

War Correspondents Picture Yankees As Such Gentle Things

WITH THE AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY ARMY. France.—"Oh fudge, Agnes, you make me so angry I could crush a grape!"

With these blood curdling words, Bill Blipp, mule skinner of a machine gun team, chided his lady mule for nudging him in the engine room with her starboard aft hoof. Bill picked himself out of a mud-puddle and, in a fit of uncontrollable vexation, pulled up a tuft of grass and hurled it at the erring animal with terrific force.

Bill didn't exactly see red, he saw a sort of modified pink. Maybe his words were not exactly as quoted here. Perhaps it was a fence post instead of a tuft of verdure that he hurled at his mule-critter. But for publication, Bill said "fudge" to the mule when she kicked him, and he called her "Agnes"—nothing worse.

Although wine is to France what soda water and lemon phosphate are to America, our boys never touch it. They still remember with trembling, what happened to a pair of top-sergeants, veterans of the Spanish-American war, the day the expedition landed France.

Pink-checked, and with the typical innocence of the veteran top-sergeant, they sallied forth into the seaport city to visit the public library to read "Pilgrim's Progress" for a quiet hour.

Scarcely had they stepped ashore, when one, with a shrill, bird-like cry of alarm, swooned into the arms of the other.

"There! There!" he cried, pointing to a low, rakish building. The second sergeant looked and at that instant, he too collapsed. "There" was a cafe, where polius drink coffee and "Vin Ordinaire." The slimy tenacles of temptation were reaching out for the pink-checked sergeants.

Our boys were not ordinary human soldiers at all—for purposes of publication. The writers with the expedition make them Pink Priscillas in their stories. In the evening they sit around the barracks in couples and they may be heard clapping their hands and slapping their thighs in unison, chanting the old nursery rhyme, "Bean Porridge Hot, Bean Porridge Cold." This is refreshing after a hard day's training. They also enjoy lively games of bean bag, dominos and authors.

Undignified songs are tabooed, but sometimes a quartet of low morals may be heard singing riotously:

"Whoopety, whoopety, whoopety, whoop!

Chewing gum, peanuts and mock-turtle soup.

Umpety, umpety, one, two, three, Merciful Percival, Gracious Me."

—United Press.

Subscribe Voluntarily

Subscriptions to the Fourth Liberty Loan must come voluntarily, and every man, woman and child must assume his or her proportion of this financial responsibility. It is not sufficient to subscribe for a Liberty Bond, or such small amount as in our judgment our idle means may seem to justify. It is necessary for us to pledge or mortgage our income and wealth accumulations for at least a six months' period, buying the greatest amount of bonds which we by any possible means can care for during this time. Many of us will be obliged to borrow as long long as the war lasts, but even that is a glorious opportunity, and is not sacrifice, but protection—protection for those whose lives are at stake, protection for those who must stay at home, the sanctity of their wives, their daughters, the preservation of homes and property, and the evasion of slavery which would surely be our lot if we were a conquered nation by our brutal, cruel foe. No sound thinking man, woman or child in America doubts for one moment but that victory shall ring in our ears sooner or later.

OUTLOOK IS DARK FOR XMAS PARCELS

But Chief Postmaster Has Not
Given Up All Hope
Yet

Just what will be done about Christmas packages for the A. E. F.?

That's the big question the chief postmaster down at Tours is trying to thresh out. The chief likes Christmas packages just as well as anybody does, and he has used up many sheets of good bond paper trying to figure it out.

If every man in the A. E. F. is allowed a five-pound package for Christmas from home, it would require 700 cars a day for ten days to transport the gifts from the base ports to the ultimate consumers in the S. O. S. and the Z. of A.

The railroads of France are doing their level best these days to supply and feed the allied armies, and a spare car is almost a thing of the past. But if there is any way of delivering Christmas packages to the A. E. F., the chief postmaster says he is going to find it.

Under the present conditions, however, such prospects look dark.—Stars and Stripes.

BUY LIBERTY BONDS

Secretary of War Baker Urges People at Home to Back Up the Boys "Over There"

Sends Telegram to All Camps of the
S. A. T. C.

The following telegram from Secretary of War Baker was read to all men in training at the university:

Washington, D. C., Oct. 14, 1918.
Commanding General,
Central Department,
Chicago, Ill.

Following telegram has been received: "There was never a more critical time in the history of the war than this present week overseas. American valor and efficiency are carrying the banner of triumphant democracy with resistless force toward German soil. The ardor of the fighting line must not be cooled and the wonderful initiative and spirit of our soldiers must not be dulled by any failure to carry the fourth Liberty Loan victoriously over the top. The people at home must show that they are as resolute as the soldiers at the front are brave. No influence is so potent in its stimulating effect on the people of our country as the example of the men with the colors. Let every American soldier and every American officer do his duty not only by subscribing himself but by urging those at home to subscribe. Baker."

You are instructed that this telegram be read before dismissal of companies at retreat roll call on day of receipt thereof and in other ways given the widest publicity being a personal message from the secretary of war. Harris.

Hd. Central Department, Chicago, Ill., October 15, 1918.—To commanding officer, all posts, stations and commands, for compliance and return of this paper with report of action. By command of Major General Barry.

H. O. S. HEISTAND,
Adjutant General,
Department Adjutant.
Hd. C. D., Oct. 15, 1918.
16S (Fourth Loan.)

BUY BONDS

CASES OF ILLNESS MAY BE REPORTED TO PROF. KOSTLAN

Dr. R. S. Clapp, head of the department of physical education, who has been ill at his home, will not be at his office for several days. Prof. S. A. Kostlan, his assistant, is in charge of his office and any cases of illness may be reported to him. All serious cases are turned over to practicing physicians connected with the S. A. T. C. This refers only to men not fully inducted into the S. A. T. C.



"I'd like to be there!"

YOU have said it—as you have looked at some vivid picture or read some stirring account of our boys fighting with American courage and self-sacrifice. If you cannot go out to them, you can fight for them, over here. Smash open the way for them with howitzers and big guns. Send them ammunition, tanks, airplanes, rifles, clothing, food. Help to keep them victorious.

You can lend as fearlessly, as unselfishly, as they fight. That is *your* job as a part of our war machine.

OF COURSE you would "like to be there." They don't need you yet or you WOULD be there. But they need guns and shells, every hour they remain on the road to Berlin.

Absolutely the next best thing to going over is to

Buy Liberty Bonds—Buy to Your Limit