

Your Affect. Neph. Samuel C. Jones Junior

The Letters of an American Boy to His Uncle, Over There

By EDWARD N. TEALL.

Copyright, 1918. All rights reserved.

XI.

DEAR UNCLE BILL: My Soldier is getting very much better, he will never be a hole man again of course but, he is getting his strength and is now able to get about pretty good with his crutches, he will soon have an artaifshal leg. We were going to have a Liberty Loan parade but the bd. of health stopped it and from us kids point of view a Board of Health is good when it closes the schools but, not good when it says thou shal't not have a parade.

It would of been a magnificent parade with a band, from the city and, the fire Department and, clubs and etc and we have missed a great demmonstration that would doubtlessly have boosted materrialy our successfullness in the Loan however, such is life and we must be resigned to our fate though, it is easier to say than do.

We boys have a joke on the health Board, they opened the window and influenza, that is in, flew, enza, do you get it. If enza realy was something it would be a better joke but, Dad says you cant be to crittacle about a joke and hed laugh at any joke once if, any of us kids told it to him. Hes very freindly to us as you know which, all fathers are not I mean, some are not. Isnt it funny how some things are all right when you say them but, all wrong when you write them, that would be an other joke if I said it instead of, writing it.

Well we did, have a little outdoor meeting and my Soldier spoke. Say he may, be only a Copporal but he sure does talk like a general. He handed it to them straight and he made the men, stand up like they were on parade. Some of the ladies snivled a little to and then he got, seven men which was not subscribers to go right across to the Bank and, sign applacations. Go across he said and, come across he shouted in a very pashnit tone.

Well Uncle Bill you just should of seen Aunt Mary, she was in the crowd though she moddestly stood back a good deal but, say her eyes were fairly shining like, stars or, auto lamps at a distance of about three hundred 50 yards and, she couldnt of taken them off of that soldier if, there was a Runaway coming passed. And I seen that is saw the Copporal look at her once and gee, whiz, maybe you think he didnt cut loose with every thing he had after that, it was great.

Aunt Mary she didnt say much when we talked about having him over but, say she was, all there when it comes to taking care of the vel. If you ever saw any body get enough to eat it was him. It was almost sinfull the way, she insisted on his taking some more of this and, just a little of that and, he being affraid of hurting her feelings by saying no I am sure ate more yes much more than he needed. Finally I said Coparol I see, you beleive in consavation and he said why Sammy, so I said well Duke the way you are putting the rations away into a safe place I think, Mr. Hoover would say you are just a little bit of all right. So Mother she did not like that at all but Duke he laughed while, Aunt Mary got about twice

as red as a Bullshavecky flag and Dad he said quite calm well my boy mr Hoover is some pitcher he puts em over the Plate every time but, he is not in the class with you he does not, bean the batter. And I guess said he mr Hoover would stand for this because, we raised this dinner pretty near all ourselves.

Well Uncle Bill thats a faet for, we had one of our own chiekens, it was big Nosey which, we called him that because, he was all ways poking his head threw the wire and we had potatos and other vegetables from our own war garden and O joy we had, a PUNKIN PIE which was made out of a punkin I raised my self. Before long we shall eat Kaiser, Hindenburg, Ludendorff, Tirpitz and Bernstorff which are other roosters which expect to be fed up and do nothing but torment the life out of, every body else in the yard.

So we had a very acceptable meal though, Mother didnt care to eat any of Nosey she said, it was to much like Canables she had brought him up from earliest childhood and he was, to her like I of the Famaly. But Copporal Kent he sure did go to it and, never did I see a man treat him self better yoad of thought, he was not company at all. I was rather, disappointed to see him behave so natural when being entertained but, at least some got away from him and I had the neck which, I was glad Nosey had divvelopped by stretching it so much it was extremely large and musskuler. Nosey wade 5 three quarters lb stripped. It pays to buy a big breed foul.

Well Uncle Bill the evening past very pleasant with few insadents of excitement such as, Tom spilled his whole platefull of dinner and Phil fell fast asleep at the table which, the Copporal said was mixing the pleasures of life and, Harry tried to get up an argewment with me about if a snake bit a man in the head would you tye a bandage round his neck to stop circulation but, I was not to be inviggled into any thing that might make Dad interrupt my attack on the powltry trenches and, I was just fairly knocking the stuffing out of the enemy. Dad has a great way of settling argewments by sending a fellow to his room for a little quiet roomination as he calls it and, he does not allways get the right one of us but, you better not try to tell him so. I have noticed that grown folks prefer to stand pat when theyve made a mistake with children than, to own up and square up. Which if not respectfull is, certainly true.

So Duke he tells us some stories of the war and, Mother plays some old songs which, we all sang not together very good but, satisfactoraly strong which is what counts and what do you think Uncle Bill, Dad cuts loose with a lot of funny stuff I never knew he had in his bag of tricks, and he had us all roaring especially, my Soldier.

So, I got feeling sort of cutappy as, every body seemed for once all in good humer at the same time and, I said Duke I wish, you was related to me. Why says he that would, be rather jolly. But he resumed you have plenty of brothers. Yes I said but, none of them are, a soldier. Well he came back your uncle, which is you Unele Bill is one isnt he. So I said yes he is but, I dont mean related that way I mean a rrelative by marriage which, you and Aunt Mary—

No sooner had I begun to utter this perfectly innocent and sensible remark when Aunt Mary she jumped up and, her cheeks were like a red hot poker before you make a whole with it in some old bored the folks are going to set a high value on when they find you have board it and she screamed yes fairly screamed Samuel Jones meaning Dad are you never going to teach that boy, come on politeness. And even the Copporal got sort of blushfull while, Dad he seemed angry on the outside but not however all the way threw like a man who has to act so as not to offend his wife in a delicate situation and he says Sammy you go straight to, your room and I will come up, to see you in a little while.

Well Uncle Bill I will not carry on but, I will spair you the paneful detales but, I want to ask you Unele Bill if you think thats anyway for a bunch of grownups to act when, some one is trying to help two people to do what they want to do for, as sure as your allive which you are if, the huns have not yet got you, they, which is Duke and Aunt Mary are sweet on each other and, dont neither of em dare say a word so, they rather suffer in

silance than be helped, out of there misery. Well I wont but in again you bet Uncle Bill unless, I see a whole lot better chance to pull some thing off than what that was.

But I dont think my Soldier is as brave as, I used to think and that is how your idolls go to smash, he has Feet of Clay or, at least 1 ft of clay. However I will not give him up yet for, surely a man who has been through what he has must have some thing in him even if, he doesnt show it.

And so I am, yours in disgrace but not defeat.

SAMUEL THE ORIGINAL HARDLUCK KID.

XII.

DEAR UNCLE BILL: I dont know as I have any right to write to you a Soldier of Uncle Sam. Why do you say, well I am, a Traitor. But I must tell some one about it and, if you do not care to have me to write to you again if you say so, all right I will.

Perhaps I will not be allive any longer when your answer comes, I am almost broken hearted and it does not seem as if I could live much longer though, I realy do want to see the sham battle the SATC is to have next Wednesday. If so you are to have, my collection of posters, I have 18 of the Third Loan 17 of the fourth Munitions 1 W. S. S. 7 Red Cross 1 and 7 forreign and am going to get more from the poster man of our War Committee he, is saving them for me. They are yours if you can bear who fights for, Unele Sam to accept them from one who has been DISLOYALL. I do not wish to live though next saturday the team plays the team from Camp and, it will be a big fight to bad, to miss. But what would those nobel fellows think if they knew I was in the stand.

Well Uncle Bill it is this way, this morning just at breakfast time the Phone rang and it was miss Mayberry our garden teacher. Mother went to the Phone and in a minute she said Sammy Miss Mayberry,

she want to know do, you want to pick pottatos.

Well Uncle Bill I said no and Muddy told it to Miss Mayberry then, Dad came downstares and he said who, called and Muddy told him and, what she said and, what I said and, for, several minutes I think about 8 though it seemed much more he said, nothing. It was quite uncomfortable for you see I knew, what they were all thinking, grown folks can think very loud. Muddy and Aunt Mary and Dad they were thinking that I ought to have accepted the offer and, have gone to serve my country and the farmer in the potatoe feild.

After a prolongish perriod Dad said very quiet, why did you say, no and I said I, dont know. He said that is not an intelligent answer and, if I did know as, I must know then I must know that he knew it was a FALSE HOOD which, he says in an awfull manner and if, I really did not know I was just, plain, stupid, which, he knew was not so and, that made it much worse.

Do you suppose he said I like, to give up my time to be Publisaty Man for the Lib. Loan committee, but I do it, which, he certainly does and you just ought to see the artacles he writes, they are seorchers and, I guess, they must make the shackers feel like they were kids who did not want to go to dig potatoes. Even if he does come down on me pretty heavy I will, say that for him and I guess, I deserve all I get, any way when I have a bunch of kids I will square the account up with them.

But I do not seem to be much use in this world perhaps, they will have more use for me that, I can do in the next world and, if I should live to get out of this trouble I am, pretty sure that, I will yet make them say that, theres some thing in me after all, you see it will be eight years yet and one month before I am old enough to be a Candadate for some thing. In that time I might improve a hole lot. But I am at present

Yours in sorrow

SAMMY THE BOOB.

third
printing
in two weeks
the big holiday hit
\$1.50
everywhere

the
story of
the everyday
life of an average
American family as
told by a typical
American
mother

a
Christmas
gift for all
kinds of readers
who like wholesome,
humorous, inspir-
ing American
fiction

THE PRESTONS

The New York Sun of
December 1st says:
"The Prestons"
By
MARY HEATON VORSE
is a book which takes its
place with the best of
Tarkington. For breadth
of understanding, accu-
racy of observation, fi-
delity of reporting, it is
not easy to think of an
American novel that
transcends it. It is a
memorable book that will
have 50,000 readers."

BONI & LIVERIGHT
Publishers
NEW YORK

BOOKS

for

XMAS

BRENTANO'S

Booksellers to the World
5th Av. & 27th St., New York

4th Edition—\$1.00 Net

FOCH THE MAN

By CLARA E. LAUGHLIN
WITH THE AID OF
Lieut.-Col. Requin of Foch's Staff

"A true picture. I hope
many Americans will read
it."—Stephane Lauzanne.

FLEMING H. REVELL COMPANY, Publishers

"1 BOOK OF REAL POEMS. THE IDEAL GIFT."

The Winged Spirit

By MARIE TUDOR

W. S. Braithwaite, in the *Boston Transcript*, says of this author's work: "Carries curiously woven threads of gold in homespun. . . . Because the force in these poems is quiet, they seem the more readily to command and hold one's interest."
JUST PUBLISHED. \$1.50

The Potter's Clay

By MARIE TUDOR

The Book Review Digest says: "This poet has felt the highest exhlition of joy, has been no stranger to grief, and has known the depths and heights of motherhood."
\$1.50

NEW YORK
2 West 45th St.,
Just West of 5th Av.

ALL BOOKSELLERS
G. P. Putnam's Sons

LONDON
24 Bedford Street
Strand.