

WHEN WE'RE ALL DRESSED UP AND FEELIN' FUNNY

THE baby butterfly emerging dazed and blinking into the sunshine of a brand-new world will have nothing on us doughboys when we blossom forth again in clothes cut and colored to our own taste. Yup, we're going to be as bashful and uneasy in mufti as a young ma'amselle at her own wedding. We'll be as self-conscious in those duds as a fledgling officer in his Sam Browne belt.

These old soldier togs will be missed mightily all right. We've slept in them, swanked in them, worked in them and become all-fired used to them. We have had no concern whatsoever about current styles, or the presence or absence of creases. We have all looked more or less alike in O. D., and that at least has been comforting. If one fellow dandied up a bit the rest of us merely shrugged and murmured, "San Fairy Ann."

But coming soon are the days when we'll all step into the swarm all slicked up, ironed and pressed, flashing from crown to heel, like a Brazilian diamond. Can you imagine it? We'll feel as if the whole town is scrutinizing us, and as if everybody we pass is giving us an inward horse-laugh. We'll feel so conspicuously new and shiny that some of us will be tempted to beg the nearest *restaurateur* (which in English means the boss of a hash house) to put us on kitchen police.

Sam made Paris en route back to the division from the leave area. An M. P. who had fought a hard war on the Paris front, literally leaped upon unobtrusive Sam as the latter was trying to find a "Sortie" in the railroad station.

"Let's see your pass," the M. P. barked about as pleasantly as a teamster would address a pair of obstinate horses.

Sam calmly and complacently produced his pass.

"You ain't got no right to be in Paris," thundered the amiable M. P.

"Back down," Sam suggested forcibly. "You can't tell me that a guy in a division that came clear over here from New York to crash through the Hindenburg line ain't got no right in Paris."

Three men from the 27th Division, on leave in London, were visiting Westminster Abbey. There they met some



FIRST CALL

If we've got any friends who were bank clerks, and who fought the war in a shipyard driving nails, we'll seek 'em out if we're wise and consent to them wearing the newness off those outfits we'll soon be buying. It would be doing a good turn at the same time. So long as the squareheads kept the war going we never had to worry about tailor's bills and the high price of chow. But our friends who decided they'd rather learn to build ships than to waste their time on foreign travel—well, they had expenses we didn't.

Just fancy our first evening back with the girls we left behind us. Some of us will undoubtedly spend a heap of studious time before our mirrors ere venturing to the address where we sent most of our letters. Yet, when we got there we'll not be so sure about the fit of that hat, or the hang of that suit. Our Rebeccas and Lydias will, of

course, babble sweetly on how lovely we look, and all the while we'll be experiencing the awkwardness of the fellow who has spilled soup in his lap at a dinner party.

Oh, yes, boys, we're in for some skittish moments when we are pushed into the public and start out to dress and act the part of blinkin' civilians. But cheer up and chirrup. As the fellow says, there are a lot of us in the same boat.

SGT. HARRY T. MITCHELL.

friends who presented them to Miss Juanita Baden-Powell, niece of the famous naturalist and head of the Boy Scouts.

"You, of course, know of my uncle, Sir Baden-Powell?" inquired the lady.

The soldiers were puzzled.

"No," one of them responded, "We never heard of him."

"What, and you are from a civilized country?" the woman exclaimed.

"Well, of course you know all about Charlie Murphy," a quick-witted doughboy queried.

"No, I cannot say that I ever heard of that gentleman," she replied.

"And you pretend to live in a civilized country?"

The soldiers rendered snappy salutes and continued on their way.