

TRENCH AND CAMP

Published weekly at the National canton-ADVISORY BOARD OF CO-OPERATING PUBLISHERS

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Published under the assistes of the National War Work Council of the Y. M. C. A. of the United States with the co-operation Distributed free to the soldiers in the Sational Accordance in the Sational Foundation of the Policy of the Sational Foundation of the Sational Fo

OPENING THE WAY FOR US

Military operations have taken on a new meaning. We read no longer of the Ypres salient as the theatre of a bloody conflict or of Verdun as the stage of a world-renowned drama. Vimy ridge has become more than a name. The Aisne is more than a fabled stream. For we are soon to appear on one or another of these fields of action and we find them now a veritable part of ourselves. But as we view the operations on the west-ern front in the imminence of our great endeavor and in the sympathy. of our friendship for America's allies. two facts of the utmost importance to each of us stand out in hold relief.

The first of these is the remarkable success with which our associates in arms are meeting in every great enlittle, with unremitting patience, the French and the British are wresting from the Germans the key-positions from the North Sea to the mountains. Monchy-le-Preux, Vimy Ridge, the Chemin des Dames, the Messines ridge, the Zonnebeke ridge-one after another of these have fallen into the hands of the allies. With scarcely an exception, the British and French are now fighting down-grade, as far southward as the foothills of the Vosges, whereas, in the past, they have been forced to move upgrade against positions selected by the Germans at leisure and fortified at pleas-

Again, the British and the French have greatly improved their tactics during recent months while the Ger-mans have either remained stationary or else have been losing in morale. In September, 1915, the French fought the famous battle of the Champaigne, This was undertaken after the most careful investigation on the part of Marshal Joffre and was entrusted to some of his ablest generals, including Petain and Foch. The victory was unmistakable, but the losses were Petain and Foch. The victory was unmistakable, but the losses were heavy, and, if current reports are to be believed, the offensive had to stop because of a shortage of munitions. In the same way, the British offensives at Neuve Chappelle and Loos and the French operations against the Labyrinth north of Arras cost the lives of tens of thousands. In contrast, we now read of attacks in which the French capture more unwounded prisoners than they lose in total admitted to the state of the same than the same to the same than the same

France, she can exert her strength when and where it will mean most.

We soldiers of the new army shall not be forced to fight against such odds as confronted the "First Hundred Thousand" and, in the providence of God, we shall not have to suffer as did the French at Charleviol or in the retreat to the Marne. Our comrades have opened the way for us; ours it is to move on with them to victory.

ANOTHER AMERICAN SHOT HEARD AROUND THE WORLD

The opening shot by America has been fired. Our boys are shooting. Those boys from farm and city, from prairie and seashore, from the mountains of the West and the valleys of the East are aiming their Springfields and training their cannon at the Hosts of Hideousness and the echo of those shots will not die till freedom is born

and training their cannon at the Hosts of Hideousness and the echo of those abots will not die till freedom is born again.

And this is no new adventure for American blood. Once before the grandsires of the lads how in the trenches stood at Lexington and fired a shot heard around the world.

That shot was fired from a flintlock. It was aimed by untrained farmers who confronted war-hardened regulars. It seemed at best a valiant but hopeless effort, and yet that little flash of powder loosed an explosion that sealed the doom of kings.

National changes come slowly. But within a decade and a half after that shot the head of Louis XVI fell in abasket and France, with all its vigor and idealism, with all the love of freedom and its worship of equality, was definitely in the ranks of Democracy.

Today only the despotism of Prussianism termains in Europe to mense those world-wide apprations for which the farmers fought at Lexington. And Prussianism tending the theory in the french with the horizon of the first of the holicy of calculated cruely and foreordained frightfulness was possible. But that chance passed when President Wilson made his public denunciation of Germany's policies, practices and purposes on April 2. From that day the final outcome have been in doubt.

Russia may have caved in. Italy may be overwhelmingly and tragically defeated. The tide may run with seeming resistlessness for the Kingdom of Cruelty, but America has yet to be reckoned with.

To the stern strength of France, who cried, "They shall not pass," to the unyielding heroism of Egiland.

dom of Crueity, but America has yet to be recknosed with.

To the stern strength of France, who cried, "They shall not pass," to the unyielding heroism of England, whose army was practically annihilated on the retreat from Mons and yet who never faltered or cried aloud, to the bright youth of Canada, Australia and New Zealand, to the brave and indomitable Italians, America has brought her riches, her knowledge, her inventive genius and, above all, the spirits and bodies of her sons.

That accession will change the scales and that assistance will win the day.

scales and that assistance will win the day.

It may not be soon. It may mean winter and summer in the trenches and in the field. It may bring suffering and death to soldiers and to their families, but that shot fired from the trenches by our boys will bring no leas glory to the warriors, safety to their families and freedom to the world. Yes, to all the world, even to Germany, when she shall have been delivered from the nightmare of Prussianism.

WHAT THE SUBMARINES MISSED

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That the German submarine policy
has failed is best proved by official
statistics as to the number of men and
quantity of munitions and supplies
safely fransported across the Atlantic since the U-boats became active.

In the last three years 13,000,000
men have crossed and recrossed the
Atlantic. Only 3,500 of these men
were lost. More than 25,000,000 tons
of explosives, 51,000,000 tons of coal
and upward of 100,000,000 tons of
machinery, rifles and other supplies
also were transported without any
loss whatsoever.

WAR OF 1917

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"The War of 1917" is the term by which the United States government will officially refer to the present conflict. The Signal Corps in each division has been instructed to compile a comprehensive pictorial history of "The War of 1917" for preservation in the archives in the War Department.

"A FATAL DEFECT"

At a banquet recently, Secretary of War Baker said: "One of the fatal defects of the Hohenzollern imagina-tion is that fatuous belief that being frightful and making faces and kill-ing women and children will scare brave men."

CANTONMENT TYPES

The guy with the mole vision might claim that an O. D. outfit makes every man the same sort of a man. He would back up his near-sighted claim by declearing that "clothes make the man." But this Myopic Moke has never really lived in and of an Army cantonment. If he had enjoyed such a privilege, even his restricted gaze might have told him that there are typic in khak! just as truly as there are in the ankle length pants and the colored necktite.

necktle.

One of these types is the Boob Who Thinks He's Better. You've got him in mind. And when you think of him, your fist swings outward involuntarily. You reach unconsciously for a missile to hurl. If there is now you may unbottle some of the language that the Y. M. C. A. huts have signs against, if you're that kind of a fellow. These hidden resources of language failing you, perhaps you lapse into deep disgust which is really more effective than indigo expletives. For the Boob Who Thinks He's Better lurks in every

camp.

He is not there because he wants to be. That fact he frankly proclaims.

Not that he wouldn't be willing to do his share in the war, if allowed to choose and pick. He might. But it would be a soft-handed, white-collared, cologne-scented bit. He really wouldn't associate with the "common herd," the cannille, the hol polloi, if he chose his path. For he is a Better Sort of Breed!

the canalile, the noi poiloi, if he chose his path. For he is a Better Sort of Breed!

He is unused to contact with the bristly neck. He finds the jostle of trude elbows so annoying! And one is even forced to wash one's dishes with those fellows (the "o" is long as in "roast"). And disrobing in plain sight of a rude fellow who has driven trucks, and to have remarks made, by this rude fellow to another rude fellow who-has been until recently a fixer of plumbing! Very distasteful to the Boob Who Thinks He's Better!

He isn't at all chary with information about how he's never been thrown, with rough, unhewn men. They are from a different order. He only tokerates the common herd. This army missit has a rough road ahead, no clause of the road but because of the loss as out of touch with the democratic spirit as if he'd lived in the time of Louis Fourteeness has been inherited from a family in which the proboscis has always been on, a forty-five degree angle, though, so perhaps the Boob Who Thinks He's Beter can't be blamed.

forty-five degree angle, though, so perhaps the Boob Who Thinks He's Bee-er can't be blamed.

And certainly a term as a member perforce of the great brotherhood in American leggins and service stetsons will bring the Boob to his sense, and nake him realize that, after all, he isn't Better, but only a Boob.

HIGH HEART OF FRANCE

Out of the agony and sweat, Out of the mortal sacrifice, Out of the high heart that could yet Twine yarlands as it gives and dies.

the dire vigils of the west. By the hard tears and blood their

ark in the sackcloth and beaten breast, Men say, "France, you have borne a soul!"

The Lord He pitieth all scaled eyes Come, pity you now the gaped struck view!

Pity you, pity the sheep surprise Always, Lily of France—you

You were a dancer at a ball, Larking in a painted hose and basque, You were a belle at a carnival. Tickling fools with a wig and mask.

Picrrette, coquette, shaped and trig Dance! We follow!—But hark—

word! low comes leaping through mask and way? Who shines and towers there with a word? Dance! word!

Pierrette! Pallas! Nay, hear the clear

call
Ringing round on the dumbfounded
dance;
Enough, enough of the mime and ball!
Mummers, have done! "Tis 1! "Tis
France!

"Look at me, mind me, now in mine

eyes! was I a laggard for paint, for play!
y bugles, blow me! my children, rise!
My day of glory has dawned today!"

France, by your agony and sweat, By your immortal sacrifice, By your own knightliness that yet Plucks purples as it pours and dies;

In the white honor that now flings all For honor white, nor recks to

chance— You have but let the veiled years fall, And turned the selfsame face

HENRY Sydnor Harrison, in "For

MUST BE PROPERLY CLOTHED

Strict orders have been issued by the War Department that all men transferred from the National Army to the National Guard must be transferred from the National Army
to the National Guard must be
equipped with a complete uniform
and two or more blankets before
leaving their cantonments. When
the attention of the department was
called to the fact that many men
had been sent away without proper
clothing and blankets, it was annonneed that this was a violation of
specific instructions, and all division
commanders have been ordered to see
that the practice is discontinued.

HONOR FOR SORREL TOPS

America's first shot in the war hav-ing been fired by "a red-headed ser-geant," the Red Head Club of Spo-kane, Washington, has elected to hou-orary membership all the sorrol top non come with the American expedi-tionary force in France.

German Militarist Says U.S. May Not Send Army Abroad

Notwithstanding the actual participation of American soldiers in fighting on the western front, the Germannewspapers still insist Uncle Sam has onen in Europe. The German pepple are led to believe that French as British soldiers have been drassed in khaki to look like American Schilles

men.

A fair specimen of the kind of stuff the German people are being "fed up" on la seen in the following from Major Hoffe, of the German General Staff:

"Any extensive transport of An any extensive transport of American troops would cause serious diffi-culties in supplies to England and France. It must be remembered that the U-boats are sinking more and more ships daily.

"Finally, the fighting value of the American troops is not great, probably about equal to that of the financians, and there certainly will be fewer of them than of Rumanians.

So Germany will have an easy

"In fact, it is doubtful whether the Americans will risk the venture of sending an army to Europe at all.

"The only American help to be seriously reckoned with is in the air. Flyers can be quickly trained and easily transported, but the German mmand has taken all necessary

measures to meet this danger.

"The new enemy directs his efforts less against the German army than against the nerves of the German people and against the internal unity of Germany."

U. S. TO FEED PRISONERS

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That the United States is not overlooking any angle of the war is
shown by the fact that plans have already been made to properly feed
American solidiers taken prisoner by
Germany. Thousands of prisoners
taken by Germany have suitered and
died from lack of nourishment, and
the United States government does
not propose to let Americans suffer,
for food. The War and Navy Departments have completed arrangements for food. The War and Navy Departments have completed arrangements with the Red Cross for each American prisoner in Germany to receive two ten-pound packages of food every two weeks.

weeks.

The food is to be forwarded from the Red Cross warehouse at Berne, Switzerland, where it will be held for shipment to the prisoners in Germany.

FOUR STARS FOR PERSHING

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After considerable debate as to
whether General Pershing was entitied to wear three stars and a wreath
or four stars as the inniginal of his
new rank, official announcement has
been made by the War Department
that four stars designates a general.
It is not probable that General Pershing will be further elevated to the
rank of field marshal.



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