

Death Rate Among Soldiers Less Than Among Civilians

So much has been written and said about the death rate among soldiers in training in the United States that a little exact and authentic information might not be amiss at this juncture.

War Department records show that from the middle of September to the last of December the death rate among the soldiers in camps and cantonments was 7.5 per thousand. In other words, out of every 2,000 men, 15 died, while 1,985 lived. The death rate of 7.5 per thousand is less

than the rate would have been if all the men in the camps had remained at home in civilian clothes.

The death rate per thousand among United States soldiers in 1898 was 20.14, or nearly three times as great.

In 1916 the death rate in the Army was 5 per thousand.

But for the outbreak of measles and its complications in the camps and cantonments, the death rate from September to December would have been only two per thousand.

DEFENSE COUNCIL WANTS FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS TO DISCONTINUE "HAND OUTS"

In the interest of conserving the food supplies of the country and protecting the health of the soldiers in the camps and cantonments, the Council of National Defense has issued the following request, which should be tantamount to an appeal to the Council of National Defense asks the public to discontinue sending food to camps, in the interest of food conservation and health. The waste referred to can be checked only by getting each soldier's friends and family to realize that they are actually the persons asked to stop.

"The Council of National Defense desires to inform the people of the

country that abundant food is supplied to our soldiers and sailors in camps and cantonments, and that the sending of food to these men by their friends and families is not in any respect necessary; that the aggregate quantity of food thus privately sent is enormous, and that much of it, having been conveyed long distances in heated express or mail cars, in more or less spoiled and consequently injurious to the health of the men. Therefore, in the interest of the conservation of food and also the health of the men, the Council of National Defense requests the public to discontinue the sending of foodstuffs to the camps."

CANTONMENT TYPES

THE MAIL ORDERLY

IN him are met the hopes and fears, the blessings and curses of the Army. If he brings good news there is none whose lot is pleasanter. If he brings bad news he is reviled like the lad Will Shakespeare has in one of his plays who brought evil tidings, and was bowled out by the gent receiving them. The evil messenger brought was heaped on his head. If the Mail Orderly brings no tidings at all, woe betide him. His name is Gambo.

The Mail Orderly gradually absorbs all the importance wrapped up in the burden he carries to his comrades. If a package comes to Alf or Bert or Bill, the Mail Orderly experiences a warm flash of self-satisfaction. He feels that they owe him all the gratitude for bringing it. He rolls, pink missive to the Outfit's Lady Kipper, he has the sense of an intimate kinship with the lady who wrote it. Each letter, each postcard, each parcel, each wrapped-up newspaper that he takes to his mates has a personality all its own. Each item of mail lives, full of the love and longing and hope that has been pressed into it. The Mail Orderly may well feel that gravity of the trust which is reposed in him, the sacredness of the mission upon which he embarks with each trip to postal headquarters.

As for the mail he takes from his organization, that gradually becomes familiar to him, like the faces in a family group. He comes to know the handwriting and the weight of each letter. If an extra page or two has been added by a too blissful bunkie, the Mail Orderly regards it as a breach of faith with himself. It becomes an aggravation, with each step he takes toward the office.

"What right has Steve got to be writing extra pages? He's double-crossed me!" The sense of unfairness weighs heavily. And if some one slips in a letter out of its accustomed schedule, the Mail Orderly resents it.

"Here's Jim writing on Wednesday. Why don't he wait till Friday. That's his day."

The sting of such treacheries can only be removed by mail for himself. For, of course, the Mail Orderly occasionally gets a letter all his own. Hunger is inevitable, and sometimes even the chef eats his own food.

BILLIONS WILL BE SPENT BY AMERICA TO CONQUER GERMANY THROUGH AIR

The determination of the United States to "whip Germany through the air" is indicated by the size of appropriations already made for aviation and those Congress has been asked to make available. When the aerial forces of America get into action during the coming months we shall no longer hear of a "squadron of airplanes," but units as large as battalions and regiments will be reported as participating in air battles.

When Congress some months ago appropriated \$739,047,766 for aviation, it was remarked that this sum was three times as much as had been appropriated for all military branches of the nation in 1916, and 100 times as much as was ever made available before for aviation.

Major General George Squier, head of the Signal Corps, has just asked Congress for an additional appropriation of \$1,138,240,314 for aviation purposes, making a total of \$1,877,208,030 for aerial equipment. More billions will be appropriated if necessary.

PROVING IT

Jack: "So I dives under the submarine wiv my little bradawl and bores an 'ole ar' sinks the blighter and 'ere's the bradawl to prove it!"
—Sketch.

AMERICANS MUST SUBMIT TO ARBITRARY MILITARY RULES TO BEAT GERMANY

Opposes of the recent protests against the shutting down of industries in the Eastern States for five days to save coal, the words of M. Hovelague, Minister of Education in France, who accompanied Marshal Joffre to this country last spring, might be recalled. Among other things he said:

"Since the outbreak of the war the German people have been practicing the most heroic self-denial the world has ever seen. They have willingly and uncomplainingly complied with the most rigorous arbitrary military laws and regulations ever promulgated. They have not questioned the orders from the military authorities, but have obeyed without protest. This is the strength of Germany and will be her strength until the end.

"No nation whose people do not practice the same self-denial and bow resignedly to arbitrary rules and regulations will defeat Germany, nor will that nation deserve to defeat Germany."

President Wilson's explanation of the coal order was that coal was needed to fill the bunkers of ships in American harbors loaded with food and military supplies and equipment for United States soldiers "over there."

Jim Was Too Alert, As Usual

BY OUR OWN RING W. LARDNER



"PRIVATE JIM"

well all this letter I am writing to you now will not be as much of a 1 as the letters I of ritten befor because I of ben what they call gas & it is not as sim all as it is speld but toos like you head does when theys a leak in the ruber hoos connecksun & you sleep necks to it all nite. In fact all this armie life will be grate for you when you get out of it you can sleep in the saim room with expacing gas & never know its escaped you will of becam carelesst to it by these gas attacks.

you know al in these can Tonements they have trenchus & gas & bombs and nomens land & everythink just the saim as they of fixt them up In frantz wear they is reyll flting altho their isent none hear eggropt for leafs over the weak end. but they get these trenchus bear & all those other things such as gas can to have you fevull at home when you get to frantz & you want wish you was back at the old can Tonement becaus everything is just as convenyent as they was their trenchus & all the rest. I will be at home al weaver I get a chants at some of them germanm ine soar at those inks ever since a germanm barber cut me onct wile he was shaveng me you know me al.

this isent telling you thouth al why I got to be east it was this weigh wile we were out in the trenchus I day showing off befor some visitors in Sivillain close who were important ennt to be with the Jennril. the rumpny ime a member of was sealectt to put on these gas mass wile these big boys lookt on of coarse ine in the country as I ced if you shoold wonder why they pickt us out from the hole camp you know me. well as we was their in the trenchus waiteng for the emand gas alurt wich nemes fassen up the strap that yr gas outt hang by so as to mak it handy when you get commandit to ajust mass.

well al I was redly for anythink belevy me so when I herd the hollow along the line gas alurt I was rite on the job & had my milt all on before the words was scarely utted. I was so quick in rotting the thing over my head & the tube ajust it & everything that it made the loot inlt soar & ho hollerd at me & of coarse I took of the mask so I rood look at the loot inlt & saloot him but wile I was handing him my complements after the mask was off I went to pick it up from wear it had dropt on the ground & the stuff like smook thurd sent us at got between me & the mask & the stuff moar then gas ine quiet sure at becaus it has a small all of its own & they say this gas we got is nothink to what weel get aerod the water in frantz. well al I had to sneeze but it meat no ezie thing to do when a corprall & sargent & loot inrt are all looking at it & trying to mak you think a sneaze wood be the wickedest thing you cood pull off. I got to the place wear I didnt care who saw it & I let go with a big I wile the term running up & down my cheeks & no blowng & kyschewng anything awfull.

Finely I got the mask on aeen but it was to late as the attent was over & everybody was pulling there of aeen so of coarse I didnt want to mak it seam as though I was contrary so I took mine off & we walked off wile everybuddy hollowed & yellt looking at me most of the time well al you know how I am at making things intresting weaver I happen to be. I was a grate thing becaus I know a sneeze & when we got to the trenchus was a grate thing becaus I know a sneeze I dont care if jorill perishing himself sneazes. but this gas is bad stuff to meat with when you havent got no mask on & I know that to. hopping you wear yr pal you get these letters from me.
YR PAL PRYVATP JIM

War Department Discourages Keeping of Diaries by Soldiers

There you are in the front-line trenches, with the ahrenud and high-powered explosive shells hurtling over your head. You are carrying a minimum of baggage and, let us suppose, a minimum loss of courage. Among your handy kit of toilet articles is the dainty, leather-bound diary your sister, your mother or "the girl back home" gave you for Christmas. When you are relieved from the front-line, you fall in a heap in a shelter and try to write a letter. When your letter is finished, you turn to the faithful diary and you commence relating to it, without hesitation, without stint, the manifold, soul-stirring things you have gone through and seen. It is and has been your never-failing confidant and you have pledged to tell it everything. And indeed you do.

Then suppose—the Germans suddenly storm your sector of the battlefield—your trench! Their numbers are overwhelming and their drumfire and machine-gun pelting irresistible. You and your comrades fight bravely, but the odds are too great. The enemy captures your trench and eventually you. An officer later searches you and your effects and at last seizes the dainty diary which was perhaps "her" memorable gift to you.

The Germans read it and laugh at your naivete, your secret confessions, your seams with your soul—and

then they come to the part where you tell of the troops behind the lines, the huge preparations, the names of regiments, their equipments, their methods of transportation, the types of guns in use and a welter of rumor which is half truth, and half fiction. The enemy proceeds to devour your artless notes. You meant well, you never dreamed of being captured, but the vicissitudes of war are many and a tin is one of the likeliest of them all. You are giving, unconsciously of course, aid and comfort to the enemy because you were so honest and truthful with yourself and with your cherished diary which was "her" gift to you.

A good deal of valuable information already has been obtained by the allies from the diaries seized on the persons of the German prisoners. Perhaps it has been unwise to print the contents of some of these diaries, as has been done in both English and French press, because that would only give the enemy the cue to the Germans. It was one of the things evidently overlooked by the Germans who are, even more than we, a diary-keeping nation.

At all events, the compilation of diaries, which must of necessity be kept on the person of the author, is not desirable and the War Department has served official notice that everything should be done to discourage this practice.

"LET'S GO"

A questionnaire was returned to a certain exemption board not a thousands miles from the state capital with these words written across the face of it in red ink: "I am fit as a fiddle, sound as a bullet, ready to fight at the drop of a hat and will start on a moment's notice. Cut the red tape and wire me when and where to report."

GLOOMY GERMAN GERM

"What's the matter, little microphone?" inquired the typhoid germ. "I'm utterly discouraged," replied the anthrax-bacillus. "Here I am employed in the military service of a great emperor. Even if I earn the iron cross I'm not big enough to wear it."

COLORED MEN DOING THEIR BIT

That America's colored citizenry is doing its bit in the war is established by statistics culled from the compiled figures on the first draft of the total of 9,686,568 men registered last June, 737,628, or nearly eight per cent, were colored. Twenty-eight per cent of these colored men, or 208,953, were called by draft boards and 75,697 certified for service. This means that out of every 100 colored men called, thirty-six were certified for service and sixty-four rejected, exempted or discharged. In the case of the white citizens, twenty-five out of every 100 were certified for service and seventy-five rejected, exempted or discharged.

