

# HOW TO BEAT REVEILLE

--By WALLGREN



### HELPFUL HINTS

NO. 12 - NEVER TEST AN UNEXPLODED BOMB WITH A HAMMER

THIS METHOD OF TESTING IS FROMAN UPON IN THE BEST MILITARY CIRCLES, AND THE FISH WHO ATTEMPTS IT IS USUALLY TREATED TO A POSTHUMOUS COURT MARTIAL - (WHICH IS THE VERY WORST KIND OF C.M. YOU WILL ADMIRE)

# HOW THE LINES LOOK FROM A FRENCH PLANE

## Trip Across No Man's Land Has Its Thrills Even At a Height of 6,500 Feet—American Batteries' Havoc

By HENRY G. WALES  
Correspondent of the International News Service with the A. E. F.

I have been two miles inside the German lines—at a height of 6,500 feet. I flew over the American lines on the Toul front, crossed No Man's Land, and penetrated as far as the enemy second line defense. I saw some of the destruction inflicted by bursts of gunfire from American batteries, and even while over the German positions I saw American shells drop there and silently explode, spouting a dusty upheaval of brown dirt mixed with smoke.

I made the flight, which is the first taken over the actual fighting lines by a civilian, was correspondent or other place for my trip, as they are when the combination observer-machine gunner goes up.

It was just after four o'clock sunlight and excellently clear for observation. A group of mechanics strapped me to the bucket seat deep down in the fuselage, so that only my head showed and I looked squarely at the pilot's cranium, just showing in front of me.

stone farmhouse which the gunners of neither side had so far seen fit to raze, and an old cow stable whose walls were still standing at a feeble height. These places are a favorite rendezvous for night patrols in attempting to gain possession of the machine guns of their opponents, who try to enter.

Then I passed the advanced German line. It looked exactly like the American line, with the same endless scroll of trenches burrowing wormily every which way and extending back to a great depth.

We veered left and saw the spot where the American bombardment had prepared the way for the raid of the previous morning. The effects of the rain of shells were plainly visible, the new craters showing up bolder and deeper than others which had been made a long time before.

### Roads Begin Out of Nothing

Passing over the Germans' first network of trenches, I noticed the stream-like communicating positions leading back towards the second organized position. There, too I saw clumsily camouflaged gunpits, and glancing at the map found them accurately noted there for our gunners' information.

The villages behind the enemy's line were crumbling and shot torn exactly the same as those behind our line, and the roads began again from nothing, gradually assuming shape in the fine highways a little way further on.

No puffs of white smoke, indicating high explosive, molested us. We continued onward, not straight ahead, but obliquely, so that we could veer off and double back if a hostile fighting plane appeared. We saw a couple of German two-seater observation machines regulating artillery fire at about our own level, but they minded their own business and we paid no attention to them.

Gazing earthward, I saw shells coughed up from the throat of an enemy's position and burst into the air, throwing up clouddlets of black-brown dirty smoke.

Once, when we were farthest within the enemy's lines, I looked back toward the German front line and saw several flashes which I afterwards learned were trench mortars throwing flying pigs over toward the American lines.

### Not a Human Being in Sight

In all that journey I had not seen a single moving human being, even through my glasses, despite the fact that the subterranean positions beneath teemed with fighting men. In all the advanced positions on both sides I did not see a single moving vehicle, although far off to the rear of the German lines I could discern dustclouds rising from convoys on the move.

We turned slightly, tilting steeply on our wing, and soared homeward. The pilot signalled to me to look down, and, starting through the floor-glass, I saw another French machine gun lower. Almost at the same instant a dull thud penetrated the terrific noise of the whirling motor. The pilot motioned again, and I saw a fluffy white clouddlet of anti-aircraft shrapnel—enemy gunners trying to lay the range on the comrade beneath us.

Then came a dozen more almost insupportable thuds, and I saw a string of fluffy white clouddlets hanging in the air along the path which the French machine below had been taking. But he was far away—he wingslipped, turned, and escaped entirely. Although we were less than 10,000 feet up, enemy anti-aircrafters did not choose us for a target.

Passing again the American battery positions, I saw ominous flashes from the breeches, but heard no shot fired or shell whistling through the air. We passed over an American observation balloon and reached the field, alighting like this tied down at 80 miles an hour.

I looked at my watch. We had been gone 35 minutes, but it had seemed ages because of the persistent idea that we had been battling continually against a head-on gale.

"Did you see that Boche single-seater above us just before we turned back?" asked the sub-lieutenant pilot, hopping from his seat. "I think he spotted us without a machine gun and thought us easy prey, as he was on his way home, then turned and chased us a little way. Otherwise, I would have taken you over and shown you the German positions there, with big guns mounted, and their observation positions."

### Where the Road Ends

The thoroughfares gradually lost themselves in the yellowish-brown strip marking No Man's Land. Through powerful binoculars I looked down upon the maze of American trenches, inter-windings, inter-locking, seaming the earth to a considerable depth behind a tiny hair-line marking the advanced fire trench. All this was so shell-battered that it resembled nothing so much as the footprints of thousands of dogs on the seaside sands, at some places blurred and blended into millions of tiny undulations where the rain had washed down the softened shell crater marks.

The lane of No Man's Land, as far as my eye could see, was a barren, empty, torn up, yet still with certain marks left, such as a shell-battered

## EARLY MORNING SMOKES

They can talk about their plays, 'Bout their movies and their dances, 'Bout the Gall-Curci craze—Not a single one entrances Me, for I'm content, you bet, With one luxuriant day; Smoking just one cigarette In the dawn, ere reveille!

Back at home I never did Puff before my morning meal—Father would have put the lid On it, and with anguished squeal Mother would have thought me gone Plumb—well, plumb to you-know-where; But it wasn't cold at dawn, Damp and dismal over there.

Over here, though, mornings are Things to court the soothing weal—Lack of maktin's well may mar All one's first-call dressing speed. With a fog stuck in your face, You can hustle with the best, Puff, and struggle with each lace, Get for breakfast chow a zest.

Cigarettes at break of day Sweeter are than any others, Driving clouds of night away, Cutting fog that well-nigh smothers; Soft their perfume, mild their taste, Who'll gainsay the joy they bring? So—be careful not to waste 'Baccy—'tis a precious thing!

## FREE ADVICE FOR LOVELORN LADS

By MISS INFORMATION  
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E.T.—Yes, always keep your girl's picture with you whenever you move. Not only keep it with you, but write to her and tell her that you do. Nothing gets along without advertising these days, you know.

W.M.—You say that you inadvertently left the locket, with her picture in it, open while you were taking your last month's bath, and that the water made the darn thing run and spoiled her looks? Serves you right for taking a bath! I wouldn't blame her a bit for refusing to send you another picture.

Z.O.—No, the line "Am in the hospital; having a lovely time," never makes a bit with the girl back home. She knows there are attractive nurses in hospitals just as well as you do, and will smell a rat right off. Tell her all about your troubles and she may decide to come over and do a little nursing here herself—if she's got bean enough to pass the examination!

F.D.—No, shining up to her brother, who is in your outfit, won't do you a bit of good. Brothers are always brutes, and his good opinion of you—even if he should take the trouble to write it home, which he won't—wouldn't get you anything. Treat him kindly, to be sure, but don't let him capitalize your affection for his sister by borrowing from you too heavily. Remember that if all goes well, you'll have him on your hands, off and on, for the rest of your life; so don't begin too soon to keep him.

R.E.A.—Don't, when you write about the discomforts of trench life, forget to hint, gently, oh so gently, that you're going through all of it for her. Never fail to capitalize on what you go through and to impress her with it. There's nothing untruthful about it, so don't be afraid to play it up. They all like it.

T.O.—If she hasn't written to you for a long time, and you can prove it by checking up on the dates of her letters, you have to keep the envelope for that, as women never date their letters quite why, don't write to her for quite a while. Don't spoil her by starting out, "Dearest, your letter got in here just this evening, and in reply to same I am writing right away." Keep her in suspense for while, discipline her. Then, when you do write, try to appear a little detached, a bit cold. They play the same game on you; why in the name of time shouldn't you resort to reprisals?

Pollu (to newly arrived Yank): Vous êtes engagé?  
Yank: Omgazbay—ong—oh, engaged!  
Hell, no, I'm married.

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## WOMEN'S HOSPITAL GETS EARLY CHANCE

### Unit of American Pioneers Proves Worth During German Offensive

## NOT A MAN ON ITS STAFF

### Volunteer Workers Have Their Own Plumber, Electrician and Chauffeur, Too

Hats off—no, we don't take our hats off in the army; we salute.

A salute, then, for the Women's Oversea Hospital, U.S.A., the first unit of which is in France and doing business. It comprises the first group of women physicians and surgeons from the United States to see service in Europe, and it distinguishes itself before it had been here a month by operating a hospital in the field so close to the firing line that the members were within sight and sound of bursting shells.

This pioneer unit of the Women's Oversea Hospitals was formed under the auspices of the National American Woman Suffrage Association by four women physicians and surgeons of the staff of the New York Infirmary for Women and Children—Drs. Carolina S. Finley, Alice Gregory, Mary Lee Edwards and Anna-von Sholly.

The women volunteered for service with the American Army, but their offer was rejected. They then offered themselves to the French Government and were accepted. It was agreed that they were to operate a hospital for the French civil population which, upon 48 hours' notice, was to be turned into a military hospital. The American Red Cross agreed to furnish the equipment and supplies.

## ATTENTION MOOSE!

All members of the Moose in good standing, or those who have been members, take notice that headquarters will be opened shortly in Paris. In order that you may be promptly notified of plans for your comfort, send your name, military address and number of lodge to:

JOSEPH A. JENKINS,  
Vice-Director General,  
Hotel Continental, Paris.

## Site for Hospital Found

Dr. Finley came to France two months ago and selected a site for the hospital. She chose a village in the Department of the Aisne, the population of which was in need of medical aid because all the French practitioners had left for service with the army. Before this hospital was fully established, however, came the German drive, and the site which they had chosen fell into Boche hands. The unit withdrew.

The wounded began to come back from the fighting lines and the women, not to be idle, asked French army officials for immediate duty in the field. They were assigned to Temporary Hospital No. 11, which they operated for the benefit of the fighting and still are operating. They have treated scores of French and British soldiers, administered anesthetics, set bones, dressed wounds and performed minor and major operations.

During the first few days, the Germans got so close that they dropped shells within a mile or two of the hospital, but the women although they thought they were actually within reach of the Boche guns, worked without interruption.

The unit includes six physicians and surgeons and numbers 31. Its boast is that it is independent of man, that it can take over a hospital, or convert into

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one a building not previously used for that purpose, and do all the work there is to do without any aid from the outside. In addition to a dentist, it has a carpenter, an electrician, a plumber, an auto-repair woman and two chauffeurs. Another contingent of 80—physicians, surgeons and helpers—will be in France soon, and others are expected to follow.

## CHANCE TO LIVE IT DOWN

An American Red Cross worker behind the British front, after a recent battle, tarried to hear a British major, mounted on a wagon tongue, addressing the men of his battalion.

The men had finished a night's rest after three days of the hardest kind of fighting, recounts the Red Cross man, and the major was announcing that they were "going in" again that day.

"There will be no withdrawal. We are not going to give an inch," declared the major. "I want to see you fight harder than you ever fought before. I don't want to see you hang back like you did the last time."

"Why, dammit, men," shouted the major, "in the last fight you only got eight to one. You know you ought to have done better than that!"

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## DO NOT FORGET TO WRITE

It may not be inappropriate for a house whose chief business is making letter-paper to suggest to you who read this that you cannot write home too often. A letter from a soldier at the front somewhere in France is prized by every family who receives it. The letters you write now about your actual experiences in war will be a valuable possession to you when you come back and read them over.

We cannot urge you to use our writing papers in writing because we do not know how you would get them in France, but we hope that you will receive lots of letters written upon them.

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