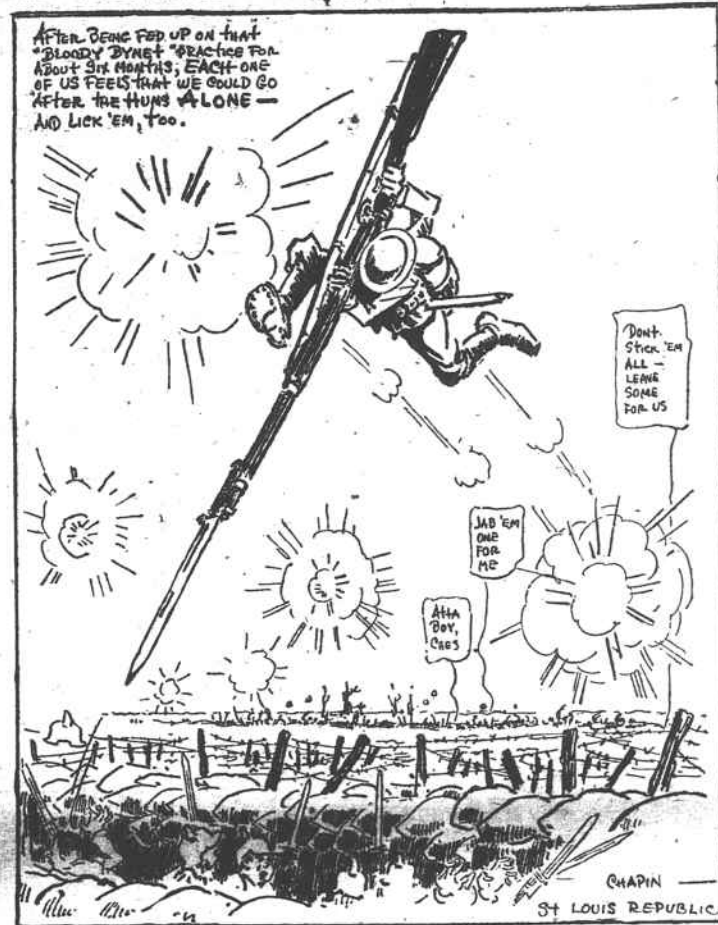


US FIGHTING FELLERS



General Foch

Now that the Allied military forces have been placed under a unified command, American soldiers are curious to know what manner of man is General Ferdinand Foch, the commander of all the commanders.

In him there is no mystery. He is the embodiment of genius if genius be, as it has been defined, the capacity for taking infinite pains. Ferdinand Foch has believed in himself; he has had a firm faith in his fitness for a high calling. But that belief and that faith have never taken the form of that self-consciousness which is described as conceit. Some have chafed under his authority, for he has demanded the ultimate in discipline. They have called him a martinet and otherwise reviled him. But he has paid little heed to his traducers and has toiled unceasingly to produce the finest efficiency. Now, in the days of stern sacrifice, his genius has been recognized, and even those who turned from him because of what they once called his harshness are now turning to him as the ablest strategist in the Allied forces.

During the battle of the Marne Gen. Foch sent this memorable telegram to Marshal Joffre: "My right has been rolled up. My left has been driven back. My center has been smashed. I have ordered an advance from all directions."

Ferdinand Foch was born on October 2, 1851, in the south of France not far from the birthplace of Marshal Joffre, who is a first cousin younger brother of his. He studied at the West Point of France and was a lieutenant in the Franco-Prussian War. In the Algerian campaign he served as a major, and he was a captain for distinguished service in the field. His genius had begun to be recognized and he was called to France as a professor of military tactics. Five years later he returned to his regiment as a battery commander and ultimately attained a brigadier's rank.

He served as a division commander of the Ecole de guerre and devoted his attention to the development of the artillery branch of the French service. His title was chief of the Office of the famous Great Works were developed and the 75 became the standard gun of the French army.

The outbreak of the present war found him in command of the army of reserve, the existence of which was not even known to the German leaders. This army, under his direction, awaited the German onslaught and then drove in between the Prussian Guard and the Saxon army on September 1, 1914, executing the greatest feat of the war since the Marne. In the timing of his movement he showed his genius. The Germans were within sight of Paris. A move too early would have betrayed the existence of his army and enabled the Germans to meet the onslaught. A move just a little later would have been too late.

In the first battle of Ypres General Foch was again the man who saved the day. With his Tenth Army he was the only Allied force that was not defeated. The Germans seemed on the point of breaking through the Belgian frontier and the British armies when Foch decided to strike. He forced the Germans back across the Yser and Flanders and "Paris was saved."

General Foch in those two battles earned his right to be regarded as a master strategist. He vindicated his own faith in himself and the faith that Marshal Joffre had so frequently expressed in him.

There is much of the Joffre type in him, but there is more of Napoleon. He knows how to wait and when to strike. When he does strike it is not with ruthless disregard of human life, but with consideration of every element of battle. He strikes accurately. He strikes hard, telling blows. He finishes with the brilliant maneuver which excites during hours, and with the same caution that prevents surprise.

Is it any wonder that the Generals of the Great War, General Pershing and General Diaz have ranked him first under Ferdinand as a generalissimo?

Y. W. C. A. HOSTESS HOUSE FOR USE OF SOLDIERS' KIN

"I wish my wife could come to New York, and say good-bye to me before I sail. But, of course, she can't. She has never been to the city in her life, and then there is the baby." The soldier spoke wistfully to a sailor friend in Hoboken, N. J.

"But she can come just as well as not," said the sailor enthusiastically. "The Y. W. C. A. Hostess House is just the place for them both. I was married there and my wife stayed there before the wedding."

"And so wife and baby came, and the soldier-boy husband sailed for France with a happier heart because he had seen them, and his wife went back to the little home town, comforted."

What is the Hostess House? It is the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. Henry P. Davison, at 12 West 51st Street, New York City, who have loaned it during the war to the War Work Committee of the New York City Y. W. C. A. It is beautifully fitted up with living-room, library and bed rooms. Best of all, there are two charming nurseries at the top of the house, where babies can be cared for. A piano and a victrola add to the general cheeriness. The muscades every Sunday are followed by an informal supper for soldiers. Tea is served every afternoon.

The house is capable of answering an infinite number of needs. Wives, sisters and sweethearts of men in camps or from the boats may stay here in comfort. The parlor may be used for military and naval weddings with no charge whatever.

IT IS FOR MY COUNTRY TO SAY WHERE I CAN SERVE BEST, SAYS GEN. BELL

While testifying before the Senate Military Affairs Committee, Maj. Gen. J. Franklin Bell said physical vigor was most desirable in commanding generals. Continuing, he said:

"To make my meaning clear I will use myself as an example. When I went to the Philippines in the Spanish-American War I do not suppose there was a better physical specimen than I was at the time. I was then forty-two years old. I could work an unlimited number of hours a day and I worked constantly in that tropical climate month in and month out without a day off duty. I have carried the marks ever since. I am still, in my own mind, in pretty fair physical condition, but if the Medical Board makes a report unfavorable and if my superiors determine that it is in the interest of the nation that I should serve in the United States instead of in France, I will submit with good grace and will say nothing. I feel that it is the only soldierly thing for a soldier to do. But I shall regret it and shall continue to think that I could render more valuable service in France than I could render in the United States, because there are few officers who have had greater experience in actual warfare and in commanding large bodies of men. However, it is for the United States to decide where I can render the best service. If it be not inappropriate, I should like to say that General Wood is the senior general in the American Army. I am next, General Barry is third and General Pershing fourth. I have freely acknowledged to General Pershing and everyone else that I believe the selection of General Pershing instead of myself was a wise one and based exclusively on age."

THEY WANT IT

Dealing as it does with the life and activity of your camp, Trench and Camp is the most interesting thing, next to a letter, that you could send to mother and the rest of the home folk. Mail all your copies to them—

MAY 12 "MOTHER'S DAY"

Sunday, May 12, will be Mother's Day. Anna Jarvis, founder of this beautiful custom of setting aside one bright spring day on which to concentrate our thoughts on "The Best Mother Who Ever Lived," to kiss her if we are near or to write a letter to her if away from home and wear a white carnation emblematic of her pure love and devotion, is urging all of America's soldiers to remember their mothers on that day.

Since it is for the protection of the mothers of America that her sons have gone to war, it seems particularly appropriate that Mother's Day be fully observed in every tender way possible at this time. The mothers have made great sacrifices in giving their sons to the nation to wage its battles. Their hearts and spirits are near their sons in trench, camp and cantonment. They never cease thinking of their sons. And so it seems but right that the founder of Mother's Day should remind the soldiers that May 12 is the day to write mother a loving, tender letter and to remember her in every way possible.

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

Absolute knowledge I have none, But my aunt's matchmaker's sister's son, Heard a policeman on his beat Say to a laborer on the street, That he had a letter just last week Written in the finest Greek, From a Chinese cook in Timbuctoo, Who said that the negroes in Cuba knew Of a colored man in a Texas town Who got it straight from a circus clown, That a man in the Klondyke heard the news From a gang of South American Jews, About somebody in Buenos Aires Who knew a man who claims to know Of a swell society female fake Whose mother-in-law will undertake To prove that her seventh husband's sister's niece Had staled in a printed piece, That she had a son who had a friend Who knows when the war is going to end.

—ANONYMOUS.

French Fried

Kitchen Police affords a rare opportunity to try out the New Army French. Some of the French used on Kitchen Police cannot be printed, of course, but some can. Fresh from his French in Five Fingers, the K. P. assumes the Royal Blue overalls. Or, if he's failed to:

"Hey, Guillaume (French for Bill) ou est le coolait?"

"Whaduyeah mean—'Coolait'?"

"Pants—coolait—Francaise. Ne compronie pa voo."

"Sure—juh travellee sands coolait."

"Travellee?"

"Bea! Voo will find que travellee means on this assignment de cop de cuisine."

"Cop de cuisine!"

"Yeuh—cop de cuisine's Kitchen Police is la lang des Etat de Unites."

The chef who uses French only in grave emergencies shouts:

"Hay, youse bolds! Whad'yus think this is—a girln' school? Jerk them kettles of an get 'em ready. The gang'll be in here like a pack of wolves in a few minutes."

The two soldiers, swallow the insults, but not their French, and in low tones converse as they go about their greasy duties:

"Le chef is un couchois, Bill, ain't he?"

"Sure—and a mal de tote to boot, also un boob a la carte. A kell ure mannyhe le soldait?"

"Oh, about demil after 'even. Let's donnons 'em un peu de soupcon. It's tray bean soupcon."

"Bean soupcon. Donnons 'em tout they want then."

"Not bean soupcon, you garson. TRAY bean soupcon—very good soap, not soup fait de beans."

"Oh—nais why un peu de soupcon 'em bun portions—grand portions?"

"You poor ignorant matter d'hotey! Ne compronie voo que noe save as much as noe can poor ourselves. You dool'n't get wise to Kitchen Police."

"G'wan, I'm wise mais je ne fais pas!"

S. O. S.

Saving scraps over here will save the SCRAP over there.

