



FRENCH HOSPITALITY CAPTIVATES U. S. SOLDIERS

Some idea of the warmth and hospitality with which American soldiers are received by the people of France may be gotten from the following letter written by a lieutenant now "Over There" to a friend at home.

"You have doubtless seen cartoons showing a man wearing a small lump of coal in place of a diamond shirt stud, or putting an egg in a safe deposit vault. I have lived in such conditions in reality. At one place I was billeted, with a woman over seventy years old, there was a little lump of coal which reposed on a shelf in front of the stove. She burned twigs and looked at the coal to keep warm. One day she dug down behind some papers in a cupboard and pulled out an egg, which she showed me with all the pride in possessing a diamond necklace. She said she was saving it for some day when she was sick.

"She was a dear, sweet old lady, and insisted on folding my pajamas when we packed to leave, saying she was our 'mamma'.

"The women of France are wonderful to us—and I refer now to the real women. You can't always speak their language, but they can read in your eyes that you are hungry and tired and I'll wager there isn't a cottage in all France where an American wouldn't be welcome to a meal and bed. Often they haven't much to offer, but it is yours for the asking. In the part of the country where we are now there are almost no hotels and we are entirely dependent on the hospitality of the inhabitants.

"There are no men in France, outside of the army, unless you happen to be near a manufacturing centre. In the country it is all women and children and the village priest. They are all in mourning almost without exception. In one house where I lived the woman had lost seventeen in the war, counting cousins and nephews.

"At present we are taking our meals at the village bakery. We settled down there before the regiment arrived and have continued since, as our stay here is only temporary, and they haven't yet located an officers' mess near enough to a fire to make overcoats and gloves unnecessary at meals. We are well cared for, though we eat many strange things sometimes and say nothing.

"The woman who runs the place is brisk and smart. Her husband is employed guarding German prisoners. She bakes splendid bread in the form of huge doughnuts with a great hole in the centre, through which the arm is slipped for convenience in carrying. While we are eating breakfast the whole village passes in review to get their morning bread and we get all the town gossip, your news, crack and forth with greatest abandon."

AMERICAN BOYS TO RAISE \$1,000,000 FOR SOLDIERS

One hundred thousand American boys throughout the United States have come to work at odd jobs to earn a million dollars to help the Y. M. C. A. pay for some extra comforts for American soldiers and sailors at home and overseas.

All of the boys are in their teens. Each of them has pledged to work until he has earned at least \$10. They will accept any honorable work. Their task means some aching backs, tired bodies and personal sacrifices, but they are determined to "see it through."

The earnestness of the youngsters is illustrated by the case of Samuel Briant, a fourteen-year-old Texan. For several weeks he tried in vain to get employment in his home town to earn his pledged \$10. A Y. M. C. A. secretary heard of a job of milking two cows at 5:30 o'clock every morning. Samuel Briant had never milked a cow in his life, and 5:30 A. M. was the middle of the night to him, but he took the job and got away with it in fine style. He has earned considerable more than his promised \$10. This same spirit is being shown by boys throughout the country, and the probabilities are that they will earn more like two million dollars than one.

HIS OWN FATHER-IN-LAW

An Eastern district exemption board certified for military service a thirty-year-old man who became his father-in-law. His wife died before the United States entered the war and when the selective service law went into effect he had no one dependent upon him. He married his mother-in-law a month after registering on June 5. The members of the district board thought the young man had gone to extremes in marrying his mother-in-law to escape the draft. They finally ruled that any man brave enough to attempt to live with his mother-in-law need have no fear of the trenches.



Ancient Greeks Practiced Camouflage When They Sent "Loaded" Horse To Troy

Although the word camouflage has been added to French slang since the war started, the art or science of faking, pretending or deceiving in warfare, which the word describes, is by no means new.

Camouflage is as old as the fighting instinct. One of the earliest and most notable instances of the employment of camouflage to fool the enemy was when the Greeks sent that huge wooden horse into Troy, since which time it has been regarded as the better part of discretion to "Beware of the Greeks bearing gifts."

Lieut. H. Ledyard Towle, of the Seventy-first Infantry, New York National Guard, and instructor of the first camouflage school to be opened in the United States, tells of the following remarkable cases of camouflage in the present war:

French troops establish listening posts and lookouts in No Man's Land by digging tunnels from their own trenches out to a dead body lying on the field and attaching a periscope to the boot of the fallen soldier.

At night French soldiers set up a barbed wire fence in plain view of the Germans, expecting it to be shelled the next morning. It is promptly shelled, but one or two of the posts supporting the wire remain standing. The next night tunnels are run out to the standing posts and periscopes attached to them.

To prevent being seen under the light of star shells sent up by both sides every night, French, British and

American soldiers wear hoods and cloaks of the color of the earth and streak their faces with grease paint. Green and brown goggles are worn to prevent the whites of the soldiers' eyes from showing.

Near Amiens French troops had to use an open road three miles in length. There was no other way to their objective point. German aviators would have seen them on the open road and the poilus would have been shelled. At night a stretch of canvas three miles in length and painted to represent an open road, was propped up over the entire highway and under this canopy the soldiers marched nearer to the German lines.

A fake line of trenches was painted by French artists and placed behind the real trenches occupied by the poilus. The Germans shelled the fake trenches and then dashed toward them to catch the French soldiers in their dugouts. En route to the fake trenches, however, the Italians suddenly encountered the French soldiers in the real trenches and were annihilated.

The Germans make diabolical use of camouflage. After an engagement they shell Red Cross workers attempting to gather up the bodies of French soldiers. At night the Germans attach high explosive bombs to the bodies. When French soldiers creep up under cover of darkness to recover the bodies, the bombs are exploded by the lifting of the arms or legs of the fallen poilus and the rescuing party is blown to atoms.

ECOUTEZ IS FRENCH FOR LISTEN.

It will do very well for the purpose of this announcement, which is to acquaint the soldiers in the American Army that beginning next week Trench and Camp will start a series of lessons in French in every National Guard and National Army cantonment throughout the country.

It is important that every American soldier who goes "Over There" have some knowledge of French. Trench and Camp regards it as its duty to the soldiers and the country to assist them in learning French by the simplest method in the shortest possible time.

The course of lessons which start in the next issue of Trench and Camp was prepared by the Romance Language Committee of the Modern Language Association of America. This committee is made up of twenty-five of the most eminent French scholars in schools, colleges and universities throughout the United States.

The lessons are so simple that any child can understand them. You cannot fail to learn French if you read these short lessons which will appear each week.

If you are already studying French, this course, nevertheless, will be valuable to you.

WATCH FOR THE FIRST LESSON.

If you read that, you will eagerly look forward to the others. Copy the lessons if possible. This will help you remember the words, their pronunciation and meaning, and you will thereby become a more valuable soldier to your country than you were before learning to

PARLER FRANCAIS

"Jawbone"

Older soldiers take issue with a man who signed himself "Soldier" to a newspaper article attempting to explain the origin of the use of the word "jawbone" for credit in the Army.

According to the "Old Soldier's" version, "Jawbone" originated about twenty years ago in Manila, where a Chinese storekeeper, who exhibited a sign bearing the Spanish word, "Jabón," meaning soap, extended credit to American soldiers. The soldiers, he says, thought "Jabón" was the Chinaman's name. When they got merchandise from him on credit they referred to the deal as getting it "on Jabón," which they mispronounced as "jawbone."

Sounds interesting, but it does not stack up with the stories of Civil War veterans who tell the following version:

Outside the camps during the War Between the States there were sutlers who sold all the articles and a few that are not found there. When soldiers did not have the money with which to pay for their purchases they said: "I'll square this with you on pay day." In other words they worked their "jawbones" to talk and "stand off" the sutlers. The word "jawbone" has been used in the Army as slang for credit or "on tick" since the Civil War.

Some writers think it originated with the American troops sent to the Mexican border in 1916 and others still more benighted believe it was coined by the men now in the training camps throughout the country.

SCOTCH ECONOMY

An English, an Irish and a Scottish soldier were returning to camp after a drill. They were footsore and tired, and a kindly farmer on his way home from market gave them a lift on the road.

The soldiers were very grateful and wished to reward the farmer for his kindness.

Said the Englishman: "Let's stand him a drink!"

"Sure," said Pat, "that is agin the law. Let's give him him some backy!"

"Hoot, ma laddies!" interjected the Scot. "Don't be extravagant. Let's shake hands with the man and wish him a guld night."

ON WRONG TRACK

After two months at camp, Private Nelson got his leave at last and made what he conceived to be the best use of his holiday by getting married.

On the journey back at the station he gave the gateman his marriage certificate in mistake for his return railway ticket.

The official studied it carefully and then said:

"Yes, my boy, you've got a ticket for a long, wearisome journey, but not on this road."

MAIL IT TO MOTHER

Soldier, your mother would like to read Trench and Camp, which prints the news about you and your camp. Mail it to her today.