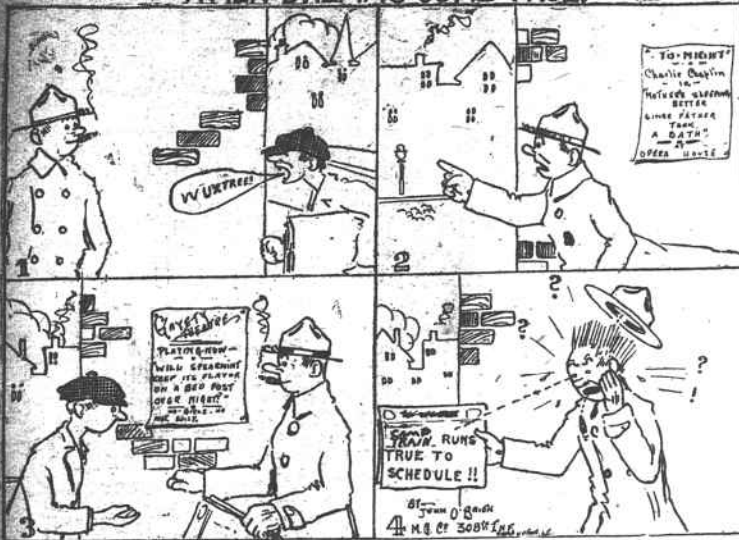


WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE



Colored Soldiers Will Do Their Full Share

In presenting a stand of colors to the 367th Regiment, colored, Governor Charles S. Whitman of New York, said:

"On behalf of the Union League Club, I commit to you, keeping the most sacred trust ever committed to man—the flag of the United States of America. I charge you by all that is sacred to defend this banner with all the strength and power that God has given you; but in doing so I feel and know already that you will never permit it to be dishonored, to shame yourselves or shame those who have given it to you to-day. Your country will treat you to be true to yourselves, true to the land of your birth, true to the record of those other soldiers of your race whose valorous deeds have brought glory to these Stars and Stripes."

Col. James Moss, commanding the regiment, responded as follows:

"That the colored men of this command will protect and honor this flag is something that goes without saying, and let me say to you to-day that when this war is all over there is going to be another presentation of colors here beside the clubhouse. Mark you well what I say to you in this presence to-day, for I am an officer with eighteen years' experience with colored soldiers, having commanded them in two campaigns; these men are going to present you men in the Union League Club with colors on their return from France. The colors they will present you were won to honor upon your walls where they can tell with silent eloquence in all the years to come a story of valor and unshakable patriotism to which all Americans, including our 12,000,000 of black citizens, can listen with a thrill of pride and satisfaction."

The motto of the 367th Regiment is "See It Through."

Passing the Buck

There's a clever little game that has soon undying fame. In the Army, it's developed to perfection.

Anything you want to know, go and talk to So-and-so, and he'll steer you in the right direction.

He'll say "talk to Mr. White," Mr. White will say "all right," and he'll send you in to talk to Mr. Hopper.

Mr. Hopper will look wise, and then he'll close his eyes and say, "perhaps you'd better talk to Topper."

Then when Topper you do reach, he has gone down to the beach, and he won't be back until a week from Monday.

Then the clerk will quickly add, "perhaps you better had 'Go in and have a talk with Mr. Sunday."

He will send you into Black, Mr. Black will send you back to Mr. So-and-so, with whom you first and started.

Oh, it's a dandy, handy game, everybody knows it, and it's a game, every thought of it should ever be unlearned.

CARL F. GRAY

The Kaiser As The Prince Of Peace

BY GEORGE L. MOORE, CAMP UPTON

Long Island, N. Y. Wild Will of Potsdam has assumed no role in all his checkered and multi-colored existence more unbecoming than one brought to light recently. He has disguised himself as everything from Sultan of Turkey to Saviour of the World. Now he's discovered playing the part of Prince of Peace.

A drawing from the Kaiser's own hand—not the withered one—published in Review of Reviews in December, 1896, has been republished. The title is "On Guard Before The Temple of Peace." In the arms of a gallant knight, the Hohenzollern-Hunting is shown standing on the steps of the Temple of Peace. Within, are all good junkies placidly plying the pacific arts. Attempting to storm an entrance to the Temple are the demons of war, militaristic devils. The picture is a revelation of Teutonic perversion. Copies of it should be struck off and given to every American doughboy, to warn posted on his tin hat when he charges over the top.

The German habit of "self-kidding," self-delusion, is well illustrated. Nothing in the whole diet of lies fed to the German people until their whole thinking is a tissue of untruth, is so absurd as this Peace Porridge. The Hun war party has told the German people they are defenders of world peace, that wicked, bullying Belgium forced the taking up of arms in defense of the Fatherland. An the German people have believed this black falsehood, with thousands of others.

American arms will pierce the clouds of deception and let the light in.

German Kultur would bathe Wild Bill and Hindenburg and the rest of the gang in the white light of pacific good will. German histories of this war will tell how the pig-headed world, blind to the superiority of The Only King, how French women and children jumped on Prussian bayonets, and Canadians wilfully nailed themselves to barns, and Belgian children got in the way of trench knives and had their hands cut off.

If the German point of view is not changed after this war, it is not difficult to imagine a Hun "gymnasium" pupil along about 1980 writing an essay something like this:

SMITHS "ALL THERE"

The allotment and allowance files of the Bureau of War Risk Insurance in the Treasury Department show that there are more than 100,000 Smiths listed. It takes 110 card index drawers and a good-sized squad of filing experts to keep track of all the nation's fighting men who answer to the name of Smith. There are 15,000 Wilsons, 15,000 Johns, 1,000 John Browns, 1,300 John Johnsons and 352 John O'Briens. First place in the alphabetical card catalog system is held by Clayton Aloysius Aab.

ANOTHER CAMP FUNSTON

The late General Frederick Funston's name has been given to another camp. The original Camp Funston was established at Fort Riley, Kansas, his native state. The second one is at Luneta Hill, near Manila, Philippine Islands, where "Fighting Freddie" saw distinguished service.

Wilhelm, the Good, the Peaceful, was the greatest of all our wonderful heroes, who ever attempted to carry out that peaceful Kultur into the uttermost parts of the earth. His failure was tragic. He was trying with all his might and an army of several million peace-loving boys, to keep peace in the world, but a wicked little nation called Belgium invaded our fair land and we were forced to raise our arms in defense of our helpless women and children.

It was hard for the peaceful Wilhelm to do this because he always loved peace and hated war and did all he could to keep the rest of the wicked world from striking at us with their sharp swords and terrible guns. He could never convince the rest of the world that he loved peace.

Some of the crazy people in the world then were foolish enough to travel in boats on our oceans and they even went near some of our lovely submarines that were out for a holiday, and the submarines happened to be letting some torpedoes off for fun and the foolish vessels ran right into them.

But Wilhelm, The Good, would not hurt anyone. The reason so many men were killed in the war that our Great King had forced upon him was that they would insist on stepping on bombs that some of our dear soldiers had been playing with. And the foolish pigs of women would lose their heads and throw themselves at the bayonets our soldiers had to carry in self defense. And, of course, they would get hurt. And foolish men in the uniforms of other nations would hurt themselves in the paths of our machine guns' fire and commit suicide.

But Wilhelm was always for peace. Five times during the war he tried to make his kind of peace, but the poor, simple-minded countries that made war against us didn't have sense enough to accept his generous terms and insisted on forcing their own kind of peace. Wilhelm didn't want anything but the whole world, believing that German Kultur should be everywhere to shed its light of peace and good will. He already had Heaven when the war was forced on us. He would have gotten the whole earth, but for the interference of those who forced democracy upon us.

GERMAN PROPAGANDA BARRED

Orders have been issued by the War Department that all camp and cantonment commanders prevent the placing of copies of a book entitled, "The Book of Truth and Facts," in camp libraries. The book was written by Fritz von Frantzius and before the discovery was made that it was part of a German propaganda scheme it was freely distributed among American military organizations in training camps.

HIS ADVICE

"Why didn't you salute me?" demanded a colonel of a cavalry soldier. "I didn't see you and I wouldn't have known you if I had seen you," replied the private.

"I'm the colonel of your regiment." "Is that so? Well, I'd hold on to that job if I were you. Its pretty soft from all I've seen of it around this camp."

Transport Post-Card Same As Cable from France

The Old Y. M. Bloke follows 'em right along—to France, Barchinetta, Kokomo, or Deadeye, Neb. Soldiers making the Big Crossing find the Bird with the Red Triangle on board the transport ready to do everything from giving a lecture on "Why Soldiers Should Not Overeat" to running ashore on a pack of Moccasins and a slab of chocolate. The War Work Council, which directs all the association's soldier work, has instituted a regular transport service and a couple of secretaries make the trip with each outfit.

A feature of the service which the boys find convenient in the Going Away Post-Card. A form postal card is given every man and on it is printed "The ship on which I sailed has arrived safely overseas," with a place for the signature. These cards are signed by the men before the transport sails and given to the postmaster at the embarkment, somewhere in America. When the ship does arrive in France, the news is cabled to the postmaster, who then sends the cards to the persons to whom they are addressed.

French Fried

They are coming, the American hosts with home-made recipes for the langue française tucked in their belts. Advances are being reported along the whole French front. The dough boy and the mud-crusher and the rest are shooting brass-jacketed sentences from their ready-rendering of Paris chatter and it is sure an entente cordiale will be eternally consummated with the soldats de brave France.

A couple of Blue Hat Cords on the week-end train to town were overheard in practice:

"Allie voo a town?"

"Vrainmount! Where pongsay voo je was alleying."

"Well, don't get fraise. Duntie moy oon butt!"

"Keske mean voo—oon cigarette, oon fag?"

"Out, oon butt en Americaine. Fag est la anglaze langue. Noose are parleying en le langue française."

"C'est droit. Ici is oon cigarette?"

"Mercey. Maintonnet avex voo oon alumet?"

"Whaddymean—alumet?"

"Don't voo connes alumet—match, of course."

"Whaddye want moi de faire—fumay la cigarette poor voo?"

"Non, gimme un almet et noose will be too t. o. k."

"Tray bein. Ici vetter alumet. Who allie voo going a la vil do see—votre mere?"

"Non, ma mere lives a couple of mille kilometers away der here."

"Oh, tres mowway. J'ally to see mine."

"Good. Maize I'm ou non way de see oon femme?"

"Oon femme?"

"Oul, oon beau!"

Business of placing the blue cords in closer relation and hurried consulation, all in English. Finally,

"Ce will be grand—do see oon dame after I'at vu ma mere!"

"Voo will almece ce one!"

"What? Almece?"

"Like, I mean. Elle oon classy dame. Elle shanty."

"Bun voix?"

"Grand charmoose—hot stuff! Chanty like oon waseau!"

"Waseau? Whaddye mean? Waseau?"

"Bird!"

"Oh!"

THE ECLIPSE TO ORDER.

On the evening before a solar eclipse the colonel of a German regiment of infantry sent for all the sergeants and said to them:

"There will be an eclipse of the sun tomorrow. The regiment will meet on the parade ground in undress. I will come and explain the eclipse before drill. If the sky is cloudy the men will meet in the drill shed, as usual."

Whereupon the ranking sergeant drew up the following order of the day:

"To-morrow morning, by order of the colonel, there will be an eclipse of the sun. The regiment will assemble on the parade ground, where the colonel will come and asperintend the eclipse in person. If the sky is cloudy the eclipse will take place in the drill shed."

HIS QUANDARY

A private in one of the camps was asked if he would like to be promoted.

"It all depends on what you mean by promotion," he replied. "I don't think I know enough to be a sergeant, but I know too much to be a second lieutenant."

