelve inches from my tooth brush.

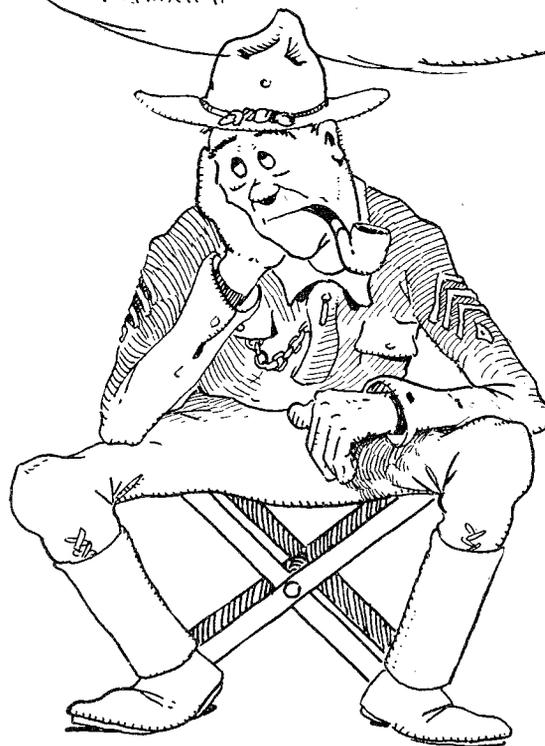
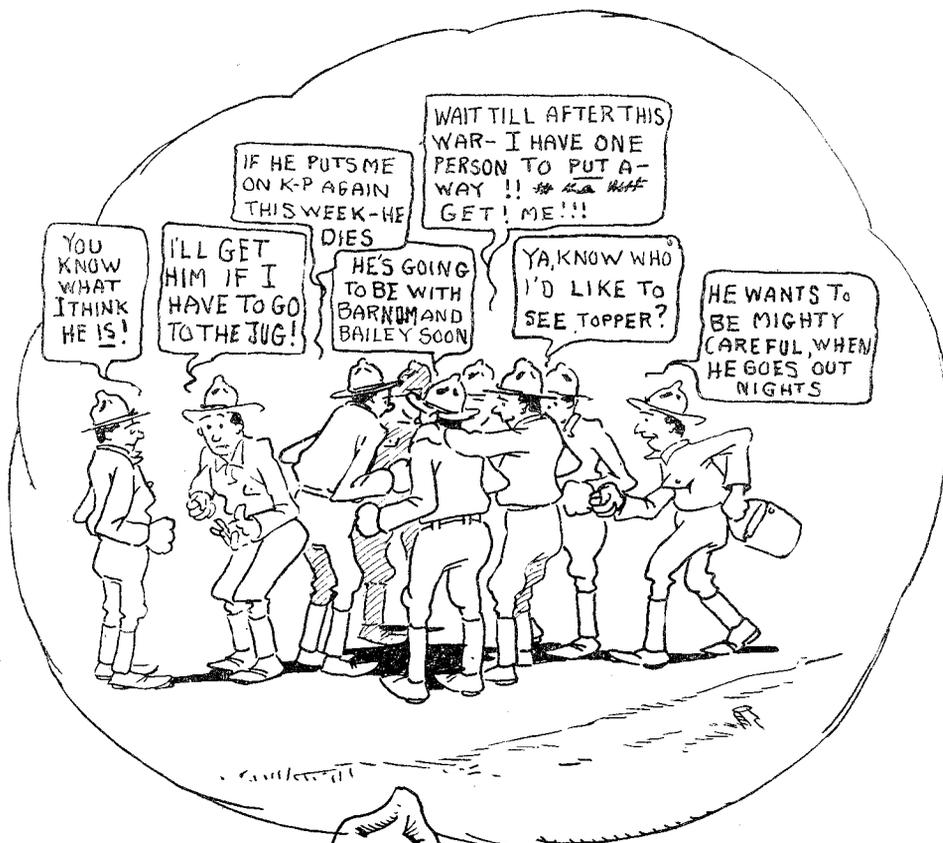
Have eaten eight dollars' worth of eggs, for breakfast, about thirty eggs in all.

I have often tried to count the stars while on guard, but before I ever got to 400, the disturbing relief came around.

Have seven sweethearts and passed the sanity test twice.

Listened to "Call to Quarters" now for the 212th time, and will fall asleep. Perhaps in the morning I will let you in on the secret of how many atoms of air, fresh and foul, that I breathe during my slumber.

Yours in waste,
DANIEL J. MAHONEY.



OVER THE TOP.

IT TAKES SO LITTLE.

It takes so little to make us glad,
Just a cheering clasp of a friendly hand,
Just a word from one who can understand;
And we finish the task we long had planned,
And we lose the doubt, and the fear we had—
So little it takes to make us glad.

—Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.,
Division Headquarters Troop.