

"PLEASE, OUIJA, TELL ME."

Hitherto the fellows had contented themselves with ordinary diversions, each whiling away his spare moments—which are spare, indeed, in the army—in some way best suited to his own particular style or temperament. No one means of recreation appealed to all.

Our methods of seeking amusement were legion. A great many among us viewed baseball and boxing as the most sensible and satisfying of pastimes; others, blessed with a certain elasticity of funds, chose the more confining entertainment derived from cards or dice; others were happier going to the "Big Tent," the Y. M. C. A., or wherever Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks or W. S. Hart might be billed; and still others, many others, seemed content with letter writing or checkers or chess or dominoes or reading.

Then came the day when Herb Winslow, one-time photoplay director and son of a well-known playwright, introduced to the boys the strange little toy that has had 'em all guessing, arguing and wondering ever since. They buzz about it like Broadway buzzes about each successive new and daring ballet.

Herb had imported a ouija board!

Ouija wasn't out of the mails five minutes ere two husky soldiers, nervously eager and expectant, sat opposite each other with the question-answering \$1.50 oracle across their knees. Grouped round behind them were a dozen others, grinning or frowning in a "Show me" attitude. Then one of the players popped the first question, proving then and there the wisdom of the poet who rhymed something about Spring and a young man's fancy. The soldier wondered if the young lady of his dreams loved him.

"Y-es," the ouija spelled out. The soldier loosed a howl of joy. The onlookers fidgeted.

"What's her name, Ouija?" the soldier asked.

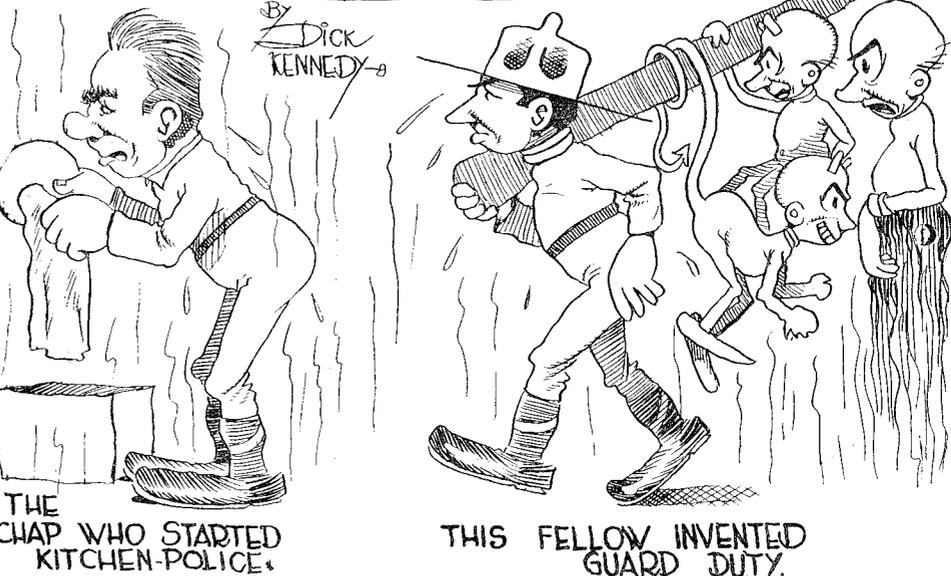
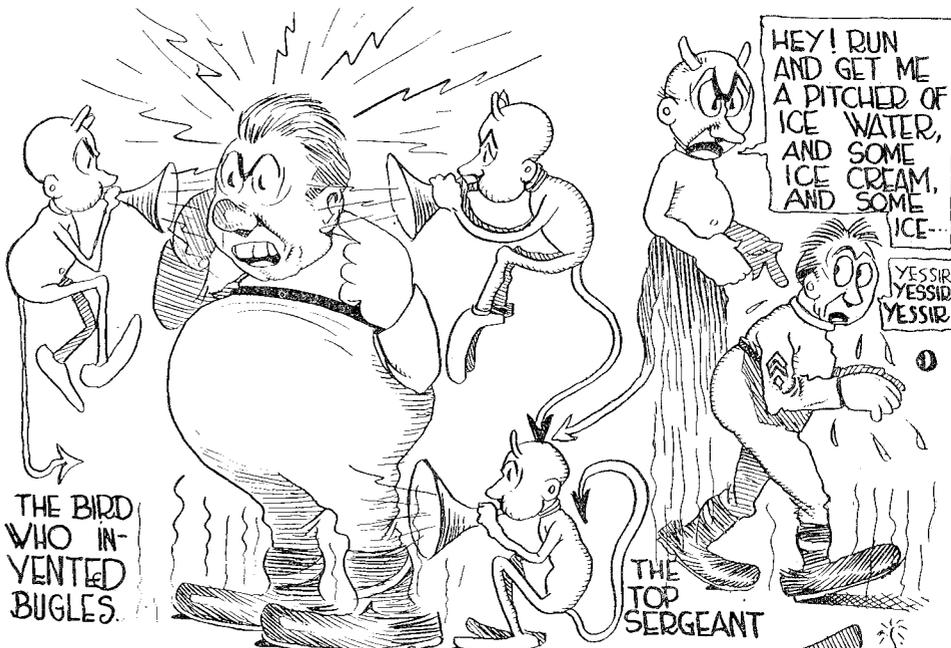
"R-o-s-a-l-i-n-d," said the ouija, and it was right.

"Will we go to France, Ouija?" said the soldier.

"Y-es," said the ouija.

"When will we go to France, Ouija?"

"———." The tiny three-legged table spun over the board in a way that made those doughboys gape, and it spelled out its answer without the slightest hesitation. The censor won't let us disclose the date given, but cheer up: you won't grow grey here.



Let the Punishment Fit the Crime!

Since that first night ouija has had but little rest. It has alternately delighted, surprised, frightened and disappointed every member of the company, and a number of fellows drawn from other companies, as well. It has breathed of romance, marriage and heroism one minute and of death, injury and forlorn heart hopes the next minute.

"That thing has got the dope," says one group. "If there ain't anything to it how-in-ell do you explain this * * * and * * * that * * * ?"

"Lotta hooley," says another crowd—"damn fake!"

"Subconscious mind's influence, that's all," argues a third faction.

But the fact remains: No matter what the men think, as individuals about this queer device, you'll see all of 'em bent over

it at one time or another, asking it everything, from the name of the parson who will do the nuptial knotting, down to the whereabouts of a lost sock.

It's a psychologist's job to explain why soldiers should take so to such an odd method of amusing themselves—or, if they so regard it—enlightening themselves. Maybe soldiers, as a class, have some of the superstition usually found among actors, gamblers, Southern darkies and others. Maybe it's because they are so darn hard-put sometimes to find an agreeable way of making up for the things they left behind them.

At any rate, if you are curious, come over to L Company's apartments sometime—anytime—and you'll see square-toed men o' war, with none of the earmarks of spook-believers, beseeching a small, square board to help 'em peer into the future.

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