

President's Daughter
Sings To Soldiers

Miss Margaret Wilson, the President's talented and charming daughter, has captivated all the audiences of soldiers before whom she has sung, and there is every reason for believing that she will be accorded an equally enthusiastic reception at all the other camps and cantonments in which she is soon to appear.

Miss Wilson recently announced her intention of going to France to sing to the American soldiers there.

Miss Wilson is making a tour of the camps and cantonments to sing for the soldiers under the auspices of the Y. M. C. A. She is paying her own expenses. Before starting on the tour she gave several concerts in large cities to raise money with which to make the trip as far South as Texas and as far West as Colorado. She has been giving all the money taken in at her concerts to charity or to war work, but she wanted to make the tour of the camps at her own expense as a contribution to war work more personal than the mere handing over of money.

Her first concert was given at Fort Totten, near Whitestone Landing, Long Island, New York.

"I'm awfully glad to see you," she said, smiling down into the faces of 500 enlisted men. This is the first evening I've ever had composed entirely of men, and I like it. I never had any doubt of what sort of soldiers you would be over in France, but now that I have seen you, I feel surer than ever that you and your brethren in the other camps will make the best fighters of France."

Deafening applause greeted this statement and the soldiers made the rafters of the Y. M. C. A. auditorium ring when she sang plantation melodies and French love songs. They joined her in the singing of "Over There" and "The Star Spangled Banner." At camps and cantonments where she subsequently appeared she was tendered a similar ovation.

Miss Wilson's tentative itinerary calls for her appearance at Camp Doniphan, Ft. Bliss, Oklahoma, on April 1; Camp Bowie, Ft. Worth, Texas, April 3; Camp MacArthur, Waco, Texas, April 7 and 8; Camp Travis and other camps near San Antonio, from April 14 to April 19.

U.S. Soldiers To Work
Gardens In France

"Lift up those clod hoppers of yours, you farm farmer. Whaddeya think you're doing, plowing a field?" This type of agricultural rebuke by exacting drill sergeants will be out of order among American soldiers in France this spring and summer and for all the other springs and summers it may be necessary to keep the boys in khaki "Over There." The man who shows an aptitude for handling the hoe or the plow will be left in charge of the sharpshooter and expert marksman, for the United States is going into the gardening business behind the lines overseas.

While the government will continue to send beef, pork, other meats, the ingredients for making bread, jams and jellies, and a variety of other edibles across the ocean to the boys, they will be required to raise their own "sass" or green vegetables. It is impracticable to send these perishables overseas. And then again, the soldiers will have lots of spare time while waiting for orders to serve their units in the trenches. This time they can profitably be spent in gardening.

Last year the French army established garden patches in the training areas and in the more quiet spots back of the lines and raised enough vegetables to supply 200,000 men during the season.

The United States army has embarked upon a similar enterprise. A captain, son of a former professor in botany in the University of Chicago, has been appointed head of the American Army Garden service. He has purchased thousands of vegetable sprouts from the owners of French hot-houses and is recruiting a force of gardeners from the ranks on a basis of ten men with agricultural experience out of every 10,000 American soldiers. "Over There" an officer will be designated at each camp who will be responsible for the production of vegetables. When one unit moves another will take its place and continue the gardening.

If you like to grow vegetables, such as artichoke, cauliflower, romaine, okra, asparagus, etc., you'll have to pack a few seeds or sprouts over the pond with you, for they are not on the army menu.

Camp Travis Challenges The World
And Let World Choose Its Weapons

By W. W. FIGUE

(Editor Camp Travis edition of Trench and Camp)

It is to laugh! With the government and newspapers and all the big bugs howling for the conservation of white paper, the attempts of certain well-meaning fellows in other so-called camps and cantonments to justify a flood of written gab make a fellow in a regular camp feel like going out and hiring a Texas bronco to kick him just for the sheer joy of being alive.

For these fellows down here are from Texas, I gad sh, they're from Texas! Maybe Irvin Cobb or Shakespeare or somebody else from Michigan or N'Yawk did come down here and say we had "more cows and less milk, more rivers and less water, more sunshine and less need of it, and one could see further and less than any other place on the globe." Maybe they did. But one Noah Webster says "crick" is commonly pronounced "creek." There's no accounting for what a Yankee will say.

Water Unnecessary

Maybe we haven't had any rain in two years, and maybe our cows eat all bulls, and maybe the sun does shine on the unjust as well as the just, and maybe a calf does have to walk nine miles through grass up to his knees to get his breakfast, but what is this thing we are in, anyway? Is it water? What's the use for water if the air is so pure one never wants a drink? What's the use for cows when our own Uncle Sam will cuddle us up and call us sweet things and beg us to raise more bulls?

Suppose our trees do get up and walk around over the landscape at night and have to be coaxed back into the ground next morning? Suppose they do? Camps and trees don't go together, noway, and all the woodmen have to do to clear a piece of Texas ground is to stay up late on a windy evening and fill the holes so the trees can't find their way back home. Even the elements serve us.

Bill Taft (and certainly you'll take his word) came down here and gave us the double "o." He said our soldiers were months and months ahead of any in the camps visited by him, and he had seen many—even Yaphank and Custer and Oglethorpe. Only four days during the winter did the boys lay off from their drill, and then merely to kid themselves into believing it was real winter time. A man with winter underwear in Texas

is considered an eccentric, or a newly-arrived Yankee too poor to buy B. V. D's.

The deliciously warm current that radiates from milady's arm is not absorbed by sombre yards of cloth and wasted on desert air, but rushes out to meet you filtered through a single strand of most fragrant silk. And the babies—it's a pleasure to hear them cry, for it's not often that they can find an excuse.

Athletes? Camp Travis challenges the world and will let the world choose its own weapons.

Musie? When you get "Over There" keep your ear peeled for these singing Texans.

Highly Spiritualized

Religion? That's where we come strong, for it's easy to be good in Texas. And this is not mere guff, for a recent census taken at the instance of the War Department showed that out of 28,657 men only 518 had no church connections. Uncle Sam made these figures, and who's going to call Uncle Sam a prevaricator.

One cannot live through a Texas sunset and not see the handiwork of God. Men have lived and used buckets on buckets of precious paints and then died and gone on to their reward without reproducing this wonderful spectacle.

The beauties of heaven come down to the earth's edge and kiss old Sol to sleep. All the colors of the rainbow assemble and twine themselves into pictures of gold and silver and sapphire, and great cities and lands of joy and honey gladden in the Western sky as if to give the mortals below a peep into Paradise. The souls of Crockett and Travis hover over the great cantonment and one can all but hear them say: "Well done, thou good and faithful servant!"

Is it any wonder that to suggest a division of Texas is but to start a fight? Is it any wonder that one can travel hundreds and hundreds of miles and never see a graveyard? Is it any wonder that the bells never toll in sadness, but lift their silvery voices in song and praise? Is it any wonder that the men of this wonderful camp are filled and thrilled and set on fire at the chance to lay down their lives for their children? Is it any wonder that their children may have their share in the life of freedom and love and song?

I ask you.

THE NEXT GENERATION

By H. ADDINGTON BRUCE

He still was a young man, but he looked haggard and old in the clear light of his sun-flooded living-room. All about him were evidences of wealth and culture. His roving, restless gaze swept swiftly over the books and art treasures with which the room was filled.

A moment, more and an expression of infinite sadness came into his eyes. He was looking now at the figure of a small boy, his only child, who stood at a window watching some spring birds flitting among the branches of a nearby tree.

The boy, as though sensing that his father's gaze had focused on him, turned uneasily toward the desk at which his father was seated. His face was strangely impassive, flat, dull, almost wooden.

"It's all right, Jack, it's all right," the father forced a smile. But beneath the desk his hands trembled. He knew it was not all right, and that it never would be all right.

Starting up at him, from the mahogany surface of the desk, was a sheet of typewritten paper. It had come to him a scant hour earlier, and was the report of a famous specialist in children's diseases. It begins:

"I regret to have to inform you that your son is subnormal mentally. For various reasons I fear it will be impossible to effect any appreciable improvement in his mental condition."

Then followed sundry medical phrases, which brought back to the sorrowing father a vivid memory-picture of an episode of ten years before.

He was not married at that time. Like many another young man he had been "seeing life" in a wild, undisciplined fashion. And one day he had found it necessary to consult a doctor.

The doctor was brutally frank with him.

"You have contracted syphilis," he told him. "You will have to pay a heavy price for the way you have been living. Look to it that you cause no innocent person to suffer."

"Until you have been cured by rigorous treatment, and that will not be inside of two years—you must not

think of marrying. For your wife would be in danger, and so would any children she might have."

Recklessly he had disregarded this advice. Seemingly recovering quickly, he had entirely ceased treatment within a few months. Then he had married. There had been a child.

He looked again at the squat, unshapely, wood-paneled boy in the window, and groaned inwardly. There flashed into his mind, with new and bitter force, a sentence from the Bible:

"The Lord thy God is a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

A mental crippling for life! That was the fate his vicious pleasure-hunting had brought upon the son unborn in those wild days.

Just as this father penalized the next generation, so may you penalize it through lustful indiscretion in the years of your youth. The hereditary effects of syphilis are dire indeed.

"Of children under fifteen years constituting social problems," I quote a Massachusetts authority, "the congenital syphilis constitute the more serious problems."

"Among them there are more cases of backwardness in school, there are more feeble-mindedness, there are more defects in the mental processes, there are more delinquencies, there are more defects in vision, hearing, and speech."

And, says a physician of the famous Mayo Clinic in Minnesota:

"Hereditarily syphilitic children are filled with the apophytes, the germs of the disease. They in every tissue and organ; the child is literally riddled with them."

You are perhaps willing to "take chances" as regards your own health. You are intent on "having your fling," but the consequences to you will be may.

But think of the possible consequences to the woman you will marry. Think of the consequences to the children she may bring into the world.

Think of these things, and take the one safe course. Steer clear of those who would lure you to forget the teachings of morality.

Projectiles Used to Send
Despatches Through Barrage

Projectiles are now being used for the transmission of urgent orders to troops in the front line trenches and also for sending important information to the rear in France. This new scheme of communication was adopted because of the destruction of telephone wires and laying down of curtains of fire through which dispatch bearers could not ride.

The officers in the front line trenches frequently come into possession of valuable information which should be rushed to headquarters. Barrage fire, however, frequently separates the men in the trenches from headquarters. It frequently happened that the commanding officer at headquarters wanted to communicate with officers in the trenches, but was unable to do so because no human being could live in the barrage fire and telephone wires were out of commission.

The new system of communication consists of shooting a projectile from a trench mortar. A box containing written information or new orders is placed in a cylinder about fifteen inches in length and an inch and a quarter in diameter. The cylinder and message box are put into a great airtight torpedo which launches it like an aerial torpedo and speeds it to headquarters or the front line trenches.

HARMONICA OUSTS UKE

The War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities is organizing a harmonica band in every training camp and cantonment in the United States. The idea suggested itself because so many soldiers can play the harmonica, which is light-brow for mouth organ. Because of the fact that it can be stuck in the pocket and carried so easily, the harmonica has gotten a prominent place on the ukelele, banjo, violin, mandolin and guitar, which are too cumbersome to be carried around from place to place.

THE NEW SPIRIT
OF THE NEW ARMY

From Mukden to Mexico is a far cry, and yet that gap, wide as it is, which was spanned by the Y. M. C. A. in the Russo-Japanese War, and in our own Mexican troubles on the border two years ago, is only a small part of the circle that the Y. M. C. A. spans today. That circle stretches around the entire globe, all across Russia, in stricken Roumania, through Serbia on the Western front, and across our own continent from ocean to ocean. Its only small part, the Y. M. C. A. is carried on, and that work typifies the driving force of our army.

A splendid interpretation of this spirit has been given by Joseph H. Odell, in a book entitled "The New Spirit of the New Army." This book is one that should be read, not only by the parents at home. It is not possible for all the parents to go to the front, or even go to the camps, but as far as may be, they will catch the idealism of the officers and of the men. They will hear through the thick night the bugles blow and they will feel the thrill of the spirit that is making this colossal effort to crush out the devilishness of the Prussians.

Not only does Dr. Odell speak in this book of what is being done in our camps today, but he gives an extraordinary insight into the hearts and lives of the Y. M. C. A. in the Russo-Japanese War, and the appeal that this Christian organization made to the Japanese nation and to its leading statesmen who at that time were not themselves followers of the Christian religion.

Of one thing we may be sure that out of this war will come a newer spirit for and a newer valuation of Christianity than ever existed before.

HAVE YOU?

Good morning! Have you sent Trench and Camp home? If not, why not? If so, "continue the exercise."

