

BUD



In the Realm Where Time Hangs Heavy

GOB



"The Stars and Stripes" Offers:

OUR GUY WOMEN'S PAGE

What The Men Will Wear

Spring Styles Suggested for Swagger Soldiers

By HENRY

WITH the first suggestive chills of winter in the air it seems a bit daring, doesn't it, to talk about spring styles? But already the know-it-alls have begun to cluster around the Sibley stove and whisper of what will be worn in the A. E. F. by the trig aviators and the trigger doughboys next season.

I predict many startling and radical changes, but the more conservative members of the A. E. F., those who expect to extend their European visit, the type of men who sleep on and not in their breeches, will cling to the old poplin olive-drab, or mud-brindle, for inspection and drills, varying this with blues and browns cut in loose, flowing lines, for fatigue and lounging wear.

If the little bird, hopping about the orderly room where the Wise Ones congregate, tells me truthfully, there will be one radical change in headgear. In the best circles the tin hat, once so popular among the rollicking young bucks, has been discarded. The less conservative element will substitute the plain black derby or crusher in the States. The latter, however, will not be worn here with any success.

Another innovation will be a small iron bracelet worn just above the right ankle. It will be seen on the younger set who have spent the winter at the exclusive watering

DAILY HINT FROM PARIS



Passes will be worn

places or the larger cities which they have visited informally and often incognito. Attached to the bracelet will be a short chain and ball.

More in evidence than ever will be the little arrow-shaped stripe worn on the left sleeve. This bit of brightness will be chiefly seen among the older set, but will doubtless be affected for a short time at least by the very young. I predict that it will not be popular long anywhere. Qu'est ce que vous en pensez?

The ruffled chemise will be seen among the fliers as a tea gown or cranking negligee, while in the best air circles I think all of the garments will be worn longer, at least longer than they might have been if the war had lasted.

Now that the rigors of life at the front have subsided, field clerks will adopt lighter and more graceful footwear. The old field shoe, despite its comfortable lines, will be replaced by the russet pump.

As has been the custom in the past there will be no change in shirts before late summer. They will still be worn by all branches, except perhaps the Medical Corps, both day and night.

As the gentler winds blow up from the Mediterranean, I think we shall see the short coat, the sweater and even the breeches growing less and less popular as a part of the robe de nuit; in fact, it is not beyond a possibility that large numbers of pajamas will be worn especially among top sergeants and up.

Dainty Dishes

From Army Housewives

Miramas Meringue.—As I was in an outfit detailed to guard Q. M. stores, but not to use them, situated about fifty miles from the Italian border, I was at first at a loss how to provide suitable and adequate desserts for my little flock. At length, however, I was able to devise the following:



Here is a dainty design for a gilet et caleçon slightly varied from the formal issue underwear. It will probably be worn by those officers and men who, apparently, cannot be hampered by regulations in choosing what they laughingly call their "uniform."

which has met with howls every time it has graced our daintily rustic table! Three parts south Gaul mud, two parts native garlic, one-half part, colonel's shaving soap beaten thoroughly and used as frosting, one part birdseed sprinkled in with shaving soap to give a festive effect.

This tasty little trifle can be got together in a hurry at any time when visitors are expected, as the ingredients lie near at hand and only a little dexterous fitching and mixing is needed. The stavedores at work on this project say it is an immense improvement on the chocolate pudding they were fed back in the States. I inflict it on the officers' mess at least three nights a week.—L. W. G., cook of Company, Q. M. C.

Rolamport Ragout.—My poor, dear boys being at such a loss for toothsome tidbits I have, after much planning by day, contrived the following: tasty dish, which can be served morning, noon and night, and can be put up in barrels so as to be ready for emergency use. Its ingredients are: Two parts corned wild, two parts spuds with jackets on, four parts water.

If an extra detail blows in at mess time, or one of those troublesome and fastidious Signal Corps outfits happens to drop around, all that I have to do is to add more Marne water and serve. Of course, I sup-

pose that some captious souls will endeavor to point out that my own—MY OWN!—ragout is nothing more nor less than slum; well, what if it is? That for them! Temperamental.

Patty à la Infantry.—For this delectable dish I prepare a rust gathered from the old-timers in the outfit. The filling consists of cordite extracted from unused ammunition in the nearby dump; little tasty pellets of BB shot bought from the natives hereabout, who still have a foolish habit of shooting game; white flour, and the leftovers of Monday morning's cornmeal mush. To add to the unfeigned surprise which this offering never fails to excite at our little family table, I insert the shreds—dings of one sock, winter, regulation, in every thirteenth patty served. The dear boys are so occupied in guessing who got the sock that they omit to pass judgment on the character of the concoction per se.

P. S.—I might add that the invention of this dish made me very unpopular with the Battalion Dental Officer, who now has actually to do some work. But dental officers, taken as a class, never did understand the aesthetic temperament of a cook, whose soul is always searching after the original and appropriate, not to say bizarre.—Tony Tortoni, Cook of Co., Machine Gun Battalion.

The Penuriousness of Penelope

By SERGEANT BULL

(A cinema romance not now showing at all A. E. F. amusement halls.)

Penelope Prune, the beautiful nurse, comes to France to make the world anthropically for democracy, and soon becomes an important personality in the big base hospital in Brittany. She is the most dazzling figure at the Saturday cotillions for the officers, and her speech is always the clearest at the great discourses trotted by the Demos Chief Nurse. When Penelope is on duty nothing is so common as to see her, an old-timer who has patients and young doctors, but who loves paper work and Penelope, and who knows more about sick and wounded reports than any living man. Penelope is not allowed to speak to the old-timer, because he is an enlisted man, but goes in the day kitchen has it that she meets him clandestinely every morning behind the pile of incorrect transfer cards in the Registrar's Office.

One day Penelope is taking her afternoon nap in the middle of the road in front of the hospital when a huge camion thunders along in her direction.

CHAPTER XXVI

Lieutenant Bolivar, allowed out for his first airing, had got his shoes away from the wardmaster at last and was sauntering somewhat shakily through the hospital gate, when his beautiful brown eyes opened wide with horror. There was a truck booming along the highway, and there, slumbering innocently in the road, was Penelope.

"Miss Prune, Miss Prune," he cried, and, lunging forward, he "caught" her by the



shoulders and dragged her to safety just as the F. W. D. lumbered past. Penelope said she was much obliged and started to slide away. The lieutenant followed, for his heart told him that the time had come to speak.

"Miss Prune," he said quietly and yet with an undercurrent of passion that made his Sam Browne belt rise and fall like a

Health Hints

By Dr. C. C. Pill, M. C.

N. Y. D.—If you are unable to find an army dentist with enough equipment to dispose of your dental difficulties, brush your teeth violently with iodine every morning for three days and then have them all pulled out.

F. E. A.—It can hardly be claimed that your indigestion existed prior to enlistment, even if the eggs you ate did. Try painting the cook with iodine.

R. T. O.—Unfortunately, the itch cannot justify us in recommending an S. C. D., as we have to have somebody left in the army. However, you will probably be demobilized before you are cured, anyway, if that is any comfort to you. As for iodine—ay, there's the rub.

S. T. B.—Paint it with iodine.

M. P.—Your description of the top sergeant suggests forcibly that he is suffering from delusions—probably a case of manic depressive insanity, brought on by worry. Most of them are. Try spilling iodine on your service record.

A. A. W., C. L. B., S. H. C.—See answer to S. T. B.

Queries Answered

Dear Miss Athia: I have been corresponding regularly with a nice young company clerk for some time, but I fear that I shall never be able to understand him and his language after the war. The other day he closed his letter by saying: "Well, I have got to work all night on the payroll; guess I'm S.O.L., all right." Now, can you tell me just what did he mean? MARGUERITE.

Having to work in the vicinity of the average first sergeant (or "top," as he is

facetiously and affectionately called in the A. E. F.) is enough to work havoc with any young man's vocabulary, even though he be the nicest of company clerks. As for the expression "S. O. L.," it means nothing more nor less than "Sweet On Lola." You should worry, Lola, dear!

Dear Miss Athia: I have a sweetheart who used to write me regular every week while he was in the army, but the last letter I got from him, a week or two months ago, said that he was going to the brig for an indefinite stay. I suppose that means that he has been transferred to the navy, and I am wondering if you can tell me where to address his letters in future. Should I address them care of Admiral Wilson, Brew, or send them to Secretary Daniels himself, marked "Please forward"? And why don't he write, even if it's in the navy? ANXIOUS ANASTASIA.

Men in the navy, dear Anastasia, are sometimes just as busy as men in the army, although in the case of your sweetheart it is by no means certain that he has been transferred, much as he would undoubtedly like it at this moment. You are safe in assuming, however, that he has materially altered his uniform, and if not wearing navy blue is at least sporting blue denim.

Dear Miss Athia: I have an intimate friend who was in one of the last units to go "over there," so I suppose he will be among the first to come home. I am anxious to show him that I don't make any difference to me whether or not he actually did get into the "trenches," and that I think he is a "hero" just the same. What should I tell him when he comes back, so that he will know my love has not altered? MARGUERITE.

Not all the heroes, dear Marguerite, did their trick in the, as you say, trenches. When he comes back just look him square in the eye and say: "Well, now that you saved up all that bravery that you didn't have to use, why don't you go in and ask father like you've been planning to for the last three years you have been keeping company with me?" He will be able to guess from that right away that you still want him.

Hints for the Home

By Dorothy Dobois

The key word for the soldier's little nest must be economy with beauty and, when possible, sanitation.

Never leave soap, cigars, razors, money or extra collar insignia lying about on the dresser. They will surely get into some comrade's way and he will be forced to dispose of them.

Try to make things as cheerful as you can. Paste the picture postcards they won't let you send through the mails just over some one else's bunk.

If you have stolen any gasoline to clean your gun with, don't put it into a champagne bottle and hide it where the room orderly can find it. He might think it was something else.

Do not waste money on trifles like underwear. Just ask the supply sergeant. He is always so willing to give you just what you want whenever you think you need it.

Keep your shelves neat. A small shelf cover, neatly cut from a shelter half taken from some one in another company or section, will make things more homelike—until the owner finds it.

Every Saturday, after inspection, take the dirty socks out from under the clean ones and put them in the bottom of the barracks

bag. It is well to keep an extra pair of clean socks for each inspection.

Don't spend money that might be invested in indoor sports on Brussels carpets.

I must not omit a comment here about personal appearance. Many disregard this, and it is, oh, so important if you are to live happily! Perhaps one of the most horrid things that come between people otherwise fond of each other is superficial hair! I get so many, many inquiries about this, especially from privates, and many, many remedies have been suggested, but they are often dangerous, and only one is really infallible. Take the advice of one who knows; if you are troubled with superfluous hair on the face, for God's sake, before next inspection—shave!

And now, dears, in closing, remember one thing above all, take care of your health! Go to sick call every morning, and perhaps some time you will be marked "Quarters." At night cover up your heads, for rat bites are poisonous, and wash every single month whether your comrades think you need to or not.

Our Daily Bedside Story

Now, children, once upon a time there was a young American named Willy Jinks who enlisted in the army. The poor boob told every one that he didn't want to go to war at all, but that he knew what the neighbors would say, and that, anyway, he might as well enlist, as he was sure to be drafted if he didn't. When he got to France he never told of the enormous salary he received in civilian life and he said he didn't suppose he'd make as good a sergeant as some of the other men, but that he would enjoy wearing the chevrons around. He never even laid awake nights planning what he would do if he ever caught his commanding officer up an alley in civilian clothes after the war. To his great astonishment he was assigned to an office job in St. Nazaire and never left it. He wrote his girl that he was nowhere near the trenches and hoped he never would be. When the armistice was signed he heaved a great sigh and wrote home he was glad he had been spared all the dangers and discomforts of life at the front. He denied with some heat that he had ever turned down a commission. In fact, he said that he had repeatedly applied for a commission, but that nobody had seemed to give him any encouragement. He passed up an opportunity to buy a Boche officer's helmet for 20 francs. Now, be quiet, children. Of course, there never was such a person. This is a fairy story, remember. Well, there isn't much more to tell. Private Jinks never returned to America. The other men of his outfit found him too annoying, and one morning just before mess they choked him to death.

What's in A Name?

From Navy Life.

THE good old sobriquets of "Jack" and "Yank" seem destined to stick to our fighting men. "Sammy" and "Jackie" and other sugary products of the campaign of feminine "frightfulness" against sailors and soldiers are doomed.

There must be substance even in a nickname. It can't be coined at will. We didn't dig up nicknames for our schoolmates with the aid of a dictionary. They came spontaneously.

"Yank" means much to us Americans. It typifies the best in our fighters—that spirit which made the "Yanks" of '61 the saviors of our Union. "Jack Tar" is the traditional name for a sailor. Used between shipmates it is a token of fellowship, friendship. All our sailors may not be big, rawboned, bluff and hearty as their warrior forebears; neither are the sailors of to-day; but they are "Yanks" and "Jacks" in spirit—the spirit that wins.

Our entrance into the war was accompanied by a marked effort to coin a nickname for our soldiers. Since, as many apparently thought, it was to be a drawing room affair, our soldiers and sailors should have a name that would fit the part—something to match the girlish-complexioned, romantic-looking figures on magazine covers which passed for warriors.

England had its Tommies and France its Poilus. Why not America its "Sammys"? Oh, you know, it was such a dear, clever idea! Its genealogy was perfect, feature writers said, who discovered it was an aged appellation in the United States. And it was so ostensibly related to the "Sam" in Uncle Sam. Newspapers and periodicals, always faddists, took it up as quickly as any other fad, especially so when our European correspondents claimed it had official sanction. The whole scheme of nicknaming the American army was conducted with the sang-froid of a newspaper Best-title-for-this-picture contest. Poor army—poor victim!

Equally industrious folk on this side founded the corruption "Jackie" about the same time. We don't know who started it. A lot of sailors would, like to find out. At any rate, "Jackie" enjoyed a wide circulation among headline writers on newspapers, just as "Sammys" did.

A few weeks ago General March asked newspaper men in Washington to refrain from applying "Sammy" to American soldiers. He pointed out that the French themselves disliked the word and wanted to know where such an effeminate connection started. The French, he said, call us "Yanks."

This injunction wasn't necessary, as the newspaper editors' best tastes had already eliminated the word from current use.

And "Jackie" is dying the same death. Magazines and newspapers all over the country are bringing the public to realize the word "Jackie" is an affront to manliness. "Jack"—or even lowly "Gob"—is the favorite. "The Great Lake Bulletin," which has been especially enterprising in discovering a substitute for "Jackie," admits that good old "Jack" probably will survive.

Which Major Salutes First?

WHO salutes first, the enlisted man or the officer? is, of course, a foolish question to be asked in army circles, because everybody learned the answer long ago.

But "who salutes first, a major or a major?" is something else, and has been the subject of heated debate in more officers' messes than one, says the "Stars and Stripes."

You cannot read in a man's face whether or not his commission antedates yours. He may be a fair-haired second lieutenant, you a gray-tressed one, but he may outrank you all the same.

Therefore, as far as you can find out from official and non-official sources, the best rule to follow is to salute first, anyway—to give the officer of ostensibly the same rank as your own the benefit of the doubt, to err on the side of politeness.—Comrad

It Didn't Work

Oohlala, France Its Still Raining.

SIDEKICK STEVE: Well Steve, every day when I get out of the hay, they's a new rumor saying that such and such an outfit is going home, and what not—else dope on the subject, but the nearest I got to home yet is reading about the worlds series. My girl writes me that as I was coming home so quick that she would stop writing me as I would no doubt be gone before her letters got to me, and aint that the limit Steve? I tells her Steve, that if she wrote me another letter as fast as she did the last one, I would be in another war by the time it reached me, which same is just some of my kidding chatter Steve, as they's no more chance of me being in another war than they is of a safety razor company using the Statue of Abe Lincoln to advertise their products.

But thats kinder of the subject as the warden told the guy which asked to be let out Steve, and what I started to tell you was that I come near being married to one of these French blue Damselles, which wasn't no fault of mine Steve. I was up to Paris at the time President Wilson was Steve, only they made a little more fuss over him than they did me, as I was standing on the street so's President Wilson would have a chance of recognizing me as the guy which carried Dixie County for him once by voting twice, they's a French girl yells, "Vivi L'Americque" at me, which same is French for, "I hope America don't go dry." So I says, "Comma telley garlic," to her Steve, which is the highbrow French way of asking how a guy is and the like, and she says a string of them trick French words Steve, which no Yank ever knows enough of except to get a drink on. She was so good looking Steve, that if she had walked up when Mark Anthony was getting off his love chatter to Cleopatra in the desert, Mark would of refused to let Cleo stir his Vin Rouge after seeing her.

I walks six or ten blocks with her Steve, but for all I knowed she might of been talking about the sense of naming a baby until they knowed whether it was going to be idiotic or not, but I agree with her no matter what it was Steve. Well we finally comes to the second story of a three story house, and as I was standing in the parlor of the place, her old man comes in and says nothing in English, but makes a lot of motions likes he was shell shocked, or had married a Hulu Hulu dancer, and I nods my head like I adways does when the top kick asks me if I got in before taps, and the old guy goes out of the room.

Steve, knowing me as you have for so long, it won't surprise you what happens then. None else but a preacher guy comes in the room, and the French blue Damsell was dolled up like she was going to appear in the Follies, while the old man was rubbing his hands and figgering how many cigarettes I would give him after the marriage, for that's what they figgered was going to come of Steve. Well Steve, my girl has fell for a slacker back home, and the like, but when a girl marries me she's got to tell me about it first in United States, so I gives the old man the address of a 2nd Lieutenant that I knowed was wanting to get married, and beats it, but outside of that everything was lovely.

President Wilson didn't recognize me Steve, and I guess it's 'cause I was in a uniform and looked like the other Yanks, but no doubt General Pershing will tell all about me.

Yours 'til New York is bone dry.

PETE.

—From The Right About

Dawn on the Venetian Alps

THE petal's edge at sunrise Of a rose not fully blown, Whose palest flesh but hints A glorious soon to come. So gleam Venetia's Alps, As in their veined bosom Apollo's shafts are flung; And draw from thence Italia's heart of gold.

—Anon., Prov. Ec. A., from Ambulance Service News, published in Italy.