



Incinerator.

A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Dere Mable

I would have wrote you before this only the fellos in my tent is too tite to buy any paper. It wouldnt take much, though, to tell you what I been doin. If I ever wrote a book about my adventures same as that fello Empty what wrote the book called "Over the top and go to Hell" it would run in competition with the Manual of Inferior Gard. Im gettin so I can only sleep four hours at a time. The only trouble is that it works the other way. When I do happen to miss a day not bein on gard I have to go to sleep after I work for two hours. Of course that interferes with the drill schedule, Mable, but you cant explain nothin to a top sargent.

I overslept the other mornin. I didnt here the horn. I dont see how they expect a fello to here the horn if hes a sleep. If he herd it hed be awake. I got out before they started firin anyway. I had to go without breakfast to do it. I wasnt goin to complain about that, though. Soldierin every minit. Thats me all over, Mable. The Lieutenant got awful sore. I guess he was mad cause he saw hed got up earlier than he had to. He said he was goin to prefer charges and asked me what I had to say. I told him every man to his taste and if he was askin my opinion Id prefer to go back to bed. Awful excitable fello, the Lieutenant.

I saw a letter on the tops desk yesterday about the meddles a fello can get now. Theys all kinds of different ones. Some from Congres and some from the Ward Apartment. Im goin to write my congressman as soon as I finish this and get a bunch of them. Of course I wouldnt wear them till I do something pretty good but I figure out that itll take so long to get em over there that it would be better to get em now and takem over with me.

Im goin to tell the congressman too that as far as Im concerned Id like to go to France as soon as I can. Its gettin nice and warm now for travelin. I want to see the Champs Eliza. Thats a street in Paris that was named after Queen Elizabeth. But thats history, Mable, I dont suppose youd understand. They tell me its even better lookin than Broadway or Fortysecond (42d) street.

I saw in the Sarahcuse papers that they thought the artillery was goin there to expand. If I expand any more Mable, Im goin to bust my belt. I don't know why it is. I dont eat nothin outside of meal hours exceptin a few pies and the like but I get fatter and fatter. I never think of eatin

when Im not hungry like some fellos. A fello what does that is makin a pig out of hisself I think.

Angus McDonald, the skotch fello, was out garding the guns with me the other night. He went to sleep on an aunt hill. I guess the aunts thought he was a new moun-tin or something cause they was all standin on him the next mornin. To look at the sunrise I says, eh Mable. Angus didnt seem to care though. He says Napoleum had the same thing happen to him and was always tellin how an army traveled on his stum-mick. Napoleun, Mable, is the fello that washington licked. They named that three colored ice cream after him.

All day long while were firin, Mable, a fello from Brigade headquarters stands near the guns and looks through a big glass with horns on it. I guess hes to lazy to hold it himself so he brings out camera legs and puts them under it. He looks through the glass and seems to see a lot of numbers that he tells to a fello what stands beside him. I dont see where he sees them. I looked through the glass the other day while he was eatin lunch and I couldnt see a thing except the side of the hill. Then he came back and looked through it and read off a string of them. The fello beside him writes down everything he says. I looked over his shoulder the other day. It looked more like a Jewish curse to me than anything else.

The Lieutenant came down the other day and told us to get all shined up cause the Sanitary inspector was comin out to look us over. I thought hed be all dressed up in white with white tennis shoes like fancy bakers and sanitary barber shops. He wasnt though. He just had on a regular uniform. I didnt think he was speshully sanitary. It may have been sunburn though. I couldnt tell from where I stood.

He had a fello with him they said was from the audience department. I know now why they call it the audience department. All they do is come round and watch us work. Thats a branch I didnt know about till after Id joined this.

Well, Mable, I got to quit now and go and look at the Gard rooster to see if I answer to sick call tommorrow morning. They say the Germans is raisin the dickins. I wish thed hurry up an get me over there.

yours eternally
in haste
Bill
(E. S.)

YOU CAN'T BEAT 'EM.

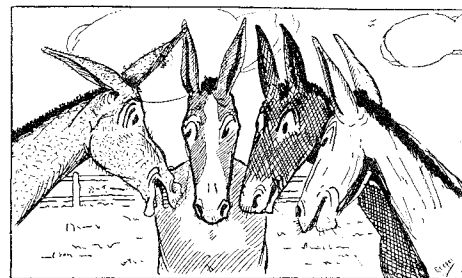
Taylor Holmes, late star of "Bunker Bean," is telling a story along the "Great White Way" which has the earmarks of being a new one: A little Irishman who was doing his bit in one of the Canadian regi-ments was captured by the Boches and brought before a very important looking German general, who was covered with iron crosses, tin crosses, and all the rest of the "junk" dear to the German heart. As he approached the general he remarked:

"Say, General, YOU DIRTY DUTCH will have to admit that WE IRISH certainly knocked hell out of you at the battle of the Somme." At this the general ordered the Irishman flogged.

The Irishman remonstrated with him by saying, "Sure, General, I meant no offense. I am only saying something that when history is written will go down as a fact, and that is 'YOU DIRTY DUTCH will have to admit that WE IRISH certainly knocked hell out of you at the Battle of the Marne.'" At this second insult the general became enraged and ordered the Irishman to be shot at sunrise. The Irishman pleaded for his life, but the German informed him that he could only save it in one way and that was by becoming a citizen of Germany, swearing allegiance to the Kaiser, and all German institutions.

The Irishman concluded that he "was a better man living than dead," so he agreed to become a citizen of Germany. After this long ceremony had been gone through with, and he had sworn allegiance to the Kaiser, he stepped up to the general, slapped him on the back, and remarked, "Well, General, WE DIRTY DUTCH have got to admit that the IRISH certainly knocked hell out of us at the battle of the Somme."

Sent in by SGT. J. W. McGOVERN,
Co. B, O. T. S.



HOW RUMORS START.

"One hears it whispered."

(See editorial on opposite page.)