

**THE ARMY'S POETS**

**"LITTLE MOTHER"**

I am writing this little poem  
To the mother I left behind,  
And it tells of me longing for her  
Over here in the daily grind.

I am often alone and lonely  
On a post out in No Man's Land,  
But my thoughts they go floating homeward  
To my mother in dreams so grand.

I dream of you again, dear mother,  
As you bade me that last goodbye,  
And I marched, a proud Yankee soldier,  
For my country to do or die.

Countless days have passed since we parted,  
Weary days of hard toil and pain,  
But my visions of you have cheered me  
As I fancy your face again.

How I long for your smiles of gladness  
That are haunting my memory still,  
And the love in your eyes beseeching  
Even now makes my pulses thrill.

How you held me with hands so gentle,  
Closely pressed to your throbbing breast;  
In that last fond embrace I promised  
To live true through the crucial test.

The caress of your hair, soft silver,  
On my cheek how I faintly feel,  
And from lips that are so sweet to steal  
A sweet kiss I would like to feel.

Little mother, for you there's burning  
A deep love that I never can lose,  
Spurring me on to the fight before us  
Where the Angel of Death doth fly.

Oh, if it were that only in Heaven  
I will meet you again, mother, dear,  
But it matters not what befalls me—  
The bright star of your love shines clear.

R. C. KYLE.

**REVEILLE**

Get up, get up, you sleepy head,  
And drop your pillow on the floor,  
Get up, get up, get out of bed,  
You're in the Army now.

Get up, get up, you errand beast,  
Get up and dig for chow;  
It doesn't matter what you think,  
You're in the Army now.

Get up and powder, rouge and curl  
And dress—no matter how—  
But don't be late for reveille,  
You're in the Army now.

Get up, you foxy, hinky, boob,  
There's eggs and cheese and ham  
For officers and stum for you,  
You slave of Uncle Sam.

But don't you fret or don't you fume,  
For honest injun! How  
Would you have felt if you were not  
In Uncle's Army now?

RAY L. HUFF, Base Hosp.

**THE SWEETEST SONG**

Across the wide, stern, troubled sea,  
The woodland thrush sings long for me:  
Along the road, upon the hill,  
The woodland echoes answer shrill.  
But I hear not the thrush's tone,  
Abiding here in France, alone.

Afar from the whip-poor-will  
Sends out his brave, querulous thrill:  
But here in France I do not hear  
The night bird calling for me.

Nor hear the tall pines in reply  
Give such a deep, toned, weighty sigh.

But oft in dreams I catch a note  
Escaping from some sweet-scented throat,  
And be it robin, lark, or wren,  
From open field or forest den,  
I know the music is a strain  
That comes to me from home again.

It is not bird-song, that alone,  
With such true accent and rich tone,  
That comes across the troubled sea  
To find a resting place in me:  
But Mother's song afar away,  
Just praying for her boys today.

—Sgt. ERNEST SCHULTZ, Engrs.

**A KICK**

Oh, you at the front in the fighting line,  
Taking the one great chance,  
Crouched in your trenches grimly,  
Watching the foe seen dimly,  
Through the battle for of France:  
Easy as not, though it seems our lot  
Is an easy one indeed,  
For we must work, and we dare not  
shirk.

Let's you lack the stuff you need,  
You'll fight, and you'll die, if need be,  
Gammely, with no regret,  
And you'll be the glory  
To live in song and story.

As we've met, and we've died,  
And we will cheer, we of the rear,  
When your brave fight is won—  
You shall not lack, when we get back,  
Our praise for the work you've done.

But we've only one thing to ask you,  
Merely the one request—  
When you roll of battles gory,  
Where you all won fame and glory,  
Tell them we did our best,  
It's not our choice, and we have no voice  
In the orders that keep us here;  
We'd rather fight, and it's no delight  
To stay and work in the rear.

But war is war, and there must be  
Someone to stay and do  
The work men could not get at,  
Shipping the stuff so needed  
To help the fighters through.

We're men like you, red-blooded, too,  
And it's tough to have no chance  
To fight like hell, or die as well,  
As the lads at the front in France.

Corp. F. B. CURRAN, Co. G. — Engrs.

**PARODIES**

**"My Little Girl"**

Old U.S.A., of you I'm dreaming,  
And I long for you each day,  
The clear bright lights,  
I see them gleaming,  
Tho' they're many miles away,  
I see the States across the ocean,  
Where we promised to meet,  
Old U.S.A., for you we're fighting,  
And we're going back to you.

**"Don't Bite the Hand That's Feeding You"**

If you don't like the privates in your outfit,  
Don't try to grab everything they do,  
'Cause they've helped you where you are,  
And the days might not be far  
When they will be over you,  
If you don't like the K.P. work they're  
doing.

If you don't like the way they clean the  
rooms,  
Why, never try to dog a private,  
'Cause he's a man as well as you.

Corp. MARTIN P. SHEEHAN, Aero Squadron.

**ODE TO A BATH TUB**

In days gone by in civil life  
We all were bright and gay,  
And all of us could get a bath  
At any time of day.

But now we're in the trenches  
And the weather's pretty cold,  
And water for a real good wash  
Is worth its weight in gold.

Not only are we dirty  
And don't address at night,  
But we get our heads to bleeding  
When we scratch where coolies bite.

If we find a spot that's sunny  
In this land of rainy France,  
The first things that we boys remove  
Are blouses, shirts and pants.

And when the other things are off  
We rub ourselves with soap,  
And put the first things on again,  
And hope and hope and hope.

We hope we won't be chilly,  
That the itch will stop as well,  
And that the Kaiser and his gang  
Will all be shot to hell.

For we want this war to finish  
So we'll have the aftermath,  
Of spending Sunday mornings  
In a good old U.S. bath.

P. G. WHITTIER,  
Battery E. — P.A.

**TAKEN FROM THE HUN**



Rear view of liquid fire throwers, operated by means of a hose and nozzle attached to the portable tank

[Photographed by S.C., A.P.F.]

**FABLE OF THE DAME WHO MEANT REAL WELL**

**But Even the Stoutest Heart Must Quail When Sister Susie Starts Singing Songs for Soldiers**

A certain Dame desired to take a jaunt to the Cantonment in which her Devoted Brother (Class 1) was confined. A Cantonment is a Place in which the Government incarcerates Young Men for the Crime of being Somewhere between the Ages of Twenty-one and Thirty-one and in Reasonably Good Health.

The Devoted Brother, having enjoyed the Privileges of a Human Being for some Twenty-three Summers, and being a Perfect Physical Specimen except for a Cerise Dome (which Defect is no Ground for Exemption) was in the Cantonment, building his Body up on Beans as he was able to live under the same Conditions as an Uncovered Gas Main during a continuous Fourth of July fireworks celebration.

The Dame Got a Hunch that it would be Awfully Nice to Do Her Bit by Singing to the Boys and helping them pass away the Dull Hours. So One Sunday she Coaxed her little Dounceabout out of his comfortable little Home in the Backyard and Argued it into taking Her to the Cantonment.

The Public Buildings  
The Devoted Brother, dressed in a Bifolious looking suit of Clothes, technically known as "Blouse and Trousers O.D. (Service)," met her and dragged her around the City, directing her Lamps towards the Public Buildings (including the Mess Hall, Headquarters, Y.M.C.A. Shack and the Guardhouse).

She wanted to take a Siant at the Firing Line, but the only line at Home that Day was the one on which the Weekly Wash was performing Difficult Acrobatic Stunts in the Exercise.

The Devoted Brother pointed out to her a Gang of K.P.s mutilating some Innocent Spuds. A K.P. is a Buck Private who hath forgotten that he hath no Rights, and is therefore deprived of even those which he Hath, and Spuds are Things which K.P.s always Peel. In order that there shall be no Waste, the Spuds are eaten by the Soldiers after the K.P.s have had no further Use for them.

"But," said the Baby Doll, "I want to do Something to amuse the Boys."

So the Devoted Brother steered her to the Y.M.C.A. Hut.

The Y.M.C.A. is an Organization which tries to make Soldiers Happy and which, for some Strange Reason, is allowed by the Army to pursue that Business.

Inside this Y.M.C.A. Hut were several Young Men Hanging over a Piano, singing Popular Songs and Having a Hell of a Good Time.

But the Dame wanted to amuse them and Help them While away the Heavy Time, so they Reluctantly Gave Up the Piano Stool to Her and she sat down and Let her Lily White Fingers Fondele the Triggers of the Musical Battery and Released her Sweet Breath in the Strains of "Mother Machree," "Just a wearyin' for You," and Other Touching Ballads.

But her Larynx was Deformed. Her Windpipe was Twisted. Her Tonsils Clogged up her Throat. In other words, she Had no Voice. But Otherwise She was a Good Singer.

The Young Men were Nice Fellows. They had been trained to Endure Hardships. And she watched them closely. So only a Few Escaped.

**How He Knew**  
When she Finished "A Perfect Day," one of the Young Men said: "That is a Pretty Song."  
"Oh," said the Dame Gushingly, "Do you think so? Have you ever Heard it Before?"  
"Yes," said the Young Man, "that's How I know it's pretty."  
The Devoted Brother was somewhat peeved. The Dame did not seem at all Pleased. So She arose, and picking up her Grey Suede Gloves, said: "I must be going."  
"Must is the right word," said the Young Man without a smile.  
The Red Hair of the Devoted Brother Jumped up and down upon his Dome like the Tongues of Flame on a Burning Log. The Young Man was getting Himself dislikd. But the Dame controlled Herself and started toward the Door.

**This Way Out**  
"Can I get out this way?" she asked as Sweetly as Possible.  
"I hope so," said the Unkind Young Man.  
This was the last piece of Alofta. There was a streak of Crimson across the Room, a few Terrible Sounds, several Blood-curdling Cries, two or three Dull, Sickening Thuds, a Woman's Scream and the Heavy Tread of an M.P.

The Devoted Brother and the Young Man are now peeling Spuds.  
Moral:—If you are drafted, have Red Hair and are Devoted to a Sister who cannot Sing, do not let her Amuse the Boys unless you are Very Fond of Domestic Duties.

F. A. M., Jr.

**YANKEE CHAPLAIN PLAYS "I SPY" GAME**

**Mystery of Lighted Belfry Solved Even if Boche Didn't Light It**

There are spy hunts and spy hunts. And there are mare's nests and mare's nests. Thereby hangs a tale.

The chaplain of a certain artillery regiment—he is well known in the Army—believes, and rightly, in living well. He is like the friar or orders' gey' who chants:

"What bishop or squire or knight of the shire  
Lives half so well as the holy friar?"

Also, he takes seriously the first part of the scriptural injunction to "Watch and pray." Consequently, when he is not "praying to beat hell" (as most chaplains are between times) he is out watching—watching for spies.

Word came to him that lights had been seen flashing at night from the steeple of a church in the town where he was quartered behind the lines. It was pointed out to him, that, though the town was shelled daily, no shell ever hit the church.

Thereupon the padre, of course, decided to ambush the signaler, if there was one. But just before setting forth that evening, he reflected that the Earl of Yorulund did not say—but might well have said—that good eating maketh a full man.

"Jerry," he said to his orderly, "I see a lot of fat pigeons around here. I wonder if you could buy us enough for a pot pie tomorrow."

Jerry saluted and walked off. The padre got himself with a web belt and pistol in lieu of the conventional rope and beads, climbed the ladder into the church tower, squeezed his ample and genial self into a dark corner, and waited.

The church in the old tower had long since been put hors de combat, but the chaplain's wrist watch showed it was after 10 o'clock.

His limbs, furthermore, told him he had been waiting some hours when he heard cautious steps on the ladder. He gripped his pistol as the trapper swung open. He held his breath as a dim figure climbed through.

For a moment it didn't move. Then came a sudden beam of light. Aha, thought the Good Man, he is signalling to the Boche!

**PHOTO CAMERAS & FURNITURES**  
TIRANTY  
91 Rue Lafayette, PARIS

**Military and Civil Tailors KRIEGCK & CO.**  
23 Rue Royale.

**WALK-OVER SHOES**  
34 Boulevard des Capucines  
19-21 Boul. des Capucines  
PARIS

All soldiers are welcome at the WALK-OVER Stores, where they can apply for any information and where all possible services of any kind will be rendered free of charge.

**LYONS, 12 Rue de la République  
NAPLES, 215 Via Roma**  
The WALK-OVER "French Conversation Book" and Catalogue will be sent gratis to any soldier applying for it.

**TOO YOUNG TO FIGHT, WANTS TO BE MASCOT**

**Joe McGillicuddy, Relative of Connie Mack, Sends Appeal to Marines**

Joseph B. McGillicuddy, nine years old, believes that an American boy would make a better mascot for a regiment of leathernecks than a dog or a goat. Here is Joe's argument in his own favor, seconded by Corp. Francis G. Burns of a certain U.S.M.C. regiment in the A.E.F., who writes:

"Pack home in the good old U.S.A., there seems to be no age limit to patriotism, as, judging from a letter I received from a little boy neighbor of mine, Joseph B. McGillicuddy, nine years old, of Roxbury, Mass., the boys of the nation are as eager to do their parts as their big brothers.

"Joseph told me in his letter that he desired to become mascot for the Marine Corps and go over the top with them and the rest of the boys in their division.

"I have spoken to Sergeant Howell, at the recruiting station, every day on my way to school, but I can not get him to make me the mascot. The Army and the Marines should have a mascot, and I'm the boy for the job with the Marine Corps, declared the youthful enemy of the Kaiser. 'I'd like to kill some of those wicked Germans myself. Anyway, I think that a little boy like me would make a better mascot than a dog or a goat. I want to go to France. Gee, you must have a great racket over there.'"

"One of the arguments used by the young lad in his letter was that he was related to Connie Mack of the Athletics. He asserted that a regiment of Marines needed a mascot much more than only a team of ball players."

**ONLY THING TO DO**

George Washington Jones, late of Atlanta, was making his first trip forward on a supply wagon—with not much farther to go—when, from the side of the road, a camouflaged American battery broke forth thunderously, sending a few 300-pound tokens over the line to Fritz. The ground trembled from the salvo, but not any more than George as he jumped from his high seat to the road.

The American artillery officer in charge of the battery crossed over to the road.

"Scared?" he demanded.

"Well," said George, "Ah was slightly agitated at first. Ah suttin'ly was. But keep right on. Dat's de only way to win dis wah—flah dem guns."

**GREAT EXPECTATIONS**

The managers of Mr. J. Willard and Mr. F. Fulton, our most celebrated pacifists—pardon us, the typewriter slipped, of course we meant pugilists—say that their respective champs were never in better physical condition in their lives. So, having that worry off their minds, we can expect to see Jess and Fred with the A.E.F. 'most any day now.

**TIFFANY & Co**

23, Rue de la Paix and Place de l'Opera  
PARIS  
LONDON, 221, Regent Street, W.  
NEW YORK, Fifth Avenue and 37th Street

**GRANDE MAISON de BLANC**

LONDON PARIS CANNES  
No Branch in New York  
**GENTLEMEN'S DEPARTMENT, HOSIERY, Ladies' Lingerie**  
LOUVET BROS., Props. O. BOYER, Manager

**JOHN BAILLIE & CO.**

1 Rue Auber, PARIS  
(Opposite Ticket Office of Grand Opera)  
**The Military Tailors to United States Officers**  
All Insignia, Sam Brown Belts, Trench Coats.  
Large variety in stock  
**UNIFORMS MADE TO ORDER IN 24 HOURS**

**FOR THE ENGLISH AND AMERICAN ARMIES**

THE BEST DISHES READY FOR USE ARE PREPARED BY **Amieux freres**

Poulet rôti  
Veau à la gelée  
Veau aux épinards  
Saucisses à la tomate  
Beuf aux Choux  
Pâtés truffés  
Galantina  
Sardines, etc.

Assoulet  
Petit Sauc aux Choux  
Pore aux Haricots  
Mouton braisé

**SOLD BY ALL GROCERIES**

**Come and Play at**

**Aix-les-Bains, Chambéry, Challes-les-Eaux.**

Right up in the heart of the French Alps—the beautiful spots where tourists have enjoyed themselves for years. When you get your leave, plan to come here. Lake Bourget is here too. And the magnificent Savoie Country is all about it. It is a most charming locality in a wonderful land.

You can enjoy yourself at any of the finest out-of-door sports at a popular resort, and you can rest.

Dand and Orchestra Concerts are given in the famous constructed Grand Cercle Casino and Gardens.

A splendid staff of American ladies are assisting in making it the most pleasant place in France for you to recuperate, rest, or spend your Military Vacation.

Operated for all Members of the **American Expeditionary Force.**

**The AutoStrop Razor**

IN ITS **NEW MILITARY KIT AND OTHER STYLES**

The Military Kit in Three Styles—Khaki, Pigskin and Black Leather. Contains Trench Mirror, 2½ x 3½, ready for use when hung up attached to case

**The Only Razor That Sharpens Its Own Blades**

It strops them, keeps them free from rust, shaves and is cleaned—all without taking apart. A freshly stropped blade is easier to shave with than a new blade. The twelve blades that go with the razor will get at least **500 FRESH CLEAN SHAVES**

The AutoStrop Razor can be purchased in French Shops, Canteens and Post Exchanges

**ALWAYS A SHARP BLADE**

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Co.**  
345 Fifth Avenue, New York

**AutoStrop Safety Razor Co. Ltd.**  
83 Duke St., Toronto, Canada