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A. S. Burleson, Postmaster-General.

Kultured!

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To whom it may concern (and that means everybody old enough to sit up and read a magazine), be it known that the 23rd of March will be the brightest day in the year. It will be a Frownless Day. Because on that day—the 23rd—will appear the Camouflage Number of the Gas Attack. It will contain a big surprise. Be among the frownless!
GAS ATTACK

THE HEART BREAKER

ORDERED TO RETURN FOR MORE TREATMENT—THAT AWFUL NIGHT-MARE

HOW IT FELT—

AND WHAT IT REALLY WAS

WELL! I'LL BE D—! HANG! TO HER LIEUT.!!

DOES IT HURT? OUCH! GO TO IT DOC! PULL EM ALL.

NEXT! THE OLD WAY—

THE HEART BREAKER — A SUGGESTION —

The Charms of the Camp Dentists
Major General O'Ryan wants suggestions and designs for a Divisional Insignia.

In the armies abroad each division has an insignia which is stencilled on the front of the "tin hat" and on the arms of overcoats, blouses and shirts just below the shoulder. The insignia is also stencilled upon wagon and motor truck covers and upon the tail-boards and backs of wagons, motor trucks and automobiles. In our Civil War such insignia were found to be essential, and the Corps insignia of the army became well known throughout the country.

The present Division exceeds by far the strength of the Corps of the Union Army. The Division of the American Army have already begun to adopt Divisional insignia. The Pennsylvania Division has the Keystone; the "Sunset" Division has the Setting Sun; the "Blue and The Gray" Division have the Greek insignia of eternity, one-half being blue and the other half gray.

To Enlisted Men.

Officers have suggested to General O'Ryan various insignia for the New York Division, but he wishes to hear from the enlisted men before adopting one. The General states that in every Company there are one or more men expert in designing and drafting. It is desired that such men draw in colors and submit to the Division Adjutant their half size; or if circular, diameter eight inches. Half this size can be readily made into a stencil.

It is desired that such men draw in colors for coat and shirt sleeves. It is also essential that the design be simple so that it can be readily made up into a stencil form. The insignia should also have some relation, sentimental or otherwise, to New York State.

When General O'Ryan was with the British Army abroad, he served for a time with the York and Lancashire Division. One-half of this Division were made up of men from Yorkshire—old Yorkers. The men of the York and Lancashire Division were greatly interested when it was known that General O'Ryan commanded the New York Division. A rumor promptly spread through the trenches that the New Yorks had arrived to "take over" from the Old Yorks. Later, some of the soldiers of this Division made up in colors a very attractive coat-of-arms representing a soldier of the Old York Division shaking hands with a soldier of the New York Division, ranked by British and American standards. This was presented to General O'Ryan. The insignia of the York & Lancashire Division is a red rose intertwined with a white rose, indicating the present alliance of the descendants of those who formerly fought each other in the War of the Roses. It was suggested, that the New York Division adopt some kind of a rose for its divisional emblem in recognition of the historical relation between the New York and the Old York.

Remember New York.

The feeling seems strong in the Division, in view of the excellence of the record made by the New York Division under that name. It was suggested that the New York Division adopt some kind of a rose for its Divisional Emblem. It is also urged that such designations as "Em­pire," "Goldenrod," etc., cease to be considered the insignia of the people of Europe, among whom the Division is shortly to serve. Few people in Europe know much of the sentimentalities or history of our States, or even of our country, but there are very few of these who have not heard of New York. The one thing that stands out in the mind of the European when America is mentioned, is New York.

INTRODUCE MEXICAN MEDAL BILL IN CONGRESS.

Border veterans of the New York Division are getting nearer to service medals for their work on the Border every day. Representative George B. Francis, of New York, has introduced the Calder Bill for Mexican Medals in the House of Representatives, with certain amendments, and it is now under consideration by the House.

POEM OF GRATITUDE.

Thank you.

—New York Sun.
GAS ATTACK

Published weekly by and for the men of the Twenty-seventh Division, U. S. A., at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, S. C, under the direction of the Camp Wadsworth Young Men's Christian Association.

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RUMORS THAT BLOOM IN THE SPRING, TRA LA.

Spring is in our midst, and the flowers that bloom in the spring, tra la, have nothing on the rumors, tra lea. One very healthy rumor is that the Division is planning to move somewhere shorty.

Major General O'Ryan is planning some intensive training in large scale maneuvers, and he is quoted by the Spartanburg Herald of March 5th as saying that this training will extend over a period of from 30 to 60 days. This announcement has given rise to the crop of rumors aforesaid.

The Gas Attack is not in position to say definitely when we will go. But it has hopes, as we all have, that it will be soon. Whenever we get impatient to move, we recall the words of our commanding general on his return from France. "Don't be impatient. There's war enough over there for everybody."

Obedience is the first duty of a soldier, as we all know. Grumbling impatience about when, where and how we are going, and why we haven't gone sooner is little better than camouflaged disobedience. It has no place in a real army. Let's be ready to go when the big men at the head of our machine pull the starting lever. Odd as it may seem to some of us, they probably know more about the name of the Division, just as last week we congratulated and thanked Senator Calder, the 27th Division, and the soldiers of the country, are glad to have such true friends in places of power. We soldiers know that with such men as Senator Calder and Representative Francis on the job, we can do our jobs better because we are confident that our work will be appreciated and our interests looked after by them.

We believe that Congress will understand what such decorations as the Mexican Medal mean to soldiers and grant the men who served on the Border the medals and ribbons which they clearly deserve.

R. E. C.
A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Dere Mable:

I got arrested for a week up at the artillery range. That ain't a disgrace like being arrested in the city though. Down here some of the nicest fellows does it. There ain't no jail. I just live in a different tent. I guess they couldn't think of any place worse to live in than a tent. It is with a good crowd. It makes a nice change from drillin. I got arrested for my watch being slow. That shows how strict they are in the army.

This is how it was.

While we was firin at the range the other day the Captain told me to take the wire up the hill with the other fellows from another hill. I was thinkin of you an gettin kind of dozy when some one says over the fone “This is the General.” I says “How do you do, sir” curteous. That's me all over, Mable. I guess he didn't notice me though. He says, “Are you going to synchronize our watches?” That was a new one on me, Mable. I was goin to tell him that mine didn't need it. Its the one your father gave me an its been runnin in my head ever since I got it.

Then he says “When I say check its ten fifty five (10.55).” I thought he was excedin his authority but I didn't say nothin an when he said check I just passed it over. He waited a minute and then he says “When I say check its ten fifty seven (10.57).” It struck me I might have worked that out myself but I didn't say nothin. Then he says after a minute “When I say check it is ten fifty nine (10.59).” Then just to save him trouble I says “I got a watch myself sir. An as a matter of fact your five minutes fast.” I guess he was slow. But as I say bein in arrest ain't no disgrace like bein in the city.

I'm goin to ask the Captain to let me off this telephone job. Whenever they don't know who to let out on they let out on the telephone man. What they want is a mind reader not a fello with brains. The other day the Captain says “Lay this spool of wire up that hill.” He handed me a thing that looked like a trolly cable and weighed about as much. Then he went home and read the paper till I came back and told him it was done. Thats the way with Captains. When I got it all done they go and say to the Major “I laid the wire up the hill.” An the Major says “That was a good job, Captain. You must be tired. Have a cigar.” But I never say nothin. Thats me all over, Mable.

I took the wire like he said and laid it under a bush on top of the hill sos nobody could swipe it. When I came down I showed him where it was on a little picture I drew him. An to here him talk yond think hed never asked me to take it up the hill at all.

A couple of days later we was firin into the middle of a field where there wasn't a livin thing to hit as far as I could see. If the Captain had to pay for these things I bet he'd be more careful of them. He was awful excited though. He came up an gave me a lot of numbers to fone to his battery. He didn't say what to do with them an nothin happened. That got him sore. It always does. Captains thinks you ought to know what to do without tellin you. As he got madder he started to take it out on me. He said “Get somethin off quick. Hurry up. Get somethin off quick.” So just to humor him I took off my shirt as he hadn't specified. You cant do nothing right for a man like that though.

In learnin a lot about cannons an there habits. I guess if you first get them there wild like horses. The Captin told me that every other battery but his was awful wild. He has trouble with his though cause the other day they telephoned up that theyd just broken one of his guns. I guess he likes em better wild cause he got awful sore. But you couldn't do anything right for the Captin.

You ought to see the Major, Mable. A major is a fello that only comes round once a week. Ours is taller in bed than he is stand in up. You ought to see him talk your arms but there is only room for one in your heart.” That applies to both parties and you know or ought to know that what is good for one is good for the other.

Don't think for a moment when prices are as high as they are that we're going to let a chance like going to the opera or Pen-ton's slip by because you're down there doing goodness knows what! I'm sure I don't. Let the poor boob spend his money. You have no cause to be jealous for when you come back I'll let you do the same if you want to.

If you are still angry let me know immediately so that it will be O.K. for me to say “Yes” if this fellow pops the question the next time he takes me out.

As before, MABLE.

MABLE AND THE DOUBLE STANDARD.

She Tells Bill—and All the Bills of the 27th Division—a Few Things.

We print here a letter from a fair young lady of Buffalo. She is one of the innumerable "Mables" who have sprung up about the country and who send endearing epistles to our Private William Smith of "Bill to Mable" fame whose personal correspondence you find on the Incinerator page. This particular "Mable" has something to say on the double standard for men and women.

Buffalo, N. Y., March 4, 1918.

Dear Sweetheart:

There's been a whole lot of birds up here telling tales about the boys down there, you along with the rest.

You fellows seem to think it great fun to have half a dozen girls at home to write to and as many more down there to run around with, but if any of you fellows find out that the girls you left behind are going out with other fellows, they are faithless and unworthy of your attention, although you think it is perfectly proper for you to run around with. You no doubt know what the old saying is—"You may hold a thousand girlish in your arms but there is only room for one in your heart." That applies to both parties and you know or ought to know that what is good for one is good for the other.

Don't think for a moment when prices are as high as they are that we're going to let a chance like going to the opera or Pen-ton's slip by because you're down there doing goodness knows what! I'm sure I don't. Let the poor boob spend his money. You have no cause to be jealous for when you come back I'll let you do the same if you want to.

If you are still angry let me know immediately so that it will be O.K. for me to say “Yes” if this fellow pops the question the next time he takes me out.

As before, MABLE.
How many friends one does have! One doesn't know it until a big box arrives in the mail. Willing hands carry it to the tent; more willing hands help lift out the various contents—the chocolate cake (slightly squashed but still it's there, so why worry?) Friends examine those socks and criticize only pleasantly. The always hungry boy from the next tent hangs around the entrance to your own canvas abode—with his also always hungry friend by his side. Nothing escapes their eagle eyes—no choice tit-bits marked "for you only" get by them. And how they eat—eat—EAT!
THE IDEAS OF ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE

XV. On the Troubles He Has in Making Jim Mugrums His Orderly

There is no doubt about it, Jim Mugrums is somewhat crude. This uncouth little soldier who sleeps in the next cot to me—me, the scion of one of our great families—seems not to profit from such intimate association with me, except in the use of my comb and brush and cigarettes.

At length I decided upon a desperate step. "Mugrums," I announced, "I have an idea."

"I thought somethin' awful was goin' to happen the minute you looked at me like that."

"I have decided to make you my orderly."

"Oh," piped Mugrums, dancing up and down as if in ecstasy, "that's better'n a counselor! You did the right thing, Ethelburt. Go to the head o' the class, three girls up."

It is sometimes difficult to restrain Mugrums' boisterous levity.

"This is a proposal," I told him, "which you are to entertain seriously. As my orderly you will be in a position to learn a great deal from me. You will execute all my errands, tidy up my bunk, carry my tins to the mess shack, and do my washing for me. I will pay you three dollars a week. What do you say?"

Mugrums Accepts the Office.

Mugrums whistled, impressed.

"Three dollars gets me," he finally agreed. "It's a long time between pay days."

An so Mugrums became my orderly. He began his duties by accompanying me to town that afternoon while I made a number of purchases. I gave him the bundles to carry and told him to walk half a pace behind me, as befitted the orderly of a Jelliback. But Mugrums was too chatty and familiar.

"Mugrums, you must maintain an interval of eleven inches behind me. I will do all the talking that is to be done."

He was not alert in obeying these mandates. And when we returned to camp and went to the mess shack for supper, he so far forgot himself as to allow his way ahead of me in an animal-like eagerness for his food.

"Mugrums, you are the most disorderly orderly I ever saw."

"No, I'm first in war, first in peace, and first in the start of the mess line."

Ethelburt Remonstrates With Him.

In vain did I remonstrate with him, until I threatened to withhold his first week's salary. That had an instantaneous effect upon him.

"Oh, Ethelburt," he said, stepping out of the mess line to give me his place, "I only meant to give your supper for you. I forgot I had my own mess kit. But I've fixed it with the K. P.'s to slip you all the slumgullion you can suck under your belt and not break it. I know how hard you fall for stew."

"Quite right, Mugrums, except that you have put too high an estimate on my fondness for army stew. I have no overwhelming passion for it."

"You'd better eat it, though, or they'll put raisins in it tomorrow and call it puddin'."

There was considerable sense to this bit of homely philosophy, and I congratulated myself that making Mugrums my orderly had evidently improved his faculties of reasoning.

Returning to my tent after mess, I devoted not a little time to lying back on cot, contemplating that at last I, Ethelburt Jelliback, a social leader at home, was enjoying the company of the scion of one of our great families—seems not to profit from such intimate association with me, except in the use of my comb and brush and cigarettes.

Ethelburt Swears.

"Reveille!" I muttered, giving way to blasphemy. I was in a fury. I denounced Mugrums, soundly.

"Slumgullion, Mugrums, I fear you will never do." I was so agitated that I flung myself out of the cot and paced up and down the floor of the tent in my pajamas. "You will never do. An orderly's first duty is to entertain seriously. As my orderly you will be in a position to learn a great deal from me. You will execute all my errands, tidy up my bunk, carry my tins to the mess shack, and do my washing for me. I will pay you three dollars a week. What do you say?"

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True, my orderly wasn't as meticulous and efficient as Jenkins, my man at home. Jenkins, queer old fellow, used to bring my coffee and rolls to my bed every morning and start the water for my tub.

Mugrums' Material Duties.

I decided to renew this pleasant practice. The next morning I sent Mugrums out to reveal to answer my name at roll call. He answered "Yeso" so loudly when my name was called that the top-sergeant knew at a glance that there was a problem. But Mugrums was too chatty and familiar.

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NOTEWORTHY MEN IN CAMP

II. Col. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Whose Regiment of Engineers Was the First to Come to Spartanburg.

They were the first to come here, and the first to go, the 102nd Engineers. Of course, it was only the second battalion that left camp last week, with their Colonel at their head, marching through the rain to entrain for special work in Virginia.

But when they came here, Camp Wadsworth was a wilderness of pine trees and a furrow of cotton fields, and the snake road to Spartanburg was a highway of death. They made the road navigable and they made the camp habitable.

**An Accomplished Engineer.**

Their commander, Col. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who is probably more widely known in civil life than any one officer in the division, is an accomplished engineer. His figure is a familiar one here. You have seen him, perhaps, swinging along one of the muddied thoroughfares of camp, on his way to inspect a spot where the engineers took a particularly mean kink out of the snake road, or where a bit of blasting was being done, or where some new feature of the landscape was being dealt with. The camouflage school is being held in his camp, and he has given much aid to it.

This isn't the place to write of Col. Vanderbilt's private life, of how he let a great fortune go hang in order to do as he pleased with his life. But this is, decidedly, the place to describe him as an inventor, an engineer, a sailor, a soldier, and—an American.**

**His Workshop, As a Boy.**

How did he come to be an inventor? He himself once said, when an interviewer bettered away long enough at his modesty and reservedness:

"I always had my own workshop as a boy as early as I can remember. I must have been born with a liking for mechanics, as I constantly played and later worked with tools and machinery. After my graduation from Yale it was logical for me to take up a post-graduate course in engineering. In the course of my studies I spent a good deal of time in the motive power and engineering department of the New York Central, trying to acquire practical knowledge."

"I had not then taken up business responsibilities or interests. My mind was occupied with engineering problems and my study of them led me, as it would lead any one else, to investigate whether improved methods or appliances could not be devised."

**His First Patent, A Tender.**

Col. Vanderbilt's first patent was a tender, a cylindrical tender which the Union Pacific and Southern Pacific were the first of the big railroads to adopt as a standard. It saved both weight and expense.

In 1891 he entered college when seventeen years old. He was graduated from Yale in 1895, and went to the Sheffield Scientific School to study mechanical engineering. At this period of his life he worked, spare times, in the office of the New York Central. In 1898 he received his Ph. B., and in 1899 he was graduated from Sheffield with the degree of M.E.

There came a time when, following a re-alignment of the Vanderbilt family fortune, Mr. Vanderbilt had to drop his inventions for finance. He became a director in many big companies. But he was a real director, not a dummy. Just as in the military service of his country, he is now a real soldier, one who volunteered, not for glory, but with a zealous desire to do all in his power to protect this country from danger.

**Not New in His Patriotism.**

It was eighteen years ago that Col. Vanderbilt joined the National Guard of New York. That was long before the "preparedness" people began shouting from the house-tops. With his usual zeal, Mr. Vanderbilt threw himself into his work with the 13th Infantry, the outfit in which he enlisted, and in eight years he rose to the rank of Captain.

Major-General Roe, then commanding the National Guard of New York, appointed him an aide. In 1912, when Major-General John F. O'Reilly succeeded Gen. Roe, Cornelius Vanderbilt was promoted to be one of the inspector generals of the State with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel.

Col. Vanderbilt at once responded to the call of the President in the Spring of 1916. He became a Major, owing to the lowering of the rank of all Guard staff officers to meet Federal regulations. Col. Vanderbilt's record on the battle-field was a good one.

He believes that men who give themselves voluntarily to the nation, to defend it, deserve well of the hands of the nation. It was, with this creed at heart, that he took steps to prevent the many thousands of Guardsmen on duty at the Mexican border from losing their vote at the Presidential election simply because they were absent from their home States. He made a test case of his application for an order permitting him to register. And he won it. It was a battle well won.

**Back From the Border.**

In November of 1916 he returned from the border on a leave of absence, and was appointed Inspector General of the Depot Battalions in New York State.

A few weeks later he was appointed Col. onel, in command of the then Twenty-second Engineers. It had always been his desire to command the Engineers, and he tried to make them as efficient as possible. He liked the job in the line much better than one on the staff and he wanted to see whether he could make a line regiment fulfill all that was expected of it.

During the winter months of 1917 he was appointed chairman on the reception committee of the French, British, and Italian commissions. For two years before this he was chairman of the Mayor's committee on Military Affairs. In December, 1916, he was appointed senior Engineering aide on Governor Whitman's staff.

**A Keen Sailor.**

In yachting circles he is very well known. He was commodore of the New York Yacht Club for four years, and has always been one of the chief members of the Governing Board of International yachting.

He is a keen sailor, and his sailing-yachts as well as his steamer "North Star" have been to almost every port on the globe. He has owned and sailed personally two of America's cup defenders, both of which have never lost a race. His sloop "Aurora" was one of the largest in this country and with her he has won over three hundred trophies, many of which were won in foreign waters.

He was one of the first yachting men to race an American boat in foreign waters. Recently he bought the schooner "Elems," one of the fastest schooners in the world. He also owns the vessel "North Star." He gave to the British Government in 1914, and she is now being used as a submarine destroyer, having several to her credit, at the present time.

In 1914 when the Great International War broke out he was yachting near the coast of Belgium, but it wasn't long before he offered his military or naval services to Ambassadors Page and Herrick. When the U. S. Battleship Tennessee was sent to France with several millions in gold aboard, Col. Vanderbilt, and two other American Army officers were sent with a great part of this gold through the fighting lines into Switzerland.

**He Ran the Blockade.**

The Colonel had many exciting and interesting experiences in running the blockade, but succeeded in arriving in time to relieve the congestion of the banks in that country.

The Colonel has attended Army and Navy maneuvers in almost every country in the world, and understands the inner workings of foreign army work almost better than any other military officer in this division.

The Colonel was appointed temporary chief-of-staff in the absence of a regular Army officer, as he is the ranking Colonel of the Division.

**First Regiment to Build a Church.**

His engineers built the Range, and made Snake Road passable, laid out the entire camp, and the miles of trench-work, constructed bridges, ditches, and culverts, filled in by dexterous cribbing bad spots in camp, established a male pack train when the weather was too bad for other travel, worked on three different logging details, and were the first regiment in any camp or cantonment in the country to construct a church.
Scene in the lobby of the Cleveland when the Clerk was overheard to tell the bellboy that there was a young lady at the Saturday Night Hop without a partner.

$1,000,000 FOR IMPROVEMENTS HERE.

Building Boom on to Increase Efficiency of Our Camp.

Approximately $1,000,000 is being spent by the United States government in construction work at Camp Wadsworth, either under way or authorized, and it is said that this does not include the additional work planned on new buildings to be required when the additional territory is secured. Indications are that a large force of workmen will be employed at the camp for months to come.

Eleven new ward buildings, each 24 feet wide by 150 feet long, will be added to the base hospitals, with a number of smaller buildings. These, with the buildings now under construction, will increase the capacity of the hospital from 1,000 to 2,000 beds.

Eight regulation regimental infirmary buildings, each two stories in height, are to be erected for the new regiments of Pioneer infantry.

The work of installing the sewerage system for the base hospital is still under way, but will soon be completed. The sewerage disposal plant is of the most modern type.

Nine large hay sheds, each approximately 60 feet wide by 240 feet long, are to be erected at a cost of about $5,000 each.

The plans for the Liberty theater, to be erected by the war department's commission on training camp activities, have been received, and work will be started on it soon. The building will be 90 feet wide and 120 feet long, and will have a large seating capacity.

The recreation building for the Red Cross will be under construction soon, and plans are being made for a building for the Young Men's Hebrew Association.

The war department has under consideration the advisability of installing a sewerage system in Camp Wadsworth. The contractors have been informed they will be notified a little later as to whether the new buildings are to be equipped with sewerage plumbing.

The plans for the war department for Camp Wadsworth do not seem to be fully developed yet, but every few days some additional construction is authorized, and there is no longer any doubt that this is to be a permanent camp, and one of the largest in the country, if not the largest. All the new construction work that is being authorized is of a permanent character.

Some people think that barracks will be erected for housing the troops, and that tents will not be used longer than the coming summer, but there has been no official statement as to this as yet.

AN ODE TO AN O. D. PILL.

You've heard of Doctor Munyon, That wonder-working man With his cure for Epizootic And such troubles of the Lan', Who, with a root and berry And a bit of hark, you see, Not to mention sand imported Upon a camel's misplaced knee From the Himalayan Mountains In far off heathen Chinee. Concocted him a potion Which has been our own notion Of a medicine perfect For suffering humani-tee.

No doubt, Doctor Munyon Would be that wonder still But for the discov'ry Of the O. D. Pill. Long and grand was his reign And his renown was wide, But when the "O. D." came Old "Doc." began his slide, For pain nor sprain, nor ache nor break Can long hold out if a pill you take. If the Army surgeons had their way The soldiers would live till Judgment Day. For a headache or a toothache For a backache or an earache Take a pill!

(Continued on page 27)
DON'T WORRY ABOUT US, MR. UPLIFTER

After the War, We Won't Be Too Proud to Work; We'll Be Too Proud Not To.

There was a time—before all of us men put our overcoats on and camped out on O. D.'s—when the Jeremiahs of Journalism were never at a loss for something about which to write.

All other sources of inspiration becoming arid, they swooped down upon the halt, the lame and the blind and produced uplift stories and articles. Magazines published it and little groups of serious thinkers got together to talk it over and wring their hands.

The poor old submerged tenth; the feuden tenement districts, the always thriving night court; the ever-busy juvenile tribunals; the uncared for penitentiaries and all such unsavory appendages of or more or less advanced civilization were turned inside out and exploited until they couldn't muster a secret amongst them.

It was commendable work. Reforms, good and not so good, came to pass. But let us let it go at that for the time being.

Came the war. The poor old submerged tenth and all its sociological relatives lost their prominence. They produced soldiers quite as good and much more readily than did some other fractions of society.

As a literary fount they became extinct. Instead of being scolded for their imprudence and ignorance they came in for laudations for their patriotism.

Nobody to Uplift.

The main point, insofar as this story is concerned, is that a topo-heavy staff of uplift writers were flat on their backs. Their erring children, on whom they depended for the rent, had gone to war—voluntarily and involuntarily—and there was nothing left but to go to war with them or stay home and organize relief associations. As an industry, the latter occupation became a bit overcrowded.

It was not long, however, before two or three of the erstwhile uplifters struck another literary lode. What they demanded, was to become of the million or so workers who survived the war? Was not this new existence going to create another race? How to so reshape the economic and social fabric that these men from the trenches would fit into, after peace had been agreed upon?

They would never be the same—these gory veterans. Back to the primitive they were bound to go unless something was done to make them never again be satisfied to wear cotton. Who had jumped his ribbon counter but to go to war with them or stay home and organize relief associations.

We'll Be More Efficient.

From a purely material standpoint we (those who came out of this affair intact) are going to be about one million per cent. more efficient than was possible for any one of us to be before the army got us.

Came into this army of ours some thousands of youths who had never in their lives done anything more serious than to look for an easy job and fail to find it. And falling, they let it go at that. Came others who were instructors because they hadn't that knack of living without industry. But their industry was limited by inefficiency and they were discontented drudgers.

Others there were to join the colors, who had achieved a certain degree of success. And they, with others even more successful, in civil life, continue in their habit of progressing just as they always will under whatever conditions existing.

We'll Hustle.

Anybody who still harbors a suspicion that the army has any tendency to impair a man's ability to get out and hustle is not a member of the army. The old days when a soldier was an automaton composed of two arms, two legs and a pair of sharp ears, have passed into the limbo of forgotten things. It is still true that a good soldier must obey first and reason afterward. But machine guns, intricate artillery, grenades, gas, trenches and high explosives have changed warfare. That, therefore, intelligence is a more or less vital requisite in the modern soldier is too obvious for further consideration.

I've hustled some in civil life. I had to. I've traveled about as fast as the human mechanism is geared to go under peace conditions. But believe me, I was running backward in comparison with my present speed. I never knew what mental and physical locomotion was until I was fetched down to South Carolina, put into harness and had my ribs rowelled a bit by a captain who knew what he wanted done and how to get it done.

Davy Admits He Was Wrong.

I figured, at that time, that I was geared about as high as the work would stand—what, with eight hours drill, two hours fatigue and so on each day. But my well-developed faculty for being wrong was working smoothly. By some fortunate flip of the bones, fate selected me as a student in the Officers Training School.

I didn't know exactly how they did it, and I can not remember just when they did it, but whatever it was they did to me, accomplished the seemingly impossible. Some day when the school has closed, I am going to sit down for a whole hour, just to experience a forgotten sensation. I'm going to buy me a mirror and take a look at my own face, for I have retained but a hazy idea of its none too pulchritudinous ensemble.

Then I'm going to read a newspaper and smoke a whole cigarette right down to the end. And I'm going out where no one can see me and slouch about a bit—let my shoulders droop a sixteenth of an inch or so and shift the weight of my body to one foot and stand there for a few moments.

And maybe I'll go around for a whole day unshaved and with a few buttons undone and with mud on my heels. I'm going to do all these unmilitary things if I can, but I am not certain of success.

All this may have the ring of absurd exaggeration. But accept my word for it. I'm twelve times the man my mother thought it was possible for me to be and I had the most optimistic mother in the world.

Better Bricklayers and Poets.

All this the army has done for me—as ordinary a man as ever rode on a subway train and that's hitting the true man of ordinary humanity. I mention myself merely by way of developing my point.

And that point is, shorn of platitude and superfluous wordage, that this army training has raised the efficiency of every able bodied man within its confines about one hundredfold. We are going to be better bricklayers, but bricklayers still. We are going to be better clerks, mechanics, engineers, doctors, lawyers, butchers, grocers and so on that it was possible for us to be before, and we are going back to be clerks, mechanics, engineers, doctors, lawyers, butchers, grocers and so on, just the same.

(Continued on page 26.)
**YOU KNOW ME, AL.**

Bis, artistic signs are up about camp announcing the division show, "You Know Me, Al," which an all star cast will present at the Harris Theatre the week of March 25th. The cast, including names well known on Broadway, is busy rehearsing the bright lines with which the musical farce abounds.

Lieut. W. A. Halloran, Jr., of the 196th Machine Gun Battalion, is directing the production, as director of the 27th Division Theatre, and he is proving a very capable military Belasco—or perhaps Flo Ziegfeld, Jr.—as a glance at any of the rehearsals shows.

The plot of "You Know Me, Al"—and it has a plot that is better than most musical shows—and the many good lines with which it is adorned, were evolved by Private Hugh S. Stange, Hqts. Troops, who dramatized "Seventeen," now running on Broadway, and Private W. Anson Hallahan, Co. M, 107th Inf., another professional. The music, which is hummable and whistlable, is by Private Burton Hamilton, 106th M. G. Batt., and Sgt. Leon de Costa, Hqts Co., 106th Inf. Sgt. de Costa also leads the orchestra, which is composed of division musicians. He, with Lieut. Halloran did a P. G. Wodehouse job on the lyrics.

Carl McCormick, S. D., 106th Regt., is business manager. Harry Gribble, S. D., 106th Regt. is stage manager. Pvt. C. C. Beall, Co. C, 107th Inf., and Sergt. Harold E. Printz, are designing and executing the scenery, with an expert staff, and Joe Urban might be proud of the job they are doing. Principal roles are being played by Russell Brown, Syd Marlan, Curt Karpe, Harry Gribble, Walter Roberts, Stanley Woods, Jack Roche, Artie Kennedy, Stanley Hughes, and E. Albert Crawford. Some of them take female roles. Watch out Julian Eltinge!

The chorus is what the Winter Garden press agent would call "a gay and gorgeous galaxy of girls." There are some chorus men, too, of course, who operate as sprightly a collection of fibulae as the local stage has ever glimpsed. But the "girls" are the feature.

"You Know Me, Al" will run for a week, with matinees on Wednesday and Saturday. Tickets will be placed on sale shortly. It is a corking show, and is just another evidence of the versatility of the Division.

**THE REAL REASON THE KU KLUX KLAN WAS ORGANIZED.**

Remember the Ku Klux Klan, those hair-raising night riders in nighties that galumphed about in the Birth of a Nation? Spartanburg isn't far from the seat of that story.

The Ku Klux Klan was organized at Piedmont, a little town on the P. and N. railroad, not far from here. History tells us that the Ku Kluxers were organized to protect the whites down here, but our acquaintance with the P. and N. makes us believe that history is all wrong. The Ku Klux Klan was organized by a party of indignant Southern commuters when the 5:15 train didn't get in till 8:39.

**BASEBALL PLANS APLENTY.**

Several baseball games are now pending for the Division team. They include two contests with the Charleston Navy Yard, and one with Camp Sevier. Among others, the other opponents are Erskine College and the Atlanta Club of the Southern Association. A record schedule is looked for when the Baseball Committee gets down to business.

**SAME SHOE.**

FOUND—One shoe, brand new and regulation near Signal Corps corral. Owner may have same by identifying same. Same may be accomplished by seeing E. G. Sharpe, Co. C, 102d Signal Corps.

**GETTING NITROGEN FROM AIR.**

Germany just before the war began to get nitrogen from the air, but not in paying quantities. The war drove her to experimentation where she has found new and paying processes of obtaining nitrogen from the atmosphere. She produces tenfold the nitrogen she formerly produced, now producing 300,000 tons yearly. Nitrogen is indispensable in producing certain essential explosives. Explosion is almost immediate combustion for which nitrogen is the most practical gas.

**WHEN A TANK COMES AFTER YOU.**

The Germans have changed many of their standardized methods because of the introduction of the English Tank. The trenches are made wider, being at least 10 feet, mud is placed before them, cannon are placed in the trenches to oppose them. Machine guns have no effect upon them; hand grenades are useless when used against them, the artillery is too far away to locate them. The German fears and hates the tank for it is almost an invulnerable monster which disturbs the Hun.

**GAS WARFARE.**

The Scientific American Supplement 2200 describes gas in warfare more fully than has any other public document. Gas warfare is regarded barbaric and cruel, but nothing of that sort hinders the Hun. He tried it out on the Allies and it worked so well that it surprised the Hun as well as the Allies. Had the Hun really known the effects of gas he might have made a general attack before the Allies could have prepared masks, under such conditions the results of gas warfare might have been far different. The public press now announces that the Americans have recently discovered more efficient and more poisonous fumes than has been used by the Germans.
By this time it was raining very hard and the mud was knee-deep. In the dim distance I could see the car. It was standing still. Summoning up all my energy I dashed through the mud in the general direction of the waiting car. Occasionally I stepped into a spot that was once a well, but on I struggled. If I missed this car, I probably couldn’t get another before peace would be declared. I was going along in great style, moving with all the gracefulness of a tank, when a sonorous greeting brought me to a halt.

“Got a pass?”

“Sure,” I breathlessly gasped.

“Well, let’s lomp it.”

After getting almost completely undressed, I found the pass and showed it to the guard, and honestly I don’t believe he knew how to read. Anyway, he managed to get it all wet before saying, “S all right.”

I knew that much before he stopped me, but I wasn’t anxious to engage in any further conversation with him so I hurried on. The car was still waiting; but I was certain I’d miss it by about two steps.

Nearer and nearer I came, and with a final burst of speed managed to get a strangle hold on the railing. By this time, I was almost completely exhausted, and helplessly staggered into a seat.

Fifteen minutes pass. Another fifteen, and then some and the car hadn’t moved.

He Takes a Trolley to Town.

Two men with exceptionally large sitting blue uniforms, emerged from an adjacent lunch-room. As they near the car, I discovered that they were the crew. The motorman entered the front, and the conductor entered the rear. Thinking they were going to start, I pulled my hat on a little tighter, muttered a few words of resignation and gripped the sides of the seat.

“Waal, what do ye say, Jess, shall we go?” This was the motorman.

“Wait a minute, Zeke, Ah left mah hat in the lunch room.” This was the conductor.

With all the speed and agility peculiar to southern conductors he stepped forth into the atmosphere. I watched him intently. Suddenly, as the wind blew his hat in the mud, he must have realized that he hadn’t left it in the lunch room, as he actually stopped and picked it up. While engaged in brushing it off, he displayed a shaven neck that would have made a West Hoboken plumber green with envy. Returning to his colleague in crime he said: “Ah thot ah left mah hat in that err lunch room, but ah guess ah didn’t. I know ah left something in that’.”

Perhaps it was yesterday’s paper you left. Ah remember you bought one,” suggested the motorman.

“Well, never mind it, ahm a sport, let’s go,” said the conductor and I was mighty glad that the motorman didn’t notice the mud spots in his six-sizes-too-large celluloid collar, or they would have waited to polish that.

At length, and for some unknown reason, the car started. I’ll not dwell any further on the incidents of the journey; suffice it to say that there’s some things worse than the U-boat menace or Meatless Tuesdays.

He Goes to a Vaudeville Show.

Alighting from the car, I traversed the main thoroughfare until I encountered the gilded establishment of mirth. The lobby contained divers posters of interest, displayed in gorgeous colors. Was it the pictures of the scandalously clothed “Gallagher Sisters” that interested me mostly? Twice did I scan the stunning poses of “La Petite Babette,” and blushingly I admit that I didn’t even notice the names of the Black-face Comedians.

Feeling in a much better frame of mind than I could possibly conceive, considering my trolley car experience, I allowed my way to the box office.

“One ticket, please,” I ventured.

“In the Orchestra?” inquired the encased robber.

“Go ahead,” I said, “I imagine they’re a pretty decent bunch of fellows, although I don’t play anything myself.”

Looking at me in blank amazement, the ticket man proceeded to give me ten cents excessive change, which I hurriedly returned and told him to buy himself a drink. He said he couldn’t buy a drink in town, but he didn’t offer to give me back the dime.

Entering the theatre, a dainty little maid with a powdered face and soiled spats escorted me to Row “H,” and lost in my admiration for her, I followed her between the seats to the end. Then she reached over in Row “I” and pointed to the seat I was to occupy. As gracefully as possible, I about-faced, and marched out of Row “H” and waited for her. Thinking I might occasion a conversation, I ventured: “Have I the pleasure of sitting in Row ‘I’?”

“Yes,” she smiled, and paused for my next remark which came presently.

“It looks like ‘L,’ doesn’t it?”

“Sir!” and she left.

At length I became seated. My anticipated admiration for “La Petite Babette” became stronger when the program disclosed that she was the “Famous Dainty French Singing Comedienne.”

Suddenly, and without warning, the Orchestra burst forth in a pandemonium of discord. They were rendering “William Tell,” and believe me, they rendered poor William limb from limb.

Next came the Henry Selig Weekly. I could tell it was still raining, as each and every scene splashed and splattered. The “latest news” gave information concerning

(Continued on page 36)
Real War Conditions in Maneuvers Here.

New Intensive Training Plans Include Use of Real Gas.

More intensive training for the 27th Division is the plan of its commanding general. Gas attacks with real gas will be one of the features. The gas will hurt you if you don’t get your mask on in time, but it won’t be dangerous. The experience of being gassed for practice will not, however, be a pleasant one, and the man who hasn’t the gas mask drill down so pat that he can leap out of a sound sleep and adjust this protection in a twinkling will have a bad hour or two with the gas, and probably a worse fifteen minutes with his captain.

Major General O’Ryan in speaking of the planned training, which will include maneuvers on a large scale, said: “It is a splendid body of men. The morale is high, and the officers and men alike have been severely tried by the usually severe winter. From now on, during the remainder of our stay here, we will work faster. The maneuvers we have planned will be made very realistic—that is, they will approach actual conditions as nearly as possible. The battalions going to the target range will march the entire distance, instead of going by train as heretofore. There will be some very interesting work in the trenches. We are planning to give the men a touch of the gas that will test them as to how much they have learned about gas defense. Those who are caught napping when the gas alarm is given will suffer for it. It will not be the deadliest kind of gas, of course, and it will leave no lasting effects, but those who inhale it will undergo a good deal of pain. I suspect it will take something of that kind to teach some of the men the needed lesson. Then there will be some lively skirmishing and field work, and the commanding officers and the men under them will get some new training and tests that they have not had here before.”

“The physical condition of the division is as good as it ever will be.” Gen. O’Ryan continued. “It is even better now than it will be after we get into the thick of the fighting, for then we will have sick and wounded, and the ranks will be constantly filling up with new men. But we have done our best already. The preliminary training of the kind that we have had up to now is needed. From now on we will have nearer approach war conditions until we get right into the real thing.”

There will be frequent inspections from now on of every organization in camp. Special attention will be paid to personal, soldierly bearing, condition of equipment, etc. The training work is to be intensified, but will be of a new kind and more varied than heretofore. There have been few idle days for the division during the six months that it has been here, and there will be none at all from now, but the officers and men are eager for the strenuous days that are ahead of them, for they are convinced that before a very great while they will be on their way “over there.” There will be no more of the restlessness that comes from tarrying too long in one place and doing the same old thing until one grows stale.

Big Improvements Planned at K. of C.

So many men are coming to the Hall of evenings that the writing accommodations are being strained to the limit. To meet the added demands being made, more than one hundred and seventy-five feet of folding desks will be built into the east and west walls, so that all who come may have ample space to unfold their ideas. One is almost tempted to add at length.

The north inside wall has lately had an addition, called for by the splendid movies being shown in the hall nearly every evening. Several friends have given us a fine screen, on which the pictures show more clearly and evenly than on the old movable one which formerly hung there. It is a joy to watch the film favorites of town being projected there. It provided the disconsolate Gus with an opportunity to get a new feminine, to transform the valley of mud into a vale of green enchantment. During the coming evenings, foxy-eyed Gus will be a sly wench indeed, for all the coming newcomers, he felt a bit chilly and damp. He came, he saw—and even oggled—but he couldn’t conquer. Every time he cheerfully broke some one’s floating rib in one of the catch-as-catch-can hops on the top floor of Spartanburg’s great, white hostelry, he tried to negotiate an appointment with his captured Cinderella—but no. Nothing but a series of sugar coated squelches came his way. Each girl would laugh her silvery Robert W. Chambers’ laugh and would wait this mockery at Gus as she floated away with another partner.

“Ah’m so sawwy, but I’ve a date with Lieut. Brown on Monday, Sergt. Smith on Tuesday, Pvt. Jones on Wednesday—”

Her voice died away in the whirlpool of chatter about her. The disconsolate Gus was in despair. He turned to his social traverse. He had been fliriting by using a depressed compass. He began a scheme of correction by smiles. Now, so he averes, he is triangulating perfectly. The date books are open to him, and the smile of the eternal feminine has transformed the valley of mud into a vale of green enchantment. Being one of the kind that wishes the same good luck to his fellows as befalls himself, Gus puts emphasis on this advice: “Orient yourself.”

D. H. H.

Knock-Kneed.

Passing a hand over his forehead, the worried drill-sergeant paused for breath as he surveyed the knock-kneed recruit. Then he pointed a scornful finger.

“No,” he declared, “you’re hopeless. You’ll never make a soldier. Look at you now. The top ‘alf of your legs is standing to at-tention, an’ the bottom ‘alf is standin’ at ease!”—London Fun.

sweetness on a millionaire, and the assistants have taken on the particular job of fathoming some of old Ocean’s dark unat­

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WITH CO. I, 106TH INFANTRY, AT GLASSY ROCK.

From the time when the first battalion of the 106th Infantry returned from the range at Glassy Rock last December we worried somewhat about the trip. But it's all over and the men all agree when they say: "It's not so bad" and "Gee! I wish I was back there. Those biscuits are just the thing," and then besides didn't we make the best record of any company to date. We qualified every man on tables 1 and 2. That this was accomplished was mostly due to the efficient work of Captain, Lieut., F. Langer and the other officers, all of whom are expert riflemen and were right there with their coaching.

We were booked for ten days on the range and rumors had it we were scheduled to start right after the first battalion got back. But as is usually the case with Dame Rumor nothing came of it until February 15, when we were ordered to pack up. We started next day.

We left camp at 5:30 in the morning after the sergeants had awakened us at 6 bells. We rolled full packs and were off. The skies were cloudy and it was no surprise when it started to rain as we were nearing the station at Fair Forest. We piled into day coaches and after a dreary ride of three hours, were dumped off at Campobello.

It still rained and we were greeted with but a dim smile closed and snores with deliecy. We wonder why. Has married life robbed him of his old habits? Sergeant Goldsmith and Private Dick Lockwood refuse to talk about their farlough. We don't blame them.

Wanted—
A bottle of Herpelde for Private Metzgar Tash.
A pair of leggins size 0 for Ted Theban.
One typewriter for Sergeant Erhman.
One pair of left-handed chevrons, size 14 inch, for Sergeant McKenna. R. E. K.

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pure did taste good to us and we all ate plenty. It was next to impossible to turn in our clothes were drenched and the blankets not much better.

Sunday dawned bright and clear, with very little wind. In the afternoon Lieuten­ant Groesback conducted sixty of the men on account of rain, Capt. Langer was able to turn in his complete report on time, and we left on scheduled time.

Tuesday night the "bucks" had the laugh on the sergeants, when a strong wind blew up and the sergeants' tent was the only one destroyed. They slept the night under the canvass and in the morning presented an amusing sight when they sought to find their way out from under the wreckage of their tent. Most Sergeant Laders had his hands full on Wednesday afternoon when fire destroyed some of the food. There was very little sugar left after the fire had been extinguished and as a result we drank unsweetened coffee for the rest of the week.

But it is an easy matter to pick a company man from out of the throng, as we were called out on exterior guard the next day around the trenches.

As always, we were in the game and that's another story.

CORP. CHARLES O. LIND.
THE 53RD PIONEERS.
They've changed our old name,
We're christened anew,
A glorious fame,
Was ours, it is true;
The Civil, the Spanish,
And now this war, too,
We're ready to banish,
Tyranny's few.

So boys, just remember,
Where'er you may be,
You're still an old member,
Of what once was "We."
And the new Pioneers,
In the hour eleventh,
Will be, have no fears,
Like the old 47th.

AL SUBSman,
Co. A, 53rd Pioneer Inf.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 3RD PIONEER INFANTRY.
"Grandma" Mitchell is still on the trail
with the assistance of Wm. J. Burns, Pinkerton, Copley Plaza Burke, for the Concord graduates who pulled out his cot the other night.

"When I was in the Navy" Louie has questioned about everyone in the regiment with the possible exception of the K. O. regarding his discharge and now we just learned he was inquiring the location of Maj. Gen. O'Ryan's quarters from one of the mounted M. P.'s, Tuesday afternoon, while walking his usual afternoon stroll with "Handy" the hour eleventh.

The boys are all anxious to know if Jasper Quinn is using the same old file he lost early one morning in a can at Camp Greene. How about it Jasper?

Just as we doped it out the Federal officials have discovered our "Starration" Chadwick, the incinerator engineer, and Theda Bara, from "High Point," Trueman still insists it's his sister, but you can't fool a horsefly.

Although back to camp from his furlough but a few days, "Cozy" Fairclough is studying his general orders hard, in preparation for making his debut before Spartanburg's Base Hospital. "Cozy" Fairclough is studying his general orders hard, in preparation for making his debut before Spartanburg's Base Hospital.

Maisie's aggregation of cot warpers, be any boys just remember,
Where'er you may be,
You're still an old member,
Of what once was "We."
And the new Pioneers,
In the hour eleventh,
Will be, have no fears,
Like the old 47th.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 51ST PIONEER INFANTRY.
Lost, strayed, or stolen from Headquarters Co., 51st Pioneers, one good cook. Finder please return to above address and receive munificent reward.

After many months of patient waiting our first consignment of Pioneer Ukuleles has arrived, and the boys are now enjoying practice daily. Great competition has developed between 1st Class Musician William Otto Haupt, Jr. ($44 per month) and Jimmy Mullen, for the position of soloist. Willie claims he can dig at the rate of forty strokes to the measure while "Nul" holds that the one he gets on that wheel-barrow has got it on anything this side Poughkeepsie.

Percy Roe, our cook emeritus, was in our midst last Wednesday to draw a new pair of shoes, accompanied by a handsome young stranger whom we afterwards learned goes by the name of Corrigan.

Muisine's aggregation of cot warpers, be the departure of their former comrade and fellow patriot, Lew Davis, who has cast his lot with mine host Iseman. Bob advises that if Lew is as good beating that bass drum as he is beating it away from work, he must be some drummer.

Our friend Howard Pangburn returned in good spirits.

As we go to press our famous slip horn band is proceeding as can be seen by the glamour of the band. Henry E. Croskey, billeting officer, died in the Base Hospital. Lieut. Croskey was given an impressive military funeral.

Lieut. Croskey had an unusual career. He was born in Philadelphia and educated in New York and Paris. He served an enlistment in both the United States Army and the French Foreign Legion in Africa. He was in business in China, the Philippines and South America.

He enlisted as a private in the 105th Field Artillery at the outbreak of the war, but his ability as a linguist resulted in his being attached to division headquarters. He was commissioned as a second lieutenant in December, and assigned to the work of billeting officer and interpreter. He could speak seven languages.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 105TH M. G. BN.
First Class Private and Acting Corporal Sabin and his staff moved out to Asheville to spend Washington's Birthday. They spent it — and lots more. Charley must have been on pretty good terms with all the bakers in town, he looked so intellectually fit on his return. Do you like "dark town" corporal-to-be?

Eddie Ross is a Corporal now, promoted from a first-class private. You were first-class, "Ed," in every sense of the word and you were as much "private." If some other members of the company would not be so noisy, maybe they may have a chance to become first-class privates.

The company was overjoyed and sorry both, upon the departure of Major Arnold Sinclair. We're glad that Washington appreciates his ability; we did. Not many companies can boast of anything like this, and we are certainly proud of ex-Sergeant Sinclair. He's not finished yet, and we can all expect to hear further from him.

C. W. C.

BATTERY C, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.
Private Edward Acker who has often stated that good men can not be kept down, has had his prophecy fulfilled. As being formerly connected with Armour & Co., dealers in food-stuffs, he was nominated by our first Sergeant as one of a committee of four to assist our Mess Sergeant, the Hon. Arthur Oelheim, in the proper distribution of viands. He is succeeding as can be seen by the glamour of the cooking utensils.

CORP. WALTER J. FLADY.

Pvt. Lauren Stout, Co. E 107th Infantry, has drawn the illustration for the cover of the Camouflage Number of the Gas Attack, out next week. It is in colors, and it's a corker.
PRAISE FROM COMMANDER FOR O. T. S.

Major General O'Ryan Says Student Officers are "Finest Body of Men in World."

Major General John F. O'Ryan has paid a high compliment to the men in the officers' training school in Camp Wadsworth.

"It is my judgment that this is the finest body of men in the country," he said, "and this, of course, means that it is the finest body of men in the world. We had picked men to select from, and the selections were made with unusual care. Applicants had to stand the most rigorous tests. Since the school opened a few have dropped out, because they could not stand the pace, and those who are left are a select lot indeed."

"Notice them as they go about camp, or about the city," continued the general. "They are wide awake, erect and upstanding. And notice their care and precision in the matter of the military salute. Not one of them ever fails to salute, and they do it with snap and vigor that is delightful. They manage to see me as soon as I see them."

The Salute Tells.

"And this matter of the salute," the general went on, "is an almost infallible way of judging a soldier. If a man is careless or indifferent in giving the salute he will be careless and indifferent in everything else. We have tested it out time and again, in various ways, and it hardly ever fails. The salute is an evidence of mental and physical alertness and vigor, and the right kind of a soldier possesses and displays these qualities at all times. The salute is not an act of servility. If I thought it was that, or anything approaching it, it would be abolished in this division forthwith."

"The salute is a salutation, a courteous greeting, if nothing more. But it is more, it is giving evidence that the soldier is on the alert, that he knows what is going on around him. That is the first duty of a soldier. We want that kind of men, and none but that kind of men, when our time and life are at stake."

Get Ready for France.

"This division is going to France, and when we get over there we will be in the thick of the war. Our lives will be at stake. My life, and the life of every officer and man in the division, may depend on the alertness and vigilance of some cory. The man who is not wide awake and alert here will not do to depend on after we get over there. The manner in which he gives the salute is about the best means we have of judging a soldier. If a man is careless or indifferent in giving the salute he will be careless and indifferent in everything else. We have tested it out time and again, in various ways, and it hardly ever fails. The salute is an evidence of mental and physical alertness and vigor, and the right kind of a soldier possesses and displays these qualities at all times. The salute is not an act of servility. If I thought it was that, or anything approaching it, it would be abolished in this division forthwith."

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DIVISION HEADQUARTERS TROOP.

Several of the newly arrived Pigeon Section have already made themselves conspicuous. S/S Thorne, their noted gambler, lost $5.00 at poker the other night and immediately telegraphed to the old folks back home to keep on watering the milk until further notice. Juber, another of the birdmen, in an argument about pigeon eggs, said the only way to tell a tells egg was to eat it. Vandervere, they claim, only joined to get square breakfasts.

Several members of the troop were at loss to understand why S/S Hunter took such pains with his makeup before he went down to the canteen every night. The mystery has been cleared up. Some of the nurses from the Base Hospital are regular customers of the well-known Walden saloon.

The former denizens of the Van Courtlandt Park Inn are feeling at home at last. They have named their tent after the old tavern, and appointed Gyp Hunt chief bouncer.

Sgt. Mackeevy has been dressed to kill lately. His assistant, Channing D'Poe, explains the phenomenon by a statement that Mac recently received a box of baby duck.

Sgt. Major Flannery has started baseball practice. A squad of twenty men are putting in all their spare time at the diamond sport.

Sgt. Major Tector, of the British Military Commission is out on the war path. God help the reporter of the Spartanburg Herald who put over the tale of the Sergeant's hypno- tic abilities. Since it appeared, Tector has faced a chaperon on every visit he has made to town.

Hacking, the troop horsehair, has hung out a barber's shingle. In view of his long experience at the forge, he should feel right at home with his new customers.

The Camouflage Number of the Gas Attack, out March 23rd, will contain the most remarkable array of pictures ever published in any magazine this side of the Rio Grande.
**GAS ATTACK**

**AMBULANCE COMPANY 107.**

Some one told Corporal McKay, who is eager to get in the game, the 27th Division would soon move to France, and the rumor list was laid up for extensive repairs. As part of that sad occurrence, which is decidedly unfortunate, we wonder if we will ever get a chance to join the real thing. "Mac" is no exception in this company, and for that matter, in the whole division. All of us want to fight—to do the thing we enlisted for. It is difficult to feel content in our ceaseless training when so many of our friends are 'over there.' Even if we were sure we were going over sometime the fight inside would not be so bad. The fear of being left out is clanking its chains up and down our roads. Will someone please put in an order for twenty-seven nice transports to be delivered in two weeks.

Jim Morey and his de luxe "Crazy Cabaret" company got away with a neat program of sunshine and laughter at Y. M. C. A. but No. 92 on Tuesday evening, before a large and pleased audience. There were no casualties among the players. We are not sure regarding the assembly present. Jim portrayed the late and lamented Nat Wills, in a clever manner. He is a good hobo. For a week preceding the party he dodged all duties among the players. We are not sure of the best talent of the First Cavalry to assist. The Company feels indebted to these men for their aid.

At the officers' table were present: Madame Putnam and Barthman, Major W. R. Wright, Major A. W. Putnam, First Lieutenant Biglow and Cook, Second Lieutenant Barthman, Upjohn and Downey. The Major voiced his feelings in well chosen words, giving high praise to the officers and men with whom he has been associated, and outlining the importance and genius of machine gun science.

The Company extends to you, Sir, its very best wishes for further success, and its thanks and appreciation for the work and solicitude you have had for us.

**PRIVATE J. G. WADSWORTH.**

**ARE YOU ONE?**

If you are a member of the Zeta Psi Fraternity, send your name and address to:

**CORPORAL C. C. WOOLLEY,**

Company F, 107th Infantry.

Camp Wadsworth.

Next week's **Gas Attack** is a special number. It is the Camouflage Number. If you miss it you'll be lost in the best literary circles.
OFFICERS OF THE 105TH ENTERTAIN.

Officers of the 105th Infantry gave a dance in their clubhouse on the regimental grounds. The patrons and patronesses were General and Mrs. O’Ryan, General and Mrs. Michie, and others prominent in the Army circles at Camp Wadsworth.

The marriage is announced of Lieut. U. S. Grant, 4th, and Miss Matilda Barthofsky, of New York City. Lieut. Grant has been transferred to Washington, where his bride will join him at his new post.

FIELD HOSPITAL HAVE BENEFIT DANCE.

The 106th Field Hospital had a delightful benefit dance at the Country Club. The patronesses were Mesdames C. E. Low, Keith, Kauuth and Edwin Johnson.

Maj. General and Mrs. O’Ryan returned recently from New York, where they visited their two daughters who are attending school there.

Mrs. G. G. Hollander, wife of Major Hollander of the Second Pioneer Infantry, is a recent arrival at the Finch Hotel.

THE SECOND PIONEERS GIVE DINNER-DANCE.

The officers of the Second Pioneer Infantry, formerly the 14th Infantry, gave a brilliant and elaborate dinner-dance at the Rock Cliff Club. Music for the affair was furnished by the Second Pioneer Infantry Band. The patronesses were Mesdames James R. Howlett, T. F. Donovan, William S. Baird, William R. Jackson, G. G. Hollander, Reid O’Neal, Andrew Lone, Walter Montgomery and Walter Allen.

OFFICERS’ DINNER DANCE GIVEN AT CLEVELAND HOTEL.

The dinner-dance given at the Cleveland Hotel for the entertainment fund of the enlisted men in Camp Wadsworth was a delightful affair. A delicious supper was served and attractive souvenir menus were part of the evening’s entertainment. Regimental music was furnished for dancing.

DO YOU BELONG?

All members of the fraternity, Phi Gamma Delta are requested to send their names and addresses to: Major Frank Reck, Military Historian, 29 Broadway, New York. Kindly mention present rank, and organization.

The Gas Attack makes them all surrender a dime. One dollar and a half buy an interest in the Gas Attack for three months.

A SUPPLY SERGEANT ON THE DEFENSE.

“A supply sergeant on the defense.

“The rains descend upon the just and the unjust.” With naive and artless self-satisfaction I, of the brethren of Supply Sergeants, down-trodden and much abused, take the stand in our defense. Truth compels me to admit that the very nature of the job induces a parsimonious and saving attitude of mind, a negative “show me” disposition as it were. Some I regret to say, it affects more than others, and some pretty shady deals are pulled off at times by certain erring brothers. Sweeping aside for the moment all the rail- lery and jesting let us consider a few salient facts connected with the case. It is axiomatic that all progress, education and civiliza- tion of mankind depend on three essential things—interdependence, co-ordination and co-operation. We must all help one another if we are going to get on.

Let every man read that over to himsclf five times and let it soak in. Then the next time he takes out a tool or any article of common property, consider that not only does some one else want to use that particular tool after him, but the chances are very strong that he himself will be back again in a few days for it.

Likewise, in all a man’s life there is nothing of greater impelling power than force of habit. If a man is slopy and careless about his clothes and equipment here and now, I grant it may be nothing to pay for an extra knife or fork, he is laying the foundations of habits which are going to hang on his back like a deadweight when he gets back and exercises private ownership over the tools which he uses in his daily work. It is a fine thing for a man to volunteer to go out and fight, but he is going a little better when he assists the Government in getting a dollar’s value for every dollar spent, especially when it’s so well known we are dan- gerously short of supplies and equipment. On the other hand, a man is not only playing up to his best when he accepts as a personal responsibility the care of all property entrusted to him, but he is being paid a hand- some dividend in the form of a good habit which is going to benefit himself more than anyone else in his private life after. It is inconsistent to ask and expect the folks back home to cut down expenses and consumption of foodstuffs and be ourselves wasteful and needlessly extravagant. I should suggest that every Supply Sergeant have posted or hung on or near his tent a concise, penetrat- ing little reminder to think of the other fel- low.

For example:

“You’ll want these for that little job in your tent next week. Bring them back!”

M. T., 51st Pioneers.
HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 53RD PIONEERS.

Sgt. Wackerman returned from his furlough, and immediately had the pleasure of tumbling in the guard house. Did he overstay his leave? No, he just tried to be a second Paul Revere, and while galloping, passed the guard house. The officer of the day, stopped him and invited him to take a rest at the guard house. 1st Sgt. Allen then came to the rescue, and poor Wack was allowed to walk his bronco back. Sgt. Wackerman said he couldn't hold his pony back from breaking the camp speed limits. Do we not believe him? Yes, we do not.

Col. Sgt. Billy Kirkman is now assisting the judge advocate in court martial cases. We all think Billy is getting too old to carry the colors. Sgt. Kirkman will make a very good judge, he reminds us so much of Judge Judgefield, of Richmond, Va.

Supply Sgt. Friedman, is too busy trying to find out if he can not fix it up in some way so he can make two men wear one pair of shoes. By the way, he hates to part with shoes. We are beginning to think he would make a very poor shoe salesman. He keeps pretty busy all day, and at night he is busy trying to find out how much supplies he would still have left if he didn't have to issue anything to the boys.

Sgt. Major Davenport and Sgt. Major Monday, tell us they are kept busy in the office all day, and in their spare time they think it a very good idea to spend a few hours practicing their instruments. They are members of the band, and want to keep in good trim as some day they may again have the luck of being transferred back to the band. Between their office work, and their hard practicing they find very little time to do any cleaning.

Then we have Col. Sgt. Kien in the same tent, who tells us it is impossible to even think of finding any spare time for cleaning. He is now in charge of the prisoners, and has to watch them work all day. Yes, we believe him, he has a pretty tough job, and at night he tells the rest of the boys in his tent jokes to keep them from getting homesick.

SECOND BATTALION OF 102D ENGINEERS LEAVE.

The second battalion of the 102d Engineers left March 4th for Belvoir, Va., for a special course in technical training which can not be had here. There is a specially equipped training camp for engineers at that place. The second battalion, as soon as it completes its training, will return here and the first battalion will take its place.

Col. Vanderbilt accompanied the battalion, which was played out of camp by the band of the 107th infantry. The battalion passed out of camp with a spirited step. Col. Vanderbilt leading the column. The battalion entrained at Fair Forest, where cars had been parked.

REGIMENTAL NOTES, 54th PIONEER INFANTRY

The other day Willie Dolan, K Co.'s Master of Culinary Art, stood in our shower-bath. In the act of turning on the water, Willie heard a noise, and looked over his shoulder. Willie's eyes grew big as the base of a Sibley. He saw a bear. It was Teddy, age eleven months, the mascot of the 57th Pioneer Infantry (old 1st Vermont Inf.), now occupying our 3d Battalion site. He had escaped from his anchorage, and, knowing that K Co. seldom bathes, headed for the showers to avoid discovery. But it happened to be the first of the month. Dolan was there until he saw Teddy. Later, Teddy, out of luck, was discovered, and eventually captured.

Our officers are undergoing a course of physical training, and a decided odor of Omega Oil and Sloan's Liniment is noticeable around their quarters these nights. The course is evidently a stiff one.

Well-known sayings—"Two or Die"—Lieut. Peebles.

Sgt. Guilfoile of the Sanitary Detachment has been transferred to the 52d Field Signal Battalion.

John Redhead Lenihan of E Co. has been appointed company joblot.

The Mexican Army, which has as many generals as enlisted men, is outdone by Co., this regiment. It boasts a captain, five lieutenants, and one enlisted man. He's a corporal. He keeps the morning report, makes payrolls, goes on detail, walks guard; in fact, he's the whole works. He says he goes along in drill all right until ordered to form in waves for trench attack.

Co. F's lounge-lizard, Sgt. Stearns, com-

Headquarters Co. wishes the world to know that its roster carries the names of three nationally-known champions—Mr. Moed, premier fifer of the country; Color Sgt. Dietz, America's champion pistol shot, and Kid Baer, champion shoe-polisher of this hemisphere. Nothing has been said, however, of another record-breaker of that company. Why should En. Sgt. Major Danny Fleischman be slighted? He holds the world's record as a detail-hunter—and getter.

"Fulstaff" Prudent no longer feeds us. Mess Sgt. Johnson of D Co. has had the job wished on him, and he is heartbroken. His first day on the job was brightened by Capt. McDermott, mess officer, who insisted that he cut expenses $3 a day.

The officers of this regiment have a volley ball team, and Major Simpson hurls a challenge at all other officers' teams in camp.

GAS ATTACK

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COMPANY C, 102D U. S. ENGINEERS.

A large, dull piece of black stuff—oh, yes, crepe they call it, suddenly appeared at the top of the C Company furlough list. Yes, sad but true, no longer will the boys of old 'C' promenade the Gay White Way. A somewhat battered can has been tied to our long-wished-for furloughs, and those who haven't been home are out of luck. "Our's not to reason why," etc. And while we are raving on that line, may we ask the gang up home to shed a tear for the "red and white hat cords." While the rest of the camp, or at least the Division, did three days of glorious bunk fatigue, we strolled down to the Snake Road and manicured the surface thereof with the weapons we so efficiently use—those pick and shovel.

Tent number one begs to inform all inquisitive members of 'B' and 'C' Companies that there is no nightly murder in said tent. The mysterious sounds emanating from that direction are made by Cook Karfunkel. He has a new song.

Our genial Top Sergeant Hickey was something annoyed by a young riot in the 4th squad tent last Saturday. Upon investigation it was found to be a celebration in honor of Private Cortesi, who has returned to his tentmates after a short session in the Base Hospital. Cheer up, Sergeant, we'll do as much for you when you come back.

Corporal "Dick!" Higham returned from a ten-day furlough last Thursday. Owing to the number of our non-cons who have "signed up for life!" while on furlough, we are moved to ask "Did he—or didn't he?"

Clerk Wolf is mourning the loss of a perfectly good reputation. He was caught working at the wood-pile last Saturday evening. Oh, Frank, how could you?

"Sirimpo" Brennan still clings to the old company in spite of his transfer to the artillery. "Na, na, Charlie, don't they feed you heavy enough?"

What we want to know is this: Who put the Limburger on Henneldorf's pipe? By the way, "Hennie," how about a shave?

K. K. CLONTS.

Next week be sure and approach the news stands with a dime in your hand and a smile of anticipation on your face and ask for the Camouflage Number of the Gas Attack. You won't be disappointed.
"BARNEY WILLIAMS UP IN THE AIR AGAIN."

Barney Williams is mad clean through. He breezed into the Gas Attack office the other day, and this is what he spilled all over the place.

"Kiddie Diamond is indulging in quite a little talk about what he has done and what he can do. He says I won't go into the ring unless there is a purse to make it interesting. He would like to give the impression that I am a "money hound," and that I don't care how the boys in Camp feel about it. Where does he get that stuff? I have already beaten him three times and if he isn't satisfied with this showing I will meet him any time, for any length fight up to twenty rounds, at any weight, and for the entertainment of the boys of the Camp, as the only compensation I want. This is my answer to Kiddie Diamond's talk around Camp. What will he do about it? Personally, I think he will keep on talking, and that will be about all.

"Hughie Rodin of Battery B, 106th F. A., is another man who likes to talk a good deal. Harvey Cohn tried hard to arrange a fight between Rodin and myself, going over to see Rodin a good many times. Rodin stalled around, even after the boat had been arranged, holding out for two minute rounds. At the last minute when it was too late to stage the fight, he agreed to terms. If he wants a chance at my title he can have it any time he will meet me at 152 pounds ringside. If he has any doubt whether I am sincere in this statement, all he has to do is to go ahead and make arrangements, remembering that I will be in my corner waiting for him when he steps into the ring."

Barney Williams is sincere in his statements, and it looks as if he has "passed the buck" up to the men who claim his title. Barney is going to box Johnnie Dundee of New Orleans, the latter part of March, for twenty rounds. His showing against Bud Perriel, the welterweight champion of the world, was a chance at my title, and he can have it any time he will meet me at 152 pounds ringside. If he has any doubt whether I am sincere in this statement, all he has to do is to go ahead and make arrangements, remembering that I will be in my corner waiting for him when he steps into the ring."

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"Ruping entered the ice game two years ago. In his first big race he won the Tri-County championship held at Cohoes and followed it by annexing the two-mile title of New England in five minutes and twenty seconds. He claims that he can do it in five flat."

"DIAMOND DUST HEAVY IN COMPANY G, 106TH."

Company G, 106th Infantry, has started a series of platoon games in preparation for the selection of its company team. In its last contest the 3rd Platoon took the 4th Platoon into the ring 12 to 10. J. C. Anderson starred with a home-run and a three-base walkup.

"SUPPLY TRAIN MEETS ITS MATCH."

The soccer team of the 102nd Supply Train, after an unbroken string of victories, ran up against a snug last Saturday in its contest with the 102nd Sanitary Train. The score was 1 to 1. The medical players showed up unexpectedly strong and are expected to make a good showing in the Division schedule. The Supply and Sanitary Trains will meet in a return game this afternoon, at the former's field.

"LOCAL SKATER SEEKS WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP."

Jack Ruping, a former member of the 106th Infantry and at present attached to Division Headquarters, ranks among the fastest ice skaters in the world. Recently he issued a challenge to all the speed skaters of the country for a series of matches to decide the international title. At that time he had arranged his furlough so that he could meet Lamy and Wood in a New York rink but at the last minute the three-cornered affair was called off. At present he is waiting to close negotiations for a race with Bobby McLean, the old star, at Washington Park Rink, Brooklyn.

Ruping entered the ice game two years ago. In his first big race he won the Tri-County championship held at Cohoes and followed it by annexing the two-mile title of New England in five minutes and twenty seconds. He claims that he can do it in five flat.
WHO SAID THE QUARTERMASTER CORPS HAD NO SCRAPPERS?
Bob Gleason, of the Camp Quartermaster Detachment, has just returned with his trainer Tom Dorsey from a successful tour of the Middle Atlantic States. On February 19th, at the Crescent A. C. at Brooklyn, N. Y., he stopped A. Pappas in one round. Pappas weighed 182 to Gleason's 147 pounds. On February 21st, at the same club he met Joe Hardman, stopping him in two rounds. Hardman weighed 160 while Gleason weighed 146 pounds. On February 23, at the Pittsburgh A. A. at Pittsburgh, Pa., he met and received a decision over Joe Brennan, Middle Atlantic Amateur Middle Weight Champion. On February 28 at New York A. C. New York, he gained the decision over Sam Iagonia, New York State Amateur Middle Weight Champion. Inside of ten days Gleason traveled over 2,000 miles, boxing and defeating four of the best middle weights in the country, stopping two of them in two rounds and gaining the decision over the last two.
Gleason can make 142 pounds and is said to be the best amateur ever turned out in the Weber and Middleweight class. If the present war had not occurred Gleason would have toured Europe as he had transportation for his trainer and himself and was ready to sail two days after the war broke out, to represent the United States in an amateur tourney in Sweden.
He is fortunate in having for a trainer such a man as Tom Dorsey who has himself boxed some of the best middleweights in the country. The only man who beat him was Johnnie Mullinari.
Gleason and Dorsey are both plumbers attached to the Camp Quartermaster Detachment and while Dorsey shows the result of his training and experience Gleason gives no outward indications of being the clever boxer he is.

MULLINARI AND BARRY HILL IN FAST DRAW.
Barry Hill, former bantam weight champion of the world, fought a fast draw with Johnnie Mullinari at Unit 86 last Monday night. At no time during the three rounds were there any idle moments, both boys giving and taking with a vim. Mullinari who challenges any 126 pounder in the camp displayed his usual snappy footwork, but Hill was after him all the time.
Spunoll of Company I, 51st Pioneers, met Turk Kelly, the Irishman, bringing home the bacon.
In the third bout Ott, of the 51st Pioneers, was outpointed by Loyche, of the 105th Infantry, in the first two rounds, but came back so strongly in the third with a series of Black Berthas that the referee called it a draw.
Capt. Clark, of the 52nd Pioneers, and his son Sergeant Clark gave a fencing exhibition between bouts. The Brooklyn officer is probably the best swordsman in camp.

NEW ENGLANDERS ARE REAL YANKS.
The New Englanders in the newly arrived Pioneers are real Yanks. They were on the job as soon as they detrained here, and in less than two days had built indoor and outdoor boxing rings, were trying to find a suitable place to pitch their big circus tent, and had installed three moving picture machines and two billiard tables. They have the advantage of having one of the liveliest athletic officers in camp, 1st Lt. J. Carey, of the 65th Pioneers, formerly the 1st Maine Infantry. Father Carey is no slouch. He is a baseball and football fan of the wildest sort and turned out a gridiron team that held Harvard to a 6 to 0 score last fall. His baseball players get into the game and usually bring back what they go after. Among them he has several former college stars including Ginger Frazier, the old Colby mainstay.

COMPULSORY ATHLETICS A BOON.
The recent order issued by Major General O'Regan, following a suggestion by Harvey Cohn, which compelled an all-around athletic test for every man in the Division is to be commended. It has enabled every one up to the rank of captain to get out and prove his ability. After running a hundred yards, jamming in every way possible, and having a regulation grenade, and probably having to practice for days before to get in proper shape to qualify, each contestant is bound to be a better soldier for it all. He will have more confidence in himself and when he does get where he will have to leap wire entanglements, cross trenches and get to cover out in a hurry, he can thank his compulsory training for the pleasure he will derive in still being able to pay for his life insurance.

ACCIDENTAL.
Stone Wall Jackson was not a man to speak ill of another man without reason. At a counsel of generals early in the war one of them remarked that Major Smith was wounded, and would be unable to perform a certain duty.
"Wounded!" said Jackson: "If that is so it must have been by an accidental discharge of his duty!"—Brooklyn Citizen.

GAS ATTACK

NEW ENGLANDERS ARE REAL YANKS.

ARTILLERISTS SOME SlugGERS.
Four bouts made up the boxing card at Unit 95 last Saturday night. Every one was a hummer and there were no powder-puff arguments, all the men going to it with a rush.
The first was between Meehan and Thompson, two 152 pounders from Company B, 105th Ammunition Train. Thompson's wind was scanty and he found Meehan's pace too fast for him all through the three rounds.
The referee stopped the second after the first round. Taylor, 106th Field Artillery Headquarters and MacSorley of Battery D, single weight men, went after each other too strongly and the authorities decided to call a halt before there were any casualties.
Kines, of Battery C, 106th Field Artillery, won his bout from Mulvey, Company F, 182nd Supply Train, when the latter was forced to quit after the second frame. Both men weighed 146.
The last scrap was a draw between Herbert (128) and Horn (125), both of Battery C, 106th Field Artillery. Horn started "ve offensive but Herbert's guard was unbreakable.
The artillery battlers are getting in shape for an inter-unit match with some of the doughboy boxers.

HARVEY COHN ORDERS PUSHBALL.
Harvey Cohn, Division Athletic Director, has ordered a regulation pushball. It is due here in a few weeks, and will be loaned out to the different units in camp 155, first come, first served. The ball will be six feet in diameter and should prove big enough to get a whole company into action on either side.
Pushball was first played at Harvard in 1894. It is usually staged on a field corresponding in size to an ordinary football gridiron, with goal posts at either end. By pushing the ball under the crossbar 5 points are scored while a safety or score over the bar is worth two. Usually the teams consist of eleven men but in order to develop more interest here Harvey Cohn is arranging to have the contests between squads, platoons and even entire companies.

COMPLETE EQUIPMENT FOR BASEBALL

The Athletic Store
(Opposite the Cleveland Hotel)
"BALANCED RATIONS" TYPE OF PROGRAM MEETS WITH APPROVAL.

Unit 95 the past week has had a number of noteworthy programs and the feature of it was that the material for all the programs came from within Camp Wadsworth except the movies. With the advent of real Southern sunshine, the building has not been quite so crowded and besides a goodly number of the men are at the ranges and in the trenches. Thursday evening a film "How to be a Soldier" was shown, several companies attending with their officers. This film was very instructive in the school of the soldier.

Saturday night a party from the 108th Inf. was expected to furnish the bill for the stunt night. After patiently waiting it became evident that the 108thers were not coming. After a little parleying men willingly came forward from the audience and a great bill was put on consisting of songs, violin selections, clog dancing, recitations and character sketches.

Sunday evening Ray Jenney, Y. M. C. A. head of physical training for the camp, delivered an able address to the men on the subject of "Patience."

Monday one of the best allround programs was staged at the Unit. Captain A. P. Clark, of the 53rd Pioneer Infantry, former member of the Royal Scots Greys of Great Britain, gave an exhibition of the cavalry sword and lance drill as practised in the British service. Then he and his son gave an exhibition of fencing with foils. These feats were enthusiastically applauded by the boys. Then came a number of fast boxing bouts, between each one a song or two and too a character sketch cleverly written off by one of the men. As an allround entertainment Monday night takes the prize thus far. The unit was crowded, standing room at a premium, so that the exceptionally fine program met with the reception it deserved.

TWO PROMINENT PASTORS IN CAMP.

The Rev. John R. Mackey, D.D., L.L.D., pastor of the North Presbyterian church at 155 St. between Amsterdam Ave. and Broadway, is with us from March 9th to the 22nd.

The Rev. Maillant Alexander, D.D., pastor of one of the largest Presbyterian churches in Pittsburg, is also with us for a like period of time.

March 23rd is the date. It is the date of the Camouflage Number of the Gas Attack. Watch for it.

H. O. BONK, BUILDING SECRETARY OF
UNIT NO. 271.

Mr. Bonk was born in Massillon, Ohio. He was educated in the public schools of that place, afterwards attending the Prep Academy at Columbus, Ohio, where he graduated in 1903. In 1906 he entered Capital University taking three years college work and two years of theological work. During his college course he took private lessons in Physical Education.

He entered the association work as a physical director at Cowneant, Ohio, where he remained one year. While there he started a big playground for girls and boys, this work is still being carried on.

He next went to New Glasgow, N. S., remaining there two years, and was then called to Saint John, N. B., as the head of the physical department. He remained there for three years when he entered the Army Y. M. C. A. work. While at Saint John he was appointed to look after the Canadian soldiers who came through that point en route for overseas service, to provide for their welfare in an individual and physical way, he daily handling large groups of men in physical work.

He came to Camp Wadsworth in September and was assigned to Unit No. 97 as physical director. There he remained until about the middle of December when a persistent demand came to the Y. M. C. A. headquarters for a building or tent for the use of the men at the rear end of camp, where the Field Bakery, Remount Station and Quartermaster Corps are located. Mr. Bonk was selected as the man ably qualified to take charge of this work.

Since that time things have been humming at that part of camp. Mr. Bonk has earned the good will of officers and enlisted men there, by his persistent efforts in their behalf and no man in the outfits which No. 271 seeks to serve has a truer friend than the building chief of their army "Y."

FUTURE SCRIBES.

A class in stenography has been started at Y. M. C. A. No. 97 under the direction of the Educational Secretary, H. E. Pafford. Anything resembling Egyptian hieroglyphics found about the building may therefore he traced to this class. It is expected too, that we may have a true interpretation of the sounds of the various war explosives, due to this study of phonetics.

An evening of fun was given to the boys in attendance at "Ninety-seven" on Tuesday, March 5th, when a trio from the 104th Infantry descended on "the bunch." Nicolas Carroll, of the Machine Gun Co., in Charlie Chaplin imitations, was very clever and mirth producing. There were songs and dancing. Billy Courter, of Co. D, gave some readings that were well received. Corporal "Van" Lawson, Co. D, in Yiddish and Italian monologues was exceptionally fine.

For the boys came over on very short notice and certainly produced the goods. Two impromptu numbers were given, the first by one of the soldiers in the audience who sang a negro dialect song which tickled the ribs of "Sam" the ducky attache of "Ninety-seven" who was then called on for a good old-fashioned shake-down. "Ninety-seven" has a champion as yet undestroyed at quots. The aforementioned is E. F. Frits, of the "Y" staff at "97."

With the advent of warmer weather the use of the building through the day has dwindled somewhat but the evenings find the "Y" extended to the limit. Standing room only is the word at movie shows and at the Saturday Boxing Fest.

The Friday night concerts of the 104th F. A. Band under the able leadership of Francis A. Sutherland who is also Division Band Instructor, continue to hold their popular place with the fellows. The programs are varied to please each individual taste and novelty and individuality is used in interpretation to give spice to the evening's enjoyment.

SHORT NIGHTS.

A trainload of newly drafted men reached their cantonment late in the afternoon. By the time they had passed through the receiving station and the hands of the doctors, it was nearly midnight. Several of them awakened at four o'clock the following morning to assist the cooks in preparing breakfast. As one well-built, sleepy, drafted man got to his feet he stretched and yawned:

"It doesn't take long to spend a night in the army."—Everybody's Magazine.

GAS ATTACK
U. S. BATTLESHIP MAINE MEMORIAL SERVICE.

Two-Seven-One is serving more men each week. On feature nights, the Big Tent is far too small, and the side-walls have to be lowered in order to accommodate the crowd. Every department of the Unit has felt the inquietus and inspiration of this enlargement of the field of service. The Bible Study Class has more than doubled its enrollment, and the men show an ever-increasing interest. The Library-circulation has warranted more shelf-room for an additional two-hundred volumes. And three new men have entered the Educational classes in Music.

Friday the 15th marked a memorable night for Two-Seven-One. Prefaced by special music from Dr. C. G. Woolsey and Miss Woolsey, and also a general Sing conducted by Dr. Woolsey, the slinking of the U. S. Battleship Maine was given a fitting Memorial Service. An unprecedented crowd of men and a large number of the officers from the Q. M. C. were present to pay tribute to the occasion, and to listen to the following program, with Dad Kramer, presiding:

Prayer—Chaplain Keever; Address—Major Grinstead; Formal Ceremonies in memory of the dead; Taps—M. P. Bugler; Music—Trio—"Nearer My God to Thee"—Kotch, Gibson and Bonk; Benediction—Chaplain Keever.

We are glad to welcome our new Religious Work Secretary, Rev. John R. Hay, who comes to us from Brevard, N. C., where he has been given leave of absence from his pastoral duties to enter the service of the Army Y. M. C. A. Already Secretary Hay has shown marked adaptability to the needs of the work, and especially in his contact with the men does he reveal potent possibilities, which can not fail to develop intensive, religious activities at Two-Seven-One.

Three Educational Lectures on as many different subjects stand out pre-eminently among recent events at Two-Seven-One. Capt. Fiala gave an interesting talk on his experiences with the Roosevelt party through Brazil. "The Making of a Great Periodical," with highly instructive slides and motion-pictures, was the subject of a much-enjoyed talk by a representative of the Curtis Publishing Co., Philadelphia.

Now that the real "Sunny South" is showing itself, interest in baseball and football, ball is rapidly rising to fever-heat. Through the Kindness of Major Grinstead, a diamond has been laid out, adjoining Two-Seven-One, and already it is much used by both officers and men. League-teams among the various units of the Q. M. C. are being worked out, and keen competition may be looked for from the very start.

Secretary Foote is again "on the job," with all the old pep, after an enforced sojourn at the Base Hospital.

THE WHOLE FAMILY IN THE BIG "WAR GAME."

At 94 last Thursday evening Mr. Orrin C. Baker, of the National Travelers' Aid Society unfolded a tale of practical interest as to how his organization is serving the enlisted men as they pass through the large cities on furlough journeys, and ministering to the comfort and safety of their mothers and sisters when they travel alone. He received a big ovation when Mr. Kingsley explained how he has a son and three nephews in the service, and lost his father and four uncles in the Civil War.

The movie programs have been unusually fine, and have been supplemented by government slides and reels. The fine weather and the big tent shows have had little effect upon the attendance.

At the joint regimental service Sunday morning Chaplain Edrop proved a remarkable sermon, striking ake for literary beauty and for spiritual power. The baptism of a baby added a feature quite unusual for a camp service. There were two earlier Sunday-day meetings, one of which was especially for Lutheran men. Two soldiers were baptized and five confirmed.

Sunday night the Y. M. C. A. service was featured by the presence of Dr. A. E. Legg of Elmhira, N. Y., who delivered a strong and practical message. There was an inspiring sing-song conducted by Mr. Woolsey, the camp music director. The solos were rendered with rare feeling and power by Miss Woolsey, and instrumental music was furnished by the orchestra of the 51st Pioneers.

Several companies of the 189th Infantry are organizing stunt teams, and will put on a series of vaudeville programs soon. With breathless interest we wait to see which company will prove the topnotcher.

The building athletic equipment has been in constant use. Quilts have become a staple game. But the sport of most thrilling interest to spectators is stump-grubbing by the Y secretaries. Just wait till our potato-patch-rose-garden gets under way.

"SUPERS"

All nations seek superlatives, in these eventful days; Each tries to "Go one better." To use a common phrase. The Huns have super dreadnoughts, But they're sticking close to shore; And Britannia rules the ocean, Which makes the Fritziens sore. British tanks devour the foe Like giant caterpillars; British tanks devour the foe; The Frenchmen have their "75's," They, too, are superkillers. Uncle Sam has superabundance Of men and means and "tin," and by Superhuman effort, This war is going to win.

The Boches have their super Zebs, And super "sube" as well; But Bill the Kaiser should get his, In a stizzling super Hell.

I. W. JONES
Milford, N. H.

Corporate Penpusher, the company clerk, who goes to war with a Corona Machine Gun, and uses guard lists, fatigue lists, kitchen police lists, etc., as ammunition on his own company with terrible effect.

EASTER WEEK PLANS.

At the recent conference of all the camp general secretaries with the southeastern department headquarters staff held in Atlanta, last week, it was decided to conduct in the camps a special religious program during Easter week, ending Easter Sunday, March 31st.

"As Easter week commemorates the last seven days of our Savior's stay on this earth, likewise Easter week of 1915 may be close to the last week for many of our boys in khaki and blue on this continent for many months to come, as the men soon will be sailing overseas," said Associate Executive Secretary W. W. Alexander, head of the religious work of the Y. M. C. A. for the Southeastern Division, discussing the plans at the conference. Therefore, "during Easter week, away from home and church, men in the camps will be hungering for the proper religious services of all creeds." Plans are being worked out by all the religious workers at Camp Wadsworth to meet this need. Nightly during Easter week there will be special religious meetings with special speakers, music, etc., conducted in the Y. M. C. A. huts, with large union services on Easter Sunday. Palm and Easter lilies will be used in decorating the Red Triangle buildings.

LOST.

My husband, Private Stock, is absent without leave. He stayed away with a ten dollar bill. Finder can keep him, if money is returned.

MRS. P. STOCK.

Lost—My husband's love. Somewhere in the Bronx. The woman finding it will receive a very poor reward. MRS. CAUSTIC.

Lost—In the vicinity of Converse College, one perfectly good heart. The lady finding it can have same in exchange for her hand. A HEARTLESS MAN.

—K. A. B.
World Brevities
Edited by J. S. KINGSLEY

WHAT HAS HAPPENED.

On March 7 the press published what is said to be the extent of the line held by the Americans. It is claimed that the Americans are holding eight miles of works on the front.

Eighteen British ships were sunk during the week previous to March 7.

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A Boston man has invented a new centripetal gun firing 36,000 shots per minute.

Wisconsin Legislature has voted to condemn Senator LaFollette’s action toward the war.

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It is the greatest business center of the world now.

Every leader of the Bolsheviki has German ancestry and a Russian fictitious name.

The hardest question to answer is where the Bolsheviki found the money to carry on their government and why did Germany allow the Bolsheviki to go through Germany on their way from Switzerland to Russia?

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Russia.

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A bill for universal training has not received commendation from the President.

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There were five Americans and ten Germans in the patrol.

The Germans have received the news of the American victory.

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There were four German planes brought down by the French airmen.

Besides the complete cavalry division of the regular army, General Pershing has recommended the organization of four new cavalry units.

It is reported that the Finnish government has asked for the Kaiser's fifth son, Prince Oscar, to become the king of Finland. The Prince is thirty years of age.

Property in the U. S. owned by the Kaiser and his Junkers will be sold at public auction. This is done to break German influence on our industrial and economic affairs.

Auto manufacturers agree to cut auto production 30 per cent. in order to help win the war. The prices of autos will probably advance.

New York City sold five and a half million dollars in Thrift Stamps for February.

The Jews will start a nursery in Jerusalem.

Mexico has placed a heavy tax on oil producing and refining properties in Mexico. This tax will greatly hinder America and England for the price of oil becomes almost prohibitive.

William Hallett Bailor, of Roslyn, Long Island, formerly of 7th Regiment N. G. N. Y., was killed in France near Verdun, February 6.

There has been a call for 5,000 nurses before June 1.

The War Department has adopted another system of identification for all soldiers. Every man will have positive identification emblems.

The leaders of the New National Party met in Chicago March 6. In their platform they favored equal suffrage regardless of sex, race or color; nation-wide prohibition; it favors a more extended loan system to farmers; it favors an eight-hour day; restrictions on child-labor; government ownership of public utilities; it advocates a republic of the world.

Julian B. Arnold, ex-consul of the United States, says that in 1898 Germany, on seeing America busy in a war against Spain, started her fleet from her ports to cross the Atlantic and to seize Brazil before America could come to her defense. England hearing of this sent her fleet into the straits and turned the German fleet back.

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**Tailored To Measure Uniforms**

Complete line of OFFICERS' Uniforms made from heavy and medium weight Serge, Khaki, Whipcord and Gabardine. Melton and Beaver Overcoatings.

**Uniforms for Every Occasion**

"Overseas" Leather lined, moleskin outside, oiledskin interlined, belted, four pockets, water proof and warm.

**Trench Coat**

$25

This coat has been endorsed by Army Officers as an excellent coat for field and foreign service.

Orders may be left with your Post Exchange

Y. M. C. A. and Red Cross uniforms of Forestry Green Cloth made to measurement, with the same perfection of fit and workmanship that goes into the Regular Army Uniform.

**W. F. Porter**

Cleveland Hotel

Spartanburg, S. C.
GAS ATTACK

106TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

A Battery.

Bill Fruin is anxious to know when the leather chevrons will be ready for Corporal Nimmo "to be." Saddler McMillan is working overtime on them, Bill, and expects to finish them shortly.

The "gold bricks," Jack Leshian, Mat Codino, Con Baltes, and Doc Doherty, were peved last week, because all the axes at the kitchen woodpile were broken.

Since "Chick" Murray has been afflicted with "housemaid's knee" he has been looking for a disability. No use "Chick," as the army needs strong men to hold horses.

Sailor Burren is getting shorter every day, due to having to carry all the battery's troubles on his shoulders.

Dan Crean recently lost 16 pounds, but has since gained 80 pounds. He bought butter.

B Battery.

"Chick" Murray, son of Fire Chief Murray of New York, is recuperating from the effects of a bucking horse. The first rudiments of riding, "Chick," is to keep the horse beneath you.

Our Quartermaster Sergeant—now on the job—must have been a bargainer in civil life. He can make a pair of shoeaces look like a Christmas present, and there are very few presents given out.

From all accounts, there is every reason to believe that should Paddy McHale get a furlough, he will become a "benefit." Think of the girl, Paddy.

Who is the leader of the "Banshees"?

C Battery.

"I am more lonesome than you" seems to be a very popular melody in our battery. Frank Merritt is one of the leaders of this "sentiment stuff."

Speaking of CAMOUFLAGE, it reminds us of some of our mechanics. They will improve "eventually," but "why not now?" Apologies to W. C. O.

Sergeant Delappe who recently underwent an operation at the Brooklyn Hospital is once more back with the boys. Looks plenty spry, too. They do say as how he fell in love with a beautiful nurse.

Speaking of being healthy, we ask you to gaze upon one Corporal "Jack" Court, alias, "Jack the Mountaineer." However, we cannot decide as to whether he looks best with, or without, the famous "Court" moustache.

D Battery.

Will Bill Ryan explain why it took 24 hours to cook that "corned willy" at Campobello? You promised us steak, Bill, but you are always "there" with that "promise stuff."

Red headed men always look suspicious to farmers around Glassy Rock. Private Mars will vocif for this, but what happened to the 15 bushels of corn? Explain yourself, Mars.

Sergeant "Jimmie" Collins looks disappointed for some reason. A 14 mile ride to Landrum for an express package, which by the way never arrived, was tough luck, "Jimmie." We miss that package as much as you do.

"Mattle" O'Brien is now a prosperous banker. Anyone hard up for cash call and see him. Office hours "any old time."

B Battery.

Private Beisweiler surprised himself and the whole battery by getting out to revolve last Tuesday morning. We wonder what was the cause? Ask Sergeant Weisel.

The "Three Sisters," Reynolds, Russell, and Lynch, took a stroll last Sunday through the mountains, and failed to report at retreat. When asked about it they told the Sergeant "We were chased by a bull."

Ex-Corporal Buckingham surprised the battery by appearing in the battery street without his overcoat. As a K. P., he is a big success, and his wife should be proud of him.

The "bunch" don't pick on McIlwaine nowadays, but say they like Stein better.

Ex-Corporal Crokston is afflicted with "gimmes." Bad practice, Crokston, get wise to yourself, and "come across" once in a while.

Private Tracy, as a singer, had a good voice before someone invented a tune.

F Battery.

Private Paxton, erstwhile known as "Midnight Judge," recently handed down an important decision regarding the different methods of saluting. What did he find in his pocket?

Schmidt is hard at work once more after a "dive" of two weeks. Pretty soft, Schmidt, but it couldn't last forever.

It goes hard with us to sleep in tents once more, after having slept on "downy couches" in mess shacks for so long. Do you suppose we ever feel the same again?

Bayonet drilling is no "piker's" job, according to Sergeant Murphy. It makes the Sergeant so tired that he is "all in" after a day at it. Don't give up, Murphy. "Stick at it."

Crap shooting is the favorite pastime in the "Sunny South" with Sergeant Lougheed. He was unfortunate enough, however, to get caught in the act recently, and played valet to the horses for a time.

Supply Company.

Regimental Supply Sergeant Brodie and Stable Sergeant Cavanaugh had quite an argument regarding the use of a pet animal called "800." They both threatened to "quit" their jobs, but as yet have not done so, and Sergeant Brodie is still riding "800."

Farrier McMulon is beginning to get quite familiar with the "Carolina dark skinned beauties." Keep it up, Jim, the pleasure is all your own.

Regimental Supply Sergeant Brodie and Stable Sergeant Schenerhorn are as thick as two peas in a pod. What is the cause of all this sudden "affection?"
STOP THIEF!

“Native” In Letter Attacks the Patriots Who Gouge the Soldiers.

We print, with applause, and cries of “Yes, yes,” a letter signed “Native,” and published in the Spartanburg Herald of March 7th. “Native” has covered the subject of gouging landlords as fully and as eloquently as the Gas Attack could. A man who gouges a soldier for rent, for clothes or for food is doing the Kaiser a valuable service. Here is “Native’s” letter.

MERCENARY SPIRIT STRONGER THAN PATRIOTISM.

Editor of The Herald:

The following appears in the magazine section of last Sunday’s New York Times: “There is a case an officer with an independent fortune of his own, whose family requirements made it absolutely necessary for him to have a house in a town near one of the southern camps. There was only one suitable house available. The patriot who owned the house knowing both the necessity and the financial condition of the officer, let him have the house at a rental of $5,000 for three months.”

Is it possible that this case occurred in Spartanburg?

In the same article appears the following: “There is a scandal in every officer’s uniform you see on the street. There are scandals in thousands of shop windows throughout the country where the things that officers must have are exposed for sale. There is a scandal in the rapidly swelling private bank accounts of thousands of Uriah Heeps of landlords and land ladies, who have doubled, trebled, and quadrupled their rates because of the helplessness of officers requiring quarters for themselves and their families in specific localities.”

The writer has heard of a case in Spartanburg, where the landlord was receiving for a seven-room house $150 per month. Not long ago, she notified the tenants that they must move out or pay her $325.00, stating that this latter amount had been offered. The parties were unable to pay it, and will have to leave.

Another instance has been brought to the attention of the writer in which an officer from New York rented a whole house for $100 per month, and then sub-rented it to his brother officers, small upstairs rooms at $35 each, not only clearing his own rent but a very handsome surplus in addition.

The point is this: No reasonable person can object to a very considerable raise in rent over and above what we were receiving previous to the war, but at the same time, no patriotic citizen can fail to blush with shame and find the necessities of our country’s defenders preyed upon by landlords and landlords, simply because we, to a certain extent, have them in our power. Further, what should we think of a brother officer who, by means of his superlative wealth will make a bid on a house that will force another officer’s family to move out, because he is unable to meet unfair and unreasonable competition? Also, what is thought of an officer who will get possession of a house, and extort from his fellow officers unreasonable and unjust rents?

It seems to the writer that this situation is the most unfortunate that has developed in connection with Camp Wadsworth. It is by no means confined to Spartanburg; nor is it confined to the South, but the mercenary spirit of the American people in general seems to be too strong for their patriotism. The writer owns a few houses, and in no case has he increased the rent one dollar. In view of the present scale of rising prices, of course, rents will evidently rise, and would have risen, whether Camp Wadsworth had been here or not, but let us be sure that any rise we do make is not based upon the necessities of the tenant and is proportioned to the general rising scale of prices.

(Signed) NATIVE.

GAS ATTACK
GAS ATTACK

Officer and Soldiers Invited to Visit
“LAND OF THE SKY”
in the "Heart of the Blue Ridge"
Three and a half hours from Camp Wadsworth by rail.
Woodle mountains and wooded valleys. Splendid motor roads. Two hours into midst of Pisgah National Forest, crossing Mt. Pisgah mile high.

18 Hole All-Turf Golf, Finest Course South

Send your families to Asheville, where they will have safety and every comfort, can visit back and forth and telephone at will. The ideal place to spend the winter, or make a home. Hospitable people, Productive soils. Good schools and churches. Water from 17,000 acre city owned watershed. Commission government. The city of homes.

SPLENDID HOTELS:
Grove Park Inn, Battery Park, Manor, Langren, Margo Terrace, Swan, Glen Rock. Lots of good boarding houses.

For folder of Asheville views and data, write
Board of Trade, Asheville, N.C.

WHAT DOROTHY DARE DIDN'T DARE TO DO.
(With Apologies to "R. C. B.")

Dear Editor:

All spring
And summer—
Ever since
We'd declared war
On Germany—
In the theatres, On the streets,
In the Subway—
Everywhere I went—
I'd been meeting boys
In Uncle Sam's uniform.
Regiment by regiment,
I'd seen them march away,
And I'd been thrilled
And excited
At sight of them.
And I'd been loving them
Every minute,
But never speaking
To one of them,
Or visiting a camp,
Or anything.

And then, one evening,
I found myself seated
On the half
Of a blanket-roll
On the ground—
Beside a boy
From the 23rd,
Of Brooklyn,
Who'd invited me
To sit there
Because the girl
Who'd brought me
Was busy "mothering" the boy
She'd come to see;
And she'd forgotten
All about me,
And left me standing
Looking at the camp-fires
A-burning in the "yards"
Where the boys were waiting
For the trains (that didn't come)
To take them to Spartanburg.
And a blanket-roll
Isn't very large,
So we had to sit "close,"
Anyway.

Because—though the day
Had been mild—
It was a "shivery" evening.

And it seemed nice
To be sitting,
Just like that,
By a camp-fire
With one of our
Very own boys.
Who was soon to go
"Over there."

And he told me
All about "The boys"—
Their wants and needs—
And how hard
It had been
To say “good-bye”
To his
"Little mother."
And soon his head
Fell over on
My shoulder—
(He was tired and cold and hungry—it
had been a strenuous exciting day.)
And he looked
Such a kid,
And so pathetic;
And he needed his mother—
Or someone—
To pet him,
And I was there, and—
I didn't.
(Though his eyes begged me to.)

BUT—
WHAT I wish MOST to know,
Dear Editor, is—
What would YOU have done
Had you been
In my place?
I thank you.
Dorothy Dare,
of Brooklyn.

Editor's answer:
Dear Dorothy Dare:
If I were sitting
On that spot,
Where you both sat—
You and the boy
Who looked so young
And needed you,
Or someone else,
To pet him—
And minded me
Of how the boy
Was going “Over there”
To fight,
And—for a time—
To live in hell;
And, as you said,
Perhaps to die—
I know—mark you!
I said, "I KNOW"—
(If I were you)
I'd “had a heart,”
And “mothered” him—
A LOT!
Yours truly,
Editor.

AMBULANCE COMPANY NO. 108.
Sunday evening Private Howell proceeded
to wash the bacteria from Major Kortright's
placid countenance, after which the two pro­
ceded to wipe up the street with each other.
Owing to his efficiency on the incinerator,
Private Boughton was relieved of this duty
night days ahead of schedule. Fourteen appli­
cants for this enviable position—just skip
the next stable call.

Private Crock, (first class) recently received
a bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable
Compound. He speaks highly of this spring
intensive and is hoping among his friends that
it will relieve his peculiar suffering.
The ten "Bugs" were all released from quarantin­
Monday night and are nowfit associates for
the rest of the company. One ex­
ception, Private Clark, refuses to leave the
serene quietude of his tent and the pleasures
of bunk fatigue.

COMPANY C, 102ND SUPPLY TRAIN.
Jesse James has nothing on Cactus Kin­
nard. Jesse used two guns to hold up a
train and Cactus only uses one. Honest;
he admits it himself.
The title of Battle Axe Sanitarium has
left the fifth squad, and attached itself to
the seventh, which is in charge of Tammany
Hall McDermott.
An epidemic of sore feet has visited Com­
pny C. Cut it out Pape, they are not giving
out any more dissies.
McDonald, alias George Burns, is stealing
all the telephone operators in Spartanburg.
How do "yuh" get that way, Mac?
Coffey claims Sergeant Mechanic Noll is
the only man that ever kept a machine shop
under his cot.

Say, Tierney, how about that Virginia Dare
Wine—the only beverage guaranteed to beat
a Home Defense Cop. Do they sell it still?
The sergeant's tent has lost the title of the
"Morgue" and is now known as "The
Pinhead's Paradise."

The next Gas Attack will prove that
Mother Nature included a funny bone in
the equipment she issued to you.

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**SEVERAL POST EXCHANGES**

Are making $15.00 to $20.00 a day extra profits by taking in

**FILM DEVELOPING AND PRINTING**

For us. We positively give all exchanges 24 hour service and a liberal commission on this work. Our Camp View Post Cards are making a big hit.

Here is a new field; it will add greatly to your profits. Work it.

**Burkhardts**

108 Kennedy Pl.

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**PUDD'N HEAD WILSON ENTERTAINS.**

Another one of the big series of entertainments came off last night in the Knights of Columbus Hall out at Camp Wadsworth when three pictures were presented to about eleven hundred men who crowded the building to the doors. Beginning with the War Department, Boxing and Bayonet pictures posed for by Kid McCoy, Benny Leonard, Johnny Kilbane and Captain James Patrick Odonovan of the British Army, the similarity of movements in the two exercises were shown by running the film first at normal and then at greatly reduced speed.

After the first picture Dr. Charles G. Woolsey of the Fuessick Commission who has charge of the music in the camps, led the boys in singing many of the old and many of the new songs. In this he was ably assisted by his charming daughter, Miss Alice Woolsey, who sang two beautiful solos in a rich contralto voice. The favorites of the evening seemed to be “Send Me a Curl,” a new song from the Music Director at Camp Gordon and the hilariously swinging chorus of “Where Do We Go From Here.” Then came the feature film of the evening. A dramatization of Mark Twain’s old story of Pudd’nhead Wilson and his finger prints. During the six reels, and all through the evening the music was furnished by the Jazz Orchestra of the old 47th New York Regiment, now known as the 53rd Pioneer Infantry, under the leadership of Jack Trezise. They began with a little concert that drew generous applause, but the pieces that took best in the semi-darkness of the photoplay were “My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean,” “The Good Old Summer Time,” and the sweet song of childhood, written by Frank L. Stanton of the Atlanta Constitution, “Mighty Lik a Rose,” but the volume of sound that rose from the hundreds of throats surged highest and gave token of deepest feeling when the strains of “The Suwanee River” sounded on the pine-scented air of the moonlit camp. For Northerner and Southerner alike there is the call of home and feeling when the strains of “The Suwanee River” surged highest and gave token of deepest feeling that the strains of “Our Those gatherings, almost nightly, in the big frame hall, are inspiring and thrilling and the delighted satisfaction of the men who flock to it. In ever-increasing numbers stir the patriotism in the lowest depths of one’s heart.

The picture part of the evening’s entertainment closed with a side-splitting farce comedy that abounded in much comedy and many humorous and most unexpected announcements. But the picture may be shown in the city and it would not be fair to spoil it by reciting the plot in advance.

**SOLDIER’S ROSARY**

Most appropriate gift to the boys going to the girls who don’t go, too—Tom Thumb, an exquisite bit of a 10-inch rosary (sterling silver or rolled gold) in same-metal case of the size of a 25-cent piece. In plain case, $1.25; engraved, $1.75. A solid 10-karat gold, hand-made, soldered link rosary, in oblong same-gold case, $25; 14-karat, $30; sterling silver, $10; best rolled-gold, $12. Sent on approval on receipt of price; to be returned if not wanted.

When a going man, or the girl he leaves behind him, gets such a gift—any one of ’em—all are happy over it.

**VATTI ROSARY CO., 108 Fulton St., New York.**

**EASTER ROSARY**

The Vatti new “pearl” rosary is as fine (to look at and for wear) as real pearl costing thousands of dollars. White, with a gleam of pink in the “pearl.” It’s a wonder. You can’t imagine the beauty of it. Its only defect is its cheapness! Rolled gold or silver, $10; solid 10 kt. gold, $25; 14 kt. gold, $30. It puts mother-of-pearl to shame and is guaranteed a lifetime. The Ideal Easter, First Communion, Graduation or Wedding gift.

You can see it by sending the price; to be returned if not wanted.

**VATTI ROSARY CO., 108 Fulton St., New York.**
ACTOR HACKETT WILL DIRECT CAMP PLAYS.

Anxious to render a patriotic war service, James K. Hackett, famous American actor-manager, has volunteered his services to the Knights of Columbus Committee on War Activities, and has been appointed General Director of Amusement. Under his direction the dramatic talent of the men in the training camps and naval stations will be organized, and plays will be produced in the Knights of Columbus buildings.

Mr. Hackett is assisted by several executive and producing experts from his own staff, and began operations last Monday at Camp Devens, Ayer, Mass. He was exceedingly well pleased to learn of the large amount of theatrical talent to be found at our camp, and advised Mr. Sexton that he would visit Camp Wadsworth early in March. "There are probably more actors in the service than most of any other class when the numerical strength of the profession is taken into consideration," says Mr. Hackett. "I am sure there will be no difficulty in organizing companies which will compare in every way with those usually seen in the best theatres, and after examining the Knights of Columbus buildings I find them admirably suited to productions of the kind I have in mind. The Knights of Columbus are rendering a splendid patriotic service by the maintenance of these recreation buildings, and I am glad of the opportunity to contribute my experience to the work they are doing."

Upon completion of the organization work in the American camps Mr. Hackett will go to France to continue his work in the of C. buildings located in the camps of the American Expeditionary forces.

J. VINCENT SEXTON.

CONGRESSIONAL ELECTION IN K. OF C. HALL.

The special election for Congressman from the 7th and 8th and 21st and 22nd New York Districts was held as planned in the K. of C. Hall on Monday, March 4th. The taking of the votes was supervised by Deputy Secretary of State Charles W. Taft, representing the civil authorities and Lieut. Woodward of the 168th Infantry, representing the Commanding Officer. The vote cast was rather light, but this was believed to be due to the fact that many men had not received notice of the election rather than to a lack of interest in the issues and the men.

K. OF C. LIBRARY REOPENED.

After considerable watchful waiting on the part of the secretaries and almost every one else interested, the painters finished painting and took their paraphernalia away from the much occupied Library end of the K. of C. Hall and made room for the replacing of the books. Despite the proximity of the big Library Building the men in charge were kept busy checking up cards and straightening out delinquent borrowers, and it was long before the last man had gotten his literature and gone his way rejoicing.

E. OF C. LIBRARY REOPENED.

Mr. Kernan, of Utica, son of the Hon. John D. Kernan, who represented New York in the United States Senate for so many years, is chairman of the overseas work, and after a short stay home, far behind the battle lines he is again on the job superintending the building operations. That he has a work of some magnitude can be appreciated from the fact that by April 1st there will be 100 field secretaries and fifty auxiliary chaplains working with and for the overseas forces.

There, as here, the Everybody Welcome sign will be the distinguishing mark of all K. of C. activities.

NEW CAMP LIBRARY OPENS.

The camp library has been moved to its new building near Division Headquarters (and the office of the Gas Attack).

CHAPLAIN EDROP GOES.

First Lieut. Percy Edrop, chaplain of the 53rd Pioneer Infantry, has been ordered to Richmond, Va., for temporary duty in connection with the publication of Trench and Camp, a weekly paper issued by the Y. M. C. A. for the men in service.

LT. McCAHILL ATHLETIC DIRECTOR.

Lieut. Peter B. McCahill, 53rd Pioneer Infantry, has been appointed regimental athletic director by Col. W. F. Delamater, and is mapping out quite a strenuous programme of athletic events for the regiment.

HE IS COLONEL MILLER NOW.

Lieut. Col. Claude H. Miller, inspector general attached to the depot corps and army troops, has been promoted to the rank of colonel.

GAS ATTACK
This Company since its organization has been very fortunate in having assigned to them the best of officers, though we can never forget the pleasant times we have enjoyed under the different Captains. We have at last received the officers which will be our permanent ones. It seems as if our luck has not deserted us, as they are the most thorough and congenial, and also well liked by every man in this company. Though Captain J. E. Wiley is in command of our company, all those who have dealings with our attached captain, Capt. J. C. Wright, have nothing but praise for him. Lieutenant Thompkins, who is now in the base hospital recovering from pneumonia, will soon be back with us. Sergeant Bugler Miller is busy writing a book which should meet with immediate favor, as the writer is surely an authority on the subject of which he writes, holding all world's records as undefeated bed-hound champion of the world. He has reduced this ancient art to a science, and may be seen in training any time in Tent No. 1, from reveille to taps and from taps to reveille, arising only when the meat-whistle blows.

No, dear friends of Company A, that unearthly sound you hear that disturbs your sleep and peace of mind all of the day and most of the night is not the wail of a dying Archeopteryx, 'tis merely Band Leader Tucker bleating and blaring an alleged cadenza of the cornet solo he threatens to inflict upon us at a concert in the near future. Have a heart, Tom.

WM. DOMARATIUS.

He—"I would give lots to make you happy."
She—"Vacant or improved?"—Baltimore American.

HEADQUARTERS COMPANY, 105TH FIELD ARTILLERY.

Why are we so cocky and self-satisfied? What company wouldn't act likewise if it had succeeded in drawing laudatory remarks at Saturday inspection; especially when such pleasing words came from an officer whose approval must be richly earned?

Since beginning his course of instruction at the School of Physical Training Corporal Vezzie has been regaling us with some weird tales. Weirdest of all is his account of an instructor, a mere N. C. O., causing an officer, a student at the school, to run a mile as punishment for the latter's failure to comply promptly with an order. What a Utopia!

Regimental Sergeant Major Bayer has received a splendid medal from the Empire State as a token of its recognition of the twenty-odd years spent in the National Guard of New York. He also wears a Spanish War Veteran's medal. Do you wonder that we are proud of John Henry?

Battery F, poor, misguided individuals, permitted their enthusiasm to induce them to challenge our ball team. After the fourth inning, when we had amassed a lead of some thirty runs, we allowed "Les Miserables" to get a consoling tally or two. However, we hope that this evidence of our ability won't deter prospective challengers from appearing on the horizon.

Some time ago the New York Evening Journal published a photo of Louis Frugone, together with an article commending him for his patriotic zeal. Oh, that photo! Can you conceive of a male Mona Lisa? You know what I mean—beautiful oval facial contours, sweet, quivering lips and large soulful orbs? Naturally a number of impressionable young damsels, fell head over heels in love with the likeness and sent scented epistles to our hero. We, his tent-mates, are licking our chops in anticipation of receipt of the goodies that these fair strangers promised to forward.

The commandant of the O. T. C. evidently has determined that the student officers from our company are of the proper calibre. Not one of the six has been sent back. Any one desiring a sample of pure, unadulterated blasphemy has but to tell Tommy Burke that he is not a soldier, but merely a bandsman. Corporal Bloomer, quondam "Doughboy," after experimenting with a sound horse, has ruefully decided that foundered animals make the best mounts for equestrian purposes. No, he's not afraid. Merely cautious, you know.

Silverman and Vezzie are being personally conducted through the war by their respective spouses, both of whom are sojourning in Spartanburg. Case of "Whither thou goest, there shall I go."

Oh, Mr. Colonel, please give Cook Engle the furlough he seeks, lest, in a fit of abstraction, he put us hors de combat with one of his diabolical concoctions.

CORPORAL S. E. CHASIN.
GAS ATTACK

COMPANY F, 105TH INFANTRY.

There was a diphtheria scare in the company street the other day. Three doctors came down to examine the men. We were all told to take our spoons and fall in line. Some of us brought out our mess kits, but were chased back, as the doctor told us it was no ice cream party, but a serious matter. The nervous part was shoving the handle of the spoon down the throat and saying, "Ah!"

The doctor's family selected six victims, who were privates Waverla, a big blonde-haired Swede nicknamed "The Warbler" on account of his foghorn voice; Crandle who looks like the proof of Darwin's Theory; Fisher who looks as if he had lost all his friends, and the company comedian Adams, and Corporals "Silvers" and House.

We were all told to take our blankets and were marched to the Regimental Infirmary for observation. There we were given spring cots and mattress and placed in a nice comfortable room with a real stove. Our meals were brought to us three times a day and for sick men with diptheria, we certainly did clean up. The room was so comfortable that I was wishing that I did have diptheria, a wish that was shared by the rest. Once or twice a day the Medical officer would poke his head in the door and in a cheery voice ask, "Well, how are you sick men getting along?" and always the answer would be, "Fine."

At night we amused ourselves by trying to see who could tell the biggest stories. The Warbler told some hunting stories and they sure were stories. Corporals "Silvers" and House vied with each other in trying to see which one could tell the biggest story. Corporal House told one about shooting the heart out a buck deer, and then chasing the deer for two miles while its heart was shot out. Not to be outdone, Corporal "Silvers" told about hunting down savage Philippines and being shot at with poison arrows and bolos. The sad look on Private Fisher's face got sadder and a look of wonder would come over Private Cran-dale's face as he gazed with awe, first on Corporal House, and then on Corp. "Silvers."

The fourth day the sad news came. Instead of poking his head in as usual, the Medical officer came right in. "Hey, you sick men," he said, "Pack up, you owe the Medical officer came right in. "Hey, you sick men," he said, "Pack up, you owe the Medical officer; Grand ale who were privates Waverla, a big blonde-haired Swede nicknamed "The Warbler" on account of his foghorn voice; Crandle who looks like the proof of Darwin's Theory; Fisher who looks as if he had lost all his friends, and the company comedian Adams, and Corporals "Silvers" and House.

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Ideas of Ethelburt Jellyback

(Continued from page 7)

gage, called a kit bag, and smile, smile, smile.

"Why don't you smile?" the captain hawled at me.

"How can I, sir," I retorted, "when I know I've got to go back to the wood pile?"

Fortunately, the wood chopping detail came to an end. In the evening Mugrums begged to have another chance as orderly, mentioning the desirability of three dollars a week. I gave him some duties to perform, chiefly in keeping quiet so that I might go to sleep. Mugrums is the sort of fellow who becomes extremely noisy at taps time. I abjured it.

"Did you make such crude noises when it was time to retire in civil life?" I demanded.

That seemed to penetrate his somewhat crude mind. He got up and left the tent. He was gone so long that I became fearful. I wondered if I had spoken too roughly to him. Mayhap I had hurt his feelings, and he had gone off to sulk. Anxiously I got up and went outside the tent.

In front I found Mugrums curled up on the wooden bench which my squad had built at one side of the door. To my surprise I found Mugrums asleep—and snoring.

"Mugrums, get up and come to bed!" I aroused him. "What are you doing sleeping on this bench?"

"I thought I was back in civil life." That was all he would say to me.

—Ethelburt Jellyback, Private.

(C. D.)

DO YOU WANT YOUR PIANO?

Wanted.—A good piano. Willing to buy or rent. Address: First Sergeant, Headquarters Company, 51st Pioneers, Camp Wardworth.

COMPANY L, 53RD PIONEER INFANTRY.

Sergeant WM. L. Chambers, our Mess Sergeant, has returned to the Company, having been in the Base Hospital with A-cute-Gas orients us. We are glad to have him back, and he told the boys that he was going to eat with "K" Company now. He would not take any more chances with his own company.

Sergeant Jack Mullen (the sunshine of "L" Company) was heard screeching with a photographer Monday. It seems that the photographer wanted to take Jack's picture and he would not let him, Sergeant Jack claiming he wanted to sell it to all the girls in Spartanburg. (We know someone in Gaffney, S. C., who would like to have his picture.)

Sergeant Carson, our Supply Sergeant, and Corporal McWalter, both of "L" Company, fought a 20-round draw Saturday. They fought catch-as-catch-can. Sergeant Carson weighed about 1 1/2 pounds more than Corporal McWalters.

Sergeant Clark wants to know why Sergeant Cleveland smokes a pipe, as Sergeant Cleveland borrows more (butts) than all the other Sergeants can smoke.

The old reliable Michael Sheehan was late for reveille one morning this week. The reasons for Mike being late was that he put his leggins on wrong and had to take them off again. Mike claims that leggins should be worn with the laces inside.

If Private Larkins can lick Germans as good as he can kick panels out of doors he will be all right. All you have to do is to kid him about the old country.

The following is a little poem dedicated to the Associate Editor of the Camouflage Number of the Gas Attack.

The old reliable Michael Sheehan was late for reveille one morning this week. The reasons for Mike being late was that he put his leggins on wrong and had to take them off again. Mike claims that leggins should be worn with the laces inside.

The world borrows more (butts) than all the other Sergeants can smoke.

The cover design, in colors, by Pvt. Lauren Stout, Co. E, 107th Inf., ass't instructor in the Camouflage School, will make Rembrandt writhe in his grave out of sheer jealousy. No tent wall will be complete without her.

another full page of entertaining illustrations by Pvt. Elmer Lauten, H. C., 108th Inf.

A New Artist—

the Gas Attack has discovered a new illustrator in camp—H. B. Wells, D Co., 108th Inf., who will make his first bow to you in this next number.

Lt. Col. Applin—

the inspiring address which the British Officer delivered at Converse College the other day.

Richard E. Connell—

the editor will contribute his quota of editorials.

Charles Divine—

the associate editor will contribute a poem and another episode in the life of Ethelburt Jellyback.

Walter B. Davenport—

writes about going in the gas chamber with the Officers Training School.

And Other Features—

but they are part of the surprise.
COMPANY M. 108TH INFANTRY.

Why the procession to the foot of the street every holiday? What is there so interesting there?

There will be a meeting of the 30-day club, every Wednesday and Saturday afternoon this month. Salty Meyers will preside, and has informed the boys that the dues are to be paid in advance; in fact Salty says that all are paid up now.

Earl said he had a wonderful time in his furlough, and from the happy look on his face he evidently did. Did the carpet on the center aisle feel good to the old feet? May all your troubles be little ones. WHAT?

While in the trenches last week, the French Lieut. in charge of the work said to Pvt. Jack Corkey: “Comment Ca Va.” Cook looked up and said, “I will if he comes this way.” Jack is still wondering why the Lieut. laughed! Cork said, “If the French have used the pick and shovel as much as the Lieut. says they have it is a wonder that Berlin is not undermined by this time.”

Dave Dunn saw two men in No-Man’s-Land through the aperture in the machine-gun emplacement and in tones to be heard by said enemy called (HALT, who’s there?) the answer came back quickly, “Two umpires,” wherein the brave Dunny asked, “What’s the score?” Dave had been thinking of the Polo-grounds.

Eddie Shriener has a new make-up now, and the fun that Ed has every night would make the audiences at the Palace Theatre turn green with envy.

The boy, or rather the man of the family, had entered the house with all the pride of a volunteer. Just a few moments before he had worn civilian clothes, but now he wore the uniform of Uncle Sam, prepared as he thought to go across, and put a stop to the war once and for all. He stood before his old Dad and said, “Well, Dad, I’ve enlisted.” The Dad (a typical old Tad) looked up from his evening paper and said to the boy’s mother, “That settles it, Julia. The war will be over in three weeks. He never held a job longer than that in his life.” BUT DAD LIED.

Say Jack, how many hours a day does a Top-Sergeant sleep?

Mess Sergt.: Barr wants to know what a UNIT is?

The whole company mourns the loss of Pvt. Joseph Helminiak who died at the base hospital last Thursday night. He was a good soldier and a true friend and his being called by the Great Commander above was a sad blow to us all.

A MODIFIED LAME DUCK.

She—I wonder what the new dance will be next winter.

He (who has just enlisted)—I think it will be the goose-step backwards.—Judge.

OUT OF DATE.

Advertiser—I should like to have this placed next to pure reading matter.

Modern magazine editor—Oh, but we don’t print that kind of stories any more—Judge.


COMPANY G, 51ST PIONEER REGIMENT.

Now that Corporal Austin has the entire company insured, he seems to be trying his best to talk them to death with idle chatter.

Since the buglers were told that non-coms were going to be made out of some of them, Hoffarth and Mansfield haven’t missed a reveille in almost four days.

Overheard at the Mess Sergeants’ school, instructor: “Mess Sergeant from ‘G’ Company, what is a sausage?”

Mess Sergeant from ‘G’ Company: “A meal for a man, sir.”

Sergeant F. Squazzo.


KEEP YOUR MATCHES DRY

The E-Z-Ope Match Box keeps your matches and strikers as dry as dust.

It grips the matches so they can’t fall out, is flat enough to fit snugly in your pocket, and is so simply constructed it can be opened with one gloved hand.

Made for loose wood safety matches.

E-Z-Ope, $1.00

SOLID NICKEL SILVER

At Post Exchanges and stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send the Box, prepaid, upon receipt of $1.

Scharling & Company, Mfgs., Newark, N. J.

REFLECTIONS.

There’s lot that seems quite different when you’re far away from home.

The Reveille, Formations and Retreat:

And often memory takes us to the fields we used to roam,

And old familiar scenes we loved to meet.

It’s hard at times to realize that we are out to fight,

And that belief will make us Do and Dare.

But after all, it’s something more than hiking in the rain,

And doings things we’ve never done before;

It’s teaching us to do our share, to fit us for the game,

And give us strength to make the winning score.

Corp. Howard A. Herty,
First Army Headquarters Reg’t.,
Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C.
(Formerly 102nd M. P., Camp Wadsworth.)

COMPANY M. 108TH INFANTRY.

We have often wondered, ourselves.

Major W. R. Jackson, of the 2nd Pioneer Infantry, has favored us with the following:

One of the drivers of Cash drove a car into the Camp on Washington’s birthday, and, accosting Lieut. Deakyne, showed a paper, asking to be directed to the person to whom it was addressed, remarking in rather a sheepish way, “I don’t know if he is a Lieutenant, or an officer.”

Major Jackson adds the punch by writing: “The caption might be: ‘We have often wondered ourselves.’”

At Post Exchanges and stores. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send the Box, prepaid, upon receipt of $1.

Scharling & Company, Mfgs., Newark, N. J.
GAY LIFE IN CHARLOTTE

(Continued from page 12)

Ah! That's the Spot
Sloan's Liniment goes right to it.
Have you a rheumatic ache or a dull throbbing neuralgic pain? You can find a quick and effective relief in Sloan's Liniment. Thousands of homes have this remedy handy for all external pains because time and time again it has proven the quickest relief. So clean and easy to apply, too. No rubbing, no stain, no inconvenience as is the case with plasters orointments. If you once use Sloan's Liniment, you will never be without it.

Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

UNIFORMS

Designed and Tailored by New York Tailor Complete Assortment of Materials to Select from For

Uniforms Breeches Overcoats

is now ready for your inspection

First-class Alterations and Repairing

All Uniforms Made at My Establishment are Guaranteed as to Fit and Workmanship

Ask Your Brother Officer He Knows

M. ROTH

167½ East Main St. One Flight Up

DON'T WORRY, MR. UPLIFTER.

(Continued from page 10)

The business of stoking up the banked fires is going to be a tremendous job once we get back to civil life; but our ability and capacity for work will have increased in direct ratio to the growth of the job that will confront us.

And those fellows who, by their drifting, caused our uplift contemporaries such nightmares, will come back so accustomed to idleness as to be ineffec tant in any real work. The old meekness of industrious men will be there, but we'll return with the solutions drilled into us—discipline, energy, industry, efficiency.

There'll be the same night courts, the same prisons, the same dark corners and the same temptations. But they will never drive on industrious men. And we are going to be so busy that they are going to do a rotten business for some time to come.

Thus we shall create for ourselves a new atmosphere. When we have regained that level of things that is classified as normal, we shall have, by industry and efficiency, filled in a lot of the old pitfalls that were the doorways to the fearsome world in which the submerged tenth once lived.

W. A. D.
THE BONITA
MOTION PICTURE THEATRE

The soldiers of Camp Wadsworth will always find here an entertaining show to amuse them during their hours of relaxation.

We have contracted for some big features. We know what you want. We will see that you get it.

No second hand reels at first class prices. We will always redeem our promise of a better show for less money.

Our Admission Price is Fifteen Cents.

OPPOSITE THE CLEVELAND HOTEL

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Telegraph your order direct to Dards and your flowers will be delivered any place in the world within a few hours.

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The families and friends of officers and enlisted men now at Spartanburg will find perfect accommodations amid most delightful surroundings at

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Only three and one-half hours from Spartanburg through enchanting country.

Spend your furloughs at this world-famous resort rather than in travelling to your distant homes.

In America — An English Inn
Gillette Safety Razor

Have You Seen the New Gillettes
Specially Designed for the Fighting Man?

These models were designed by members of the Gillette Organization who have seen service with the Colors and know what the soldier is up against.

Hundreds of officers and men are buying them—the U. S. Service Set in metal case, and the new khaki-covered sets for Uncle Sam's soldiers and officers.

The Gillette is the one razor for the man who is doing things—the one razor with world-wide use and reputation.

When a man wants new Blades he can get them at any Post Exchange or Y. M. C. A. Hut—here in America or Overseas.


Why do so many of Uncle Sam's Boys use the Gillette?

Let a man spend just one week in the service—then give him free choice of all the makes of razors there are, hold on to it—every time. There's nothing like seeing the Gillette idea work out in the experience of thousands of men—under extreme conditions.

Here is the No Stropping, No Honing principle—tested and approved by millions of men in the world at peace.

The world goes to war. Millions of men spring to arms—and the one razor that survives the test of war conditions on a world-wide scale is the No Stropping, No Honing Gillette.

There isn't a regiment in the field today under any of the Allied Flags but numbers more users of Gillettes than of all other razors put together. There isn't a condition that a man could find in his shaving—heat, cold, sunburn, wind-chap, water scarce or bad—but has been met by the Gillette thousands of times in its nearly four years of war service.

The fighting man lives in his pack—every inch of space and ounce of weight taken up.

The Gillette tucks away in the corner, or in his pocket—compact, complete—Blades always sharp, always ready—simple, strong, stands the wear and tear—weighs next to nothing—and No Stropping, No Honing.

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