

130

World - May 20/17 Current Events - Nov 9/17

Finger-Printing Volunteers.
To the Editor of The World:
No man with self-respect wants to be finger-printed like a criminal, especially so when he volunteers. Surely the War Department can protect itself in some other and better way. But if finger-printing is the only salvation, let them work it on the conscripts and slackers. Many a volunteer makes more sacrifices than is generally known to serve his country, and the finger-printing leaves a sting which is at least humiliating and puts a cold damper on patriotism. No volunteer should be finger-printed. **PATRIOT.**
New York, May 27.

World - Nov 9/17

SOLDIER WHO HOARDED POISON IS EXONERATED

Court Martial Accepts Livingood's Three Reasons, One Being "I've Got Pimples."

Following Gen. Hoyle's approval yesterday of the findings of the court martial at Governor's Island in the case of Private Samuel O. Livingood of Zanesville, O., charged with having poison in his possession with intent to do harm to his comrades, Lieut. Livingston, Assistant Judge Advocate, announced that Livingood had been completely exonerated of that charge and sent back to the Princeton, N. J., aviation camp.

Livingood was penalized a small fine on a second count of having poison in his belongings unknown to his commanding officer, which, Lieut. Livingston said, would not affect his standing as a soldier. Livingood's mother wrote a pathetic letter to the Assistant Judge Advocate, after he knew of the exoneration, in which she said the publicity given to her boy's case had caused her neighbors virtually to ostracise her and her daughter.

Mrs. Livingood indicated that the people of Zanesville whom she knew had been crossing the street to avoid meeting her. She pleaded that her boy receive every fair chance, and expressed faith in the outcome. Lieut. Livingston wrote a congratulatory letter to her yesterday.

In Livingood's trunk was found enough cyanide of potassium to kill the 600 students who ate in the dining hall with him. He testified that he had twice thought of suicide, once when a girl in Panama refused him, and again when he felt he was a failure. He added that there was a third reason, the most important. Asked what it was he replied unsmilingly: "I've got pimples."

AN INDIANA SERGEANT FIRED FIRST U.S.A. SHOT

How the War Between Germany and the United States Began On Land

"Sergeant, where are you from?"

"I'm from South Bend, Indiana."

"Are you Irish?"

"No, sir," with a laugh at the unexpected question.

This is all the information yet given us about the soldier who aimed and fired the first American cannon-shot on land. The questions were put to him by a lieutenant of another company, looking down into the trench. Why the second question was asked we are not informed.

The trench was well screened by bushes stuck in the earth, showing the brown of late Autumn foliage. Mud covered the ground. As the South Bend sergeant aimed the gun and fired, the blinding flash was followed instantly by a deafening roar. Those Americans from Indiana had been warned to protect their ear-drums by putting their fingers in their ears, or some of them might never have heard again.

The roar was followed by the scream of the shell, piercing the air. This became only a distant hum a few seconds later, as the projectile sped on over a hill which at that point separated the Americans from the Germans.

Then came the bang of the shell-case as it was thrown out of the gun to make ready for the second shot. The distant sound of the exploding shell was heard. From some far-off observation point came a message by telephone, and the hoarse voice of a lieutenant ordered: "Aim her two points further to the left!" So the first American cannonade began.

This small detachment of American troops reached the trenches after a march through mud and rain. The horses that were to have been there before them, with the cannon, had not arrived. But the brave young Americans were too eager for the fray to wait long. Weary as they were with marching, they went back, tied a long rope to a gun and dragged it to the front. It was this gun that first spoke with the voice of America to the "vons" who, with their emperor at their head, are trying to banish liberty from this world.

Exc. Sun - Mar 5/18

60 SOLDIERS VOLUNTEER TO HAVE TRENCH FEVER

Suffer in Aiding Physicians to Master Army's Worst Foe.

PARIS, March 5.—Sixty enlisted men of the United States Sanitary Corps are undergoing the dangers of trench fever, self-imposed, in a scientific investigation by the Red Cross to determine the cause of this disease, which is the greatest waster of manpower known to modern armies.

The soldiers, all from New England, have been inoculated with fever. They are confined in a specially constructed section of a British base hospital in Northern France, under the observation of a staff of American Army physicians.

The method of inoculating the men is either to inject the blood of infected persons into their veins or by the use of lice. Both normal and infected lice are used. The danger from the lice is uncertain.

The fever seldom is mortal, though victims are practically invalids for six or eight weeks.

World Feb 19/19

Soldiers or Laborers?

To the Editor of The World:

There is an old saying in the infantry, "Join the ordnance and work at your trade." During the war, boys with different trades, from every State in the Union, were transferred into the ordnance to work at their trades, and many were put into munition factories to work at \$30 a month with civilians who were getting from 40 cents to 90 cents an hour. Now these boys have been transferred to Fort Wingate, N. M., to work storing munitions, while a good part of the infantry is demobilized and civilians are asking for work.

Many of these boys' former employers have signed affidavits requesting their discharge, as these boys with trades are better fitted to resume their occupations than civilians without trades. Yet they are being held to do common labor.

THANK YOU.

Fort Wingate, N. M., Feb. 11.

Dispatch Mar 7/18

Great Soldiers of Small Physique.

Military greatness seems to arrive often to the short. It is hard to think of a gigantic general of first-class genius; while military history is peopled by fine strategists and tacticians of diminutive size or poor physique. Alexander, Caesar and Napoleon were all little men. William III never went through a battle without paroxysms of coughing. Luxemburg, who beat him again and again, was a dwarfish hunchback. Moltke was a living skeleton, who never expected to survive the rigors of 1870.

Current Events Nov 9/17

Card-Indexing Our Soldiers

Every man arriving at Army training camps has his "life history" card-indexed. The cards show the man's education, business experience, salary in civil life, skill in any trade or for any special work, and ability to speak any foreign language. Even a talent for entertaining is considered useful in a soldier, for one of the questions is "Have you had any experience in furnishing public entertainment?"

Herald - Nov 23/17

TOO TALL FOR SERVICE.

Youth Is 6 Feet 8 Inches, Weighs 210 Pounds, and Uncle Sam Has to Refuse.

A. S. Beers, of No. 45 Elmwood avenue, South Norwalk, Conn., wants to fight for Uncle Sam, but he cannot find any branch of the service that will accept him. He tried the army and the navy, but both those branches refused to accept him, and yesterday he was rejected by the Marine Corps.

Entering the recruiting station at No. 24 East Twenty-third street, he told the story of his many attempts to Lieutenant Daniel M. Gardner, Jr., who was in charge. The youth was measured by the examining physician and found to be six feet eight inches in height and weighed 210 pounds.

"Too bad," declared the Lieutenant. "You will have to make another try, because you are even too tall for the Marine Corps."

Sun - Nov 18/18

PRIVATE SING KEE CITED FOR BRAVERY

Chinese Will Be Among
Marchers of 77th Regiment
in This City.

When the battle scarred Seventy-seventh, or Metropolitan Division—New York's own draft division—swings up, or down, Fifth avenue, after nervous German fingers have signed a peace of allied victory, run your eye down the line of veterans until you come to the 306th Infantry, and then jump along to the Second Battalion.

You will find him marching there, a man whose skin is aggravatingly close to the olive drab of his uniform. He is Private Sing Kee, the very first Chinese in the American fighting legions to be cited for extraordinary bravery and, unexplainably for the present, he will be treading along with the New York fighters, although he had come all the way across the continent from San Jose, Cal., to hook up, as the soldiers express it, with the Seventy-seventh's outfit.

There can be no mistaking the fighting qualities of Private Sing Kee of Company G, 306th Infantry. Col. George Vidmer, regimental commander, has attended to that in the citation of Sing Kee for the part the Chinese played in the 306th's victory over the Germans one day last August in a French town, which for the present must remain nameless. Word of the citation has been received by Julien Tappan Davies, and Mrs. Willis P. Jones, wife of Lieut. Jones of the 306th, both of whom are officers of the 306th Infantry Auxiliary, which is looking out for the welfare of those left behind when the regiment started for France.

Here is the citation, as it was written by Col. Vidmer: "Private Sing Kee, 170237; Company G, 306th Infantry.—Although seriously gassed during a terrible shelling by both high explosive and gas shells, refused to be evacuated and continued practically single handed to operate the regimental message centre relay station during the 14th, 15th and 16th of August, 1918. Throughout this critical period he showed extraordinary heroism, high courage and persistent devotion to duty, by his coolness and determination materially aiding the regimental commander in communicating with the front line."

At the same time Private Sing Kee was cited, Col. Vidmer cited the Chinese soldier's battalion commander also for extraordinary heroism under the heaviest fire. The battalion commander is Major Archibald C. Thacher of New York city, whose father-in-law Mr. Davies is. In addition to the citation, it was learned last night, word has been received in this country that Col. Vidmer also has recommended Major Thacher for immediate promotion as a reward for heroism shown when the Seventy-seventh was taking the town of St. Juvin and Hill No. 82, when the metropolitan regiment was in the thick of some of the heaviest fighting in the war.

Sun - July 24/18

THE SOLDIER'S INCHES.

Five Footers Now Have a Chance for Military Service.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Regarding the letter on the editorial page of THE SUN of July 21, signed "F." and dated July 20, I beg to inform you that on Friday, July 19, all local boards in New York city were notified by telegram that the minimum height requirement had again been reduced to sixty inches and the minimum weight requirement to 110 pounds, the amendment being available for all classes.

The minimum height requirement was sixty inches up to June 5, 1918, when it was raised to sixty-three inches, and the minimum weight from 100 to 116 pounds. The latest change in physical requirements restores the minimum height to what it was June 5.

I venture to predict that if the only ground of rejection of your correspondent was his height, he will be inducted into military service of the United States very soon.

MARTIN CONBOY,
Director of the Draft for the City of New York.
New York, July 23.

Even Sun - May 29/17

SOLDIER 5 FEET 1 INCH TALL.

Convinced Officer He Was Worth
Breaking Rules For.

LOS ANGELES, May 29.—Admitting that size isn't everything in a soldier, provided he is healthy, the army authorities at Washington have wired special permission to Col. John Gardner of San Francisco to waive the regulations which require a man to be at least 5 feet 4 inches tall to be accepted.

The smallest human target in the United States military service is Charles Romont, an eighteen-year-old native of Louisiana. He is just 5 feet 1½ inches tall, is red headed, said to indicate fighting quality, and weighs 113 pounds.

When Romont offered himself for the defence of the Stars and Stripes Col. Gardner, the recruiting sergeant, informed him that he fell considerably short of the minimum height provided in the army regulations.

Romont insisted that such small matters shouldn't bar a good man; that it took brains instead of pure beef to make a good soldier, and that although he was small he was healthy.

His arguments appealed to Col. Gardner and he sent a wire through to Washington asking special permission to waive the regulations. This was granted and Romont is now at Angel Island being initiated into the art of becoming a soldier.

The diminutive recruit will be kept at Angel Island for twenty-five days, and will then be sent to the Philippines for service.

There are several men in the United States army who are below the regulation height of 5 feet 4 inches, all admitted on special permission, but Romont is said to be the smallest of them all.

Current Events
Dec 14/17

Our school would like to know which is the highest rank, General or Lieutenant-General.

Ans.—The rank of General is the highest in this country. Lieutenant-General is next below, then Major-General, Brigadier-General, Colonel, Lieutenant-Colonel, Major, Captain, First Lieutenant, Second Lieutenant, sergeant, corporal, private.

Sun - June 24/17

GOOD FEET ARE NEXT TO DISCIPLINE IN ARMY

British Officer Warns Against
Wearing Socks Sweethearts Make.

SEA GIRT, N. J., June 23.—Placing good feet second only to discipline as the most essential thing for a good army, Capt. Charles Buckleton of the British army told the officers and privates at the State camp of instruction here last night not to wear socks knitted by mother, wife, sister or sweetheart. He advised certain kinds of shoes and boots for trench warfare and small bathtubs for the men to wash their feet in. These tubs, which take little space and are light in weight, are essential, he said.

Capt. Buckleton was one of the first twelve English officers to land in France to superintend the landing of the first British expedition to relieve France. He has been wounded twice. He plans to leave soon for the front.

In his lecture he glossed over none of the grimness of trench warfare. He said that any man who went through trench life unwounded could be said to bear a charmed life.

He told of the first rush of the Germans across Belgium and France and said that it was the failure of Gen. von Kluck and the Crown Prince to effect a juncture that enabled Joffre to turn back the German tide at the Marne. Had their designs been carried out to the letter Paris would have been sacked.

The captain answered questions. Capt. Buckleton is here as the guest of Adjt.-Gen. Charles W. Barber.

N. of American
Nov 14/17

Marine Corps Shows How to Remedy Flat Feet

Washington, Oct. 13.—Owing to the number of otherwise splendid applicants rejected from the United States Marine Corps for flat feet, Marine Corps examining physicians have issued the following simple exercises and pointers, which if followed, they say, will remedy that ailment:

During exercise at all times turn the toes in.

Walk with toe of each foot pointing to the front; in straight line, if possible.

Stand with toes turned in; raise body on toes, slowly, as high as possible. Rest a second, then with weight of body borne on toes, lower slowly down to floor, and repeat.

When in the house in stocking feet, walk on toes; heels not touching the floor, and toes turned in.

When sitting, cross the legs, the foot always resting on the outer side.

The wearing of broad toe shoes with the metal "arch supporter" absolutely abandoned, also is advocated.

ARMY MULE NEVER FORGETS TRAINING WHEREVER HE GOES

Officer Demonstrates Meaning When Bell Mare Starts for
Drink of Water and Every Mule Follows Her
in Single File.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Saturday.—An old flea bitten, hammer-headed, ewe-necked bell mare, slowly picking her way across the corral at the remount station at Camp Zachary Taylor, followed by a long string of mules walking in single file, heads down and ears wagging, served as illustration for an officer attached to the big cantonment who had just finished remarking that "horse nature and mule nature and human nature were mighty contrary things anyway you take them."

"Now take those mules," he said. "The education of a pack mule is a thing that must be begun early. He has just two purposes in life. One is to carry 225 pounds day after day patiently and uncomplainingly and the other is to follow the bell mare of the train, regardless of where that animal may go. Well, there is in that corral an illustration of the effectiveness of our training. The old mare has started after a drink of water, and there goes every dad-blasted one of those fool mules after a drink of water."

Investigation revealed that the pack mule is not the only member of his family that has peculiarities that can be played upon or must be humored. It was learned that the larger mules, once teamed up or paired, must thereafter be worked together if each is not to suffer a loss in efficiency. Two strange mules will not work together anything like so well in the beginning as they will a few weeks later, after they have become well acquainted, and then if they are parted the whole process must be gone over with again.

Mules of High Quality.

The government requires three types of mules:—Animals that weigh from 1,150 to 1,250 pounds for wheel mules; mules that weigh from 950 pounds to 1,150 for leads, and the little flat-backed, short bodied mule which may weigh almost anything under 950 provided he has the legs to hold up the 225 pounds he is supposed to carry.

In this connection, it might be remarked that the comparative difference in the quality of horses and mules observed in the stables of the different units at Camp Zachary Taylor and in the corrals of the remount depot furnishes an excellent illustration of the effects of the world war on the supply of such animals held in this country.

The country has been combed for horses and good animals, which apparently are difficult to obtain. When the "good animals" terms is used it means a cavalry horse true to type conformation and having the ability to carry weight. It is true some fine animals are to be seen among the horses now obtained by the army and the proportion of good artillery horses is fairly high, but even the casual observer can note the difference between the generally high quality of mules and the ordinary quality of horses.

The horse and the mule are not used interchangeably by the army. Therefore the lack of good horses is to army men particularly lamentable. If the task requires quickness and courage, if it is one that a sense of pride or a love of parade will carry through, the horse is chosen. Therefore the cavalry and artillery use only the horse.

Use Mules for Hard Tasks.

If there is a hard, thankless job to be done day after day through any conditions and over all kinds of trails, if there must at times be short rations, then the mule gets the call. He will go forward uncomplainingly, doing more work day in and day out than any horse, and at night he will ask for twenty-five per cent less grain. He will thrive on this, and at the end of a hard campaign be squealing and kicking up his heels when the horse would be reduced to ineffectiveness.

Whether horse or mule, every animal bought for war duty must have been broken. When the animal gets into the army there are so many things it must be taught there is no time to waste on rudimentary things. It first goes to the corrals of the remount depot, where it is held with other animals of the same general type and conformation until a requisition for animals of that sort is received from some unit, to which it is issued.

Then begins the animal's real army training. As with a man, the first thing is to drive the lesson home that the first duty is toward the group to which it is assigned. In the man this soon becomes loyalty to the squad, the platoon, the company and the regiment and results in team work. For the animal it means that the lesson is driven home so relentlessly that it is the duty of a wheeler, or a leader, or a number two or three (the horses making up the middle team of a six horse artillery team) to do thus and so, that an animal that has been through this school will never do its most effective work anywhere but in the position to which it was accustomed in its training. Put any one of these animals in another team, in a new position, or change the position of the animals in the gun team to which they belong, and the effectiveness of their work is destroyed; the team work is gone.

To the cavalry horse much the same thing applies. Put him into training, accustom him thoroughly to what is expected of him, and his rider may fall or be shot from the saddle, and in most cases he will hold his position and thunder forward with the rest of his command in the midst of the charge.

At Camp Zachary Taylor this training of animals has not progressed as far as has that of the men, but it is going forward every day, and its effects are to be seen as plainly as are the results of the training the men themselves have experienced.

Army Mule Extolled as Hero

145,000 in War, Collectively and as Individuals, Credited With Endurance, Sacrifice and Courage.

WASHINGTON, April 20.—Endurance, sacrifice and downright "heroism" are placed to the credit of the army mule in a report submitted here by the Quartermaster-General to the War Department, in which 145,000 mules, mostly in a collective capacity, but many as individuals, are made the subject of an encomium.

True, the mule knows the tricks of a mule only as a mule can know them, but there was not a single instance during the war when any of the 45,000 army mules overseas failed to measure up to expectations as to patriotic duty, and this accounts for the brevity with which the Quartermaster-General deals with the mule's shortcomings. The report contains the following observations:

"There was no comparison between the small, poorly nourished mule secured in Spain and those purchased in southern France and the powerful, upstanding, mealy nosed product of the Middle West. There was sharp criticism in some places of the class of

animals which came up from Spain for duty on the battle front. But these little animals were able to haul machine gun carts, releasing the heavy animals for duty with the artillery and ammunition trains.

"There were times during the final stage of the world war when it was impossible to give much needed rest to these animals. There were not enough to do the work which confronted them, and the result was that it was necessary to keep on the move forty-eight, sixty and sometimes seventy-two hours with hardly more than a pause. Then it was possible only to feed a small amount of grain and a few handfuls of hay. Under this strain the mule went forward, giving his all uncomplainingly."

U. S. Army Has 477,262
Horses and Mules

This Includes Those Now in France
and Those Going Across
the Sea.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 12.—The army has at remount stations, forts, posts, garrisons and ports, and in transit to or from these places in the United States, in France and on board ship in transit across the Atlantic a total of 477,262 horses and mules, all ready for use.

A report of the statistical division to the Director of Purchase and Storage shows there are 113,725 cavalry and riding horses, 183,348 draught horses, 144,611 draught mules, 17,298 pack and riding mules and 15,280 unclassified animals.

134

Sun - Mar 24/18

OBSERVER, MONDAY

JULY 14, 1919.

FIX NEW RULE FOR ARMY DISCHARGES

Congressman John J. Eagan has received the following official communication from Adjutant General P. G. Harris, stating the policy of the War Department regarding applications for the release of American soldiers now overseas:

Hon. John J. Eagan,
House of Representatives,
Dear Sir:

Referring to your letter of July 5, 1919, regarding the discharge of a Corporal, I beg leave to advise you that the number of troops to be returned during the next two months is so far in excess of previous estimates, that General Pershing has requested that no application for an early discharge be forwarded except in cases of great urgency.

The fixed policy of this department will be to consider as of great urgency, only cases of critical illness in the immediate family of this soldier. A great load of applications based upon urgent business, industrial and farming needs is being received. You will appreciate the fact that although many of these seem quite urgent, any exceptions made to our fixed policy will expose the department to charges of favoritism with the resulting dissatisfaction both in the service and among those interested.

All soldiers will be promptly discharged on arrival in this country and in the ordinary course of demobilization.

Very respectfully,
P. G. HARRIS
The Adjutant General

SAVE THE DISCHARGE.

It Is a Soldier's or Sailor's Certificate of Good Character.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: In line with General Pershing's pregnant words of advice to our homecoming soldiers in France I venture to suggest to all those serving in the army or navy who have or are about to receive their honorable discharge papers to regard them at the outset as an official character attest of no mean value, the enduring record and memento of what is to prove in most cases the conspicuously notable event of their lives. This document should be carefully preserved in order that it shall suffer no impairment as to legibility and detail from exposure or careless handling.

It has often happened, as I have had reason to know in an earlier service, that papers of this kind have been of significant value for legal use and other personal reference to the holder of them long years after they were received.

JNO. Y. CULTER.

NEW YORK, March 22.

ISSUES RULES FOR DISCHARGES ABROAD

[Special to Hudson Observer.]

Trenton, Feb. 1.—Adjutant General Gilkyson to-day announced he had been advised by the War Department that instructions have been sent to General Pershing to the effect that he is authorized to take action for the discharge and homecoming of any soldier who complies with certain regulations and whose presence at home is needed. The regulations governing these cases follow:

Any enlisted or drafted man on his own application who entered the service since April 1, 1917, and who submits proof that there is sickness or other distress in his family that would warrant discharge may be sent to the United States for immediate discharge.

Any enlisted or drafted man (with his consent) who entered the service since April 1, 1917, and whose discharge is requested by a member of his family or other interested and responsible person, when such request is accompanied by convincing testimony, that there is sickness or other distress in the soldier's family that would warrant discharge, may be sent to the United States for immediate discharge.

Any officer or enlisted or drafted man who entered the service since April 1, 1917, and who submits good and sufficient reasons for requesting discharge in Europe, may be discharged in Europe; provided that the officer or soldier waives any claim for sea travel allowances from Europe to the United States. Officers and men of this class shall be paid travel allowances from station to the Port of Embarkation and from Hoboken, New Jersey, to the place of entry into the service.

Any enlisted man who entered the service on or before April 1, 1917, may be sent to the United States for furlough when sickness or other distress necessitating the man's presence with his family, is clearly indicated.

Relatives of men in France who may want to take advantage of these regulations must write to Pershing direct, however the sickness must be of a serious nature and the cases exceptional. The Secretary of War advises General Gilkyson that he is most anxious to provide for the release of soldiers when sickness or other distress is clearly indicated.

Demobilization Over By Last Of October

Washington, Aug. 12.—Demobilization of combat troops will be practically completed by the last of October, Secretary Baker stated to-day in announcing permanent home stations for the regular army divisions that served overseas. Their stations are:

First Division, Camp Taylor, Kentucky; Second, Camp Travis, San Antonio, Texas; Third, Camp Pirke, Arkansas; Fourth, Camp Dodge, Iowa; Fifth, Camp Gordon, Georgia; Sixth, Camp Grant, Illinois, and Seventh, Camp Funston, Kansas. The Second Division had been slated to go to Camp Kearney, Cal.

In the divisional camps and in per-

manent camps in the southeastern department and elsewhere the new "universities in khaki" will be maintained, Baker said.

In asking civilians to regard soldiers at the permanent camps in the same way that university towns regard students, Baker said: "The nation's debt to the splendid units of the regular army can never be paid. Each one of them has traditions that should be inspirational in their effect upon the young men who belong to them, working for high standards of service and sound Americanism in the army and out of it. Let us realize this, and show our gratitude by our helpfulness."

Open Let. 1/19

Observer - Aug. 12/19

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 6, 1919.

END BAN ON MARKS IN SALES BY ARMY

Germans Can Now Purchase
Surplus American Prop-
erty at Coblenz.

COULD NOT BUY DOLLARS

Airplanes Burned Because Sale of
War Material to Foe Was
Forbidden.

By EDWIN L. JAMES.

Copyright, 1919, by The New York Times Company.
Special Cable to THE NEW YORK TIMES.

COBLENZ, Sept. 5.—Now that some one in Washington has discovered that dollars cannot be collected from Germans who do not possess them, the Liquidation Commission has a fair chance of disposing of \$50,000,000 worth of property left on the Rhine by the American Army of Occupation.

The policy that has been abandoned by the Treasury Department resulted in two months' delay and a monetary loss of about \$1,000,000. However, the delay results in our getting more marks for the goods to be sold to the Germans, and as for the million loss, it falls upon the Germans.

For instance, the cost of feeding 11,000 horses which could not be sold to Germans because the Americans demanded dollars where there were no dollars, has been charged to the German Government. This figures about \$6,000 daily.

The Germans may not buy all this property, of course, although they will buy much of it. The decision to change the policy and accept marks means that purchasing by others than Germans will be hurried.

Tried to Buy Dollars.

When J. R. Adams of the liquidation commission took up the task of disposing of this property some two and a half months ago he had orders to accept only dollars for it. German bidders could not figure how to get dollars. The sudden fall in the mark in New York was partially due to their efforts to buy dollars. Every time they tried to get hold of a few of them the price shot up.

There were extended negotiations by which it was hoped that German banks co-operating with the Government would guarantee later payment in dollars, but the plan could not be worked out.

The rate of marks for dollars had reached the point where the Germans could not afford to buy because their purchases could never be sold for a profit, since for the German population the value of the mark has not fallen as it has done abroad. While the mark in New York is worth one-fifth of its pre-war value, in Germany it is worth about one-third of the pre-war value.

An arrangement has been practically decided upon by which the Germans may get goods by paying in marks at something like the present rate. Probably sixteen to one will be allowed. This gives the Germans a chance to figure and has quickly brought bids for all the horses which are likely to be accepted.

Americans studying the situation believe that the Government will not lose by taking marks at 16 to 1 and holding them until the mark advances. In army headquarters now there are 160,000,000 marks acquired in sales of food and salvaged supplies at rates all the way from 12 to 20 to the dollar.

Had marks been accepted from the first the sales would probably have been completed. Both France and Belgium are bidding for the property now here but German bidders appear to have a fair chance of getting much of it. Among the goods to be sold are 14,000 motor vehicles valued at \$30,000,000 which may bring about 50 per cent. of that valuation.

Would Not Sell War Material.

In some quarters there has been the criticism that too much American property has been destroyed on the Rhine. Members of the Congressional Investigating Committee have laid emphasis on the destruction of airplanes and motors. Investigation of this criticism shows these facts: Old airplanes and some not old were burned and seventy-four Liberty motors were reduced to junk on a ruling by the American Army of Occupation Headquarters that war material should not be turned over to the enemy.

The Germans say they would have paid good prices for the canvas of the wings of the airplanes and also good prices for the motors, which they could have used for other than airplane purposes. However, the Americans in charge destroyed the old bodies of airplanes and with acetylene torches burned holes through the cylinders of the seventy-four Liberty motors. They could then be sold only for junk. It was held that it was not worth while to take them

home, and it was wrong to turn over war material to the foe.

The ordnance section also destroyed some war property. In this connection German dealers one day saw ordnance soldiers burning old leather pouches for cartridge clips. They said to American officers that they would buy this old leather. When it was replied that it was war material and could not be sold to them, they answered that they would do with it after purchase just what the Americans were doing; that they wanted old leather to be used in the refinement of steel. Thereafter old ordnance leather was sold to the Germans at a good price.

I mentioned today to a Colonel that in Paris there was criticism of the conduct of the salvage business here, and he replied by showing me an official report that members of the investigating committee, with a Sergeant-at-Arms and a Recorder, reached Coblenz at 8 o'clock one evening and left at 9 o'clock the next morning. He did not think they could learn enough in that time to form a basis of much worth-while criticism.

MAY ENLIST IN NAVY FOR 2, 3 OR 4 YEARS

The naval appropriation bill approved July 11 provides as follows: Enlistments in the navy may be for the term of two, three and four years. All laws applicable to four years enlistments shall apply under such regulations as may be prescribed by the secretary of the navy to enlistments for a shorter period with appropriate benefits upon discharge and re-enlistment.

Enlistments authorized for two, three or four years, at option of recruit in A1 ratings now open for first enlistments, except that applicants for the machinists' mates' school and for aviation mechanics' schools will not be enlisted for shorter periods than three years.

Minors under 18 years of age may be enlisted for two or three years or during minority at their option with consent of parents or guardians.

Men re-enlisting for two, three or four years are entitled to extra pay for re-enlistment under continuous service, extra pay for citizenship, and to two, three and four months honorable discharge gratuity, respectively, if re-enlisting after honorable discharge.

Present war pay now permanent for men current enlistment, and for all men enlisting or re-enlisting prior to July 1, 1920, for term of such enlistment or re-enlistment.

Obs. July 16/19

136

Herald. Dec 18/18

TITLE OF RESERVE OFFICERS.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

As the wife of an army (Reserve) officer, soon to be returned to civil life, may I ask will he in future be addressed, as are civil war veterans, by his army title—Captain So and So or by Mr. So and So? And should his calling cards bear the prefix of "Captain" or "Mr."?

Kindly tell me in your valued paper.
PUZZLED WIFE.

Washington, D. C., Nov. 27, 1918.

It is the opinion of high authorities in the army and navy that officers, upon retiring from active service to civil life, may retain the designation of rank held when in the service. So, therefore, "Captain So and So, U. S. A.," of the active service, may, according to the best judgment obtainable, designate himself upon his personal card as "Captain So and So, U. S. R.," upon re-entering civil life.

Current Events Dec 21/17

Are there any outstanding U.S. bonds that were issued during the Civil War?

Ans.—None, if we except a few that have never been presented for payment and may never be presented. The total is not far from a million dollars. Most of these missing bonds have probably been destroyed by fire or other accident. Occasionally one comes to light, having been hidden many years. The owner perhaps died without making the hiding-place known. In such cases the Treasury pays the principal and the interest up to the date of maturity when interest ceased. But while, with this exception, there are no bonds now outstanding that were issued during the Civil War, there are many outstanding that were issued later, at a lower rate of interest, to take the place of the original war bonds that had matured. The 4 per cents are such an issue, and over \$100,000,000 of them remained outstanding at the beginning of this year. The same is true of the 2 per cents, of which over \$600,000,000 are outstanding. In one form and another, about a billion dollars of the Civil War Debt remains really unpaid, though new bonds and notes have been issued to replace the old.

Service. Current Events Nov 16/17

What is the salary for the rank of full general in the U.S. Army?

Ans.—Congress, by the act of Oct. 6, 1917, fixed the salary at \$10,000 plus 10 per cent. for foreign service.

Current Events Dec 7/17

Please tell how many training camps there are in the United States.

Ans.—There are 32 national Army camps and national guard mobilization camps.

Current Events Nov 2/17

A letter from an American soldier in France bears the stamp "A. E. F.—Passed as Censored." For what do the letters "A. E. F." stand?

Ans.—For "American Expeditionary Forces."

Sam. June 17/19

DROPS MILITARY TITLES.

American Legion Discourages Custom Begun After Civil War.

The Joint Executive Committee of the American Legion has adopted a resolution to abandon all military titles in connection with the names of members and officers of the Legion. The custom handed down from Civil War times of preserving an officer's military rank after he returns to civil life will be discouraged, Henry D. Lindsley, the chairman, announces.

"The reason for this action is that the American Legion is a civilian organization of soldiers, sailors and marines who served in the world war either at home or abroad," Mr. Lindsley says.

Current Events Jan. 4, 1918

I am 35 years old. Could I join the Army and learn how to cook for the boys at the front?

Ans.—Each man who enlists is privileged to state in what branch of the Army he prefers to serve. These preferences are consulted, and if it be possible, and the man shows fitness for that branch, he is placed therein.

Sixty-two thousand men afflicted with tuberculosis were barred from the National Army, 20,000 who reached camps were discharged for the same cause and 6,000 admitted to the service are under treatment at army tuberculosis hospitals.

Even. Sun Apr 9/19

Units Not in Divisions.

To THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—Sir: Referring to the several letters in your paper in regard to the delayed homecoming of troops, I want to add a few words. My brother went to camp on May 31, 1917, with the First Reserve Engineers (now the 11th United States Engineers) and on July 14 of that year left for overseas. From the time of their arrival until the 15th of January this year they have been actively engaged. It may be remembered that this regiment threw down their shovels and picked up guns at Cambrai in November, 1917. Since Feb. 3 they have been at St. André de Cubzac, near Bordeaux, awaiting passage home. The only information obtainable is that they are "booked for early convoy" and as they have been booked for early convoy since Jan. 17, this is not very enlightening. Is not there room on any of the transports for this unit of not more than 1,300 who have been overseas so long?

IMPATIENT SISTER,

New York, April 8.

Newark Call July 14/18

Military and Naval Service.

To the Editor of the Sunday Call: Can a mother send a son a package of his favorite tobacco? He has recently left this side. Will it follow him if I just put on his former address with "American Expeditionary Forces" added? I have recently read that a letter must accompany packages. If so how and to whom shall I write? PERPLEXED.

Write to your son, using his former unit designation with "American Expeditionary Force" added, telling him that you wish to send him the tobacco. Your son must get a letter from his commanding officer giving permission for you to send it and for him to receive it. He must send his commanding officer's written permission and his own request for the tobacco to you and you in turn must include these in your gift to him so that the authorities can inspect it when you mail the tobacco.—Ed.

To the Editor of the Sunday Call:

1. If a young man enlists at the Newark recruiting station is he compelled to stay four years in the navy if the war is over before then? 2. What is the crab fleet? 3. What are the duties of a marine? 4. Is he compelled to stay four years?

ANXIOUS.

1. Not if he is in the regular navy. If he is in the Naval Reserves he has signed up for the duration of the war and for four years' active duty. 2. The crab fleet is a nickname given by some of the men who have been in the navy for years to the obsolete and small gunboats and other small vessels not doing extensive duty at the present time. 3. On board ship a marine does guard duty and has gun drills; goes through the manual of arms and performs other similar duties fitting him for his task. On land the slogan of the marines is "First to Fight." 4. Yes.—Ed.

50.5. Mar 2/18

SOLDIERS' MAIL.

Editor Jersey Journal:

Dear Sir—Will you kindly answer the following:

Are soldiers under quarantine allowed to send or receive mail?

Is a soldier confined in the base hospital allowed to send or receive mail?

Thanking you in advance,
Very sincerely,

A. Simbrun.

79 West Fifty-fourth Street,
Bayonne, Feb. 28, 1918.

187
OBSERVER, THURSDAY

OCTOBER 9, 1919.

NINETY THOUSAND WILL LEAVE ARMY LIFE THIS MONTH

Many Officers and Men Are
Certain to Be Forced
to Seek Work.

The office of the Assistant to the Secretary of War, Service and Information Branch, in a statement made public to-day calls attention to the fact that there are over 90,000 officers and men still in the army to be discharged this month who will have to be absorbed in civil life. The statement is as follows:

"The operations division of the general staff has furnished statistics which show that the total number of men in the army on September 29, was 332,495. The maximum estimate of the strength of the army on October 31 is given as 252,906, leaving 79,589 men to be discharged by that date.

"On September 16, it is shown that there were 31,525 commissioned officers in active service, 9,146 of whom are regulars and 22,379 temporary. Inasmuch as recent legislation enacted by Congress stipulates that the total commissioned strength of the army shall at no time during the fiscal year 1920 exceed 18,000 it is obviously necessary that 13,525 of these emergency officers be returned to civil life by October 31.

"This means that it will be necessary for over 90,000 individuals to find employment in civil life. When Colonel Arthur Woods, formerly assistant to the Secretary of War and in charge of soldier employment, left the War Department he stated that a careful study of reports and available statistics showed that about 80 per cent. of men released from service were taken back in their old jobs or better ones by their former employers. This being true it is anticipated that this office will have another 20,000 men added to those now on its lists as needing employment. Among these men, especially the officers, will be found executives and technically trained men of all the professions and trades. Because of their previous training and long experience gained in the army, these soldiers are among the best to be discharged.

"The attention of the public is invited, not because the soldier is being forgotten when the uniform is disappearing from the public eye, but because the impression must not go out that every discharged service man has a satisfactory job. These men who are now being released have been held for the convenience of the government and may have been working day and night in order that their more fortunate comrades might be discharged and returned to civil pursuits.

"They are coming home now one by one unheralded, and it is hoped that the people at home will remember that these men have had unusually long service and are now coming back to again take up their livelihood where they left off. Experience in the past has shown that employers, and in fact everyone, has been more than willing to extend a helping hand to all men who have worn the uniform of the army and navy."

HUDSON DISPATCH, OCTOBER 7, 1919.

WHY THE SOLDIER IS "SORE."

Discontent among American soldiers who served overseas is rather a state of mind than a resentment against their neglect or mistreatment by their country or its representatives, civil or military. That, at least, is one diagnosis of this prevalent dissatisfaction of which there is so much talk but so few concrete examples. The explanation is offered by the *Veteran*, an organ of former service men.

The cause of this "soreness," according to the *Veteran*, is that "he went blithely away with a great enthusiasm for the cause" and "instead of being a thrilling adventure as he had expected, he found that going to war was one continuous grind of hard work. Instead of finding himself in a position where personal thrill and glory filled his entire horizon, he found that he was but an obscure cog in a stupendous machine and that he played a very monotonous part."

The soldier bore all this with fortitude so long as the great task to be accomplished was ahead of him, the *Veteran* points out. The job was an inspiration and an offset to any kind of drudgery. But when the armistice was signed this stimulus ceased, and was replaced by the yearning to return to home and family. But there was still need for him in France and he occupied parts of Germany. He must remain yet awhile in camp and under discipline. The tedium and the fret of it all depressed and soured him. Then came restiveness, and fault-finding.

"It was natural. Nobody who understands them (the soldiers) can blame them," says the *Veteran*. "But nobody who understands the process of the human mind worries about this attitude. It is a saving quality of the memory that experiences that are pleasant remain and that those that have been disagreeable gradually fade away. So that a year hence every mother's son of them will be as happy as crickets."

BIDS FOR GERMANS TO JOIN OUR ARMY

Recruiting Service Letter Asks
Aid for Teutons Who "Will
Come" to America.

CITES BENEFITS OF SCHOOL

Prof. Braun of Columbia Puzzled by Appeal Over Name
of Col. Conrad.

Great interest was aroused in Faculty circles at Columbia University yesterday by a letter received by Professor William Braun of the university purporting to come from the Publicity Bureau of the United States Army Recruiting Service of 461 Eighth Avenue. The letter, which bore the signature "J. T. Conrad, Adjutant General," asked the co-operation of Professor Braun in the efforts of the Recruiting Service, and declared it was seeking to benefit the "young men of Germany who have come and will come to this country to build a home and a business."

Here is the letter, which was mailed under a Government frank:

Publicity Bureau, U. S. Army Recruiting Service,
461 Eighth Avenue, New York, N. Y.
Room 423.

Sept. 29, 1919.

Professor William Braun, Columbia University, New York City.

Dear Sir: In this letter we are asking your co-operation in our efforts to benefit the young men of Germany who have come and will come to this country to build a home and business, and especially those who do not speak the English language and have no special training to enable them to compete successfully here.

Our Government has a worthy interest in these young men, especially as every German who has had a chance to make good has done so and has become not only successful in himself but a credit to this land.

You know as well as we do how many are here and are coming, handicapped because they lack three things essential to their success, namely: Sufficient money, English, and the expert knowledge of the trade they wish to follow. If they do possess the above three essentials they immediately succeed; if not, they mostly become discouraged and are forced by circumstances only too often to follow modes of living that end in unhappy disaster.

Describes Vocational Schools.

The Government knowing these things and feeling its joint responsibility with you in these young men, has decided to do something active for them. This activity in their behalf has centred itself in our new vocational schools. One at Camp Upton and the other at Camp Meade, called by us Recruit Educational Centres. At these schools we take only those foreigners who cannot speak English and teach them our language, and many trades, both manual and technical, that they may choose, and our ideals of freedom, justice, and equality, at the same time building them up both physically and mentally.

We know that any young man who takes this course will be a benefit both to himself and his fellow-men after he has finished. The course lasts for three years, during which time the young man is taken care of, fed, clothed, comfortably housed, and given \$1 a day for himself. Under present costs of living this figures the equivalent of \$113 per month. He can invest this with interest or use it just as he pleases.

The school at Camp Upton, only fifty-five miles from New York, has many young Germans now enrolled as enlisted men, and all of them are most enthusiastic. Some of them are learn-

ing to play for the first time in their life, and have ample time for it, as the hours are three hours' drill, three hours' school, and the rest of the day is theirs. They can work or play as they choose.

We ask you to bring this to the attention of the young men here, so that those who are ambitious may have the opportunity to succeed. Help us and you will be helping them.

Very truly yours,

J. T. CONRAD,
Adjutant General.

The army recruit educational centres have been a great incentive to aliens to enlist in our military service inasmuch as they receive instruction in English. They are trained in the rudiments of close order drill. If aliens are not eligible for enlistment in the army they may not attend the schools, but enlistment is the only requirement. The school at Camp Upton under Colonel Bernard Lentz has been getting high praise from the General Staff for the way in which foreigners, knowing no word of English and even less of military drill, have been turned into fairly capable soldiers.

Professor Braun Puzzled.

"I was absolutely bewildered when I received the letter in my mail," Professor Braun said. "I read it several times most carefully and could make nothing of it. I read it to several of my colleagues here and they were as much astonished as myself."

"It came to me under the Government frank with which our army conducts its official business, but what it means I have no means of knowing. I thought at first it was sent to me because I am doing Americanization work at the university with aliens, but I have nothing whatever to do with any German young men."

"The letter was signed in ink by J. T. Conrad, but I do not know that officer, or what his business is. I was rather interested in the paragraph which told of the Government's belief that Germans who had a chance in this country generally made good. I had thought, you see, that we were getting rid of several hundred of those citizens as extremely undesirable."

"Another point that struck me was the fact that it is contemplated we will receive as immigrants young Germans coming to make a living here. I should think it would be some time before any natives of that country are welcomed here. Also, I should think the army would be the last profession on earth we would want Germans in."

"If the letter had come from a German-American organization, I should not have been surprised. It would have been in line with some of the activities German-Americans carried on during the war. But I do not know what to make of a letter signed by an American officer and mailed under a Government frank expressing the ideas contained in this one."

Unavailing efforts were made last night to locate General Conrad or Colonel Wilder, head of the Army Recruiting Service here. The former was well known to officers on Major Gen. Barry's staff on Governors Island and on Major Gen. Shank's staff at the Port of Embarkation in Hoboken. He holds the rank of Lieutenant Colonel in the army and is serving as Adjutant under Colonel William T. Wilder.

Graduate of West Point.

Colonel Conrad, according to the Army Register, was graduated at West Point in 1887. He received his present rank in May, 1917. During the war, he commanded a regiment of National Army troops. He was appointed to the academy from West Virginia.

Army officers in general refused to comment on the letter last night, saying that they knew nothing of the matter, and in the absence of Colonel Conrad they did not feel at liberty to express themselves. It is known that they were astonished at the suggestion that Germans could be recruited for the army, since until peace is signed the natives of that country are classed as alien enemies and as such are barred from military service in this country.

Enlisted men at recruiting headquarters in the army's building at Eighth Avenue and Thirty-fourth Street said that they knew nothing of the letter.

World - Dec 17/18

SPECIAL RULING AIDS ARMY'S NEWLY WEDS

**Soldiers Who Have Married
Near Camps Can Receive
Their Discharges There.**

WASHINGTON, Dec. 16. — Under modified War Department orders, issued to-day, officers and men may be discharged at camps where they are located, provided they have married in the neighborhood and desire to live there, or if they have arranged to enter business open to them before joining the army. Otherwise, all troops will be sent to camps for discharge within 350 miles of towns from which they entered service.

Where the transfer to another camp for demobilization would impose hardships on individual soldiers, the orders provide that the matter may be referred to the Adjutant General.

Discharged soldiers are permitted to retain their gas masks and helmets, pending legislation on the subject.

THE JERSEY JOURNAL.

OCTOBER 17, 1919.

MARRIAGE OF YANKS IN FOREIGN LANDS

Washington, Oct. 17.—At the request of the State, War and Navy departments Chairman Wadsworth of the Senate Military Committee today introduced a bill designed to regulate marriage of American soldiers or civilians attached to the Army while on foreign service.

It would require the filing of affidavits before marriage with the naval or military authorities showing that both man and woman were of legal age and unmarried, with heavy sentences for convicted violation.

The French Government is in accord with the provisions of the bill and anxious that it be expedited.

Sun. May 30/18

THE S. A. T. C.

**Its Members Will Be Entitled to the
Victory Medal.**

From the Army and Navy Journal.

The status of the Student Army Training Corps as an integral part of the army has been definitely established by recent action of the War Department in amending the orders concerning the award of the Victory Medal so as to include the members of the S. A. T. C. in the list of those eligible.

In reply to these questions the War Department has said that the members of the S. A. T. C. properly inducted into the service were on active duty in the United States Army and were an integral part of the land forces.

n. of America
5 May 1919

10,000 Brides Taken by Our Men in France

By Universal Service.

PARIS, July 7.

MARRIAGES between American soldiers and French girls continue at an amazing rate. At one time these unions averaged thirty a day. Already more than 10,000 have taken place, and the total may run as high as 15,000.

Pierre Figerou, writing in L'Avenir, points out that the French people count more on these unions to cement the bonds of friendship between America and France than on the League of Nations. They also help to solve another problem, namely, the question of what is to become of tens of thousands of young French women unable to marry because of the tremendous depletion of France's manpower through the war.

World - Dec 5/17

OWEN WOULD FORM A LEGION OF HONOR

**Oklahoma Senator Introduces
Resolution Providing Rewards
for Notable Services.**

(Special to The World.)

WASHINGTON, Dec. 4. — Senator Owen of Oklahoma introduced a resolution to-day authorizing the creation of an American Legion of Honor. It provides that membership "shall be conferred by the President by and with the advice and consent of the Senate as a reward for very distinguished services rendered by the people of the United States," and "shall be evidenced by a suitable parchment describing the character of services rendered and a ribbon and decoration." The living membership is not to exceed 200.

The President is further authorized to grant decorations for conspicuous courage and patriotic service in the military, naval or other services of the United States, to be known as the Cross of Valor. He is also authorized to issue a decoration for meritorious services rendered to the people of the United States.

140
WORLD: SATURDAY.

AUGUST 23, 1919.

LISTED AS A HERO, HE DECLINES HONOR

Denying Wound, New York Soldier Is First to Reject Victory Button.

Of the more than 3,000,000 men discharged from the army since the signing of the armistice, at least one thoroughly honest individual has been found by Lieut. N. D. Finley, a recruiting officer at the Third Avenue Station. That man is Michael Casaletto of No. 79 Thompson Street, who yesterday refused to accept the coveted silver victory button.

Casaletto's discharge certificate told of a wound received in duty, and, when presented to Lieut. Finley, the latter handed Casaletto a silver victory button.

"But I'm not entitled to a silver button," declared the latter. "The discharge was made out incorrectly. I wasn't wounded in action. I had some trouble with one of my feet before I entered the service, and while in France the army surgeons operated on it and corrected the ailment. Undergoing that operation and convalescing from it prevented me from going to the front lines with my outfit, Company M, of the 308th Infantry."

New York recruiting officers have come across many instances where discharged soldiers have altered their certificates to secure a silver button, but Casaletto's case was the first one in which a man has declared himself as not entitled to one.

NEW YORK TIMES.

NOVEMBER 10, 1919.

NAVY IS TO SELL MANY VESSELS

Yachts, Destroyers, Scows,
Lighters, Barges, and Motor
Boats in the List.

GOOD USES FOR CHASERS

Can Easily Be Turned Into Fireboats
and Fishing Boats, Naval
Experts Suggest.

Special to The New York Times.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 9.—Secretary Daniels is advertising a considerable number of vessels for sale, and in the near future will offer for sale a great many more, consisting of yachts, motor boats, destroyers, gunboats, torpedo boats, barges, scows, submarine chasers, fish boats, and tugs.

During the war the navy built more than 455 submarine chasers. These are regarded as seaworthy boats, 110 feet long, fitted with three standard gasoline engines of 220 horse power each. These boats have been appraised at very low values in comparison with their original cost of from \$75,000 to \$80,000 each. Many inquiries and bids have been received for these boats, and plans have been discussed for converting them into fire boats, which can be accomplished for probably one-fifth the cost of new fire tugs.

Naval experts seem to think that the best apparent commercial use to which these vessels could be put would be in the fishing industry. Careful inquiry has been made at Boston and Gloucester, Secretary Daniels said, on the conversion work required. The suggestion has been made for the purchasers to remove two of the engines and use the space occupied by these, the officers' quarters, and the forward magazine for a midship hold, which will be approximately thirty feet long. This conversion can be made at a reasonable figure, and the purchaser would then have two spare engines for use or for sale.

These vessels now being advertised for sale are:

Motor boats: Nightingale, Bay Ocean, Sea Otter, Patrol No. 6, Tillamook, Dalquiri, Euphemia, Jeanette, Sea Gull, Rainier, Susanne, Estella, Ionita, Valeda, Me Too, Mognet, Hetman, Maggie, Coyote, Akbar, Keham, Russ, Ono.

Yachts: Admiral II, Halcyon II, Cigarette, Parthenia, Genevive, Gloucester, Dorothea, Margaret, Naushon, Kwasind, Sister, Pawnee, Aileen, Eagle, Kemah, Adelante, Actus, Vega, Hawk. Destroyers: Bainbridge, Paul Jones, Lawrence, Decatur, Hopkins, Stewart, Truxton, Whipple, Worden, Flusser, Lamson, Preble, Perry, Barry, Dale, Hull, Reid.

Gunboats: Isla de Luzon, Princeton, Yantic, Gopher, Madot.

There are also tugs, scows, freight lighters, monitors, torpedo boats, barges, fish boats, mine sweepers, freight boats, and submarine chasers being advertised.

"The terms of the sale are lenient," Secretary Daniels explains, "and make it easy for any one who is desirous of obtaining a vessel. On vessels taken over during the war a 10 per cent. deposit is required with the bid. If liberty bonds are deposited they are regarded as surety only and are not acceptable in part payment of the vessel."

Reverend, Nov 25/19

ARMY AND NAVY TO GET OLD ENGLISH LOVING CUP

Sir Harry Brittain, M. P., who has just arrived in this city, announced yesterday that he had brought with him a silver loving cup, dating from the reign of George III., which will be presented to the United States Army and Navy as a token of esteem by the founders of the American officers' club in London.

The cup already has been accepted in behalf of the two services by Secretaries Baker and Daniels, and presentation will be made in Washington next week.

NOVEMBER 20, 1919.

15,384 U. S. HEROES WIN ALLIED MEDALS

Croix de Guerre Awarded to 11,684

More Than 900 Got Cross of Legion of Honor; 842 Decorated by Britain.

WASHINGTON, November 20.—From the passage by Congress in July, 1918, of an act authorizing the acceptance of foreign medals and insignia, 15,384 officers and enlisted men of the American Army have been decorated by Powers associated with the United States in the world war. The annual report of the adjutant-general, Major-Gen. P. C. Harris, issued to-day, shows:

France awarded the Cross of the Legion of Honor to 909; the Croix de Guerre to 11,684; Military Medal to 290, and various other decorations to 259.

Great Britain awarded a total of 842 medals; Italy, 684; Belgium, 630; Montenegro, 82; Greece, 2; Czechoslovakia, 1, and Japan 1.

In addition to these awards to individuals, the French Government awarded the fourragere, or shoulder cord, to four organizations; the Croix de Guerre, with palm, to fifty-one organizations; the Croix de Guerre, with gilt star, to twenty-five organizations; the Croix de Guerre, with silver star, to thirty-five organizations, and the Croix de Guerre, with bronze star, to five organizations.

Gen. Harris's report fixes the greatest strength of the American Army in the history of the country as 3,673,888, the aggregated strength on November 11, 1918, of whom 1,898,352 were in Europe.

Famous Mule Held on Ship

"Verdun," Pet of 15th F. A., Born on Battlefield—Her Case Taken Up in Washington.

Sing a song about Verdun—
This mule, she always brays in tune;
She holds a big place in the sun,
If that's the way you say Verdun.

If the officer attached to the Port of Debarkation here who refused to allow "Verdun," the lady mule of Battery E, Fifteenth Field Artillery, to land in the United States reads this story he may have a change of heart and turn his back for a few minutes while "Verdun" is taken off the good ship Julia Luckenbach, where she is sojourning and braying now and then, somewhat like a ship's siren.

This same officer may hear from the men who control military affairs in Washington ordering him to allow "Verdun" to land in the United States, for Captain G. A. Gore, the battery commander, is in the capital to take up the landing of the mule personally with General March, Chief of Staff. It isn't every mule in the world that has army captains pleading their cases before full generals, but the boys of the Fifteenth Field Artillery of the Second Division assert that "Verdun" is the champion of all mules, past and present.

Born on Battlefield.

"Verdun" is probably the most famous lady mule alive. She was born April 16, 1918, in the front line firing position of Battery E at Rupt, in the Verdun sector, on a night when the Germans were sending over all kinds of shells, including the well known type which the doughboy calls "G I cans." An hour before "Verdun" came into that world of shrapnel and gas shells her mother, the swing mule on one of the battery's ammunition caissons, had been hauling up shells for the battery in preparation for a gigantic barrage soon to go off.

Jake Kinsella, the battery farrier, was on hand, and "Verdun" with her mother were taken to a little sheltered valley, where they stayed during the time the Fifteenth was in the Verdun sector. The boys of Battery E liked the little spike legged mule and made friends with her at once. She liked them, and almost immediately learned that these big, strapping artillerymen would steal sugar and other sweets, which they themselves always yearned for, and give them to her.

When the battery moved into Soissons "Verdun," for she had been named after that famous French city which now lies in ruins, was right along, following the caissons of E Battery. She made the hike the same as any doughboy, with Farrier Kinsella watching out to see that nothing happened to her.

When the Germans started to break through in the Chateau Thierry sector a year ago last month the Second Division, of which the Fifteenth Field Artillery is a part, was rushed to the line in camions. "Verdun" went along too, for wherever the artillery went she wasn't far away. She rode in a truck along with the rest of her "buddies," and stayed there until the division, which did such vallant fighting, and turned the tide of battle into a German rout, was withdrawn.

Always Along With Battery.

"Verdun" was right along with her battery in every action that the Second Division participated in, and later made the long hike into Germany when they moved up as part of the Army of Occupation. When the time came to come back to the United States a crate was made and she was put aboard the "40-Hommes-8-Chevaux" bus and made the trip to Brest with Battery E.

At Brest a Second Lieutenant, following the custom of his rank, bristled up and told Battery E that they couldn't bring "Verdun" back to God's country. But this Second Lieutenant didn't have his way. Capt. Gore, the battery commander, went with a delegation of his men to the embarkation Colonel and that officer, after hearing "Verdun's" history, saw to it that she was placed aboard the Julia Luckenbach and provided with a "stateroom," in the form of her crate, on the promenade deck.

Things went well until the Julia Luckenbach docked at Brooklyn the other day. There Kinsella, with some men from the supply company, who had three deer on board which they had smuggled past the authorities at Brest, started to unload their animals. They got "Verdun" and the deer on a barge and were pulling away from the side of the Luckenbach when an officer spotted them. Back he ordered them, and "Verdun" and her three deer companions were once more placed on board the transport.

Faithful Farrier Had to Go.

Kinsella asked if he might stay by his mule, for a real "buddy" never forsakes his pal. The officer ordered him off, as officers do, and the farrier made his way to Camp Mills broken hearted. Capt. Gore, Battery E's commander, however, on learning that "Verdun" had been held up tried his best to persuade the debarkation officer to allow the mule to land, but to no avail. Therefore, being a man of action and an officer of the Second Division, he pulled his stakes and went to Washington.

Gen. Peyton C. March, who is the head of the United States Army, is going to listen soon, if he hasn't already.

ready, to a very irate Captain of field artillery, who wears four gold chevrons on his left sleeve. This Captain is going to tell him all about "Verdun," lady mule and member of Battery E, 15th Field Artillery, in Gen. March's forces. The men of the regiment, for every one in the 15th knows "Verdun" personally, are all sure that after Capt. Gore gets his word barrage working on his commanding officer a hurried telegram will be sent to Hoboken and that forthwith "Verdun" will be allowed to land in the good old United States and again join her buddies at Camp Mills.

May Be in Parade.

Jake Kinsella, who all the boys in Battery E admit is the best farrier in the A. E. F., and who is a grizzled veteran, told a reporter of THE EVENING SUN all about his buddy "Verdun." "I remember the night she was born," said Kinsella. "Her mother was hauling ammunition just an hour before, and Jerry was sending over some good ones, and also quite a bit of gas. She immediately took to me and the rest of the boys in the battery, and I think she's the prize pet and mascot in the A. E. F."

"Why, 'Verdun' hiked along with the rest of us every time we moved. Some of the other horses and mules gave out, especially up on the 'line'—dropped because they didn't have enough to eat, and were all played out. 'Verdun' never straggled, and you could always find her up at the firing position or else nosing around the mess shack for sugar."

"I taught her to drink out of a canteen, and she would go nosing around my canteen if she was thirsty, and I'd give her a drink. When the time came to move into Germany she was right there. We hiked through Belgium, Luxembourg and then to the Rhine, and she was there with the rest of us. We started on November 16 and hit the Rhine on December 13."

Didn't Care for Jerry.

"'Verdun' didn't like the 'Jerries,' and in Germany she used to let them know what a good pair of heels a Missouri mule has. The German 'kids' used to hang around her, but when they got close enough she would let fly, and a 'Jerry' would go sailing through the air. She sure knew which army she belonged to. If anything happens to that mule I sure will feel bad."

Eve. Sun - Aug 8/19

141

Passing of the A.E.F.

It's Task Fulfilled, Last Unit of Mighty Army Is Mustered Out, But Memories Will Linger Long.

Don't forget the A. E. F. On Tuesday, August 31, the American Expeditionary Forces passed into history, for on that day the only remaining unit of the army that fought in France, the A. E. F. headquarters at Washington, ceased to exist.

Of course, you will be reminded of it in years to come by chapters in all the almanacs and annuals. They will tell you that General Pershing and his small staff arrived in Paris on June 14, 1917, that American troops first arrived in France on June 26, and that American soldiers first went over the top on October 10 of that year; and they will reprint "General Pershing's Preliminary Report to the Secretary of War, a Striking Summary of the Operations of the A. E. F. from the Arrival to the Armistice. (See also Chapter 99, The World War, and Statistical Tables in Appendix III.)"

And that's all very well. But don't forget:

How the nation "sprang to arms over night" (v. W. J. B.), the first of United States soldiers springing on the startled Hun 187 days after a long undiscovered state of war was declared to exist.

How the "Plattsburg idea" was translated into action by those sterling supermen who sprang full-armed from the sidewalk to the saddle and took Montmartre by storm before Pershing himself could see his way to taking Mont Sec by any means whatever.

How no rookie would begin to believe the first hundred years were the hardest until he had failed to find the bucket of steam, the yards of skirmish line, the rubber tent pegs, the folding ditches, or the keys to the parade grounds (as the case might be), for which he was sent by solemn soldiers of experience who were solicitous—so they told him—for the success of his army career.

How soldiers arriving overseas immediately proved to a waiting world their "American adaptability" by surviving without loss of life or limb their first great trial, transportation in cars marked "40 hommes 8 chevaux," also by smoking cigarettes and calling them fags and smoking wood-bines and calling them cigarettes.

How, for soldiers preparing to go overseas, methods of transportation at home were so far improved that northern troops were enabled to go into camp in Southern States in four days, whereas on a previous occasion it had taken them four years to do it.

Warlike Washington.

How Washington became for the first time in its history a popular summer resort, particularly for gentlemen in tailored uniforms, all vitally necessary—so the rest of us were informed—for the successful prosecution by the A. E. F. of a war 3,000 miles away from there.

How such systems were contrived for the expedition of the business of war in Washington has astonished us all; for example, that scheme of telegraphic control by which it took three days for a telegram to be sent from the north wing to the west wing of the State, War and Navy building (to which Washingtonians point with pride in their "city of magnificent distances.")

How some people spoke pithily of "swivel-chair Sheridans" when they looked at letters from their sons, telling of mud, mud, mud—and other pretty things—and then looked out the window to see the twinkle, twinkle, twinkle of polished boots and shining spurs—and other pretty things—passing by on the pavements at home.

How quickly the college boys got into the game, and how well they played it, confounding certain untutored persons and how quickly they began to learn a lot of things not known to college curricula.

How many hard-boiled heroes there were who began their army careers just to get three square meals a day, but never admitted it while they were in the A. E. F. and haven't since they were discharged, and never will.

How sudden a change swept many a man when the selective service law began to operate; how quickly he saw his duty to his family, which had supported him for seven years; his duty to his employer, who would have to raise his pay; his duty to his State, which might be invaded by an army by burrowing through from German East Africa; his duty to everybody but that man of the first A. E. F. who had fallen, hugging the hope that another man would follow, take his place and carry on.

How soon the men who went overseas found that Mr. Dooley was hardly right when he said of a soldier roll of honor:

"There will be writ the names of them as was killed and of them as was wounded, and of them as was seriously disturbed"—for the men of the A. E. F. were gay, sometimes grim, but always gay, and their saving sense of humor saved the gayety of nations.

How quickly there followed the A. E. F. divisions overseas those dozens of Y. M. C. A. physical instructors who felt impelled to improve the physique of those specially selected men; those troupes of entertainers who on the way over made up new mother-in-law jokes to improve morale; those peripatetic journalists who started for France to improve the news service—and were returned on the same boat with the compliments of certain gentlemen of England.

How joyful National Guard cavalry troops were made by orders which turned them into machine gun battalions, orders received, of course, the day after all the officers had been given polo ponies for mounts by admiring friends.

How joyful the field artillery was when the rifle was added to the required equipment, so that there was nothing particular to take care of except a horse, a sword, a pistol, and a ride, all of which must be in condition for inspection at times subject to change without notice.

Who Won the War?

How joyful some people were when the prize agents of the marines began to win the war by the column—and how solemnly the Stars and Stripes laid claim to being the only organization in the A. E. F. that didn't win the war, because, it told the world, it never had more than one marine at a time on its editorial staff.

How George Creel won the war for everybody, including the committee on public information, the Democratic administration, and the A. E. F.

How the A. E. F. revised the French language and pronounced its fiat on the correct pronunciation and proper use of more French words in one year than the academy had been able to do since 1639.

How the A. E. F. revised volumes of Baedeker and chapters of the Almanach de Gotha, pages of the Bartenders' Manual and the Barbers' Guide and paragraphs of the I. D. R. (v. par. 4 on "Quibbling Over the Minutes").

Oh, yes, there come to mind any number of things about the A. E. F. which will not be forgotten. And more are being impressed upon us even in these piping times of peace. Don't forget:

How some soldiers of the A. E. F. have struggled for the services of the war risk insurance bureau, which at present is directed by the mollent Cholmeley-Jones (pronounced Chumly-Jones) and have not secured those services yet.

Dead but Not Buried.

How some soldiers of the A. E. F. pronounced dead by the War Department, have defied the dictum of the rubber stamp (Whack! "You're dead") by forming dead men's clubs and adopting for their heraldic device "a hand with fingers spread in a vertical plane with the thumb directing its extension from the nose."

How many soldiers of the A. E. F. there are who still are looking for those Christmas boxes which were started on their way in October of 1917, and how many officers who have yet to see those field service trunks which kind friends did NOT address to the lost and found department at Hoboken.

There are material reminders, too, which will not let the A. E. F. be forgotten for some time to come. They include these:

Twin-six mustache (six hairs to a side). 2,045,169 wrist watches. 1,000,001 yards of highly speculative service ribbons.

Iron crosses awarded by the Imperial German government, but not to the present holders.

Marksman's medals not awarded to anybody.

Trench mirrors, with bright reflections of the horrors of war as seen by M. P.s at Brest.

Those bracelets, once proper to identification purposes, which now are displayed by young men from brokers' offices, who shake their sleeves, if necessary, to let the rest of us see that they were once let in for "the great gamble."

Those tailored knees affected by summer resort Romeos, motorcyclists who may or may not have been dispatch riders, and college seniors on tramping tours—between one golf links and the other—all of whom are ready to assure

you, privately, that long trousers "haven't felt the same since." (Since what?)

Those sea-going trousers with flaring bottoms displayed on tennis courts by the young gentlemen who took the A. E. F. to France and brought it back when the war was over.

Those "tin hats" which now are eagerly sought after by proud aunts who find them ideal for bird baths and by sweet young cousins who hang them up with red ribbons over mantel shelves at college.

Terse Army Expressions.

Additions to the English language as spoken by the average American will do their bit also in keeping the A. E. F. in mind. Don't forget:

"Hey, buddy!"

"Snap into it!"

"Snap out of it!"

"You're S. O. L."

"As you were."

And "Let's go."

Additions to popular superstitions will help, too. Don't forget:

That one match never may serve to light more than two cigarettes, cigars or pipes (as the case may be) for fear of dire disaster to follow. Three lights from one match were taboo in the A. E. F.

Those Efficient Fates.

That the Fates may be fooled by an exchange of individual insignia. Swapping of identification tags was resorted to by men of the A. E. F., and so, we may suppose, an exchange of birth certificates will do for ordinary civilians. So far as the A. E. F. experts were able to learn, the firm of Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos does business by direct address only.

And even if all this shall be forgotten by the many, still there will be the survivors—not all of them Marines—who will say: "When I was at Chateau-Thierry—"

And even when these are no more, there will be the orators with a reputation to sustain for making memorial speeches who will say: "When those brave soldiers—and not all of them were Marines—were at Chateau-Thierry—"

And for years and years after that, the almanacs and annuals will publish paragraphs from that famous preliminary report to the Secretary of War—though they will have to remind their readers of the secretary's name—until at last the only paragraph they will print will be the one in which Pershing says:

"I pay the supreme tribute to our officers and soldiers of the line. When I think of their heroism, their patience under hardships, their unflinching spirit of offensive action, I am filled with emotion which I am unable to express. Their deeds are immortal, and they have earned the eternal gratitude of our country."

And so long as that paragraph is published, so long will the A. E. F. be fittingly remembered by posterity.

Meanwhile, posterity looks to be a long way off, the veterans of the A. E. F. are yet young, and as much of the world as may be is young with them. So let us be merry while we may.

Not Forgetting Army Songs.

Incidentally, let us hope that some pair of rare young men, like another Gilbert and Sullivan, will presently pop into the public view and help us to be merry with such songs and sayings of the A. E. F. as will delight our fancy and deserve to be remembered and repeated for an age. We are somewhat pained when we find the only gentleman with a voice, a piano and a song of his own making that are worth listening to, for jolly reminders of the war, is a young Englishman with a compound name. And that is not as it should be.

Yet we must not forget the American war classic: "Oh, How I Hate to Get Up in the Morning." That's a rare reminder, still. "Over There" has gone echoing into the dim distance. And all the rest of those songs of a season have been sung out so utterly that we can not even remember their names.

Perhaps some things which have been forgotten already should be remembered, such as these:

That ultimate utterances of sweet simplicity, "War brides."

That password of all the adventurers in France, "cognac," which was exactly what the stuff always was, whether ordered under that name or not.

That peculiarity of politics "the soldier vote" which has not been heard of since presidential aspirations were getting their first grooming.

Those 999 reasons why there should be a bonus.

Oh, yes, there come to mind any number of things to remember the A. E. F. by. Let no man sit him down to write with sweet sentimentality its obituary on Wednesday, September 1. He could succeed only in writing his own. And some dead men's club would elect him an honorary member with a star after his name.

For the A. E. F. cannot be forgotten.—Exchange.

Sale of the A. E. F. Horses Grieved Many a Doughboy

By Marshall D. Beuick

The best of friends were parted when the A. E. F. after the armistice found it necessary to dispose of about 7,000 French horses and mules, including scraggy little mules that once browsed on the brown-faced hills of Southern Spain.

When the army first went across they took with them the finest horses in the world, those that had been range-raised in the West. But few of these strangers became acclimated before they succumbed to disease and bursting shells. To equip the field artillery with animals thereafter, the supply department had to contract for horses accustomed to the European climate. These docile horses and mules were drafted for service and won their way into the affections of the men who lived with them and went to the battle line with them. Of course there were a few American mounts left which were the peculiar pride of their batteries. They were a link to the plains of the West for those Westerners who sought artillery service to be in the company of an animal they had found companionable from boyhood.

Finally the armistice came, and for sixteen days the field artillery moved forward to the Rhineland to become an arm of the Army of Occupation. During this time First Lieut. Arthur E. King, in the recruiting headquarters for the New York district, travelled on the back of a French mare. She was his best friend. She knew he had whims. She comprehended them, and when hours of melancholy rain tried the A. E. F. dispositions these Gallic beasts displayed a temperament equalling that of the philosophical polli.

"They sold her to the French after we left Germany," Lieut. King said. "I would have liked to take her home to Texas with me, but there were a hundred others who felt the same way. It couldn't be done."

And so he explained how sadly the men parted with the beasts with which they had shared danger and hardship—these men from a foreign land. One East Side boy was transferred to Lieut. King's regiment, the 344th Field Artillery, just before it embarked. Private Walter G. Neuhard of South Street had probably never touched a horse in his life. He was as completely citified as any East Side boy could be, but he had an innate love of horses. In a few months there developed a full understanding be-

tween him and his horses. When the A. E. F. organized a horse show in Germany they gave him the prize team of his regiment to trot down the field to console him for the loss of the team he had cared for during the hostilities. He was appeased until the team was sold. Thereafter he was a grumbler. Even the joy of returning home could not dispel his yearning for his horses, and he continued kicking to the last day of the voyage.

The lieutenant explains the method of disposing of the army draft animals and mounts. The horses and mules were concentrated in German territory and inspected by a French commission which selected three-fourths of the animals. The army then accepted a fixed price per head and announced that an auction of the rejected ones would be conducted for the benefit of the German farmers. At that time the Rhine inhabitants were using cows and oxen to draw their ploughs, consequently there was a rush to buy. The remaining lame and spavined horses were all bought, and are now engaged in tilling the agricultural lands of the Rhine Valley. So great was the need of the stripped

Rhineland farms that one spavined horse sold for \$250.

Now these same men who are still in the service are training new equine friends for the caissons and gun carriages. Although they will come to love the beautiful native recruits better than their former partners, they will always recall Hombres the slight, daintily-legged mule from Spain, and Lisette the handsome mare from Normandy.

3,422,233 OF ARMY DEMOBILIZED IN 1919

Adjutant-General Harris Reports on Record Breaking Achievement.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 21.—Final details of the demobilization of America's war-time armies are given by Adjutant-General Harris in his annual report to Secretary Baker, made public to-day. The Adjutant-General points out that in the year ended November 15, 1919, a total of 3,422,233 officers and men were returned to civilian life, and adds:

"More than 65,000 more officers and men were discharged from service during the first twelve weeks of the recent demobilization than were discharged from the Union Army during the entire civil war demobilization period of one and one-half years; more than twice the total civil war number were discharged within the first six months, and more than three times that number were discharged within the first eight and one-half months of the recent demobilization."

"The comparison is further accentuated when it is considered that the greater part of the world war emergency army had to be transported thousands of miles across the ocean prior to its demobilization, which was moreover conducted throughout in a disciplined and orderly manner, in marked contrast with the procedure prevailing at the close of the civil war, no man being separated from service during the recent demobilization until every necessary detail, including a careful physical examination, had been properly accomplished."

Gen. Harris's report shows that at the end of the last fiscal year, or on June 30 last, the strength of the army was 15,451 officers and 184,848 enlisted men. At the close of the preceding fiscal year, or on June 30, 1919, the army was composed of 77,966 officers and 758,879 men. The Officers Reserve Corps June 30 last numbered 68,323, distributed from Brigadier-General down to Second Lieutenants.

The low desertion average during the year ended June 30 last is commented on by Gen. Harris, who places the average at 1.37 per cent, as compared with a pre-war average of 3 and 4 per cent. The low average, the Adjutant-General declares, is especially significant in view of the fact that the army last year was not a homogeneous unit, being made up in part of "old army" and in part of "new army" men.

Homing Pigeons Begin a Season of Long Flights

Over 4,000 Young Birds Race Here From Virginia To-morrow—
Pigeons' Work in the War Proves the Care and Trouble of
Their Training and Racing Are Well Worth While

By Ethel Cosgrove

MORE than four thousand homing pigeons will wing northward to-morrow from Charlottesville, Va., on a 300-mile race, the first race in the life of many of these birds, as all of them have been hatched since January. This small counter-migration is being arranged by the United Homing Pigeon Concourse and is the first of a series of such flights that will be run this fall.

The heroic service of homing pigeons in the various Allied armies during the war has no doubt done much to popularize a sport too little recognized heretofore in this country. A recent race where five thousand birds competed in a 200-mile flight, from Washington, D. C., is a good example of the increasing interest shown in the breeding and flying of homing pigeons. In this race over 500 lofts entered teams of birds, the crates filling two cars on their journey South from their homes in various cities in New Jersey and New York. Pigeons from the Switzer and Johnson loft at Fairville, N. J., won the race with a splendid flight record of 1,200 yards a minute, Staten Island birds, owned by John Monsen, took second place.

In the spring the older pigeons will fly, as only the young and inexperienced pigeons are worked in the fall, with the idea of weeding out those which philter by the way or in whom the homing instinct, naturally so insistent, has for some reason become weakened. The spring races for the veterans range from 300 to 1,000 miles in length and turn to-morrow's junior event into mere commuting by comparison.

At dawn to-morrow the crates will be opened simultaneously, and the flock of 4,000 birds will rise and circle northwards toward home. The first few miles of the race are uninteresting because of the tendency of the racers to stick together. Before they have been long on the wing, however, the homing pigeons develop "hunches" as to the proper direction, and then each racer steers his own course and the flock breaks up. Now their own pace and perseverance begin to tell. The bird in which the homing instinct does not rule supreme will perhaps be lured to loitering and gossip along the way. He may even yield to the wiles of some vampish stranger whose path crosses his. To counteract this, before their release in the morning the birds are given food and water enough to last them to the end of a 500-mile trip. But the weaker birds, especially on a hot day, are very apt to break their course for refreshment when they see water below.

Eyesight Versus Instinct

Pigeons are more far-sighted than men. It has been observed that they cock their heads to watch the approach of another bird several minutes before that bird is visible to human eyes. It seems probable because of this fact that their flight is guided to some extent by landmarks, although principally it is a matter of direction instinct alone. A necessary part of their preparatory race training lies in giving them sufficient liberty to become thoroughly familiar with the aspect of their immediate home land-

from Pensacola, Fla., is never largely competed. When birds reach home at all from so long a stretch as this they are depleted and drained physically. Pigeon fanciers grow to love their birds and are seldom willing to submit them to so heartless and arduous a test, one by which they are sometimes permanently incapacitated.

Occasionally, of course, birds are injured physically or more often swept out to sea and killed outright through misfortunes which are known in pigeon circles as "smashes." That is,

chine consisting of two clocks, which were set at 12 o'clock and locked at club headquarters before delivery to individual lofts. This clock can be unlocked and started only by the insertion of a rubber band.

The band numbers of racing birds are, of course, recorded before shipment by one of the attendants who make the railroad journey South with the birds. Bands from the first two birds to reach home are used to start the loft's two clocks. The clocks are then returned to headquarters and the



Showing how American soldiers carry pigeon baskets to the front lines

although the men whose duty it is to judge the favorableness of weather conditions before releasing their birds have thought all propitious, further north the pigeons have encountered a thunderstorm or gale which has been their undoing. Racers have to count on at least one or two such "smashes" in the course of a season.

Army Breeding Stations

Government army and navy posts throughout the country maintain lofts at which pigeons are being interbred and trained to higher and higher stages of efficiency. An effort is being made at present in a Panama post to train birds to fly at night. Results up to date have not been encouraging. The report is that it is particularly difficult to arouse a sleeping pigeon, and then, too, his sight is not adapted to night work; he is not at all owl-like. In 1918 the United

the way are apt to end their careers in potpie, unless they are of an especially fine strain, in which case they may be spared as breeders, in the hope that they are lone "black sheep" and that their individual lack of pigeon honor will not show itself in their posterity.

At the Rockaway Station

The Rockaway Naval Air Station maintains a large pigeon loft, several of the inmates of which are returned war veterans. Their pigeons, while not entered in the races, have carefully kept individual records of their speed and reliability in the bringing home of messages from excursive airplanes. To aid in the accurate taking of this record an electric doorbell has been installed on the pigeon house entrance, so that the homing bird will announce himself to the camp and some one will promptly note the hour of his arrival, take the message from his leg and open his house door for him.

Quick action in the matter of welcoming him home is important, not only for the sake of exactness in his record, but because of the wholesome effect on the bird's morale. It is natural to suppose that no pigeon of distinguished reputation and attainments wishes to sit round on his door step, tired and hungry, for a half hour or so, waiting for service. Especially the bird which has known strenuous years in France and is used to having his homecoming greeted with acclaim and eagerness. With the same idea of linking in the bird's consciousness the urge to reach the home loft, with a memory of its comfort, it is considered essential to make the home environment as attractive as possible.

In the matter of domestic ties, things are even more delicate. Separating a pigeon and his mate starts all sorts of a row. The war veterans were brought back from France by an installment plan which, occasionally, brought about that accidental parting of affinities. A very peevish, fractious flock of birds resulted. They refused to be comforted until the disrupted family was reestablished.

The veteran birds which survived the rigorous tests of the war exemplify that highest standard of unwavering, immovable allegiance to the single purpose of reaching home, which it is hoped their posterity will perpetuate. The Germans used to station lone birds in isolated spots, whose function it was to tempt to conversation, lovemaking, and loitering, any passing messenger from the Allies. Merely hesitating meant the messenger's undoing, in that it gave the German sniper, waiting below, the chance of a good shot at him.

The carrier bird, it is pointed out at the Government loft, is not a distinct species. He is the common rock pigeon highly bred, well cared for and developed through a series of generations. So complex a matter is this care and breeding that there is a special training school at Washington for enlisted men who choose pigeon attendance as a vocation.

The Rexall pigeon lofts in St. Louis, the largest in the world, report interestingly that there is a stronger feeling for the young in the cock bird than in the mother. He habitually relieves the hen on the nest during the egg hatching weeks at certain fixed and unvarying times of day.



man eyes. It seems probable because of this fact that their flight is guided to some extent by landmarks, although principally it is a matter of direction instinct alone. A necessary part of their preparatory race training lies in giving them sufficient liberty to become thoroughly familiar with the aspect of their immediate home land-

higher stages of efficiency. An effort is being made at present in a Panama post to train birds to fly at night. Results up to date have not been encouraging. The report is that it is particularly difficult to arouse a sleeping pigeon, and then, too, his sight is not adapted to night work; he is not at all owlsh. In 1913 the United



U. S. Army Photo.

The wing spread of the homing pigeon

escape. For a week or so after they first learn the flying art very young birds are allowed to circle at will round the home loft. Then they are taken perhaps to Jersey City for a practice flight home; next week to Newark, then to Elizabeth and Princeton Junction, forty-eight miles away, and so on, in anticipation of the first big event of their lives, the 100-mile race from Wilmington, Del., in the fall of the year of which they are hatched. They are trained first in groups and then singly to develop their independence.

Birds are raced until they are seven or eight years old, but are at their prime between the ages of two and four. A female bird that has been sitting for eight to ten days is a particularly good bet in a race.

Pigeons do not willingly fly at night, and 600 miles is about their limit for the daylight hours of a single day. The 1,000-mile race, therefore, which the United Homing Concourse puts on

Homing Concourse provided over 3,000 young birds for Government use.

In Belgium, which has led the world in homing pigeon lines, the Government encourages private clubs by regular offering of prizes. Public spirited sportsmen in Belgium have devoted thousands of dollars to the development of particularly fine pigeon "strains," which are known by the names of the fanciers who brought them into being. The best of these highly bred birds sell for as much as \$40 or \$50 each. The Cuban Government likewise offers inducements to private breeders.

European clubs have developed a race timing machine, which, in modified form, is used by New York clubs. Early in the week during the racing season there is sent to each club loft a rubber band for the leg of each pigeon which it is to enter, on which rubber band there has been stamped a registered number. Also there is sent to each competing loft a ma-

Soldiers
Slang

146

Tommy's Trench Dictionary

A. S. C. Army Service Corps, or Army Safety Corps, as Tommy calls it, the members of which bring up supplies to the rear of the line.

"Back o' the line." Any place behind the firing line out of range of enemy guns.

Baler. A scoop affair for baling out water from the trenches and dug-outs. As the trenches generally drain the surrounding landscape, the sun has to be appealed to before the job is completed.

Bantams. Men under the standard army height of 5 ft. 3 in. They are in a separate organization called "The Bantam Battalion," and, although undersized, have the opinion that they can lick the whole German army.

Biscuit. A concoction of flour and water, baked until very hard. Its original use was for building purposes, but Tommy is supposed to eat it. Tommy is no coward but he balks at this. Biscuits make excellent fuel, and give no smoke.

Bivouac. A term given by Tommy to a sort of tent made out of waterproof sheets.

Brag. A card game similar to poker at which every player quits a loser and no one wins, that is, according to the statements of the several players.

Brazier. A sheet iron pot punched full of holes in which a fire is built. It is used to keep Tommy warm in his dugout until he becomes unconscious from its smoke and fumes. He calls it a "fire bucket."

Brigade Guard. Several men who are detailed to guard Brigade Headquarters. They don't go to sleep.

"Carry on." Resume. Keep on with what you are doing. Go ahead.

"Carrying in." Machine gunner's term for taking guns, ammunition, etc., into front-line trench.

Caterpillar. Is not a bug, but the name given to a powerful engine used to haul the big guns over rough roads.

"Clicked it." Got killed; up against it; wounded

"Clock." "Trench" for the face.

"Coal box." The nickname for a high explosive German shell fired from a 5.9 howitzer which emits a heavy black smoke and makes Tommy's hair stand on end.

Coal fatigue. A detail on which Tommy has to ride in a limber and fill two sacks with coal. It takes him exactly four hours to do this. He always misses morning parade, but manages to get back in time for dinner.

"Cole." Tommy's nickname for a penny. It buys one glass of French beer.

"Coming it." Trying to "put something over."

"Coming the acid." Boasting; lying about something.

Communique. An official report which is published daily by the different warring governments for the purpose of kidding the public. They don't kid Tommy.

Company stores. The Quarter-Sergeant's headquarters where stores are kept. A general hang-out for batmen, officers' servants, and N. C. O.'s.

"Compray." Tommy's French for "Do you understand?" Universally used in the trenches.

Conscript. A man who tried to wait until the war was over before volunteering for the army, but was balked by the Government.

"Consolidate captured line." Digging in or preparing a captured position for defense against a counter attack.

"Dekko." To look; a look at something.

Detonator. A contrivance in a bomb containing fulminate of mercury, which, ignited by a fuse, explodes the charge.

"Der uffs." "Deux oeufs." Tommy's French for "two eggs."

"Dial." Another term of Tommy's for his map, or face.

Digging party. A detail of men told off to dig trenches, graves, or dugouts. Tommy is not particular as to what he has to dig; it's the actual digging he objects to.

"Dinner up." Dinner is ready.

Divisional band. Another devilish aggregation which wastes most of its time in practising and polishing its instruments.

Dixie. An iron pot with two handles on it in which Tommy's meals are cooked. Its real efficiency lies in the fact that when carrying it, your puttees absorb all the black grease on its sides.

"Doing them in." Killing them. Cutting up a body of German troops.

Fag. Cigarette. Something Tommy is always touching you for.

"Fag issue." Army issue of cigarettes, generally on Sunday.

Fatigue. Various kinds of work done by Tommy while he is "resting."

"Fed up." Disgusted; got enough of it—as the rich Mr. Hoggenheimer used to say, "Sufficiency."

Field dressing. Bandages issued to soldiers for first aid when wounded. They use them for handkerchiefs and to clean their rifles.

"Fireworks." A night bombardment.

Fire Sector. A certain space of ground which a machine gun is supposed to sweep with its fire. If the gun refuses to work, all of the enemy who cross this space are technically dead, according to the General's plans.

Firing Squad. Twelve men picked to shoot a soldier who has been sentenced to death by court-martial. Tommy has no comment to make on this.

Firing Step. A ledge in the front trench which enables Tommy to fire "over the top." In rainy weather you have to be an acrobat to even stand on it on account of the slippery mud.

Fire Trench. The front-line trench. Another name for hades.

Tommy's Trench Dictionary

"Going Out." Relieved from the trenches.

"Gone West." Killed; died.

"Gooseberries." A wooden frame in the shape of a cask wrapped round with barbed wire. These gooseberries are thrown into the barbed-wire entanglements to help make them impassable.

"Got the Crown." Promoted to sergeant-major.

"Hold-All." A small canvas roll in which you are supposed to carry your razor, comb, knife, fork, spoon, mirror, soap, tooth-brush, etc. Tommy takes great care of the above, because it means extra pack drill to come on parade unshaven.

"Holy Joe." Tommy's familiar but not necessarily irreverent name for the Chaplain. He really has great admiration for this officer, who, although not a fighting man, so often risks his life to save a wounded Tommy.

"Housewife." A neat little package of needles, thread, extra shoe laces and buttons. When a button comes off Tommy's trousers, instead of going to his housewife, he looks around for a nail.

Hun. Another term for a German, mostly used by war correspondents.

"Hun Pinching." Raiding German trenches for prisoners.

Identification Disk. A little fibre disk which is worn around the neck by means of a string. On one side is stamped your name, rank, regimental number and regiment, while on the other side is stamped your religion. If at any time Tommy is doubtful of his identity he looks at his disk to reassure himself.

"I'm Sorry." Tommy's apology. If he pokes your eye out with his bayonet he says, "I'm sorry," and the matter is ended so far as he is concerned.

"In Front." Over the top; in front of the front-line trench, in No Man's Land.

"Kicked the Bucket." Died.

Kilo. Five-eighths of a mile. Ten "kilos" generally means a trek of fifteen miles.

"King's Shilling." Tommy's rate of pay per day, perhaps. "Taking the King's shilling" means enlisting.

"Kip." Tommy's term for "sleep." He also calls his bed his "kip." It is on guard that Tommy most desires to kip.

Kit Bag. A part of Tommy's equipment in which he is supposed to pack up his troubles and smile, according to the words of a popular song (the composer was never in a trench).

Kitchener's Army. The volunteer army raised by Lord Kitchener, the members of which signed for duration of war. They are commonly called the "New Army" or "Kitchener's Mob." At first the Regulars and Territorials looked down on them, but now accept them as welcome mates.

Lance-Corporal. A N. C. O. one grade above a private who wears a shoestring stripe on his arm and thinks the war should be run according to his ideas.

"Pip Squeak." Tommy's term for a small German shell which makes a "pip" and then a "squeak" when it comes over.

Poilu. French term for their private soldier. Tommy would use it and sometimes does, but each time he pronounces it differently, so no one knows what he is talking about.

Pontoon. A card game, in America known as "Black Jack" or "Twenty-one." The banker is the only winner.

"Pushing Up the Daisies." Tommy's term for a soldier who has been killed and buried in France.

"Queer." Tommy's term for being sick. The

Leave Train. The train which takes Tommy to one of the seaports on the Channel en route to Blighty when granted leave. The worst part of going on leave is coming back.

Lee Enfield. Name of the rifle used by the British Army. Its calibre is .303 and the magazine holds ten rounds. When dirty it has a nasty habit of getting Tommy's name on the crime sheet.

"Legging It." Running away.

Lewis Gun. A rifle-like machine gun, air cooled, which only carries forty-seven rounds in its "pie-plate" magazine. Under fire when this magazine is emptied you shout for "ammo," but perhaps No. 2, the ammo carrier, is lying in the rear with a bullet through his napper. Then it's "napoo-fini" (Tommy's French) for Mr. Lewis.

"Light Duty." What the doctor marks on the sick report opposite a Tommy's name when he has doubts as to whether said Tommy is putting one over on him. Usually Tommy is.

Liquid Fire. Another striking example of German "Kultur."

doctor immediately informs him that there is nothing queer about him, and Tommy doesn't know whether to feel insulted or complimented.

Quid. Tommy's term for a pound or twenty shillings (about \$4.80). He is not on very good terms with this amount, as you never see the two together.

Q.M.-Sergeant. Quartermaster-Sergeant, or "Quarter" as he is called. A non-commissioned officer in a company who wears three stripes and a crown and takes charge of the company stores, with the emphasis on the "takes." In civil life he was a politician or burglar.

The spirit of the British soldier is here shown. This man has had his right arm smashed by shell (in plaster cast) and told it will have to be amputated. He is smiling, though the picture was taken after the doctor had informed him he would lose his arm. On his head is a captured Prussian helmet.



Are we
downhearted?
"No!"

Naval Academy Slang

THE fourth class man at Annapolis is a "plebe," same as at West Point; third class man, "youngster;" older midshipman, "oldster;" midshipman entering in June, "June bug;" cadet officer, "striper;" a first class man without cadet rank, "clean sleeve;" midshipman who has dropped to the bottom of his class, "anchor;" an upper class man who is a friend of a fourth class man, "spoon;" the insignia of rank of a cadet petty officer (an eagle perched on an anchor), "buzzard;" physiology and hygiene, "bones;" physics and chemistry, "skinny."

When a midshipman gets less than a certain mark in any study his name is posted on the bulletin board for that week. He is then "on the tree." A list posted in December containing the names of midshipmen who are in

danger of being dropped is known as the "Christmas Tree," while a similar list posted in May is the "Maypole." A notice from the Secretary of the Navy to an unsatisfactory midshipman that his resignation is desired is a "Valentine," while to fail and have to resign is to "bilge."

"Femme" is a young lady, while "fuss" is to mix it up with a "femme;" "drag," to escort a lady to some function; "dewberry," one who encroaches upon another's date with a young lady; "gold-brick," a young lady who can neither talk, dance, nor look pretty.

A chronic grumbler is "rhino," a colored servant, "moke," to "boot-lick" or "toady" is "grease," while "slimy" is excessively "greasy," and "slush" is a superlative form of "grease;" to "creep" is to sit up after taps to "bone" or study; to "chew chalk" is to kill time at the blackboard to disguise unpreparedness.

AMERICAN ARMY IS CREATING NEW SLANG

The American poilu is not going over the seas unprovided with his own lingo, as is clearly pointed out in Everybody's.

He calls himself, by the way, a "doughboy" or "crusher," which is fairly American sounding. Cavalrymen he calls "bowlegs," a soldier who shares his shelter is his "bunkie," the company barber is "butcher," a soldier who works for an officer is a "dog robber," the commanding officer is alluded to as "K. O.;" a junior officer is called a "goat;" the provost sergeant is a "hobo;" a teamster is a "mule skinner;" an old officer is called "old file;" the drum major is the "regimental monkey;" the doctor is "sawbones;" a new second lieutenant is a "shave-tail;" field artillerymen are "wagon soldiers," and a trumpeter or bandsman is a "windjammer." And our doughboys are like Tomy and poilu in that they never "bellyache" or complain when the "slum," i. e., the meat or vegetable stew, or the "sow-belly," as the bacon is called, are bad. It's all in the game—the game of "Kan the Kaiser," which is the only American equivalent thus far of any of the French war slogans like "Ils ne passeront pas," or "On les aura," "We'll get them," "They shall not pass."

'WOOF!' IS YANKEE FOR EGGS WANTED

Soldiers Meet With Difficulties in Search.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN THE FIELD, June 22 (By Mail).—"Oof" is one of the first things the American soldier learned to say in France.

It is his pronunciation of the Frenchman's word for eggs.

The doughboy is a constant egg hunter. On arriving in a village, while on the march the first thing sought is the source of the town's egg supply. If the troops remain for any length of time the hens of the village are certain of a busy season if they expect to keep up with the demand.

It is nothing uncommon to hear a grinning American tell of having stowed away a dozen eggs at a single meal. If officers expect to have eggs at their mess their orderlies must get out and hustle to beat the doughboys to the hennery. It's a wild race for "Oofs."

A new arrival in France recently joined up with a certain outfit now in Picardy. He hadn't learned what is an egg in French. But he rolled into the first shop he saw that looked like it might sell eggs. He tried every way he knew to tell the shopkeeper he wanted eggs. Then he resorted to sign language. A box was on the counter. The American spied it, hopped upon the counter, sat on the box, then jumped down and flapping his arms wildly, "cackled" loud and long.

Still the French woman did not understand. Other soldiers passing by saw the performance and called "Oof" to the unfortunate bunkie. He fairly stormed the shop with:

"Woof! Woof! Woof!"

The shopkeeper retreated.

"Woof! Woof!" exclaimed the American.

Then a light dawned in the shopkeeper's eyes. A minute later the doughboy had a dozen eggs.

SOME NAVY SLANG, MUCH OF IT NEW

Suppose a Girl Comes Aboard,
She May Be a "Dame" or a
"Judy" or a "Weezel" or
a "Calico" or a "Jane."

SO LANDSMEN ARE TOLD
IN "THE NAVY EXPLAINED."

Bread Is "Punk," Sugar Is
"Sand," Chicken Croquettes
"Fowl Balls."

Suppose, in visiting a battleship with your best girl, you overheard a gob whisper to his comrade, "Geel! She's a jelly bean!" If the second sailor were to reply, "Yep, quite a weeze!" it may be assumed that a landlubber and two men of the sea would immediately be flinging fists at one another.

But there would be no occasion for anger, for, if the two sailors were given a chance to explain they would make it plain that in the navy one calls a girl, in all respect, by the slang terms of "Jane" or "weezel" or "jelly bean" or "skirt" or "widder" or "old lady" or "broad," "judy," "dame," "calico" or "waxdoll."

During the stay of the fleet many landlubbers have come into perplexed contact with the navy slang that has sprung up in this war, and which has been explained by Logan E. Ruggles, Chief Printer in the navy, in a small book called "The Navy Explained."

"Submarine Shark."

Some of the more interesting terms are these:

Men who have a knack of telling a good joke or story or are able of giving an officer a good argument are credited with possessing "a mean line."

A "belly robber" is a steward or paymaster who is suspected by the crew of grafting and not giving them their full allowance.

Bread is called "punk;" sugar is known as "sand;" salt is "sea dust;" butter is "axle grease;" coffee is always "Java;" milk is "lachie" (Spanish); eggs are "gas bombs;" tapoca is "snake eyes;" chicken croquettes are "fowl balls;" salmon is "submarine shark;" chicken is "sea gull."

The engineer's division is always the "black gang."

Peddlers selling wares to crews are "bumboats." A "beach comber" is a tramp or bum who hangs around saloons and begs sailors' money for drinks. He "combs" the "beach" for Jack.

The man who is a "tattle tale" is known as a "backbiter" or "stool pigeon" or "white mouse."

A "boot" is a man who is wooden in the performance of duties and who is uncouth in his habits.

Blacksmiths are "blackies."

"Big" and "Small Tickets."

A "big ticket" is an honorable discharge. A "small ticket" is a bad conduct discharge.

"Blowing off at high pressure" is

to be very talkative.

Just as New York has its "lounge lizards" so does the Navy have its "bunk lizards"—men who are always in bunk or hammock.

"Cum shaw"—the Chinese way of saying "Come ashore." It also means to get or take a bribe or graft from a shipmate.

"Canned Willie" is canned beef. The carpenter or the carpenter's mate is known as "Chips."

"Caught a crab"—used when a new man's oar gets caught.

C. P. O.—Abbreviation for Chief Petty Officer.

The hammock is universally known among naval men as the "dream sack."

When a man is scheduled to come before the Captain to explain a certain matter he is "down for the shoot" or "up for a shot."

A bonus is a "foggy."

"It's a gadget." If a gob can't recall the name of a thing he calls it a "gadget" and lets it go at that.

The old saying among seamen was "By the Great Horn Spoon." Nowadays the exclamation is, "By the Lord Harry!"

When a man is "gowed up" he has had a bit too much liquor.

"Harbor Gaskets."

Men who wear high collars and white neckwear are referred to as having "harbor gaskets." Officers and chief petty officers are the only ones wearing "harbor gaskets."

"Jacob's ladder" is a handy rope ladder that can be thrown over the side to man lifeboats or to take aboard passengers.

If a thing is good, the gob says it is "jake" with him. Often he says "I have had a jake time."

To the navy man the Englishman is a "lime juicer," because British sailors drink that as a beverage.

Shortly after we entered the war each man received an identification tag. It is known as the Mermaid Visiting Card.

Coins are called "iron men," shekels, "washers," "clackers," "jack," "cart wheels," "simoleons," "kopex," "mazuma," "palm grease," "evil metal," "oro," "jingles," "liberty bait," "gilt," "sou," "armor plate," "holy stones" and "joy berries."

The man who thinks of nothing but his stomach and who is generally complaining about the "chow" is known as a "meat hound."

The navy too has its minute man. He is the gob who reaches the ship just at the moment his period of liberty expires.

Sometimes the sailor will say, "I have oodles of the stuff," or "I had many liberty," or "I have many tobacco."

"Poggy bait" is the pet name for candy or sweets.

The man who has a sarcastic vein or is a "sorehead" is said to "shake a mean lip."

If a stew is covered with a crust it is said to be in heavy marching order and afraid to show its "fizzogg" face.

The man who tells you, "I feel jake, just had two hours, shut-eye exercise," means "I feel fine, just had two hours' sleep."

AMERICAN SLANG IN ENGLAND.

Lady Astor's introduction of American slang phrases and cleverly-coined "come-backs" into her election campaign has sounded a novel electioneering note.—Associated Press Despatch.

Professor James F. Hosic, head of the English department of the Chicago Teachers' College, says he believes slang is necessary to the development of the language. The place that slang holds in philology is quite clear. From an artificial jargon and "the language of cant" it later became "a conscious offence against some conventional standard of propriety—a deliberate substitute for a word of the vernacular." It was not better but different. Unless the need for it was supplied by some other the slang word found its way into the standard of speech or became peculiar to some set. In either case it was the result of supplying a need—a case of philological supply and demand.

Slang is supposed to be more common in the United States than in England. Some of our newspaper stories, particularly those appertaining to

sports, are as unintelligible to the average Englishman as to many Americans. The prevalence of slang in the United States is largely due to the superior imagination and precocity of young America. Yet nowhere is there seen more slang and illuminating flashes of suggestive malapropism than in Dickens.

Lady Astor is none the less a lady because she employs slang in her campaign. She merely emphasizes her points and puts "pep" into her canvass. Englishmen may criticise her, but they enjoy her none the less.

ORIGIN OF "CRATER."

Word Used in Trenches Comes
From Name of Greek Mixing Bowl.

(From the London Chronicle.)

The word "crater," from the hole made by a mine and afterward fought for, has thoroughly established itself in the language of the trenches. It is highly obvious and inevitable borrowing from the volcano.

But the volcano itself took the word from the original "crater"—the mixing bowl (from the verb meaning to mix), in which the Greeks, from the earliest known times, mingled water with the wine that they seldom cared or dared to drink neat.

These craters, which stood in conspicuous positions in the hall, were often of huge size, and the resemblance to them of the volcano's orifice struck all ancient observers, who used the word "crater" in the modern volcanic sense.

College "Slang"

A VERY interesting group of slang words has sprung from the literal translation sometimes used in preparing a lesson. This is usually known as a "trot" (although it may be a "pony," "horse," "animal," "bicycle," or "wheel"); to use it is to "ride," while one who uses it regularly is a "jockey;" a shelf of such books is a "stable;" and a gathering of students to use them together is a "race course."

A few studies are known as follows: Biology, "bugs;" physics, "pills;" psychology, "psyche;" trigonometry, "trig."

An unsociable student is a "crab;" a female student "hen" or "quail," and a dormitory for women "hen roost" or "hen coop." "Calic" or "calico," is the generic term for the female sex, a "calic course" being a course attended by women and to "take calic" is to escort a lady to some function. A "cottage course" is when a couple leaves college before graduation to marry.

To study hard is to "grind," "dig," "bone," "hump," "plug," or "poll;" a "ten strike" is a perfect recitation,

WAR HAS UPSET THE DICTIONARY

"Dugout" Among the Words
Which Will Convey New Mean-
ing Hereafter.

"It is certainly a fact that the war has necessitated a wholesale revision of the English dictionary," writes Lieutenant R. S. M. Sturgis, author of "On the Remainder of Our Front," according to the Christian Science Monitor. "A host of new words have made their appearance, and a number of old words have assumed wholly different meanings, so as to be almost unrecognizable in their new contexts."

"My pre-war dictionary, for instance, maintains a dignified silence with regard to the word 'dugout,' though I believe the word did exist before the war, and referred to a certain primitive kind of canoe fashioned from the bark or trunk of a tree. To-day the word 'dugout' is in everybody's mouth, whether it is used to describe a retired soldier who has rejoined 'for the duration,' or a primitive dwelling built in the bowels of the earth. It is with the latter variety of dugout that I am concerned here."

"In this connection the term is applied indiscriminately to any form of shelter, from a sheet of corrugated iron and a few sandbags to a huge vault fifty feet or more below the level of the ground. The former type of shelter is best adapted to the requirements of a front line trench, where deep dugouts are liable to be veritable death traps. These shelters

are easily constructed; a portion of the wall of the trench is dug out and roofed over with a few beams, corrugated iron, sandbags, and perhaps some turf. They afford protection from splinters, though a direct hit from a shell will wipe them out of existence. Nevertheless, cover of any kind, however illusory, is a great source of consolation in an artillery bombardment.

"But though the front line shelter may not protect its occupants from shells it can protect them from the weather. After two hours' sentry-go on a rainy winter's night the shelter, lit up by the bright flame of a candle, its open side protected by a waterproof sheet, offers warm and cheerful hospitality. In a shelter such as this I once lived for several days, in company with a friend and a store of bombs. The bomb boxes made a convenient bed, softened by a mattress of empty sandbags spread thickly upon the top."

"On another occasion I shared with four other men a tiny burrow about six feet below the ground. It cannot have been more than four feet wide by four feet high, and the available space was further limited by a large tree trunk which supported the roof. The adjustment of our respective persons before settling down to sleep at night was a lengthy process, involving a certain amount of argument. Once fixed all movement was a physical impossibility till morning, when we extricated ourselves one by one, starting with the man nearest to the entrance. On this occasion the 'coziness' was a little exaggerated, and I was reminded of one of Bairnsfather's drawings depicting a soldier sitting in a very cramped dugout and answering a question as to what sort of a night he had had with the words, 'Oh, not bad, but I had to get outside now and then to rest a bit.'"

"Behind the front line, dugouts become deeper and more spacious. They are approached by an imposing, if somewhat steep and narrow flight of steps. A dugout of average size will accommodate about 20 men lying at full length, if their limbs are carefully disposed. There are two entrances, each with its separate flight of steps—a necessary precaution which provides an alternative exit, should one staircase be blown in. The roof is supported by means of a stout wooden framework resting on pillars. The frames for the internal structure of dugouts are manufactured by the engineers behind the line, and are carried up in pieces by working parties and put together on the spot. The depth of such dugouts may vary between 15 and 50 feet, the deeper kinds being able to withstand a direct hit from a shell of any known caliber. It is usual to make a turn or angle in the stairways, so that the explosion of a shell bursting at the door in the trench above may not have direct effect in the dugout. The doors are also provided with gas curtains which can be dropped into place at a moment's notice, thus keeping the air inside the dugout uncontaminated in the case of a gas attack."

"Certain dugouts in the trenches are reserved for particular purposes; one is consigned as a dressing station; company headquarters is installed in another; there are officers' dugouts, stretcher bearers' dugouts, and machine gunners' dugouts; all these in addition to the dugouts for the ordinary rank and file."

"Most people have heard of the magnificent subterranean palaces in which German officers beguile the tedium of trench warfare with the aid of electric light, wood paneling, pictures, carpets and pianos looted from neighboring houses. It is doubtful whether their appreciation of these luxuries is altogether shared by the unfortunate working parties whose energies are expended on their construction. But the expenditure of time and labor on these elaborate underground dwellings is evidence of the intention of their constructors to make a protracted stay; it involves a surrender to the principles of position warfare—and that is a surrender which the British Army has never made."

"Shove Off," New Term Adopted by U. S. Marines

Washington, Nov. 27.—Among the idiomatic terms adopted by United States Marines everywhere, the expression "shove off" is used more frequently than any other. In the sea-soldier lingo if a marine goes home on furlough, leaves his camp or garrison, or goes anywhere, he "shoves off."

A story comes from France of a marine who had been acting as orderly for a lieutenant. The officer sent him on an errand and when he returned the lieutenant was nowhere about. A poilu, who happened to be loitering in the vicinity, was questioned by the marine.

"Have you seen the lieutenant?"

"Oui, monsieur, oui," replied the poilu, proud of his newly acquired Marine Corps English, "he have—what you call—pushed over."

"SHOVE OFF" PUZZLES POILU. Describes Marine on Furlough as "Pushed Over."

WASHINGTON, Nov. 27.—Among the idiomatic terms adopted by United States Marines everywhere the expression "shove off" is used more frequently than any other. In the sea soldier lingo if a marine goes home on furlough, leaves his camp or garrison, or goes anywhere, he "shoves off."

A story comes from France of a marine who had been acting as orderly for a lieutenant. The officer sent him on an errand, and when he returned the lieutenant was nowhere about. A poilu, who happened to be loitering in the vicinity, was questioned by the marine:

"Have you seen the lieutenant?"

"Oui, monsieur, oui," replied the poilu, proud of his newly acquired Marine Corps English, "he have—what you call—pushed over."

"A Few Things I Have Learned Since Being in the Navy" By a Petty Officer

"**C**HOW" means food, not a Chinese cook.

"**Bunk**" is a place to sleep, not an exaggerated bit of information.

"**Pipe-down**" is a gentle hint to keep still, especially so if it is night-time.

"**Ki-yi**" is not the yelp or name of a pet dog, but, rather, a scrubbing brush.

"**Hash-marks**" have nothing to do with boarding house hash, but rather to the small, narrow stripes on the lower portion of an enlisted man's sleeve, which signify the number of years he has been in service.

"**A Striper**" has reference to a commissioned officer.

"**The Black Gang**" has reference to the firemen of the ship.

"**The Ad's Wagon**" is the name of the Admiral's motor barge.

"**Fall In**" is a command to get in line formation ready for inspection, not a command to fall into the river.

"**The Rudder**" is not kept in the chart house with the rest of the delicate instruments, but rather abaft the ship, and then some.

"**Lights Out**" means that all lights aboard ship must be turned out. When I first heard it I thought it was a joke and immediately put it into the following sentence: "Jimmie Jones lights out for home at 5 o'clock, &c."

OFFICERS DO KITCHEN WORK.

Chase Out Privates So as to Be
With Salvation Lassies.

WITH THE AMERICAN ARMY IN FRANCE, June 20 (by mail).—When you get "K. P." in the army you're usually sore. "K. P." means "kitchen police," and nobody likes the job. It's a penalty except in one place.

There "K. P." is an honor, and even officers vie for it.

In a certain Salvation Army hut "K. P." means you can go out in the kitchen and help the lassies clean and cook. The girls first invited privates to do the work. The officers are decided otherwise. They always send the privates on detail elsewhere, and invariably there are commissioned "P.s." in this kitchen.

United States Army Slang.

IN the army the commanding officer is known as the "C. O."; the officer of the day as the "O. D."; junior officer of a post or regiment, "goat"; a new Second Lieutenant, "shavetail"; commissary officer, "bean shooter"; commissary Sergeant, "beans"; Provost Sergeant, "hobo"; doctor, "sawbones"; chaplain, "Holy Joe"; bugler or musician, "windjammer"; company barber, "butcher"; infantryman, "dough-boy"; cavalryman, "bow legs"; field artillerymen, "wagon soldiers"; teamsters, "mule skinner."

A "rooky" is a man who has not been in the ranks long enough to be considered a regular soldier; a "dog

robber" is a soldier who works for an officer; an "old file" is an old soldier, and a "coffee cooler" is one who tries to get an easy detail.

Meals are "chow"; hard bread is "hardtack"; any sweet edible, "duff"; stew, "slum"; bacon, "sowbelly"; canned beef, "canned horse"; salmon, "goldfish," and coffee is "black-strap."

The guard house is the "mill;" a

march is a "hike;" awkward or ignorant, "goaty;" to admonish, "crawl;" to complain, "bellyache;" dishonorable discharge, "bob-tail." To get things on the "jaw bone" is to buy on credit. To "take on another blanket" is to re-enlist, because of the fact that the Government advance provides a blanket.

To "pull the list" is to get a sick list without being sick.

West Point Slang.

THE cadets at the Academy, besides having much of the general college slang, have many interesting expressions of their own. A cadet for a few weeks after his arrival is "beast" or "animal." If he happens to be impertinent or puts on airs he is a "rabid beast" or "fast animal," or "B. J." (bold before June) is applied to him. A fourth class man is "plebe;" third class man, "yearling;" while one who enters in July is "Juliet;" a cadet in the ranks, without chevrons, "buck;" a cadet officer, "quill;" cadet officer deprived of chevrons, "B. A." (busted aristocrat); to deprive an officer of chevrons, "bump;" musicians of the Life and Drum Corps, "hell cats;" frequenters of the Y. M. C. A., "hell dodgers;" the full dress hat worn by the cadets, "tarbucket;"

the coat of arms of the Academy worn upon the cap, "fried egg."

Ordnance and gunnery becomes "ignorance and gummetry;" to make a perfect recitation is to "max it;" to fail or make a poor recitation is to "fess," while to stand at the blackboard so as to keep from reciting until the bugle blows is to "bugle it."

"Muck" is muscle or strength; "brace," efforts of plebes to look excessively military; "soiree," an unpleasant task or duty; "walrus," one who cannot swim; "to hive," to catch in some breach of discipline; "to skin," to report some offense; "P. C. S." (previous condition of servitude), occupation before entering the Academy. A punishment for cadets consisting of walking the area is known as a "tour," while a cadet frequently receiving this punishment is an "A. B." (Area Br.). Memorial Day is "Poocho Day" because it invariably rains and necessitates the use of the poncho.

Yankee Slang Charms British

English Nurse Marvels at Figures Like 'Tin Fish,' 'Eats,' 'Work Like Helen B. Happy' and 'Big Drink.'

American army slang is getting to be an old story here, but it still has the charm of novelty in England. A British nurse writes concerning the delights of "Sammy's" conversation to the *London Daily Mail*:

"Sammy is in my ward and I like him. His face he describes as 'one of the sort that only a mother could love,' but somehow, lantern jawed and high cheeked as it is, it appeals to me. 'He came over 'the big drink' some months ago. He had a pleasant voyage, saw no 'tin fish,' and had plenty to eat—six meals a day, three up and three down.' On arrival at the port they got into 'the dinkiest little train ever.' Before it started the captain asked for a key to wind it up with. Sammy says that personally he intends to take one home as a charm to hang on his watch chain."

'Eats' Not Overgood!

"They went into camp where they spent their time 'hiking' about the countryside. The 'eats' here were not overgood. They were given tea 'which tasted like the last water Noah kept afloat in,' and fish 'that was never caught but must have given itself up.' However, they made their motto, 'Work like Helen B. Happy,' and stuck it out bravely. The one thing that really 'got their goat' was having to sleep on terra firma. That, Sammy says, is Latin for 'terribly hard.'"

"Ultimately he and his companions crossed to the front. The country

pleased Sammy, but he found the language difficult and the French people slow of comprehension. On one occasion he wanted a pair of duck shoes, so he went into a bootmaker's and quacked—but he couldn't get the old dame 'wise' to it."

"For the fight that put him out of action Sammy says his Lieutenant was responsible. 'He was sure tired of his position and crazy on becoming a Captain or an angel.' Sammy was ready enough to help, but a Boche shell intervened and insisted on sending in his name with an application 'for immediate transfer to the Flying Corps.'"

"Hence his presence in hospital."

Lively Things Ahead.

"It is my duty to give Sammy his letters, and to-day as he read a voluminous epistle his face brightened to such an extent that I was forced to inquire what good tidings had arrived. He hesitated, then grinned. 'I don't mind telling you, nurse,' he said. 'It's my wife writing, and from what she says I calculate when I get home there'll be something besides a fence running around my little place in Seattle.'"

"Sammy goes to-morrow and I shall miss him badly. He himself is all anxiety for an early return to a front

where he anticipates a real good time for the Yanks and a correspondingly bad one for Jerry. The latter is assuredly up against the 'straight goods' at last. Anyway, whatever happens to the English, for the U. S. A. forces it's going to be 'heaven, hell or Hoboken by Christmas.'"

"Sammy says so."

OUR SLANG IS POPULAR WITH LONDON FOLKS

He Who Does Not Understand It Is Put Down As a Back Number.

SPOKEN ON STAGE AND BY SMART SET

By WINIFRED BLACK.

Universal Service Special Correspondent. London, Feb. 23.—American slang is the language of the hour in London today.

In the street, on the stage, at the smart tea, nothing else is spoken.

The night we arrived in London and hunted hither and yon for any kind of lodging, I stood with two eminently proper ladies who would not any more think of using slang than they would think of chewing tobacco, and heard with my astonished ears a proper English hotel manager reply to a dignified, if somewhat timorous, request from a night lodger with the cryptic phrase:

"Nothing doing."

Everything is a "stunt" in London, or a "jambo," and woe be to you if you look puzzled. That means that you are a back number and re not in it at all.

Copenhagen, Feb. 23.—One-time German spies—formerly plethoric with money, now out of a job and out at elbows—have been thrown upon life's rocks by war's chance, according to Shaw Desmond, the London Daily Express correspondent here, who has had opportunity to observe the goings and comings of many of Germany's men and women secret agents. He said:

"Those ladies and gentlemen, fortune who through four long years have haunted the Whispering Gallery of Europe, living upon the whispers of others, have now made acquaintance with fortune's first cousin—misfortune. Like their species in Europe's other capitals, they have been left by the backwash of war. They are out of a job."

"There was the robustious and bediamonded lady who flouted her decollete at Wivels or Nimbs in the summer evenings. There was the diplomatic gentleman who, solitary, without any visible means of support, always occupied a table on the d'Angleterre terrace, whose dinners were of the choicest, his taste in wines superlative—but who had the curious habit despite his concentration upon the orchestra, of shooting his cuffs and making notes thereon with a tiny turquoise-studded pencil. And there was the honest-freckled Fraulein, who once applied to my friend, the professor, for the place of private secretary, assuring him, rather unnecessarily, of her entire innocence of secret service."

"There was the dark-eyed, toucan-nosed Irish-American—at least she told a friend of mine she was Irish-American—who professed an extraordinary interest in Ireland, who seemed to have unlimited resources, tripping backwards and forwards from Copenhagen to the provinces, but who never seemed to do anything for a living. And there was that interestingly tuberculous girl of transparent complexion and manner, who sat about in the Palaads Hotel, and that dark, richly-apparelled dame whom I once discovered, while I was in conversation with an American diplomat in an attitude not provided for in the book of etiquette known as "How to Be a Lady," leaning down from the terrace above our heads to listen to nothing that mattered."

"Where are they today?"

"Some have folded their tents like the Arabs and stolen silently into the darkness of outer Europe, but some are still here, but under other conditions. Pity the poor spy!"

The bediamonded lady, stripped of her bedackments by 'uncle,' now eats her dinners, when she can get them, in a cellar restaurant; while my favorite waiter, Hans, tells me behind a confidential hand that the diplomatic gent, his money running low, is nightly beaten by the once gorgeous female who passes as his wife."

"The lady of the toucan nose I saw the other evening in a train having an excited argument with two seedy individuals in the German language, and that night after I could almost swear that the bedraggled blonde in the heavy masculine boots who sloughed, round-shouldered, along a Danish December pavement was the little comely Fraulein of my friend the professor."

One and all these ex-spies would welcome an easy way to more easy

money. But they may go blind looking for it.

London is like nothing in the world today, but a cup of tea poured by a careless maid, spilling all over the table and really more than a little tepid.

CROWDS, CROWDS, CROWDS.

Crowds, crowds, crowds. Anzacs, tall and good and human. Canadians, lean and muscly. Clear-eyed English officers with a knee and elbow action that would draw favorable attention at any racing paddock in Kentucky or California. Beautiful English girls, rosy and curly haired. French officers, smart and straight and all alive. And everywhere and all the time Americans and—Americans.

American doughboys, grinning good humoredly through the crowd or stopping entranced to hear a couple of London taxi drivers calling each other "Old Dear" and "Pretty Pet." American officers with something unmistakably Indianesque about their dry reserve and cold-eyed tolerance, Y. M. C. A. girls in green capes and blue caps, some of them the very flower of America and some of them not exactly that either—a bit overflaxen and rosy-cheeked, one or two of them, it seemed to me. Red Cross men and women, Red Cross centers, Y. M. C. A. huts. People who hail from Iowa and Petaluma, California. All these appear to have moved London and not to be particularly in love with the climate.

TOES STILL COLD.

"I've got on three pairs of stockings," whispered a pretty little Y. M. C. A. girl from Covington, Kentucky, "And at that my toes are frozen."

"If I could just have a cup of coffee and a couple of hot biscuits," said a Red Cross worker from Shreveport, Louisiana, "I would not feel so kind of gone."

TOWN NEEDS JAZZ.

The general consensus of opinion seems to be that London is a good deal of a town, but where is Main street, and why does not somebody

have a band concert in the park or something to jazz things up a little?

Westminster Abbey, the Tower, the Bird Cage Walk, Rotten Row, all these things Keokuk and Peoria must see and see in laughing good-humored irreverence.

The Verger at the Abbey does not approve of the influx of Americans.

He says "It is disturbing to the mind," and the Y. M. C. A.'s does not approve of the Verger.

"A MEAN OLD THING."

They say that he is a mean old thing because he will not keep the doors of the Abbey open a single minute beyond the usual hour not matter how far they come or how perfectly crazy they are to see the tomb of Henry, the Eighth and all the rest.

Yes, on the surface of things London is almost as American as Springfield, Mass., and a good deal more American than New York.

In ordinary times London would be mildly tolerant of this alien influx, but just now London is very, very tired and very, very sad and has not quite enough to eat and is never really quite warm and is beginning to feel the reaction of four years' nervous strain, and I really think that London would be quite pleased if the President of the United States would get a fleet of troopships and send all his countymen, yes, and all his country-women too, no matter how pretty and engaging, back to America.

Which is perhaps not just exactly what we enthusiasts like to think, but after all the plain truth is sometimes rather interesting isn't it?

U. S. Soldiers Avid for Slang Show Little Aptitude in France

Their Only Picturesque New Word Is "Clacker" for 10 Centime Piece—Man Who Kicked a Sultan Would Like to Meet Kaiser

By Heywood Broun

(Accredited to the Pershing Army in France for The New York Tribune and Syndicate)
[Copyright, 1917, by The Tribune Association]

AMERICAN EXPEDITIONARY ARMY, Oct. 12.—American slang has yet to begin its drive in France. The expedition into Mexico brought back much new and fresh expression among the soldiers, but so far France has been barren ground. Curiously enough the English, who have never before displayed the same aptitude for slang as our countrymen, have scores of war-time phrases and a dictionary of more than a hundred pages has been printed to make French trench talk intelligible to the public.

The word "clacker" for the big ten-centime copper piece is the only new slang phrase I have noticed in our army. I am not even certain of the freshness of that. Of course the obvious point for the slang invasion to begin is at the name of the army and here the whole drive has been held up. "Sammy" was the obstacle. The name was sound enough in theory, but the soldiers simply would not take to it. There was no spontaneity about the name. Somebody manufactured it, and the combined press of the United States, France and England failed to put it over.

"Doughboy" survives, but unfortunately a doughboy is an infantryman alone. Persuasion may be needed to induce engineers, cavalymen or artillerymen to accept it for themselves. Indeed, tradition would have to bend if it did, for the term "doughboy" implies a walking man. The name arose, so they say, in some campaign or manœuvre during a wet spell on the Texas border. Artillerymen jolting along out of the wet noticed that the boots of their infantry comrades were heavy with sticky white mud, and some wag wanted to know if they had been walking in dough, and from that day to this the men who march have been "doughboys" to themselves and all the army.

Ours is still the least colorful army in Europe. The doughboy lacks the voluble articulate quality of the poilu, and he hasn't the picturesque and humorous reticence of the Britisher, nor yet the amusing swagger of the Canadian or the Australian. Our army has no song and no fighting slogan. A catchword like the French Verdun motto, "On ne passe pas!" ("No thoroughfare"), or the thrilling "On les aura!" ("We'll get 'em yet") is worth a brigade or two. "Can the Kaiser," which I see in the papers from back home, has not yet come to France, but we will have it and other slogans, too, which bite and burn. "On les aura!" as you might say.

There is a scattering of picturesque tradition in our army, and most of it comes from service in the Philippines. One recently created second lieutenant who came up from the ranks boasts that he is the only man in the United States army, or perhaps any army, for that matter, who ever kicked a Sultan. Some place or other in the wilds of a Philippine jungle our hero, who was then a sergeant, came upon some natives, who surrendered to him and his small command. The prisoners were promptly set to work at carrying the supplies of the party. One native, larger than the rest, refused with great dignity to shoulder a pack, explaining proudly, "I am a Sultan."

Remonstrance proved unavailing with royalty, and then a boot swung once, twice and again, and the Sultan took up his burden. The man who dared say that he wishes he could finish up his record some time or other by kicking a kaiser.

Another soldier in our army figured in a more tragic incident in the far-off islands of the Pacific. He was a sergeant of a company stationed in a village where the natives seemed peaceable. The soldiers were deceived by the apparently friendly attitude of the brown men, and grew careless about sentries and suchlike. And one day the natives came upon the soldiers in their mess. There was not a gun or a pistol among the force attacked and the Moros cut them down with their

big swords, while the Americans made what resistance they could with table knives and forks and fists. Only three men escaped from the room. One was the sergeant, who found a baseball bat in the corner, and beat a way to freedom for himself and two companions, with the aid of this club. He is now a first lieutenant, but even the Great War will hardly offer him greater adventure.

The mingling of reserve and regular army officers is one source of humorous badinage. A regular army officer who was still a captain after seven years of service was examining a list of young men who had been created majors at the training camps in America. He shook his head, and then said, with a twinkle, "You know I believe there ought to be a law that no reserve officer shall command a battalion without the consent of his parents or guardian."

Another captain had a couple of young second lieutenants, and he felt that one of them seemed to attach just a bit too much importance to his rank, and so he told a story.

"A young officer was graduated from West Point and took a great and natural pride in the fact that he was a second lieutenant. Five years elapsed and he saw hard, tedious service in many parts of the country. He was still a second lieutenant, and one day he took part in a big review. He was standing stiffly at attention when a small dog ran across the field and began to chew at his leg. The officer had learned his lesson of discipline well and he never twitched or failed to look straight ahead of him, but he did say, in a very low voice, 'Go 'way, dog.' After a time he added, 'Go 'way, dog,' but the puppy paid no attention and the young officer lost his nerve and leaned down toward the dog, and said, 'How did you know I was a second lieutenant?'"

Some of the soldiers are picking up the tuneless ditties of the French army. One of the best of these is "Madelon," which tells about a girl in a café who is daughter to the regiment and proudly refuses a proposal of marriage from the colonel himself because her love is the entire command. An engineer officer knew "Madelon" and was glad of it. "I was sitting in a French theatre," he said, "and the band began to play 'Madelon.' I joined in the chorus, and you know how impulsive the French people are. Well, there was a young girl, and an awfully pretty one, too, sitting next me, and as soon as I began to sing 'Madelon' she threw her arms around my neck and kissed me."

"And now," he added, "every man in the regiment is after me to teach him the song."

The English soldier usually seizes upon some song like "Tipperary," or "Hold Your Hand Out, Naughty Boy" or other ditty which is only remotely connected with the war, but the French songster draws his inspiration from the conflict itself. One of the most dramatic of these is a ballad about a little zouave who is taken prisoner by the Germans. He is, if I remember the French, a "petit zuzu." At any rate, the Germans make him march in front of them as they advance on the French trenches in an attack and the little zuzu shouts to his comrades not to withhold their fire, but to shoot at him because the Boche are just behind.

There is another effective one about a young French aviator who is killed, and his sweetheart, who is crazed by the news of his death, stands every day in her garden waiting for her lover to return. She stands there weeping, but whenever she sees a bird she begins to laugh, for she thinks it is her lover flying back from the German lines.

THE ORIGIN OF "DOUGHBOY."

To the Editor of The World:

There are many phrases now fast growing into common use the meaning and origin of which are by no means generally known. One of these phrases is "Gone west," a phrase applied by British soldiers to those of their comrades who have died. Just how the phrase originated, whether in the Arthurian legend of the Isle of Avalon, to which King Arthur went to "heal him of his grievous wound," or in some other way, English writers are not agreed.

Another phrase, strictly American in its modern usage, is that of "doughboy" as applied to an American soldier. An American infantry soldier recently explained the origin of the term to the correspondent in Paris of the London Times after this fashion:

In the Civil War a great number of Federal troops were waiting for uniforms, which were made but lacked buttons. So great was the hurry that eventually the men went round the houses in the town and collected buttons off the women's clothing. These were for the most part large buttons from overcoats. Naturally the infantry looked funny with their uniforms fastened by great overcoat buttons. These resembled hard tack (large, round, dry biscuits made of dough) and hence sprang the word "doughboy," which has been kept in the United States Army as a slang phrase for an infantry soldier.

Soldiers ought to be good authority for their own traditions and slang, and possibly this American soldier in Paris tells the accepted origin of the phrase as it goes among soldiers. Yet authorities differ. In "An American Glossary," by Richard H. Thornton of the Philadelphia bar, "doughboy" is defined as "primarily a dough-cake baked for sailors;" then a brass button of similar shape worn by the infantry; lastly a foot soldier. He also cites a letter of Gen. Custer of March 28, 1867, in which he wrote, "Wasn't I glad I was not a doughboy!" on which Mrs. Custer adds in a note: "A doughboy is a small, round doughnut served to sailors on shipboard."

American Slang Translated

British papers find it necessary to translate for their readers the word "can" in the American slogan, "Can the Kaiser!" To the British ear it doesn't make sense, or sounds like an unfinished question. So the papers laboriously explain that the verb "to can" is used "in the sense of hermetically sealing the Kaiser, to prevent his further activity."

WARTIME LEXICON

"The Lingo of No Man's Land."

Jack Johnson—The German 42-centimeter or 16-inch howitzer high explosive shell, which liberates a cloud of dense black smoke when it explodes.

Coal Box—Another German shell similar to the Jack Johnson, also giving off dense black smoke on explosion, which rises from the ground very slowly. Also known as 5.9 shell.

Hissing Jennie—A 4.1 high velocity German shell fired from a field gun. It may contain either shrapnel, high explosive, poisonous gas or "crying gas." It has a velocity of about 2,400 feet per second and makes a hissing sound as it goes, whence its name. It is used chiefly to smash troops, its velocity making it especially deadly.

Pip Squeak—The British shell corresponding to the German's "Hissing Jennie." It is smaller than the German shell and makes a different sound like its name followed by a swish-kr-rump. It is usual to reply to a bombardment with shells in kind, so that duels of the front are sometimes staged between Hissing Jennies and Pip Squeaks. The velocity of the English shell is about 2,200 feet per second.

Visibility—The condition of the atmosphere, by which the terrain and the enemy positions are easily seen or not. The heavy gun-fire and the low undrained ground cause mists, smoke and other atmospheric conditions affecting observations either from observation posts or by aeroplane scouts, so that visibility or the condition of the atmosphere is a very important factor. A foggy day—low visibility—while unfavorable to observation, is favorable to a surprise attack.

Strafing—From the German "hate," used to refer to heavy bombardment by the Germans. Thus, a rain of shells from the enemy is spoken of as "Fritz is strafing."

Flying Pig—A name for one of the heaviest trench mortar torpedoes. It is about five feet long, weighs 298 pounds and is shaped like a pig. It carries a light in the tail, which goes out as soon as the shell begins to descend. This is the signal for soldiers watching where it is to land, to get out of the way. This same

shell is variously known among the soldiers as Rum Jar, Sausage and Minnie.

Fish Tail—A German trench mortar shell eight inches long, corrugated, with a hollow stem which slips over the gun when fired. It carries fish-tail shaped wings, whence its name. Also sometimes called Pineapple.

French Beer—Two per cent. beer, which the soldiers consider about as "thrilling as the kiss of a man's sister."

Dejeuner—Word taken over from the French, meaning to the soldier, "Breakfast Up."

Black Marias—Are 300-pound howitzer shells, which liberate a large cloud of stinging black smoke when they explode.

Weeping Pill—Another name for tear shell or the shells containing irritating gas that causes temporary blindness of soldiers affected by it.

Pea Shooter—The artillery man's name for his gun.

Woodpecker—A machine gun sniping is called woodpecker. For instance, a machine gun may be trained on a certain point which all messengers, troops, etc., must pass in going up to the fire-trenches or leaving them—thus compelling them to pass through a veritable rain of lead.

Emma Gee—Machine gun. It's much simpler to say Emma Gee and much more descriptive of the soldier's feeling for his weapon than to always say machine gun.

Crimed—The soldier term for being called before the officer commanding for bad conduct.

Dixie—The term by which Tommies designated the black pot in which meals are cooked.

Clink—The old soldiers' term for military guard room.

Cootie—Body louse, which is one of the afflictions of trench life; also called variously "seam squirrel, trousers rabbit or shiny lizard," in reference to its elusiveness.

WARTIME LEXICON

"The Lingo of No Man's Land."

Sapper—Private in the engineering corps. From "Sap," meaning the opening of mine shaft or tunnel. Part of their work is digging the mines to blow up enemy fortifications.

Poilu—The French enlisted man.

Liason Officer—Officer who maintains communication between batteries or battalions during operations.

Company Runner—Official messenger for carrying orders and guide duty. Men chosen for this work must undergo a stiff training to give them physical endurance and speed, and they must also be thoroughly familiar with the country in which they are located, so that in any emergency they will know the lay of the land so well they can find their way under all circumstances.

Allemand—From the French word for German; applied to the Germans by British soldiers along with terms Hun and Boche.

Shell Shock—Concussion frequently leads to "shell-shock" from which the soldier does not recover for weeks and months. As a nervous disorder, it makes a man irritable and quarrelsome. The first effect and the most common is blood trickling from the ear, which is nearly always the prelude to ear trouble the remainder of one's days. There is shivering and shaking of the body, the eyes have a vague, expressionless stare and the whole body suffers from a mental and physical lethargy from which it is very difficult to arouse it. Music is often employed as a means of arousing interest in "shell-shock" patients.

O—C—Abbreviation for officer commanding battalion under the direct command of the Brigadier of the Division.

S—M—Sergeant major, the senior non-commissioned officer of a battalion who is the official spokesman between the adjutant and two non-commissioned officers, as the adjutant is between the sergeant major and the officer commanding.

Gone West—Is another expression for death; likewise, the slang "kicked-in." These terms, together with the phrase, "Pushing up the daisies" are the soldier's common reference terms for the fate that overtakes comrades and may momentarily overtake themselves.

Bay—The part of the trenches between the traverses. The distance may be long or short, according to conditions, but the longest bay is about twenty feet. On a wall, compared with a trench for instance, the bay would be the space between the buttresses or towers, manned by the defenders. The effectiveness of the high explosive trench-mortars is recognized from the statement that a direct hit by one of their shells will completely demolish an entire bay.

Ypres Express—A term common earlier in the war, referring to the big gun batteries, the rumble of which sounded like an approaching train.

Na—Poo—In the familiar parlance of the trench, "Na-poo" means "done for," that is killed. It is presumably a corruption of the French phrase "ne plus"—no more—and is used not only with reference to the death of a comrade, but with the general meaning "it is finished."

Boche—The familiar epithet of the Allied soldiers for the German. Its derivation is somewhat uncertain, but probably it comes from the French word, Bocher or Bochier, meaning butcher; with the common meaning, "Inhuman monster."

A Dictionary of Trench Slang

If Dr. Johnson and Noah Webster were to see a war dictionary they would be surprised. War is somewhat of a word-maker itself; and has sprinkled enough strange language through the world's conversation to make both those bright lights of learning lay down between A and Z and give up the alphabet.

Herewith is a list of new trench language words. Most of them came from the French originally, but what has been done to them by the British Tommy along the way is a sin.

A

Abri—A shelter.
Ace of the Air—A flying man who has brought down five enemy machines.
Ak Emma—Afternoon.
Ambulance—A field hospital.
Anzacs—Troops from Australia and New Zealand.
Arbi—An Algerian soldier.
Archies—Anti-aircraft guns.

B

Bantam—A soldier under 5 feet 5.
Barrage—A curtain of shell-fire, of which there are variations such as **Box Barrage**, **Jumping Barrage**, **Creeping Barrage**.
Biffin—French slang for Doughboy.
Big Willie—The Kaiser.

Billet—Soldiers' quarters.
Billet d'Hospital—A hospital card with a man's personal and trench history on it.
Black Maria—Big smoke screen shells.
Blesse—A wounded man.
Blighty—An Indian word meaning "home" or "England," corrupted to apply to anything that will take a soldier away from the front, such as a wound or furlough, i. e., "I've got my blighty."
Blinde—Bomb-proof shelter.
Blue Devils—Alpine Chasseurs.
Boardwalk—Brush and timber over mud.
Boche—A German soldier, corrupted from the French "caboché" meaning numskull, dunderpate, a stupid.
Body Snatchers—Snipers.
Bolsheviki—Russian revolutionary anarchists.
Boulet—French slang for a job or meal.
Bourgeois—Russian anti-commoners.
Brancardier—French for stretcher bearer.
Brush—A German bomb that looks like a hairbrush.
Bully—Canned beef.
Busted—Reduction of a non-commissioned officer to the ranks.
Busy Bertha—A 42-centimeter shell.

NOTE.—The remainder of this alphabetical list will be printed from day to day until complete.

C

Camarilla—A group of Russian reactionaries who were influential with the former Czar and Czarina.
Camel Brigade—British soldier's designation for the infantry on account of the appearance that the heavy pack gives the men.
Camion—A military truck.
Camouflage—Faking. A make-believe.
Carry On—To go ahead.
Cauliflower—A special shell with small wire wings fired from a trench cannon especially for breaking down barbed wire.
Cave Voute—Safety cellar for protection from airplane bombs.
C. C. S.—Casualty clearing station.
Clericals—A Russian political faction representing the Orthodox Greek Church. Were strong defenders of the Czar.
Coal Boxes—Shells from trench mortars.
Communique—An official report given out by the French Government.
Congregation of the Archangel St. Michael—A semi-religious reactionary Russian society formed in support of the Czar.
Consolidating a Position—The preparation of recently captured ground against a counter attack.

Constitutional Democrats—The most influential Liberal party in Russia.
Convoy—Naval escort for ships.
Cook's Tour—An official trip over a battle ground under the guidance of scouts for the benefit of officers and non-commissioned officers of a newly arrived army.
Counter Attack—An effort to recover a recently lost position.
Crater—Hole made by a high explosive shell.
Croix de Guerre—A French decoration for bravery.
Croix Rouge (French)—Red Cross.

D

D. C. M.—Distinguished Conduct Medal.
Digging In—Making a trench or other protection while under fire.
Ditty Box or Bag (Navy term)—Receptacle for holding odds and ends.
Dizzies—Sugar loaf mounds at points where communicating trenches widen.
Doing a Bit—Any service for the war.
Dolly Varden—British name for German hamlet.
Doloi! Doloi! (Russian)—"Down Down!" Corresponds to French "A bas!"
Doughboy—An infantryman.
Dud—Originally a spent shell. Now applied to any false alarm.
Drum Fire—Uninterrupted firing. Called by Germans Trommelfeuer.
D. S. O.—Distinguished Service Order.
Duffle Bag—A clothes bag.
Dugout—An underground shelter against shells or bombs.

E

Egg—A German bomb, so called from its resemblance to an ostrich egg.
Embusque—A slacker.
En Permission—On leave.
Escadrille—Unit of organization of the French firing corps.
Estaminet—A small French saloon or public house.
Etat Des Pertes—Casualty list.
Etre Attige—French slang, meaning to be wounded.
Evacuation Hospital—A type of field hospital just back of the lines.
Evening Hate—The methodical evening bombardment by the Germans.

F

Fags—Cigarettes.
Feldwebel or Wachmeister—German sergeant-major.
Fire Bucket—A sheet iron pail or brazier for heating a dugout.
Five-Point-Nine—A German gun that fires a 220-pound shell.
Fokker—A type of very fast German airplane.
Fourbi—French slang, meaning anything and everything, clothes, pack, the army or the war.
Francine—A Red Cross nurse.
Fritz—Tommy's name for a German soldier.
Funk Hole—A dugout proof against high explosive shells.

G

Gefreiter—A German high private.
Gnole—French slang for brandy.
Gone West—Killed.
Goulash Kitchen—A field kitchen.
Green Cross Shells—Gas shells.
Grouching—British soldiers' slang for grumbling. Corresponds to kicking.

H

Hand Grenade—A bomb thrown by hand.
Hauptmann—German Captain of infantry.
Heavies—Heavy artillery.
Holy Synod—The highest ecclesiastical authority in Russia, the governing body of the Orthodox Greek Church.
Huns—Germans.

I

Invalided—Sent home on account of wounds or sickness.
Iron Rations—Emergency rations; bully beef, hardtack, jam and tea.

J

Jack Johnson—British soldiers' name for the German seventeen-inch shells.
Jam Tins—Earliest British bomb. The Mills bomb is the present British standard.
Jus (Juice)—Coffee.
(More To-morrow.)

Dictionary of the Trench

K.

Kamerad—German for comrade. The German's "I surrender."

Kilo—A kilogramme, 2.20 pounds.

Kilometer—Measure of distance (3,280.8 feet). About five-eighths of a mile.

Kitchener's Army or Kitchener's Mob—England's first volunteer army for the present war.

L.

Laissez Pass—A military pass.

Landsturm—One of the units of the German Reserve Army.

Lee-Enfield—The rifle used by the British Army.

Leninites—An active radical faction of Russian Socialists, named from their leader, Nikolai Lenine.

Leutnant—A German Second Lieutenant.

Lewis Gun—An air-cooled machine gun invented by Col. I. N. Lewis of the United States Army.

Listening Post (French, *poste d'ecoute*)—A position beyond the first line trenches from which a detail of two or three soldiers listen at night for sounds of enemy activity.

Little Willie—German Crown Prince.
Louftingue—French slang for a fool, a "nut."

M.

Maccabees—Corpses. One gets used to living beside corpses, or Maccabees, as we call them.—Diary of a French officer.

M. B. K.—Missing, believed killed.

Mariotte—French slang for bluff.

Marmite—A kettle. Also a German shell, from its resemblance to the utensil.

Massed Formation—The close order in which Germans attack.

Maximalists—A radical or Anarchistic party in Russia less violent in its doctrines than the Leninites.

Medaille Militaire—Military medal, a French decoration.

Millimeter—A unit of measure, 0.0393 inch.

Minnie—A kind of shell fired by Minenwerfer.

Minenwerfer—A German trench mortar.

Moins Cinque—French slang, "just in time."

Mufti—Civilian clothes.

Muzhik or Mujik—Russian peasant. (More to-morrow.)

N

"Na Pooh"—"Nothing doing." Probably derived from the French "Il n'y a plus."

Napper—English soldier's slang for head.

N. C. O.—Non-commissioned officer.

Nine-Point-Two—A howitzer that fires a shell 9.2 inches in diameter.

No Man's Land—The shell-battered space between opposing trenches.

Nuage De Gaz—A gas cloud.

O

Oberleutnant—German first lieutenant.

Oberst—German colonel.

Observation Post—Point from which artillery officer observes the effect of his own gun fire.

O. C.—Officer commanding.

Octobrists—A Russian political party of conservative tendencies, which supported the imperial manifesto issued Oct. 30, 1905.

"On Les Aura! Les Boches!"—"We'll get them, the Boches!" A war cry of the French soldiers.

Over the Top—Out of the trenches in attack. A famous phrase of the West front.

Out There—An English expression meaning at the front. About the

same as the American "Over There."

Ox Cart—A slow going shell fired from a French Romailles.

P

Parados—The rear wall of a trench.
Parapet—The top part of the front trench.

Patrol—Detail of men sent out into No Man's Land at night to investigate conditions.

Peinard—French slang for a man without worry.

Periscope—An instrument by which rays from all sides of the horizon may be reflected down a tube. Used in guiding submarines and in peering over trenches.

Perlot—French slang, tobacco.

Permissionnaire—A man on leave.

Pill Boxes—German machine gun centres.

Pinard—Red Wine.

Plaque D'Identite—Identification tag.

Pip Emma—Afternoon.

Pipped—Slightly wounded.

Pip Squeak—A German shell that gets its name from the noise it makes.

Poilu—A French private soldier.

Poste De Secours—A dressing station. (More To-morrow.)

Dictionary of the Trench

U

Unterofficer—A German non-commissioned officer.

U Boat (Unterseeboote)—German type of submarine.

V

Vedette—French outpost.

Virage—A whirling pivot evolution of an airplane.

Veney Lights—A flare for illuminating enemy's position.

V. C.—Victoria Cross. Highest British decoration for bravery.

W

Wave—A line of troops in assault. The first line is called the first wave. The line which bombs out the positions crossed by the pre-

ceding lines is called the mopping up wave.

Whiz Bang—A particularly offensive form of shell, which bursts two or three times like a Chinese fire-cracker.

Wipers—British soldier's name for Ypres.

Y

Yellow Tag—Card indicating that patient is to be sent to a special hospital.

Z

Zemstvo—A Russian district assembly.

Zep—Zeppelins, a German dirigible balloon used in this war chiefly for the murder of non-combatants.

(THE END.)

The Romance of Words

By James C. Young

Copyright, 1919, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World).

How Everyday Expressions Had Their Origin

"HIS a brick!" is an admiring exclamation we sometimes hear. It has a most interesting history, traceable to the days of ancient Greek culture when Sparta was one of the principal cities of the race. A certain ambassador arrived at the court and remarked to the city's rulers upon the absence of a wall about its houses. This was an unknown thing in those times, when almost every hamlet boasted a wall to keep out its foes. One of the Spartan leaders turned from the ambassador and pointed to a phalanx of troops on the drill ground. "There is our wall," he said, "and every man a brick!"

Probably very few of us have an accurate understanding of the word bourgeois, which is heard so frequently nowadays. It is distinctly French, but recently has been adopted by the Russians and Hungarians to describe a class in those new republics which is the object of much hatred—the bourgeoisie. And it has become common in England and America, although we have not as yet seized upon it to define the well-to-do class of merchants, small manufacturers and others who rank between the rich and the poor.

Bourgeois derives from bourg, which is French for city, and originally

meant a dweller in a city. Our own word burgher corresponds to it. With the passage of time bourgeois came to mean tradesman or craftsman of the better sort, men of the upper middle class. It has had that significance in France for a long while, and came into world prominence when the Russians transplanted it to strange soil. They have given the term a sinister bent which may completely transform its character.

As bourgeois describes the upper middle class in the social calendar, so does proletariat define the man who works by the day with his hands. It is another of those vivid terms which have been engraved upon the public mind by recent world events. Scarcely a cart-tail speaker of to-day who does not juggle proletarian and bourgeois in the same breath.

Proletarian has a long story behind it. The word comes from proles, Latin for offspring, and was used to describe that class of the social body which had nothing to offer the state except its children. All through ancient history references may be found to the proletarian and the proletariat. The next class in the social scale was the plebeians, who would be the bourgeois of to-day. And the patricians were the lords of all.

Gradually, by process of usage, proletarian has been employed to mean any man who works with his hands, and who therefore may be said to have nothing for the support of the state except his own labor. This usage closely preserves the word's original meaning.

HARD FOR YANKEE TONGUES.

Like the British Tommies, our soldiers in France find the French names—especially when pronounced in the correct French manner—rather difficult to remember. A certain regiment of Alabamans, says Life, were given the name of the French town of Armandvilliers for a countersign one night.

A soldier approached one of the sentries along toward midnight and was promptly challenged.

"A friend with the countersign," he replied in proper form.

"Advance and give the countersign," directed the sentry.

The soldier stepped forward, began to scratch his head sheepishly, and at last said:

"Durned if I ain't forgot it!"

"So have I," said the sentry. "Pass, friend!"

What is camouflage? Though the word is found in Current Events and in every newspaper, it is not in the dictionary.

Ans.—Camouflage is a word taken from the "argot" or slang of the Parisian artists. It is nearly equivalent to "faking." Since the war began in Europe camouflage has been a general term used for that branch of the service which has to do with concealing things from the observation of the enemy's aviators and officers' telescopes. This is done with painted canvas, with false hedges and bushes, with smoke, and with many other devices for deceiving the enemy. In this country the word is coming to be applied to anything that purposely tends to obscure the real question or the real facts. When German newspapers, for example, absurdly accuse President Wilson of aiming at world-dominion for himself, it is camouflage intended to deceive the German people and conceal their Kaiser's plans for world-dominion for himself.

Slang of the Criminal World.

THE slang of the underworld is among the oldest of all slang and is almost endless. This article can give some of the most interesting words only.

The safe blower is a "box-man" or "peter-man" ("box" and "peter" being slang for safe); a safe blower who travels as a tramp, "yegg;" one who robs money drawers, "damper getter" ("damper" meaning cash box); one who steals from wagons, "lifter;" shoplifters, "hoisters;" one who steals diamonds, "stone getter;" jewelry thieves, "penny-weighters;" a pickpocket or one who steals without using violence, "gun;" one who prefers to use violence, "gorilla;" sneak thieves, "heels;" burglar, "houseman;" forger, "scratcher;" one who raises money on forged deeds, "title taper;" hotel beats, "barons;" overcoat thief, "Benjamin" or "flogger stiff;" a thief who steals from women, "moll buzzer;" a woman thief, "gun moll;" one who places himself in the way of persons in pursuit of his accomplice, "facer;" place selected to be burglarized, "plan

A prison is the "big house," "nd house" or "stir;" prison keeper, "screw;" police station, "green lights," "dump" or "Irish clubhouse;" patrol wagon, "pie wagon;" chief of police, "buzzard;" detective, "dick," "elbow," "flatty," or "mug;" policeman, "cop," "bull," "peeler" or "finger;" magistrate, "beak;" doctor, "croaker;" priest or clergyman, "buck;" lawyer, "mouthpiece;" lawyer who prepares defenses for criminals but seldom appears in court, "law ghost."

An arrest is "fall;" and money saved to secure release after arrest is "fall money." To announce he is under arrest he says he has "broken a leg," or if locked up in jail he is "in the hospital," while an escape is a "getaway," and one who forfeits bail is a "lamster."

His "bit" is his general word for his term of imprisonment; a "valentine" is a short sentence; "few," less than fifteen days; "whop," over fifteen days but less than a month. "drag," three months' term; "stretch," one year; "finf," five years; "anchor," stay of execution; "life boat," pardon; "Salt Creek," electric chair; "topped," hanged.

A watch is a "super," "kettle," "nip," or any one of numerous terms, while a chain is "slang," a gold one being "reg slang" and a silver one "white slang," a watch and chain is "front;" a ring, "hoop;" pocketbook, "leather" or "poke;" money, "kale," "scratch," "dough," "bullets," "rocks," "dust," "darbs," and countless others, stamps "stickers."

A "cannon" is a pistol; "rod," "gat," or "smoke wagon," revolver; "puff," gunpowder; "oil" or "soup," nitroglycerine; "sawdust," dynamite. "Working the rattlers" is stealing on cars, "rattlers" being slang for cars; "spill," railroad terminal; "main stem," principal street. A "stiff" is a corpse, and a "cold meat party" is a wake; "flying jib," a talkative, intoxicated person; "bloomer," an empty safe; "coffin varnish," bad whiskey; "daisies," boots; "kipp," lodging house; "pad," bed; "pad-money," money paid for lodging; "frisk," search; "kick," pocket; "kicks," shoes; "scenery," clothing; "buried," defrauded of his share of the spoils.

GERMANS DID NOT ORIGINATE "KAMERAD"

According to a Pioneer the
Indians Out West First
Used It.

JUNCTION CITY, Kan., Jan. 6.—The German is not the originator of the "Kamerad" ruse, according to Ed Houston, a farmer living north of this city, who follows all accounts of battles in the big war very closely. Mr. Houston says that the Indian was an adept at crying "Kamerad," in his own tongue, of course, long before the German Empire was formed, and cites an experience of his own to prove it. Mr. Houston was a member of Troop G, 7th Cavalry, the regiment commanded by the gallant Col. George Custer, for eight years. Under Capt. Edgerly he went to the scene of the Pine Ridge troubles. The troops lined up to disarm a band of Indians that had given themselves up. They included the chief, Big Foot, and a large number of braves, as well as women and children. The captives were herded together and soldiers formed a hollow square around them. Each Indian wore his blanket draped over his shoulders and, with arms folded across the chest in the customary Indian position, maintained a stoical silence. It was known that a number of the Indians carried guns, but no treachery was suspected. Suddenly, apparently without a given signal, one Indian opened fire on the surprised troopers. Instantly all of the other braves followed suit, and even the squaws and older children joined in the attack upon the soldiers. Little Indian boys with sawed-off shotguns fought until killed and the battle was a bloody affair. It ended when there were no more Indians, because the soldiers, angered at the trickery that had been shown, gave no quarter and the Indians asked for none. The following day the Seventh went

to Drexel Mission, where another battle took place. After the Pine Ridge trouble had been stamped out, the regiment returned to its station at Fort Riley, where Mr. Houston continued in service for a number of years.

Soldier Slang

By Wallace Smith

"WELL, there we were all star wayno chowing," the old sergeant was narrating. "Then this cosmolene humbree in cits and full o' white mule comes in. He's dog robber for the K. O., y'know, and I wondered how he got all stinko thataway. 'Cause he no got red, white or green jack and he no got jawbone—"

We were all interested in the sergeant's remarkable anecdote. Even the Tenderfoot Civilian was interested. But his was a different sort of interest, as I discovered when he plaintively said:

"It's no end thrilling and all that. But what the—what is he talking about?"

Small wonder that the Tenderfoot Civilian did not understand. The old sergeant was talking army slang, of course. And army slang is a fearful and wonderful thing. It is as distinct from other slangs as the patter of the circus is distinct from the lingo of the thief or gangster.

In its native state army slang is difficult enough. Much of it has history and tradition. But on top of this it has been dressed in an amazing collection of words and phrases picked up here and there in foreign campaigns.

We are going to hear a lot of army slang in the days ahead. At first it is going to be mighty confusing to the civilian.

Because it may help bridge the chasm of conversational misunderstanding the following glossary has been tossed together:

C. B.—Confined to barracks, a form of military punishment.

CHOW—Food of any description.

CITS—Civilian clothes; it used to be the dream of officers to get into "cits" after months in uniform.

COSMOLENE CORPS—The name for the coast artillery; derived from the name of the grease used on the big guns.

DOG ROBBER—The officer's striker, or servant, chosen from the enlisted men; this service is not compulsory, but carries added pay; name came about because other enlisted men always insisted that the striker ate food left on the officer's table, and thus robbed the officer's dog of his rightful chow.

DOUGHBOY—The name for the infantryman. Its derivation is peculiar—before the Civil War a lumpy sort of dough cake was served the sailors, usually with hash; in the Civil War the great, round buttons of the infantry reminded someone of the sailors' dough cake; hence the name.

FATIGUE—Odd jobs.

GOLDFISH—Canned salmon; very prevalent in the Pershing campaign in Mexico; some army cook in France made a strong bid for immortality when, after a question by General Pershing on inspection, he declared that the only shortage suffered by our European expedition was in canned salmon.

HUMBREE—The soldier's attempt at the pronunciation of the Spanish "hombre," meaning man or fellow or gink or gazook.

HOLY JOE—The chaplain; a name not as irreverent as it first appears; there is in Chicago a certain minister high in the church, who, during the Civil War, shed his vestments and snatched up a rifle.

JAWBONE—Credit generally; the canteen sells goods on "jawbone" and draws against the soldier's pay; no doubt the word grew out of the fact that much jaw exercise, known in Chicago as "chin goods," is necessary to establish credit.

K. O.—The commanding officer; used to be "C. O.," but changed for some mysterious, soldier reason.

K. P.—Kitchen police; which means helping the cook in everything, from peeling potatoes and scouring pots to picking up scraps when camp is broken.

LEATHERNECK—The name for the marines.

MEDICO—Member of the medical corps; the army doctor in the days of Indian campaigns also was called the "rainmaker," after the Indian medicine man; your average enlisted man—as well as your commissioned officer—chooses to believe that the "medico" exists only to annoy the soldier with silly rules; they also profess to believe that his only cures are "iodine and salts." (Soldier jest: "The medico gives me two pills and says: 'If they don't do you any good come back to-morrow and I'll give you two more.'")

MULE SKINNER—The driver of the celebrated army mule; named so because his bull whip seems capable of removing Jerry's hide; he is the only man who can argue successfully with the temperamental mule.

NO GOT—"Haven't any," generally.

NON-COM—The non-commissioned officer; the sergeant, called "the backbone of the army"; the strong link between officers and men.

OLD MAN, THE—The colonel usually; sometimes the general.

OVER THE HILL—To "go over the hill" means to desert or leave suddenly.

PUP TENT—The shelter tent; probably received its name because it offers the same shelter as a healthy kennel.

Q. M. D.—The quartermaster's department; it is also called other things; as in the case of the "medico" the soldier has peculiar ideas regarding the "Q. M.

D."; for one thing, he believes that, instead of existing for the purpose of supplying necessities to the soldier, the Q. M. D. lives only to keep the soldier from getting anything.

RED JACK—Gold pieces; differing from "white jack," or silver money, and "green jack," or currency.

SAND-HOG—Soldier detailed to "fatigue" in the pits on army ranges.

SHAVE-TAIL—Second lieutenant graduated from West Point.

SLUM—Army stew.

SOREBACK—The name for the cavalry.

SPIGS—Spaniards, Mexicans, Filipinos or any dark-skinned people; probably comes from "spaghetti" and the impression that this is the main food of all Latins, and, therefore, to the soldier mind, all swarthy folk.

STAR WAYNO—The Spanish "esta yeno" as it is the soldier tongue; used with great glee on the Mexican natives.

STINKO—Quite indecently intoxicated.

WAGON SOLDIER—Any member of the artillery. With these nicknames for branches of the service it must be remembered that the nickname is only used by rival branches. Measure your man carefully before calling an artilleryman a "wagon soldier."

WHITE MULE—Moonshine whisky; named for its colorless appearance and for the healthy "kick" it conceals.

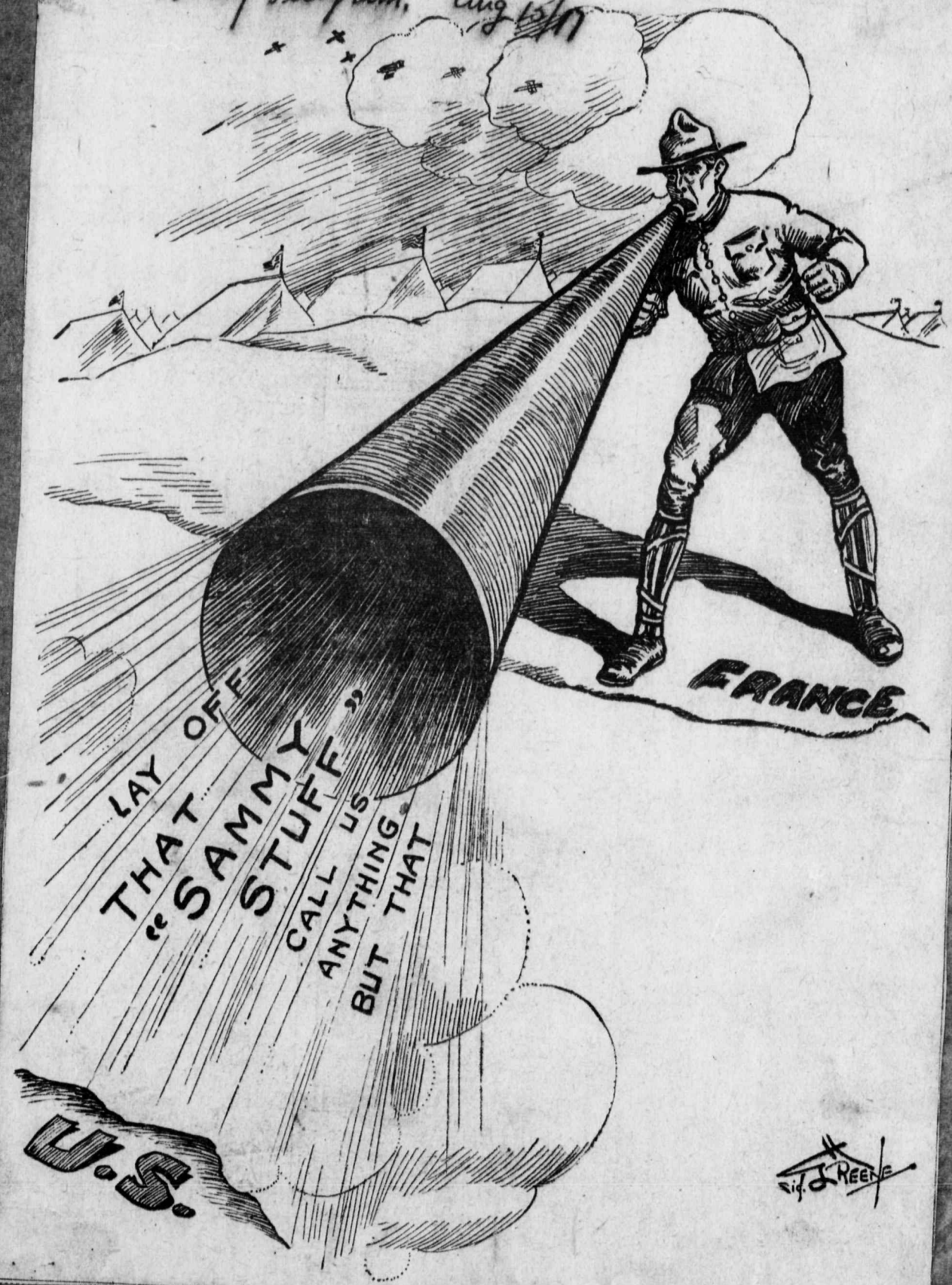
In addition it may be said that the soldier believes any one should understand him, especially foreigners, whom he addresses in a combination of pidgin Chinese, orphaned Filipino, and stepchild Mexican. It must be interesting to observe the effect on the French and British brothers-in-arms in Europe, especially as late dispatches tell us that the British are puzzled over such a simple phrase as "Tsh kabibble."

And one wonders why it was thought necessary to invent a name—the "Sammy," which the soldiers hate—for these chaps who are rather smart at invention themselves.

nick names for our boys

IT MAKES 'EM MAD

Evening Telegram, Aug 15/17



766
 To the Editor of The World:
 Doubtless you read the inclosed letter published in the New York Times a few days ago on combining Northern and Southern Civil War names. You promote so many laudable undertakings, by the enthusiastic campaigns in your paper, why not boost this very good idea? Being a Southern

erner myself, I speak feelingly when I say that it is rather a slight to our Southern pride these days to read of the "Yankees doing this" and the "Yankees doing that" on the fighting-line, when there are as many Johnny-Rebs in the midst of it as there are Yankees, comparatively. From just the little town from which I hail there are three companies in the Rainbow Division, and although we all feel now that there is no dividing line and we are all brothers, still we feel also that the Dixie lads should have their fair share of glory.

Please, therefore, boost the "Johnny-Yank" appellation for our boys over there by giving this some prominent space in your paper.

SOUTHERNER.

New York, July 17.

WHAT SHALL WE CALL UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIER BOYS?

Here are a few more suggestions concerning a general name for Uncle Sam's soldiers:

Army Editor—Might I suggest the name of "Johnny" for the "Boys?" With all respect and love for "Uncle Sam" the name "Sammie" is not so typically American, or American-English as "Johnny," which seems more appropriate at this time.

Also, a verse to be sung to the tune of "John Brown's Body."

It's Johnny who is coming,
 It's Johnny on the trot;
 It's Johnny in the trenches,
 And it's "Johnny on the spot."
 It's Johnny who's now fighting,
 And Johnny'll never stop,
 Till Kaiser Bill is down
 And the U. S. is on top.

The verse is for a "slogan" and could be printed on slips and distributed to the Army and even dropped from aeroplanes over Germany, just to let them know that Johnny is there and on the job. And when the war is over, surely "we'll all be gay When Johnny Comes Marching Home."
 L. J. D.

Army Editor:—In regards to a name for our Army and Navy, call them "The fighting for, and the "Sure Winners." As humanity is what we are fighting for, and the "Sure Winners," as they are always sure to win.

Maude Foley.

308 Pacific Avenue.

Army Editor:—
 Our soldier boys were always known
 Like our sailor boys in blue,
 By the color of their uniform
 When our soldiers wore blue, too.
 The boys in blue,
 The boys in gray,
 The boys in khaki of to-day.
 So, Klackie,
 And Jackie,
 Don't you think that sounds real smacky?
 OH, YOU JACKIES,
 OH, YOU KHAKIES,
 Sons of the boys in blue,
 Sons of the boys in gray.
 Khakie boy,
 America's joy,
 Liberty, ahoy!
 Jackie boy,
 Jackie,
 Khakie,
 Hip, hip, hooray!

Your's very respectfully,

Frank Moran.

257 Linden Avenue.

Army Editor:—I suggest the name of Bear Cats in this war. As they will have to fight like cats and "Bear" the burden. From an ex-soldier's daughter.

Margaret Gerovske.

337 Cator Avenue.

Army Editor—As suggesting a name for the brave lads of our nation, I think the following would fit them fine, "Will-ing Winners." Because they are willing to win the war for the world and make the world safe for democracy.

W. W.

Army Editor:—Just a suggestion.
 How about "Brownies?"
 There are no more Blues or Grays, and that would be a sort of pet name.

H.T.B.

Army Editor—I suggest rally round the flag boys.
 M. Witterschein.

Army Editor:—I would suggest that you call our soldiers "Drobs" or "U. Staters."

Yours respectfully,
 Ed. Coveney, 43 Rock St.

Teddy!

Editor Globe:—Teddy is the right name for our soldiers at the front. How can any one doubt it? And the President will have a hard task if he tries to cut out the name of Teddy, as he has done the man himself.
 R. S. T.
 New York, June 7. 9/17

The Liberty Lads.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Could we not call our men who are going to fight for liberty the "Liberty Lads"?

W. J. SHANNON.

JERSEY CITY, N. J., June 7.

The Dixie Yank!

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Why not call our soldier Dixie Yank?

These twain will march, and maybe Sousa will compose a tune combining "Dixie" and "Yankee Doodle" that will help our Dixie Yanks to yank the man out of German.

X.

New York, June 6.

THE PEOPLE'S FORUM.

"Liberty Lads."

To the Editor of The World:

Could we not call our men who are going to fight for liberty the "Liberty Lads"? I think it would be very appropriate at this time when "Liberty Loan" is the byword for financial achievement.

I trust you will endeavor to spread this slogan through the medium of your excellent paper.

W. J. SHANNON.

Jersey City, June 7. 9/17

Push On.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Your indorsement of the slogan for American soldiers in this war—"Let's Go!"—as suggested by your Vermont correspondent, is well merited. The proposed phrase, however, lacks significance beyond resolution to prepare for the fight for democracy. Something more suggestive of action and accomplishment may be found in the words herewith submitted for your consideration—"Push On!" Here is something more expressive of the object in view. "Let's Go" would be foreign to the purpose after the departure of our troops. "Push On!" will hold now and for all time.

NEW YORK, June 13. ISAAC MARKENS.

"LET'S GO!"

A Good American Phrase Proposed as a Slogan for Our Soldiers.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Not long ago I read an account of the "slogans" of the Allies—those catch phrases which are winning trenches just as surely as are munitions. Your "The Few Immortal Words" is written with an appreciation of the psychology of catch phrases. They are remotely related to folk songs and stories which spring up from no one knows where, nor just when. They may have been in use for years unnumbered and lacking in vitality until some person or event gave impetus to their adoption by large numbers.

The slogan of America in this war must take into account the temperament of the average American who does not want to "eat 'em alive," who does not want to "die to make men free," although he is perfectly willing to fight to make men free and "the world safe for democracy." The average American has so much to lose with his life that he is very slowly aroused. The slogan must be useful back here in America to arouse minds which are slowly and, I believe, correctly reaching the decision which will be more effective if made more speedily.

In a line of work which called for action, for quick thinking, for immediate attention to what was next in the day's work, I found a very effective stimulus in a phrase which I learned in the South a few years ago. I have heard the same phrase elsewhere and it has a terseness and the suggestion of action which, if it cannot be imposed upon our soldiers when at the front, may be valuable here in America.

The phrase "Let's go!" signifying impatience of some one who is waiting, fulfils in no small measure the peculiar conditions under which we are going across. For a long time we have been held back as in a leash and now are impatiently calling for action that is "not in the cloth."

The phrase might stimulate enlistment after conscription has done its part. There are many possibilities of its use, such as a poster with suitable pictorial matter to which might be added, by way of explanation: "France is calling. Let's go!"

There is much in the articulation of the phrase. The manner of speaking makes it all that it is. I can imagine it, although not familiar with the conditions of an advance, as very effective used by both officers and men. I believe it is good American for "en avant," which we have come to associate with the French army in this war.

D. RANSOM.

Woodstock, Vt., June 14.

THE SEARCH FOR A SLOGAN.

Get Out and Get Under.

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I have noticed on the part of the American people, through the newspapers, an attempt to establish some catchword or slogan for the people to adopt since our entrance in the war similar to England's "Do your bit," &c. In this morning's SUN some one suggested "Let's go." This does not appeal to me as being emphatic enough. It seems strange that we, the originators of slang, have not before this selected some phrase that would fit the bill.

Permit me to offer the following:

Get Out and Get Under.

I believe this was the title of some popular song of the past, and might do for the present occasion.

NEW YORK, June 16. G. H. HORSEY.

167

"Let's Go!" *June 15/17*
A letter elsewhere on this page suggests as a slogan for Americans in this war a simple, homely, American phrase: "Let's go!"

We like it. Among the dozens of suggestions which have been offered to us we have seen none we liked half so well.

It has about it just that blend of generous urging and healthful impatience that Americans feel and find it so hard to express. "Let's go!" and that means go together; "let's go!" and that means to whatever service we can give to our country; "let's go!" for we have waited too long; "let's go!"—and now.

The two words are pregnant with a thousand meanings. They entreat, exhort and command. They seem to say little and by their fine restraint they say everything. America can do anything if she lets herself go.

WHAT SHALL WE CALL OUR SOLDIERS?

In the Civil War the soldiers of the North were known as "Yanks" while their brothers of the South were known as "Rebs," but since then the American soldier has been without a nickname. In the present war a suitable nickname is sought, one which will fit the American soldier as well as "Tommie" fits the Englishman, "Poilu" the son of France and "Anzac" the fighting men from Australia and New Zealand. Why not give the American soldier also a fitting name?

The readers of the Jersey Journal are coming forward with suggestions and "Sammy" or "Sammies" seem to be the most popular name. There are scores of other suggestions and the real difficulty will be in picking out the most suitable one. For a certainty, if we don't name our soldier boys ourselves, somebody else will do it for us.

We would rather do this affectionate service ourselves, of course, and that is why suggestions are asked from the people. All would like to have a proper nickname for the American boys in khaki, but if it doesn't come to hand we should not worry, for, nickname or no nickname, we can rest assured that our boys will give a good account of themselves when they get to fighting the enemy. *28/17*

"SAMMY" WILL STICK AS TROOPS' NICKNAME

Obs. London, July 2.—"Sammy" is going to stick as the nickname of the American soldier in France. The former "doughboys" like the sound of it themselves and by a curious coincidence, after the men aboard transports had picked it on the way over, the French populace at the port where they landed, greeted them with the same nickname.

The London Times to-day printed a lengthy story about elaborate deliberations on the transports in which the regulars chose their name. It was agreed, the Times asserted, that "Sammy" was the only name worthy to rank with "Tommy" for the British and "Poilu" for the French. London newspapers to-day devoted columns to picturesque stories from the French port where the Sammies are now quartered.

"THE YANKEE DOODLES."

June 15/17
Shall This Distinguish the Khaki-clad Soldier of Liberty?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Since the French soldiers are referred to as "poilus" and the English as "Tommy Atkins" and the Russians as "Cossacks," it appears to me that the "Yankee Doodles" is the nickname ideally fitted to the U. S. A. boys.

If that is not acceptable, why not "Johnny on the Spot"? During the civil war they were called "Johnnies," and in the present war, since we are entering it at a crucial period, "Johnny on the Spot" would seem to fit. Both are good American titles.

In view of the fact that America gave the world the first successful flying machine our aviators should be called "American Eagles" or "Flying Eagles." The eagle is our national bird, and the aeroplane resembles nothing so surely as a soaring eagle. "Soaring Eagles" would also be a good name for them. They have been referred to as "birdmen," but the name does not stick because the word bird as applied to humans is feminine, whereas eagle is masculine.

If when you make mention of the work of the United States Aviation Corps you refer to them as the "American Eagles," "Flying Eagles" or "Soaring Eagles" the name will become familiar and cling. A nickname only becomes so and sticks through repetition.

It would not surprise me at all if some American soldier boy should shout derisively "Hoch der Kaiser" and another should laughingly reply "Raus mit ihm." The manner, tone and voice can be made laugh provoking just as in other days we used to get effects by shouting "Shoot the hat!" Were our boys to shout "Hoch der Kaiser—Raus mit ihm!" across the trenches the German soldiers would know for a verity that our aim is to down the autocrat.

CRAIG MINER.

NEW YORK, June 18.

Title of "Sammies" Annoys Soldiers, So Suggest a New One

THE American soldier is long suffering. He'll grin and bear gracefully almost anything. He has been called so many harsh names that mere verbal abuse has ceased to annoy him. And this, despite he's about the finest fighting man the world knows.

But the limit has been reached. Yesterday a squad of regulars lodged with the New York American a protest from the entire army against the nom-de-guerre "Sammies." They also protested the fitness of the appellation "Teddies," although they found the latter less loathsome than "Sammies."

The men contend that the nickname, "Sammies," is suggestive of nothing of the fighting man. They long for a regular name, if the public insists on one.

So, who has a suggestion? It must be something as forceful as "Poilu," and as apt as "Tommy Atkins." Send your suggestions to the New York American. *28/17*

YANKEE DOODLE SAMMY!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—

Our boys are on the soil of France. They'll make the "Boche" invaders dance Before they tumble in the trance That makes one cold and clammy.

The proof my forecast is not wild Is in the nickname for them filed— As Britain's boys are "Tommies" styled, Each "Uncle's Boy" is "Sammy."

There's inspiration in the name, For Uncle Sam is always game; And if his boys are not the same, Then you may duck or damme.

But no such fate's in store for me, For in the heroes' history Among the names inscribed will be Each Yankee Doodle Sammy!

JAMES BURKE

Staten Island, July 2, 1917.

"SAMMY" WILL STICK AS TROOPS' NICKNAME

Obs. London, July 2.—"Sammy" is going to stick as the nickname of the American soldier in France. The former "doughboys" like the sound of it themselves and by a curious coincidence, after the men aboard transports had picked it on the way over, the French populace at the port where they landed, greeted them with the same nickname.

The London Times to-day printed a lengthy story about elaborate deliberations on the transports in which the regulars chose their name. It was agreed, the Times asserted, that "Sammy" was the only name worthy to rank with "Tommy" for the British and "Poilu" for the French. London newspapers to-day devoted columns to picturesque stories from the French port where the Sammies are now quartered.

The Liberty Boys.

To the Editor of The World:

Our soldier boys must have a name now and for all time. The English are Tommies, the French Poilus and our boys are Liberty Boys. We have never gone to war for any other cause but Liberty and we never will.

The name Liberty was good enough to raise \$3,000,000,000 in 10 time. Now let that Liberty bond money take care of our Liberty Boys.

Name them Liberty Boys.

MRS. W. S. VAN HORN.

Jersey City, June 20. *28/17*

SLOGGING VS. STRAFING.

June 31/17
Or, What Shall We Say in the Enemy's Hearing?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: As a war slogan, and one that never failed yet:

"Faugh a Ballad!" ("Clear the way!") J. H. M.

New York, July 2.

"LET HER GO, GALLAGHER!"

A Distinguished Historian and Critic Attempts the Perfect Slogan.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Many of your correspondents are seeking for a slogan for our boys in France, but thus far there is no remarkably happy hit. Let me try.

Perhaps you have read Joseph I. C. Clarke's lively poem entitled "The Fighting Race," the gist of which is that Irishmen are at the fore in every fight. And perhaps you remember a saying, in the dialect of high class slang, that was current a few years ago. It might have served as a chorus to the familiar "Yo, heave, ho!" And of course you know that if a short, popular saying is to have life and energy it must be either rhyme or alliteration—preferably the latter. Put these three hints together and you can't help saying "Let her go, Gallagher!" What an order for a charge or response to such an order. ROSSITER JOHNSON. New York, July 3.

AMERICA AND THE KAISER.

A Simple, Expressive War Cry.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: We are advised by our Solons at Washington to be saving in these times of shortage, so why not apply economy in picking our war slogan? Some of the phrases that have been submitted are verbose, some too gentle, some suffer from a combination of faults.

Let our slogan be brief, explicit and have ginger. I submit for your consideration the following:

"Give 'em hell!"

LIVINGSTON CHAPMAN.
New York, July 9.

Punch Suggested "Sammies."

To the Editor of The New York Times: Credit where it is due. The following appeared in Punch for June 13:

We shall want a name for the American "Tommies" when they come; but do not call them Yankees. They none of them like it.—Daily News.

As a term of distinction and endearment Mr. Punch suggests "Sammies"—after their Uncle. J. C. Rowayton, Conn., July 7, 1917.

The Softer Phrase.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I compliment you upon the expression used in the Yaphank article, "The Selective Service Boys."

Does not this seem a much better term than the coarse words relative to conscripts and conscription?

F. W. SAWARD.
New York, July 20.

"Swat the —."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir:

scienceless poisoner with deadly disease germs; defiler of food and polluter of water with unspeakable filth; totally insensible to the appeal of things we hold sacred and inviolate, the fly—mankind has been instructed, through one brief but expressive Yankee phrase, how to deal with that universal menace and pestilent nuisance.

Is there in the analogy no suggestion of the desired war slogan?

STRACUSE, July 10. MYLES FRISBIE.

"SAMMY" AND "TEDDY"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD—

Many of us who enjoy your very valuable newspaper wonder how much more there is to be about "Teddy." Give us a rest, if you please, on the man who claimed he went up San Juan Hill and yet admitted in his own books that he did not. If you want to know what a real army joke Roosevelt was and is just go and talk it over with some army man who was there. Certainly nothing could be more appropriate than to call our boys "Sammies." You will admit that the term "Uncle Sam" is a little older than "Teddy" or his gang. Why not call them Beddys and be done with it? "Sammies" they will be called, the New York Herald notwithstanding. * * * * * READER. Washington, D. C., July 7, 1917.

WHAT SHALL WE CALL UNCLE SAM'S SOLDIER BOYS?

Here are more suggestions for a general name for United States soldiers who have enlisted in the cause of liberty.

Army Editor—Peer or Peerless, meaning unequalled; Matchless, without a peer or equal. God bless all of them, they are brave boys.

Mrs. M. A. Bridgman.
69 West Fiftieth Street, Bayonne.

Army Editor—there is nothing in this but "The Liberty Boys." When "The Liberty Boys" arrive abroad we will get reports to the effect that "The Liberty Boys did it."

W. G. Diefendorf.
31 Gregory Street.

Army Editor—The suggestion to name our soldiers "Liberty Boys" is a splendid one.

A Liberty Girl.

Army Editor—Just a mother's thoughts "Our Boys."

What they stand for:

Our
United
Royal
Boys
Our
Youth
Summount.

783 Communipaw Avenue. K. A.

Army Editor—I think "Yankee Winners" would be a good name for our soldier boys as all Americans have confidence in them and that's why it is a good name to start with.

Hoping they will be winners.
Respectfully yours,
Joseph Fallon, age 11.
238 York Street.

Army Editor—My suggestion for a name for our boys is "Yankee-do."

"Yankee-do"—Do your bit.
God has destined you for it.
Gave to you the glorious power,
To light the world in its darkest hour.
Yours truly,
C. Rech.
58 Broadway, Jersey City.
June 23, 1917.

Army Editor — There are "English Tommies." Why not call our boys "American Johnnies?"

"He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty, and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." Don't you think so?

Edward Mills.
222 Van Horne Street, Jersey City.

Army Editor — I would say get the name of "High Flyers," or "Eagles," for our soldier boys.

Yours truly, Mrs. H. W. D.

Army Editor—I suggest that we call our soldier boys "The Blazers," for they will undoubtedly blaze their way to glory "Somewhere in France."

Truly yours, B. J. Moore.

"Yankees."

To the Editor of The World:

The picture of the Spirit of Seventy-Six in Sunday's paper impels me to say that the name of our troops in France should be "Yankees."

YANKEELAND FIRST.

Brooklyn, N. Y., July 6. 8/17

The Slogan That Evokes a Picture.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Stop your fooling. If you want a slogan say: "Remember the Lusitania!"

We have one hundred times more cause for war now than in 1898.

SUN WORSHIPPER.
New York, July 10.

A Kentucky Contribution.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: 'An expression often used by Colonel Hank Watterson in his editorial columns seems to me to be the most effective slogan. It is "To hell with the Hohenzollerns and Hapsburgs!" G. C. PECK. WASHINGTON, D. C., July 9.

Four Line Forecast.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir:
U. S. stands for Uncle Sam,
U S spells us.

When we get together

We'll make the Kaiser cuss.

PHILADELPHIA, July 10. G. S. R.

Charge of the Bonavita Brigade.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: As a suggestive slogan for Pershing's men allow me to advance: "Tame the Teuton!" which seems especially apropos.

WILLIAM WILCOX.

LAKE MINNEWASKA, July 9.

"SAMMIE," "TEDDY," & C.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:
 For Heaven's sake what has the American soldier done to be nicknamed "Sammy," "Teddy" and other fool pet names? "Teddy" never did anything in war that our men should be called after him; and for you newspaper fellows to stop over and call them "Sammies" is disgusting.
 What prouder name did any soldier bear than the Roman soldier, which has come down to us—or the soldier of France—or the soldier of Greece, who followed Alexander to the ends of the then known world? And the Canadians and the Australians of to-day—they don't get nicknames. So why should our noble fighting men be called "Sammies," "Teddies," &c. Away with such silly rubbish. Call them as they should be called, "the Americans" and damn your sloppy stuff for good and all.
JAMES G. CRAIG.
 New York City, July 24, 1917.

MOTHER FAVORS "SAM."
TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:
 "One of the Sams" is perfectly right, calling "Sammie" a mamma's name and "sissy," but "Sam" is a good, strong name, good enough for any brave boy. Calling our soldiers "Teddy" would be a great compliment to Roosevelt, but the name "Teddies" sounds too reminiscent of the juvenile "Teddy Bears" to appeal to grown men. Make it Sam, like uncles!
A MOTHER OF TWO SAMs.
 New York City, July 24, 1917.

"Liberty Boys" Is Pushing "Yankees" in Rookie Name Race

Virtually every name that one could call an American soldier and get away with it is being suggested by the readers of the New York Americans as substitutes for the despised nom-de-guerre "Sammies." "Yankees" still leads in the huge competition, although "Liberty Boys" is well in sight and running fast.

Nearly five hundred suggestions have been received by the New York American. Some are too long.

James B. Coghlan, No. 474 Sixtieth street, Brooklyn, suggests "Buffaloes"; E. Seibold, No. 12 East Forty-second street, "Bronchos"; Mildred Holland, No. 1425 Broadway, "Merles"; Dr. Freeman F. Ward, No. 616 Madison avenue, "American Eagles"; H. S. Hoffman, No. 128 West Eighty-fourth street, "White Indians"; H. D. Morrison, No. 285 Fifth avenue, "Unedus"; James Lupo, No. 321 Bay Ridge avenue, "Usams"; Walter J. Loeschner, No. 1327 Cedar avenue, Richmond Hill, "Giants" or "Braves."

From Nathalie Blakely, Harmon-on-Hudson, comes the suggestion "Jazzbos." Dan Steinberg, No. 109 Spring street, suggests "Buddies"; E. H. Earle, No. 500 West One Hundred and Forty-fourth street, "Gogetters"; E. Gandinier, Ossining, "Hickories"; Madeline Du Coe, "The Abe Lincolns"; G. Hale, No. 63 Bay Seventeenth street, Brooklyn, "Freelanders."

PERSHING'S MEN NICKNAMED "SAMMIES"

Title Bids Fair to Stick to Uncle Sam's Fighters in Europe.

Washington, June 29.—Gen. Pershing's fighting men in France have been nicknamed "The Sammies"—Uncle Sam's boys—and the title bids fair to stick. It will take its place alongside of Tommies for the British, Poilus for the French and Boches for the Germans.

In connection with temporary training behind the lines, the Sammies will learn more than they have previously been taught as to bomb and grenade attacks, the new British bayonet system and similar developments of modern warfare.

The War Department still awaited to-day receipt of a full report on the arrival of the Pershing expedition. Thus far it had had only a preliminary report, which was withheld.

WHAT, BOYCOTT "SAMMIES"? A Name for Soldiers That Grates on One Patriot's Nerves.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Why don't the papers discontinue the practice of calling our soldier boys "Sammies"? While we all worship our full grown "Uncle Sam," still there is something about the title "Sammy" that grates on our nerves.

There is one sure way to stop the use of the nickname, and that is for the best papers to discourage the printing of articles where it is used.

ALBANY, July 30. OXALENE CARR.

"Sammies" or "Sam-Sons"?
TO THE EDITOR OF THE WORLD:
 This is to suggest that as the soldiers of this U. S. A. find the term or nickname of "Sammies" distasteful and classified, I therefore beg of you to use your efforts to promulgate the very worthy and fitting name of "Sam-sons."
W. MASSEY TONGE.
 Belvidere, N. J., July 27.

HOW DO YOU LIKE "AMEXES" INSTEAD OF "SAMMIES"?

Paris Newspaper Tells of New Name U. S. Soldiers Have Picked for Themselves.

PARIS, July 28.—The American troops in France have chosen their own soubriquet, according to the *Matin* to-day, adopting the name "Amexes." This was formed by piecing together the first two letters of the words "American Expedition," in a manner similar to that adopted in forming the word "Anzac," by which the Australian and New Zealand troops in the British forces are known.

Paris Urchins Dub Sammies "My Uncle"

Paris, July 24 (by mail).—Paris street urchins have a new name for the American Sammies. They address the American boys in khaki as "My Uncle." The origin of the appellation is the legendary "My Uncle from America," who for years has played a leading role in fiction and comedies in France as the Heaven-sent relative with a well-filled pocket-book who turns up at the opportune moment to solve difficult situations.

Pershing, the Master Strategist.
TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:
 In a recent address to his soldiers in France, General Pershing called them "Sammies." The advocates of the name "Teddies" who have been working so valiantly in behalf of their popular term for the soldiers, must read between the lines of the report of the Pershing address. They must know that the commander of the American expeditionary force is in France for the purpose of defeating the Germans and that all his thoughts, words and actions are directed toward the attainment of that object. We are revealing the secret of that address, knowing full well that the cables now are spy-proof and that the information cannot reach Berlin.

General Pershing understands psychology as well as a German college professor. He knows that nothing in the world will rouse a big, husky "doughboy" to the frenzied anger of a Rocky Mountain wildcat as to be called "Sammy." Realizing the strategic value of this, he is making the Germans believe that this is the American soldier's pet name. A month or two hence when the "Yanks" reach the trenches unsuspecting Hans and Fritz will shout across No Man's Land the fatal word "Sammies." The subsequent proceedings will interest Hans and Fritz no more, for by that time "Yank" and "Bucko" and their bunkies will be knocking on the Kaiser's front door.

IS "SAMMY" ODIIOUS? In Rural England It Is Colloquial for "Fool."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—Sir: Why do you insist on calling our soldiers "Sammies"? There are several reasons for not doing so.

The first is that the soldiers themselves prefer to be called "Teddies" and do so call themselves.

The second is, as a soldier remarked to me, "Why not call us 'Ikeys' and be done with it?"

The third is that the name will make our men objects of ridicule to the "Tommies." In rural England they call a fool or an idiot or any other person easily imposed upon a "Sammy." "He be no Sammy" means that the person spoken of is a "wise guy." "Sammy" in England is synonymous with "sucker" here. For the love of Mike kill that name before it gets a start.

H. C. GREENING.
 EAST ORANGE, N. J., July 31.

NICKNAMES ARE FRIVOLOUS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD: Aug 1/17
Mr. James G. Craig has expressed admirably the opinion held by most of us who feel respect is due our soldiers. Nicknames, however suitable on certain occasions, are frivolous, and there is little frivolity in defending one's country. Away with "Sammy" and such silly terms. Let each man proudly bear that most honorable name "American," and no other.
THOMAS G. MABBOTT,
Upper Montclair, N. J., July 27, 1917.

"Sammies."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Aug 2/17
Please, please do not further the notion of calling our troops "Sammies".
Let their popular name evolve.
"To be shot through the heart and have one's name spelled wrong in the gazette" is mild misfortune compared to being described as a "Sammy."
A "Teddy Bear" or a "Bill Possum" even might be endured, or a "Baker's dozen," but spare us "Sammies."
A MOTHER OF FIGHTING BOYS.
WATCH HILL, R. I., August 2.

SAM.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD: Aug 2/17
I started last week to suggest that "Sam" be substituted for "Sammie" but was interrupted. And in the next morning's HERALD I read a similar suggestion made by the "Mother of Two Sons." I was glad I was delayed, for surely she has the prior claim, for I have no son to send. I hope her two Sams will come back to her covered with glory and that she may rejoice with them over the great end accomplished.
AN AMERICAN OF REVOLUTIONARY ANCESTRY.
New York City, Aug. 2, 1917.

JUST YANKEES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD: Aug 2/17
Was lucky enough to find a copy of my favorite on the newsstand here to-day and, believe me, I grabbed it. Sorry I cannot have it daily, but because of constant travel that is impossible. About this name "Sammies" for our boys in France, I don't like it at all, for the very good reason that in South Africa and wherever the Indian coolie is to be found he will be in the laundry business or peddling vegetables, and he is known to one and all as "Sammlie." As he will no doubt be found on the front among South African troops anyway, I hope the name will not be fastened onto our lads. * * * Nothing fits us so well or can be more appropriate than that name of blessed memories, Yankees. Tell this to our Jack Pershing.
FRANK J. CROSS.
Quincy, Ill., July 30, 1917.

The Yankees—Atta Name!

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Aug 2/17
As a name for our soldiers abroad, what's the matter with "Yankees" or "Yankee Boys"? Sammies doesn't sound good to a Yankee.
T. A. ADAMS.
BROOKLYN, August 1.

"SAMMY."

It Is a Name Our Fighting Boys Get From Their Popular Uncle

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Aug 2/17
H. C. Greening wants you to stop calling our soldiers "Sammies" because the name will not be popular in England.
This terrific indictment will be bound to affect those "Americans" whose dearest dream it is to appear more British than the House of Parliament, for if, a loving nickname for Uncle Sam's nephews affronts England it will meet their severe disapproval. Rather!
Mr. Greening's wish to abolish the rightful and honest name by which the world knows Uncle Sam's fighting nephews is of a cut with the wish of some other "Americans" that our workmen give up their beer so that British workmen may have more of it to drink; that our folks eat corn bread so that London may eat more wheat bread; that we have meatless days so that England may not be thus lamentably afflicted.
Anyway, now that we have Great Britain as an ally, it was uncouth in Mr. Greening to remind us that in the past Uncle Sam has not been popular in dear old England. Now that Sammy is fighting with Tommy he seems certain to be endured, at least, rather than, as Mr. Greening asserts, be an "object of ridicule to the Tommies."
U. S. PYPPYN.
WEST ORANGE, N. J., August 2.

"SAMMIES."

A Defence of the Avuncular Diminutive for the Troops.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Aug 3/17
Mr. H. C. Greening of East Orange, N. J., gave three reasons why American soldiers should not be called "Sammies." I would like to refute them.
My answer to his first reason is that the name "Teddy" is not a truly representative one.
The second reason given by Mr. Greening is a direct refutation of his first argument and hence needs no answer.
His third statement and its corresponding argument, however, is so rare that it must be clearly understood to realize the astounding narrowness of the writer's point of view. The mere fact that the word "Sammy" has a peculiar meaning in rural England is sufficient, in his mind, to condemn the name as inappropriate for our soldiers. Are we to be deterred from characterizing our soldiers with a name so near and dear to us, simply because this name has a different meaning in rural England?
I advise our overzealous friend to pay strict attention to coming events and he will see how American lads will write "Sammy" upon the pages of history in indelible letters from their own life's blood.
M. D. R.
HERKIMER, August 3.

The Hub Cries for Relief.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Aug 3/17
For heaven's sake, why does THE SUN, a first class newspaper, allow its headline artists to use the insufferable, infamous, effeminate, asinine nickname "Sammy" in its headlines?
No one ever writes it except in headlines and no one ever speaks it, and any self-respecting boy who enlists or who is drafted would hit a man for calling him that.
L. A. COOLIDGE.
BOSTON, August 2.

A Critic Who Sees No Substitute for "American."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Aug 4/17
I agree with Mr. H. C. Greening that the name "Sammy" or "Sammies" ascribed to the American soldiers in France is nothing less than "silly and odious."
The nickname "Sammy" is effeminate and smacks of the lackey. It must be obnoxious to the soldiers themselves, the officers of the United States army and every serious minded American citizen. Besides, the name is not in keeping with the inspirations of bravery and patriotism expected of the soldier who has taken his chances of life or death in upholding the honor of America and the protection of the human race in this struggle.
The practice should at once be discouraged of designating our soldiers in France as Sammies, Teddies, Ikeys or Mickeys.
Call them simply what they are—Americans.
JOHN J. DALY.
WESTFIELD, N. J., August 3.

JUST YANKEES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD: Aug 5/17
I agree with Mr. Cross in his letter regarding the name of our soldiers in France. Plain Yankee was a good enough name for our forefathers who fought so gallantly. Is it not good enough now for our boys instead of the ridiculous one of Sammies?
MARIETTA WILSON.
New York City, Aug. 2, 1917.

"Better Boches!"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN: Aug 3/17
Have you abandoned your search for a national war slogan, or is it merely in abeyance? If the latter, permit me to suggest the following, which seems at least to have the merit of brevity:
"Fewer, but better, Germans."
H. D. BRANDTCE.
New York, August 1.

"LIBERTY LADS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD: Aug 7/17
It is with regret that I note General Pershing has designated our boys as "Sammies." Surely the nephews need not necessarily be named after the uncle, and "Uncle Sam" has a forceful dignity that "Sammie" does not possess. "Teddy" needed no sponsor—the name suggested itself—but granted that for reasons, political or otherwise, it be deemed inadvisable to so honor the illustrious Colonel whose name has been aptly termed "a bugle call to fighting men," why not substitute and call our boys the "Liberty Lads," in keeping with the "Liberty Loan"?
ANOTHER ADMIRER OF THE COLONEL.
St. Augustine, Fla., Aug. 4, 1917.

"Sammies" in France Shiver as Friends Sizzle at Home

[Special Despatch to the Herald via Commercial Cable Company's System.]

Herald Bureau,
No. 49 Avenue de l'Opera,
Paris, Sunday.

The "Sammies" in France are as badly favored by the weather as their friends in the United States. If you are sizzling in tropical heat, they are shivering in a temperature of autumn, with steady rain. The weather since the Flanders offensive opened has been atrocious. You say there are no signs of a change visible; the "Sammies" say the same here.

"U S Boys."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I ever have the honor of getting into the big fight I should like to be known as one of the "U S Boys."

To hear the cry, "U S Boys—at 'em," would give me a thrill.

I wonder if any one else likes the name and the slogan. E. C. G.
NEW YORK, August 6.

"Samsons."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: As the men that Uncle Sam is sending abroad to fight in the cause of democracy certainly represent the flower of his sons, why, if they must be nicknamed when they go abroad, would not "Samson" or "Samsons" be more than appropriate? Samson was the strong man of the Bible.

As the sons we are sending abroad represent all that the name of Samson implies (strength, courage, fearlessness and energy), what more fitting nickname could be applied to them than the above?

FATHER OF TWO BOYS IN THE SERVICE.
NEW YORK, August 17.

NAMING THE NEPHEW.

A Family Row, as Usual, About What He Shall Be Called.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: How would you like to be called "Sammy"? Or a "Sammy"? Samuel is not so bad; Sam will pass, though it is not a name rather to be desired than great riches; but "Sammy"! Good Lord! If anything could depress our boys and make them uncomfortable, it would be that ridiculous name. There isn't a scrap of inspiration in it.

I have read THE SUN for thirty-five years and my ripe judgment is that trying to put that label on our troops is the "punkest" thing you ever did. I have always felt THE SUN not only to have a keen sense of the fitness of things but to be chock full of virility. Is a namby-pamby name like "Sammy" fit? Is it virile?

M. S. (SAMUEL) SEELMAN, JR.
BROOKLYN, August 6.

Said to Be Asinine.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The country is, at last aroused to the issue and objects firmly to your asinine persistence in labelling our soldiers "Sammies."

We have always been known as "Yankees" in foreign countries, and as far as I have observed we have with that name been found on top pretty much all of the time. THE SUN is an understanding newspaper, and therefore enough said.

WILLIAM M. SHACKFORD.
NEW YORK, August 6.

The Real Name Is Yet to Come.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: The coining of a nickname for the American soldiers in Europe is a waste of time, quite harmless, but a waste. Our soldiers will have a genuine name, but it will come spontaneously on the "other side," not from home, as the result of some notable event, act, battle or general characteristic.

When it is once acquired it will stick. E. N. STREBOR.
NEW YORK, August 6.

The Pollu and the Sammy.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Won't you please tell the public in your paper, in the able and convincing manner that you possess, that it does not seem to appreciate or understand the name "Sammies" given by the French to our soldiers in France?

The name sprang spontaneously to their lips at a time when over here we were wondering by what collective name they could go. A nickname given in that way usually comes to stay.

I think those who know the French character and the different atmosphere and viewpoint that prevails over there realize that the "y" is added to express their love and affection. To the French there is no incongruity in bestowing the diminutive upon heroes; in fact the brave and the big are the very ones for whom they reserve these pet names.

"Sammy" is a spontaneous cry of affection at first sight of Uncle Sam's boys on French soil and typically characteristic of the givers. It seems to me that it ought to be beloved by us and appreciated. The French pollu has only recently come to know that the United States of America is affectionately referred to as "Uncle Sam" and he is proud of his new knowledge and unconsciously finds a way to show it.

One writer in your paper referred to it as a sissy name; they have no sissies over there and they don't understand the appellation. They may look in the mirror, comb their mustaches and kiss one another, but they go forth to fight like lions and suffer mortal wounds with silent heroism. B. B. B.

BAY HEAD, L. I., August 6.

The Name as News Merely.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Mr. John J. Daly wants us all to call our boys at the front "Americans" first, last and all the time. But, gosh! Mr. John J. Daly, did you pick out your own nickname?

Don't they ever call you "Jack" or "John" or just plain "Daly"? I know my name is Richard, for it is on my baptismal and marriage certificates and graces the sign on my office door. I sign my letters Richard and like the name, but everybody calls me Dick. It is not a dignified or pretty name, and I have fought against it from boyhood. Those who seem to like me best, however, call me Dick, and Dick it will be to the end of the chapter.

So it is with "Sammy." If the folks "over there" have started in to call the American soldier "Sammy" they will continue to call him "Sammy" until some other name hits their ear, and that may not be even as nice as "Sammy."

It seems to me that THE SUN is merely giving the news from the front when it speaks of our men as "Sammies."

RICHARD H. FITCH.
NORWALK, Conn., August 6.

Naming the Nephew.

Letters in another column indicate an impression among some of our readers that THE SUN was first to christen the American troops in France "Sammies."

The glory or the shame, as the case may be in the minds of particular persons among our friends, is not THE SUN'S. In the course of their search for a suitable slogan various readers proposed the term before any American troops had been landed abroad. By a coincidence the soldiers themselves and the French people seem to have hit upon the nickname. In evidence of this we would draw attention to a despatch printed on

the first page of THE SUN of July 2, under the heading "Flanders Holds Our Troops as 'Sammies'" and containing these paragraphs:

"The voyage of the troops was sufficiently uneventful to make their safe arrival a convincing denial of the German claim of mastery of the seas. There was quite a discussion aboard every ship as to what the American soldier should call himself.

"It was generally agreed that the old regular infantry term 'Doughboy' would fall to carry conviction. Casting about for a name, it was found that 'Sammy' was the only nickname worthy to rank with our 'Tommy' and the French 'pollu.' The choice of the American themselves found an unsolicited testimonial in the unanimity with which the French people of the port addressed the unknown Americans as 'Sammies.'"

This testimony, given by the correspondent of the London Times and cabled to THE SUN by the Times, indicates that PERSHING'S army likes the name which so lacerates some sensibilities. If the army does like it, that settles it.

Not a Self-Respecting Name.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I add a word of protest against the attempt to designate our troops in the field as "Sammies"? Self-respect is an outstanding characteristic of all ranks of our regular service. This foolish name, in my opinion, does not denote that quality. AN EX-REGULAR.

NEW YORK, August 6.

On the Illogic of Most Nicknames.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: I noticed a letter in THE SUN protesting against your calling the boys in France "Sammies," because they would rather be called something else, and because "Sammy" in English provincial parlance means "sucker."

The writer of the letter evidently overlooked the fact that the most spontaneous and persistent (consequently the best) nicknames are generally exactly the opposite of what they ought logically to be; and likewise that they are seldom chosen by their owners. It is not impossible that he himself is a very thin gentleman who answers, among intimates, to the summons "Hey! Fat."

F. D. VOORHIES.
BROOKLYN, August 6.

172

"Cousin Sam." Aug 8/17
 TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—
 I were a Frenchman and were in France
 anywhere to-day and should meet an
 American soldier I would salute him
 and smilingly say: "Ah, here is a son
 of Uncle Sam! How are you, Cousin
 Sam?" T. W. W.
 NEW YORK, August 17.

TROOPS RECEIVE NEW NAME. Hailed by Paris Street Urchins Now as "My Uncle."

PARIS, July 24 (by mail).—Paris
 street urchins have a new name for
 the American soldiers. They address
 them as "my uncle." The origin of
 the appellation is the legendary "My
 Uncle From America," who for years
 has played a leading role in fiction
 and comedies in France as the heav-
 en-sent relative with a well-filled
 pocketbook who turns up at the op-
 portune moment to solve difficult sit-
 uations.

Of the many changes rung on Gen.
 Pershing's patronymic, one of the
 most amusing came to-day when a
 small boy begged to be lifted up by his
 father so he could see "le pere singe,"
 otherwise "the father monkey."

NICKNAMES ARE FRIVOLOUS

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—
 Mr. James G. Craig has expressed ad-
 mirably the opinion held by most of us
 who feel respect is due our soldiers. Nick-
 names, however suitable on certain occa-
 sions, are frivolous, and there is little
 frivolity in defending one's country. Away
 with "Sammy" and such silly terms. Let
 each man proudly bear that most honor-
 able name "American" and no other.
 THOMAS O. MABBOTT,
 Upper Montclair, N. J., July 27, 1917.

Nicknames.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—
 Did your correspondent who "fought from
 childhood against being called Dick,"
 but who remarks that "those who like
 me best call me Dick," ever read
 Holmes's verses "Bill and Jo"?
 Come, dear old comrade, you and I
 Will steal an hour from days gone by,
 The shining days when life was new,
 And all was bright with morning dew,
 The lusty days of long ago,
 When you were Bill and I was Jo.

To-day, old friend, remember still,
 That I am Jo and you are Bill.
 I wish there were more left to call
 me Bob. Let nicknames grow. Don't
 get one to order—or a sobriquet before
 the boys have a chance to earn it.
 BOSTON
 SPRINGFIELD, Mass., August 10.

The Liberty Boys.

To the Editor of The World:
 Excuse me, my fine fellow;
 Pray, can it be by chance
 That you and your companions
 Are camping here in France?
 Oh! no, my worthy citizen;
 We came to fall or stand
 Beside your brave and glorious troops
 To stay a tyrant's hand.
 This is a camp of liberty boys
 And all are proud to say
 We represent the manhood
 Of our dear old U. S. A.
 PETER X. DOWNEY,
 Brooklyn, Aug. 15.

PERSHING TROOPS STRONGLY RESENT NICKNAME SAMMY

Officers and Men Denounce It
 as Unsuitable and Dis-
 courage Its Use.

AMERICAN TRAINING CAMP IN
 FRANCE, Aug. 14.—Not until the
 recent arrival in camp of certain
 American newspapers did the soldiers
 of the American expeditionary forces
 become aware that efforts were being
 made in certain quarters to fix upon
 them the name of "Sammy."

That name never is heard on this
 side. Within the last few days the
 correspondent of the Associated Press
 has been approached by great num-
 bers of the officers and men asking
 that something be sent home telling
 the people there how the standard-
 bearers of the American army really
 resent what they consider an inapt,
 undignified and irritating name.

It can also be stated that the re-
 sentment does not rest alone with
 the officers and men of the army,
 but that it extends to all Americans
 resident in Paris and in other parts
 of France, many having written in
 to say that they consider "Sammy"
 most unsuitable for men who have
 come to France seriously and
 earnestly to fight for the liberties
 of the peoples of the world.

"Please hit the 'Sammy' propa-
 ganda as hard as you can," said an
 officer of distinguished rank to the
 correspondent to-day. "The men
 and officers would be proud to have
 an appropriate nickname, but there
 is not one among us who thinks
 'Sammy' is in any way suitable and
 it certainly is not desired.

"The name does not in any way
 suit a fighting man. We recognize, of
 course, that it is an effort to play
 upon the name of Uncle Sam, but
 who would think of calling Uncle
 Sam 'Uncle Sammy'? It is ridiculous.

"We had a discussion coming over
 on the transports as to possible nick-
 names, and 'Sammy' was one name
 suggested, but it met with no favor
 whatever. None of the names sug-
 gested seemed just right, but there
 was some consensus of opinion re-
 garding the proposal that the nick-
 name be 'Johnny Rebs' and 'Yanks'
 from Civil War days.

"No nickname can be forced upon
 the fighting men. To stick, it must
 be spontaneous and unanimously
 recognized as just the thing. Such
 name may yet come to us. It is
 possible that the French themselves
 may solve the problem and give us a
 name that will not only suit us, but
 be distinctly reminiscent of our stay
 at France.

"Perhaps something we shall do
 will give us our proper name. Until
 that time we are willing to be known
 as just plain American soldiers, will-
 ing and anxious to do our duty. We
 have gotten along a great many years
 without a national nickname and,
 perhaps, we can stand it a little while
 longer.

"'Sammy' does not inspire us to
 fight the enemy. It rather makes us
 feel like fighting the misplaced as-
 siduity of some of our well-meaning
 friends."

West Pointers particularly smile at
 "Sammy" for "Sammy" has always
 been a nickname at the military
 academy for molasses. "Pass the
 Sammy," is an old table phrase.

Among old soldiers in the regular
 army the infantrymen always have
 been known as "dough boys." No one
 seems to know just where this name
 came from. Its origin is shrouded in
 some mystery, but it is only meant

for infantrymen and could not fit the
 army at large.

Men of the rank and file have a
 picturesque way of expressing them-
 selves generally on every subject, but
 the appellation "Sammy" called forth
 some new masterpieces of rhetoric
 not wholly suited for cable trans-
 mission.

The best that can be said of "Sam-
 my" is that a few soldiers say if the
 folks at home want to call them such
 names "they don't care." They say
 they will "carry on" in spite of any
 name or any other "obstacle" which
 may be placed in their way.

HE OBJECTS TO "SAMMY;"

IT'S NO FIGHTING NAME

AMERICAN TRAINING CAMP,
 France, Aug. 14.—"Sammy" may
 be a popular nickname in Amer-
 ica for the American soldiers in
 France, but it certainly is not pop-
 ular with the soldiers themselves.
 Only with the arrival recently of
 newspapers from "back home" did
 the troops learn that they had been
 so dubbed.

"The name does not in any way
 suit the fighting man," said one
 officer. "We recognize, of course,
 that it is an effort to play upon the
 name of Uncle Sam, but who would
 think of calling Uncle Sam Uncle
 Sammy? It is ridiculous."

West Pointers, in particular,
 smile at "Sammy," for "Sammy"
 always has been a nickname at
 the Military Academy for molasses.
 "Pass the Sammy," is an old table
 phrase.

But all this does not mean that
 a good nickname is not wanted.
 It is, only it must be one that fits.

NOT "SAMMY."

In no unmistakable terms Pershing's
 men in France have spoken. They will
 not be called "Sammies" and are amazed
 that the term is being applied to them
 here. To any one who has talked with a
 man wearing the olive drab uniform of
 honor here this is no surprise.

The men hate this nickname, which is
 being foisted upon them here, and no-
 where else. Those who went abroad did
 not mind being hailed as "Teddis" by the
 French, but "Sammies"? Ugh!

Before the boys come home they will
 have a nickname all right, but it will be
 one originating from their own ranks and
 will be pungent and descriptive. In the
 meantime if you see some "old settler,"
 with four or five "fogies" on his sleeve,
 don't address him as "Sammy." Some-
 thing unpleasant might happen.

"SAMMY."

As a nickname for the American soldier fighting in France,
 "Sammy" appears to be a fixture, but it is a name to which
 many objections have been raised. One writer says of it:
 "'Sammy' brings a mental picture of a person rather supine—
 lying on the back, so to speak; lolling, calm, inactive, callous.
 It presents a picture of stupor and, last but not least, it sug-
 gests vegetation. Are these the qualities carried on our trans-
 ports to France? And the first word that presents itself for
 the end of a possible second line (to rhyme with it) is
 clammy."

Nicknames are not usually made to order nor chosen by
 popular acclaim, and it may be that some incident of the
 war, some trivial happening or some great event, as the case
 may be, will supply a real nickname for the American soldier
 in Europe. The ideal name would suggest vigor, courage,
 dash, adaptability and intelligence—typical characteristics
 of the American fighting man.

"SAMMY" NOT A FIGHTER'S NAME, AMERICAN SOLDIERS COMPLAIN

Inapt, Undignified and Irritating, Is the Opinion of General Pershing's Army, While Some of the Comments on the Nickname Are Not Suitable for Cable Transmission.

Herald, Aug 15/17
[BY CABLE TO THE ASSOCIATED PRESS.]
AMERICAN TRAINING CAMP IN FRANCE, Monday.—Not until the recent arrival in camp of certain American newspapers did the soldiers of the American expeditionary forces become aware that efforts were being made in certain quarters to fix upon them the name of "Sammy."

That name never is heard on this side. Within the last few days the correspondent of the Associated Press has been approached by great numbers of officers and men asking that something be sent home telling the people there how the standard bearers of the American army really resent what they consider an inapt, undignified and irritating name.

It also can be stated that the resentment does not rest alone with the officers and men of the army, but that it extends to all Americans resident in Paris and in other parts of France, many having written in to say that they consider "Sammy" most unsuitable for men who have come to France seriously and earnestly to fight for the liberties of the peoples of the world.

"Please hit the 'Sammy' propaganda hard as you can," said an officer of distinguished rank to the correspondent today. "The men and officers would be proud to have an appropriate nickname, but there is not one among us who thinks 'Sammy' is in any way suitable, and it certainly is not desired.

Not a Fighting Man's Name.

"The name does not in any way suit a fighting man. We recognize, of course, that it is an effort to play upon the name of Uncle Sam, but who would think of calling Uncle Sam Uncle Sammy. It is ridiculous.

"We had a discussion coming over on board the transports with regard to possible nicknames, and 'Sammy' was one name suggested, but it met with no favor whatever. None of the names suggested seemed just right, but there was some consensus regarding the proposal that the nickname be 'Johnny Yanks,' which, of course, is a combination of 'Johnny Rebs' and 'Yanks' from civil war days.

"No nickname can be forced upon the fighting men. To stick, it must be spontaneous and unanimously recognized as just the thing. Such a name may yet come to us. It is possible that the French themselves may solve the problem and give us a name that will not only suit us but will be distinctly reminiscent of our stay in France.

"Perhaps something we shall do will give us our proper name. Until that time we are willing to be known as just plain American soldiers, willing and anxious to do our duty. We have gotten along a great many years without a national nickname and, perhaps, we can stand it a little while longer.

"'Sammy' does not inspire us to fight the enemy. It rather makes us feel like

fighting the misplaced assiduity of some of our well meaning friends."

A Nickname for Molasses.

West Point men particularly smile at "Sammy," for "Sammy" has always been a nickname at the Military Academy for molasses. "Pass the Sammy," is an old table phrase.

Among old soldiers in the regular army the infantrymen always have been known as "doughboys." No one seems to know just where the name came from. Its origin is shrouded in mystery, but it is only meant for infantrymen and could not fit the army at large.

Men of the rank and file have a picturesque way of expressing themselves generally on every subject, but the appellation "Sammy" called forth some new masterpieces of rhetoric not wholly suited for cable transmission.

The best that can be said of "Sammy" is that a few soldiers say if the folks at home want to call them such names they "don't care." They say they will "carry

on" in spite of any name or any other "obstacle" which may be placed in their way.

JUST YANKS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:—*Aug 14/17*
I congratulate you. The backbone and

temper, the "sand in the crop" of our boys in uniform, which you alone of all the local newspapers seem to appreciate, is now being heard from in fighting protest against being called a "Sammie." The HERALD promptly published the note from me inspired by one of your own editorials, and it seems, to the relief of all, at least all of the boys of old New York school days, that the spirit of those days has not died out or waned in the least, but lives as active as ever in the ranks of the Boys in Blue. Since "Ted" is distasteful to so many that are not in the ranks, why not, then, "Yank?" "Yank," from Yankee Land, that land which has no North or South, no East or West, any longer, but all united in the old time tramp of our fathers to "Yankee Doodle." Yes, we're all Yanks, Yankee Yanks, out to make the whole world in spirit and in liberty a real Yankee Land. JOHN LEARY.

New York City, Aug. 14, 1917.

CONCERNING "SAMMIES."

Editor Jersey Journal:

It didn't take the soldiers of the American expeditionary forces long, after learning that in certain quarters in this country efforts were being made to fix on them the name of "Sammies," to cuss in French and call the sobriquet "inapt, undignified and irritating."

There's no doubt that whoever first thought of the name "Sammy" did it in all kindness, but why not carry the thing to its finality and call the Russian soldiers "ex-Nickies" and the Britishers "Georgies," and the Germans "Billies" and the Turks "Turkeys" and the Roumanians "Rummies" and the Bulgarians "Bullies."

When the time comes for the Americans soldiers in France to get a proper nickname they'll get it, but it won't be "Sammies."

H. S.

Jersey City, Aug. 15, 1917.

"Sammy" Won't Do.

Aug 16/17
It is evident, from the earnestness with which American officers in France discuss a matter which may have appeared trivial, that the use of "Sammy" as a nickname for our troops is not only unwelcome to but resented by the men. They consider it, we are informed, "inapt, undignified and irritating."

The objectionable name was not born on this side of the Atlantic. The despatches from a French port at which some of our first soldiers disembarked announced that the natives of the city had joyously greeted the Americans with cries of "Sammie!" The apparent spontaneity of the name had its merits. If the French insisted on the nickname, and none better was heard, why not use it? But it may be that the cry of "Sammie" at the French pier was like the croak of the thousand frogs which, when counted, proved to be one frog, for the officers abroad in-

AMERICAN SOLDIERS OBJECT TO BEING CALLED SAMMIES.

Obs. Aug 15/17
The American troops in France object to the nickname "Sammy" which was created in this country and is never heard on the other side, and the men in the expeditionary force were not aware of its use until they received the newspapers from this country. They desire that it be dropped as it is inappropriate and irritating. They are not averse to a sobriquet, but they want something that applies to fighting men like the Yankees of '76 or the Johnny Rebs and Yanks of the Civil War. The old title of Yankees applied by the Hudson Observer is certainly more appropriate. It has worn well and should not be discarded.

Name "Sammies" Not Good Enough.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN:—
Sir: Let us substitute for "Sammies" the time honored name of Brother Jonathan, which would be a fitting companion for Tommy Atkins and Johnny Crapaud. The name Sammies flavors of Weber and Fields. Our boys are entitled to a dignified "nic," known and respected the world over. "BRO. JONATHAN."

Darien, Conn., Aug. 15, 1917.

"Billy Boy."

Aug 17/17
TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:—
Camp Whitman the members of the Fifteenth Regiment have written a song entitled "Billy Boy" in honor of their Colonel, William Hayward, which has become quite popular among the infantrymen. As "Sammy" is a nickname so objectionable to many soldiers, what is the matter with "Billy Boy"?

JEROME B. COURTNEY.

New York, August 17.

WHY NOT "SAMMIES"?

A Fighting Name for a Fighting Force.
To the Editor of The World:

Of all the incredible imbecilities to which this war has given rise none has been more pitifully crass than the despatch from France alleging that "high officers" and the "soldiers" of the American Army in training camp in France resent the title "Sammy" as applied to our boys "over there." The alleged objection is that it is "not a fighting name!"

It is a new name for American troops, and it is up to the troops themselves to prove whether it is a "fighting" name. It is a name naturally and easily evolved from "Uncle Sam," quite appropriate to the sons of "Uncle Sam" in a foreign company, and certainly, for

honor, dignity, nationality and courage, with modesty, is incomparably more suitable than "Rip Roarers," "Rough Rushers," "Bully Benders," "Tough Teddies," "Tiger Terrors," "Chesty Chargers," "Carry-On Corkers" or similar inspiration to lame valor.

If our officers and men over there are of the sort to balk at "Sammy" because the lads at West Point so styled the molasses (ye gods!), the Huns will not find them very formidable in the trenches. The despatch is an outrage as tending to make our men appear ridiculous.

E. A. B.

New York, Aug. 15.

Me und Gott.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING TELEGRAM:

IN giving a nickname to our boys in France, just call them Old Glory's Daredevils, cut them loose and then that "Me und Gott" fellow will dive lower than his U-boats ever went. Yours in hope.

JAMES M'IVER.

New York, August 15, 1917.

CALL THEM SAMSONS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Your correspondent, T. J. O'Shaughnessy, has the right idea of a name for "our boys." Let them be Samsons. Are we not sending them to pull down the pillars of Prussianism? Modern Samsons they are, and we are justly proud of them.

M. R. ARNOLD.

New York City, Aug. 17, 1917.

A SLOGAN—"U. S."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Referring to a recent effort emanating from the Vatican, and to other efforts made, and to be made, from time to time, from various quarters, with the approval of the Lusitania murderers (to mention only one of their very reasonable and proper claims to the highest place in the hierarchy of crime), I venture to suggest that the initials of your great country offer the only appropriate rejoinder, "U. S."—"Unconditional Surrender!" May that be the united slogan of all the allied Powers—"U. S."

A. M. G.

Toronto, Ont., Aug. 16, 1917.

SUGGESTS NAMES.

[BY TELEGRAPH TO THE HERALD]

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Appropos your editorial to-day on "Sammies," how would "Dixie Doodles" or the "Dixie Doodle Boys" sound as nicknames for our soldiers instead of calling them "Sammies"?

A. L. HAYES.

Nashville, Tenn., Aug. 16, 1917.

CALL THEM "DANDIES."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

No "Sammies" for our soldiers. Call them "Dandies." They are dandy from every standpoint and will put up a dandy scrap.

A. R. SAVAGE.

New York City, Aug. 16, 1917.

Another Suggestion of "Eagles."

To the Editor of The World:

I have noticed lately the question of what to call our boys in France, as they object to the name of "Sammies." There is a Canadian regiment called "the Bantams"; another called "the Beavers." Why not call our boys "the Eagles"?

The eagle stands for our country; was carried through the Civil War as a mascot; is a good fighter, not admitting defeat until dead. These we are proud to claim as some of the qualities of Americans.

E. A. K.

Brooklyn, Aug. 15.

"Sonny."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:

Wouldn't "Sonny" (Sons of Liberty) do? Here you have a term involving liberty, democracy, the spirit of '76, the mother who waits at home, youth, virility and just enough dignity minus affectation.

At-a-boy, Sonny! Vive les Sonnies!

A SUN READER.

New York, August 17.

"A. B.'S"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

I notice there has been quite a controversy in your paper about the name given our soldiers in France. It seems that they object to being called "Sammies," and one correspondent suggests that "Yanks" would be a good name. But perhaps he does not understand that Yanks is an abbreviation of "Yankees," which is a corruption of "Yenghese," a name given our ancestors by the aborigines, which in their language means "cowards," and hardly applies to our brave fellows.

I think the terms A. B.'s, which would mean "American Boys" or "Able Boys," a more suitable name. This was the term given an able seaman in the old sailing ship days, but I believe is now obsolete.

A. B. stood for able seaman, a man who could hand-reef and steer, and who was a thorough seaman.

AMOS SMITH.

Sailors' Snug Harbor, S. I., Aug. 17, 1917.

WAS IT "NOS AMIS"?

The Cry at the French Port That Sounded Like "Sammie."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:

I noticed your editorial article on the sobriquet "Sammy" as applied to our soldiers in France. I believe your information is incorrect. By a person who was there, a spectator, I am told that the French people who greeted our men when landing did not shout "Sammie," but "Nos amis."

W. J. HOGGSON.

New York, August 17.

"ATTABOY."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Why not "Attaboys" for the soldiers? The name is pronounceable in all languages, and yet distinctly American.

HENRY MALVERN.

New York City, Aug. 18, 1917.

Not "Sammies" but "Eagles."

To the Editor of The World:

If our troops in France must have a nickname, call them "Eagles." He is a good old fighting bird.

JASPER BRAY.

New York, Aug. 15.

After the Fighting Bird.

To the Editor of The World:

I have read lately that the American soldier does not like the nickname of "Sammy." It certainly does not sound like a fighting name. I suggest as a substitute the name of "American Eagles," as a bunch of eagles could certainly put up a good fight, and it seems to me to be a good, patriotic name.

W. H. S.

New York, Aug. 15.

"Pilgrims."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:

Does not the cabled report in this morning's SUN of the public welcome given to American troops in London yesterday, when the soldiers were acclaimed as "Sons of the Pilgrims," contain a suggestion for the popular nickname to be given the Americans? Could any other title than "Pilgrims" be more expressive or appropriate?

The Pilgrims were the forerunners of the Puritans and were the founders of this republic. The dictionary defines the word "pilgrim" as "a traveller, a wanderer; one who travels to a distance to visit some holy place."

The word is euphonious, easily pronounced and can be borne by American soldiers with self-respect and propriety. It also has the dignity that the English term "Tommy" and the French "Polly" both lack.

Rus.

NYACK, August 17.

Suggests "Liberty Boys."

Editor Globe:

After reading many articles on the dissatisfaction the name of "Sammies" has given to our boys on the other side, I take the liberty of suggesting a name that to my mind is appropriate, and even if it fails to give the desired relief it may be the means of awakening new ideas that would eventually lead to a fitting and satisfactory title for our brave boys. I beg to submit for the approval of those mostly concerned the title of "Liberty Boys."

J. M'KERNAN.

New York, Aug. 16.

"SAM'S SONS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

I was much interested in reading the article on calling our soldier boys "Sammy." I do not like the nickname, for the reasons stated therein. Here is my choice, "Sam's Sons" or "Samsons." It can be written either way.

T. F. O'SHAUGHNESSY.

New York City, August 15, 1917.

"THE U. S. A'S."

Editor Jersey Journal:

Dear Sir—Inasmuch as our boys of the Army and Navy do not like the appellation "Sammy," why not concoct a representative but more of a dignified nickname? I should suggest calling them the U. S. A's. It would be a name at once dignified, patriotic and expressive of the proper sentiment—a name that all would be proud of.

"All hail the U. S. A'S, the pride of the greatest democracy in the world!"

Clifton T. Hiatt.

81 Romaine Avenue,
Jersey City, August 20, 1917.

Would Call Soldiers "Jonathans."

To the Editor of The New York Times:

In hunting for a nickname for the American soldier it has seemed queer to me that no person should suggest "Jonathan" as a fitting title.

Just as back in the fighting days of 1776 the United States was called "Brother Jonathan," from Washington's constant consultations with Governor Trumbull of Connecticut, and as after the war the United States was considered the North American "Brother" in England, so now "Brother Jonathan" is sending his "Jonathans" over to the front to do a brotherly service for the men fighting for us.

A SUBSCRIBER.

New York, Aug. 18, 1917.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Every one has an ideal. Each soldier is our ideal. Could there be a more effective name, a more inspiring cry in a battle charge, than, "On, Liberty Boys?"

All men love to be called boys, and as I repeat the cry it makes the blood tingle. What word carries more enthusiasm, more honor, more intrepid strength than "our Liberty boys?"

MRS. RICHARD BUTLER.

New York City, Aug. 19, 1917.

SAM, NOT SAMMIE.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Why have such a fuss about the name for our soldiers? Why not adopt at once the suggestion some time ago of the mother who has sent her two sons, that "Sam" is a "good enough name for any brave boy." What do they want better than that of their "Uncle Sam?" It establishes their identity surely, and that is their pride. "Sammie" is rather suggestive of short clothes. They have passed that stage and have dohned the khaki.

May God direct their march to victory and comfort the hearts of those who are watching and praying for them.

AN OLD AMERICAN.

Newark, N. J., Aug. 18, 1917.

NAMES FOR THE SOLDIERS.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Do let's have "Sam" for the soldiers' name, it belongs to them rightly. It is not very beautiful, but neither is Uncle Sam if he looks like his pictures, but he is all there, stands straight, goes straight forward, chin up, and sees without glasses!

A NIECE OF UNCLE SAM AND FIRST COUSIN OF THE SAMS.

Newark, N. J., Aug. 20, 1917.

LIBERTY BOYS.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Our birthright is liberty. The word "liberty" as applied to people belongs to the United States. It first became popular in 1614 when a liberty tree was planted in Boston, Mass., which in 1766 was pruned by order of the Sons of Liberty.

In 1775 the song, "Liberty Tree," was published by its author, Thomas Paine, the first verse of which is:—

In a chariot of light from the regions of day
The Goddess of Liberty came;
Ten thousand Celestials directed the way
And hither conducted the dame.
A fair budding branch from the garden above,
Where millions with millions agree,
She brought in her hand as a pledge of her love,
And the plant she named Liberty Tree.

In 1812 our grandfathers sung:—
Columbia's sons shall ever be
The guardians of true liberty.

In 1940 our soldiers were called "Liberty Hosts." Their "war whoop" was "Liberty."

We have Liberty Hall, Liberty Bell, Liberty Boys, Daughters and Sons of Liberty and Liberty Loan.

On the other hand, we have Sam Patch, Sam the pedler, Sam Slick and some slick Sams who recently had their teeth extracted. So I would inquire why in Sam Hill was "Sammy" tagged to our beloved soldiers who are sacrificing their lives for our liberty?

They are Liberty Boys—and ever shall be.

T. W. PARKER.

Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 19, 1917.

CONTINENTALS.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

How would the term "Continentials" answer as a designation for our United States soldier? It is broad enough, is non-sectional and has sufficient significance to identify their nationality.

JOSEPH A. JEFFRIES.

Warrenton, Va., Aug. 18, 1917.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

May I suggest a name for the soldiers?—Our Boys. For they are "our boys" in every sense of the word.

A FRIEND OF "OUR BOYS."

Brighton Beach, L. I., Aug. 20, 1917.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

T. J. O'Shaughnessy and M. R. Arnold have the right idea of a name for our lads. Samsons let it be.

We are out of the golden West,
We're a brand of the eagle's best.
We have Uncle Sam's pluck,
We have Uncle Sam's luck.
We are the sons of Uncle Sam,
The Samsons of old Sam.
The Sam, Sam, Samsons
Of Uncle Sam—we am.

MARGARET KERN.

Deerfield, N. Y., Aug. 20, 1917.

The Liberty Lads.

To the Editor of The World:

Since our boys do not like to be called "Sammies," do you think, in view of the fact that the Liberty Loan has been an issue of this war, they would rather be called "Liberty Lads"? A READER.

The Objection to "Sammies."

To the Editor of The World:

The reason that "Sammies" is not a suitable name for American soldiers is that it is a weak imitation of "Tommies," a term used by the English for their soldiers. They applied this name of "Tommy" to a soldier as they would to a servant or a pet dog.

A. B. C.

Ivy Depot, Va., Aug. 17, 1917.

"SAMMIES" OR WHAT?

How About "Staters"?

To the Editor of The World:

In re names for our troops abroad, how would Staters do? This would be a reminder of the United States and their home State too. It is simple and catchy and yet dignified.

Could not The World inaugurate a vote among the regiments to see what title the men would prefer?

Other suggestions are: Ansu (America, North; States, United), somewhat like the famous Anzac; or Amsu (America, States, United).

But the first of all, Staters, is more terse and traditional and almost as powerful as slang.

OTTO E. PRELLWITZ.

The Yanks.

To the Editor of The World:

Why look far afield for a name for our fighting boys in France when the name answering every purpose is right at our tongue's end—"The Yanks"?

That this is a fighting name and a name of glorious tradition the battlefields of the Revolution and the Civil War offer eloquent testimony.

Sammies? No; just fighting Yanks.
In their swinging, singing ranks
They are coming. Give God thanks
For the swinging, singing Yanks!

New York, Aug. 18, 1917.

"The Boys."

To THE EDITOR OF THE SUN:

It seems to me an appropriate name for our troops, who object with good reason to being called "Sammies," would be simply "The Boys." They are our boys, they are Uncle Sam's boys, they are the boys we look to to end this dreadful war, and they are "The Boys," God bless them, in every sense the term implies to all true American hearts.

MRS. MONSLEY.

Westwood, N. J., August 22.

To THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Why all this silly talk about what our boys should be nicknamed in France? We don't christen or nickname ourselves, do we? I think it would be very presumptuous on our part to call them Samsons.

We send our soldiers to help put down the pillars of Prussianism sure enough, but it occurs to me that those pillars are pretty near down already, so in that case the French and British soldiers are more entitled to be called Sampons than our soldiers are yet, and they seem to be perfectly satisfied if they are called "Tom-mies" and "Frenchie," so why not let "Sammies" stand?

H. C. MEYERS.

Chicago, Ill., Aug. 20, 1917.

176

Likes the Name "Liberty Boys."

To the Editor of The New York Times:

Alexander Powell, in the opening chapter of his book, "Brothers in Arms," states that in the Revolution we fought for liberty; in 1812 we fought for the freedom of the seas; in the civil war we fought for the preservation of the Union and the freedom of the slaves, and in 1898 we fought for the liberty of Cuba.

In view of the foregoing and the fact that our troops abroad object to the name "Sam-mies" I would respectfully offer as a substitute the name "Liberty Boys," as we are now fighting for the liberty of the world from the domination of the German Government, the most selfish, heartless, cruel and brutal in methods recorded in history.

GEORGE W. LEWIS.
Cincinnati, Aug. 20, 1912.

Letters From the People

The American Eaglets.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Your editorial regarding the dissatisfaction of our American soldiers over being called "Sammys" greatly interested me, because when I first read the name it struck me as being a misnomer.

If they must have a nickname, why not make use of a real emblem of the United States, one honored by all Americans, the American eagle, and call them the "Eaglets." We have our gold eagle, double eagle, half eagle and quarter eagle in our currency, mighty acceptable the world over, and our armies carry the

emblem with their flags, so why not a soldier eagle?

Hats off and three cheers for the American Eaglets!

CONSTANT READER.

"Americanders."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SUN—Sir: Why wouldn't a fitting term for our boys over the sea be "Americanders," with the initial letter silent and the accent on the "can"?

A. O. K.
New York, August 24, 1917.

Still Another.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING TELEGRAM:

"Sammys" for our boys is inane, inept and insipid! The personification of our most cherished traditions in origin, development, accomplishment and sacrifice was Abraham Lincoln, a name known and revered the world over. Why not call our boys "Lincoln Lads"?

WILLIAM B. REEVE.

"The Jimmies."

To the Editor of The World:

May I suggest that our new soldiers be called "Jimmies"? Nothing more suitable in the way of a name could be given them if they are to be used as instruments to pry the German Army out of its trenches, and just consider how appropriate it would be if they were employed afterward to maintain an open door in the East.

HARRY GRANT DART.
New York, Aug. 23, 1917.

"THE MERRY K'S."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

After enjoying the New York Herald daily for more than forty years naturally I feel a deep interest and am anxious to give assistance in this hour of great perplexity.

I never had but one son, but well remember the anxiety to find a name just good enough for our boy. Now, if we have voice from the nation, after all does anything fit better than "Americans," and if our cousins on the other side want something more homey and affectionate we'll try "Merry K's."

AMERICAN MOTHER.

New York city, Aug. 26, 1917.

WHY NOT "JONATHANS?"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

The suggestion of "Americans" as a nickname for our soldiers in Europe is one of a cool head and a high mind, but it mistakes the mark aimed at. "Americans" is for all time and everywhere; in America, "Americans" and in England "Englishmen" would be equally redundant.

A nickname for soldiers has to be a personal name like "Tommy" for England, "Paddy" for Ireland, "Sandy" for Scotland, "Johnnies" for the Confederates, &c. If it were not for obvious objections, "Sammy" would be proper for our boys. As the name adopted should avoid political connection, names first in our thoughts are not available.

Permit me to suggest the name "Jonathans." Jonathan means "the gift of Jehovah." It was the name of Washington's bosom friend, and it stands for the people of the United States collectively. The French, Jean Autant, with a gesture, would mean "a multitude."

JAMES BURKE.

Staten Island, Aug. 31, 1917.

WILL WIN A NAME.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Why do you give space to all those "nuts" who are trying to invent a name for our good men in France? They get my angora, with their Sammys, Samsons, A. B.'s, Attaboys and other names too numerous to mention. The "boys" will win their own name.

Let some of those who are so anxious to find a name for our soldiers enlist and help the boys "win" their name on the field of battle.

IRVING OSBORNE
Brooklyn, N. Y., Aug. 25, 1917.

JOHNNY, '76, '61 and '98.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

It was Jonathan, that was later dubbed Uncle Sam. It was Johnny that wore the cockade in '76. It was Johnny still in '12. It was Johnny in Mexico in '48. It was Johnny that donned the blue in '61. It was Johnny that donned the gray in '61. It was Johnny that came marching home in '65. It was Johnny get your gun in '98. It was Johnny baptized with fire, christened with blood and crowned with victory that gave and kept our liberty. Is it to go for naught?

JOHN.

New York City, Aug. 22, 1917.

"DOUGHBOYS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Can you tell me why the United States infantryman is called a "doughboy" and does the term equally apply to officers as to the rank and file?

H. T. LOWE.

New York City, Aug. 20, 1918.

In a talk to recruits at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., in February last, Captain Surratt, the instructor, defined "doughboy" as an infantryman of the United States Army, so called because infantrymen once rubbed their uniforms with pipe clay, and in rain this clay made dough.

"LIBERTY LADS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

The best name for our soldier boys in France—alliterative, descriptive, expressive—is "Liberty Lads."

HENRY F. FIELD.

Rutland, Vt., Aug. 22, 1917.

A Name for Our Soldiers.

To the Editor of The New York Times:

"The Origin of Yankee," as descanted on by F. R. Sturgis, has sent me to my favorite authority, Walsh's "Handbook of Literary Curiosities," and therein I find as brief and comprehensive treatment of the subject as one could wish, viz:

A term of dubious etymology and varied uses. The derivation accepted as most plausible by leading authorities makes it a slight corruption of the word "Yen-gese," applied to the English by the Northern Indian tribes to whom they first became known—a meritorious aboriginal attempt to pronounce "English." In Europe the word Yankee means an American from any portion of the United States; in the South it means an inhabitant of the Northern States, and in the North it retains its original specific application to the inhabitants of the New England States.

To me that is "the last word" on the subject, and it obviously puts "Yankee" out of the running as a covering term for our men "over there." It would set up such a wrangling over its proper applicability as might threaten civil war.

My guess is that our boys, with the aid, perhaps, of their allied friends, will hit upon an appropriate appellation. It is not for the stay-at-home to furnish the suggestion. We can be fanciful, as witness "Usonian," but the dubbing that will stick must come out of rubbing in the thick * * * of the fighting.

JOHN WORTHY.

New York, July 23, 1918.

"MERI" FOR AMERICAN ARMY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

I am quite interested in the nicknames suggested as per your late Sunday issues for our boys abroad and would like to add the word "Meri," pronounced merry and derived from Americus or Americus—being the second and third syllables for short.

His or her full name to be:
(United States), U. S. Meri.
(Philippines), Phil. Meri.
(Puerto Rico), P. R. Meri.
(Alaska), Al. Meri, &c.

This name would soon become widely popular through the following expressions: Give them "Meri" hell; Let them all be "Meri"; A "Meri" Christmas, A "Meri" liberty for us, Here's to the "Meri" men, It is a "Meri" regiment, Good morning, "Meri" sir; I fight "Meri"-ly, Cut it Kid, be "Meri"; Eat, drink, conquer and be "Meri"—in fact, anywhere that the word "merry" can be used; ditto "Meri" (American) to good and cheerful advantage.

It's hypnotic effect on the enemy will be a new "goat" getter. The "mailed mush," "bulldogs," "black terrors," have seen their days, which I liken to the Trojan horse and the hideous masks of the Chinese warriors of long ago. To face an army of "Meri" fighting men seems almost impossible—it would be like hitting a man laughing at a joke. "Meri" will have a stimulating effect to our boys and lighten their burdens under any and all conditions.

THE YELL!

"Meri's" my name.
"Meri" (Merry) I am (stress on am);
"Merry" my home.
True A-mer-i-cans (stress on cans).

ANNEX.

Cans! Can! What? der Ki-yi-sir (or Kaiser).
(Note—Ending with the fist closed and a "soaker" attitude), which will always bring forth a burst of "Meri"-ment as a cheering aid.

I win; so please rush the prize, as I am anxiously waiting. No! No!! send it for "comfort kits"—Y. M. C. A. or Red Cross—publishing the receipt. Very truly submitted, A-Meri.

WM. H. FENN.

Greenwich, Conn., Aug. 31, 1917.

THE "USONIANS" AGAIN.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

What a pity that this country, before entering the great international complications, did not have the forethought to do such a simple thing as to provide itself with a name! Here we are splitting our heads as to whether our soldiers in France are to be called "Teddie" or "Sammies" or what? "Teddie" and "Sammies" they have absolutely refused to be called, and surely they are right when they say that no trivial name properly represents their state of mind in this great war. But then what?

So long as we are inside our own country we may be able to throw logic to the winds and think of ourselves as Americans.

But for our men who are ready to fight on the western front, side by side with those splendid fighters, the Canadians, and perhaps soon also the Venezuelans. It is a little absurd for us to gobble up the name Americans. . . . Our country has only one name, United States of America, and that, unfortunately, does not lend itself to the making of an adjective.

Not one of the names that have been proposed for our poor soldiers without a name has anything in its favor, but the worst suggestion of all is that of "Yankees." It was never meant to apply to more than a small fraction of our people; to ask the inhabitants of the Southern States to fight in France under the name of Yankees would be an incivility. The Southerners were not exterminated in the civil war and they are certainly not now to be ignored.

Is there no way out? There is a very easy one, and it happens that two approaches to it have already been made. The French have adopted the plan of calling us "the U. S. men," but it is awkward not to be able to make an adjective for our designation, and, besides, "United States" does not apply to us exclusively. It has also been proposed to make for us a synthetic name out of initials of words, on the model of the term Anzac. But "Annexes" is very far from the right thing when so good a name, on this plan, lies exactly at hand. If we take the initial letters of the words United States of North America, we shall have the word Usona. . . . There would be no harm in making this name more euphonious by changing it into Usonia. The people of the country would then be called Usonians. This name is really indispensable. . . .

Then here's to the Usonians—may they live long and prosper!

CHRISTINE LADD-FRANKLIN.
Columbia University, Sept. 5, 1917.

MEANING OF SAMMIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

The French greeting to our American soldiers is not intended to mean "Sammies." The expression "mes amis" means my friends; "nos amis" means our friends, pronounced me-zo-mi. Thus, my friends, our friends is the greeting which the Frenchmen give to the Americans.

New York City, Sept. 8, 1917.

D. T. A.

NICKNAME FOR SOLDIERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

I wish to suggest a nickname for the soldiers with a real meaning. The name "Doughboy" should be objected to, because "dough" is the common name for money, and the soldier represents higher ideals. I would also object to "Gringo," because, according to explanation in the HERALD, it has not much meaning to back it. I suggest that as our soldiers represent democracy we shall nickname them the "Demos," to be pronounced as "e" is in demon, which might mean that autocracy has so infuriated justice that it must not expect any more mercy from democracy.

MISS VERONICA.

New York City, Sept. 8, 1917.

NICKNAME THE SLACKERS.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Nicknames! A man born in England is an Englishman, born in France he is a Frenchman and born in Holland he is a Hollander. But a man born in this country is a citizen of the United States. "American" will not do, because a Mexican or an Argentinian is an "Americano," too. Find out a good and handy name or expression, and at the same time you will have a name for your soldiers. But why a nickname? Why not a nickname for a policeman, a Senator, or for the President himself? This war is not a game, but the most serious thing that ever could happen. Could you give a nickname if this boy is killed and buried "somewhere in France?" And is there place for a nickname if the boy is coming back as a hero? Give nicknames to the slackers, and the men who grow rich from your time, money and blood!

Y. THUMMLER.

New York City, Sept. 8, 1917.

"BUDS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Apropos of the many letters I have read in your paper suggesting a name for our soldiers abroad, do you not think that inasmuch as our army is the youngest of all the armies the name "BUDS" would be most appropriate?

W. H. B.

New York City, Sept. 8, 1917.

"Sammy" Will Do.

Good Enough Name for Any One to Fight Under.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE EVENING SUN—Sir: There seems to be an objection by some rather illogical editors to the nicknaming of our boys in France "Sammies."

This illogical objection is not understandable. Here we have as a nation been called for ancient of days "Uncle Sam." Yet when we come to the derivative of "Sam" what a hue and cry! Away with all this senseless cavil!

To put the matter in a more dignified, noble light, let no one be ashamed of the name "Samuel." The spirit of Samuel of old is the spirit which we delight to associate with the going forth of our sons to righteous battle! Let us ever remember his willingness. As our sons go forth, saluting their good old Uncle Samuel, let their words be those of Samuel of old, "Here am I, for Thou didst call me."

If my memory serves me, I read in THE EVENING SUN not long since that Gen. Pershing was well pleased with a particular part of a soldier's equipment which the English soldiers used, and which was known as a "Sam Brown"—a belt, I think it was. Now, it strikes me that this is an inspiration, and inasmuch as "Sammy" it seems to be, why not call our boys "Sammy Brown." I am sure that reference to the list of our National Army will disclose that "Brown" is a representative name therein, and why not let it go at that?

In the words of Ecclesiastes: "Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter." If Uncle Sam is good enough to fight for (so say we all!) he's good enough to be called for!

"Tommy Atkins, let me introduce to you your pal, 'Sammy Brown.'" "Glad to meet you, Ole Top; 'eres me 'and, and no longer is it 'ands across the sea," but 'and to 'and, and 'art to 'art; and we'll see it out together!"

E. S. M.

Brooklyn, Sept. 3, 1917.

THE INATTENTIVE EAR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

It does not speak very well for the intelligence of those who have been so frequently of late writing to the papers objecting to what they seem to think is a name the French have given the American troops. How can your correspondents be induced to understand that it is not "Sammies" but that the inattentive American ear which so constantly asks us to repeat what we have said misses the first word, for is not the French greeting really "Mes amis", or "Nos amis." Please do try to have this cleared up.

C. M. B.

Philadelphia, Pa., Sept. 5, 1917.

RIDICULES "BUDS."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

"Buds?" Well, what kind of "bud" is "W. H. B.?" Is it a man or a woman? Of all the suggested names for our American soldiers this one, "Buds," the most absurd and nonsensical. Vide de sens. Our American soldiers are Americans, and this name, Americans, is the only one there is for them.

A. T. D.

New York City, Sept. 7, 1917.

NAMING THE HEROES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE HERALD:

Permit me to suggest what I consider the most appropriate title for the heroes of this country who are going forth so nobly to battle for the cause of Right—a name applicable in more ways than one. Their country and her magnificent resources and supplies is a tower of strength to us in this hour of trial—a veritable giant of strength to the Allies—so why not they be called "Samsons" (Sam's sons)?

MARY DUNLOP.

An Australian Woman.

New York City, Sept. 11, 1917.