

FOES



Courtesy of the New York Evening Journal.

WARN YOUR PARENTS AGAINST THIS SWINDLE

An official statement from the Intelligence Department in Washington calls attention to a swindle that is being perpetrated successfully upon the parents of soldiers in the various camps and cantonments of the country.

The statement says, "A telegram is sent informing that the soldier has a furlough and requesting funds by wire to come home, waiving identification. The rest is a mere matter of detail.

"Parents and friends should be warned of this game and of the similar one where the telegraphic request is to mail money to the soldier care of general delivery."

Every soldier in the service has a definite address. No soldier needs to have his money sent waiving identification. It can be thoroughly and satisfactorily identified.

Do not let your parents be victimized. Here's the kind of telegram sent to the parents of soldiers by these swindlers:

"Have been discharged. Coming home. Going to Atlanta through country tonight. Please wire me \$60 at Atlanta so I may pay for uniform and come home direct. Waive identification, as I am not known in Atlanta. Wire cash quick, so I can get it to-morrow morning."

Before being complied with, any request for money to be sent under such conditions should be verified by a letter or telegram to the commanding officer of the camp in which the swindler whose name is signed to the request is stationed.

A Message to Stay-at-Homes From Soldiers "Over There"

Trench and Camp is always eager to hear from its contemporaries; and particularly is it glad to hear from papers that are published in France.

Company C, of the 165th Infantry, which was the famous "Fighting Sixty-ninth" Regiment of New York, has its own little publication.

This is what the paper, called *What Happens*, has to say editorially:

"We are close to the seat of war. Not a war of ink or of imagination, rifles, or death. We have seen the widows, the fatherless children, the hopelessly wounded men that lust for greed in the merciless Hun has created. We have shared bread with those stricken people and know all too well what it means.

"To you at home this appeal is addressed:

"If you love us, if our lives mean anything to you, do your bit in the land we love as well as we do over here. Look out for the enemy within. Conserve the products of the nation. Start to-day to do your bit, so that we can do our bit until the War Lord is bereft of his hold on the people and we can return to homes unmenaced by the cruel desires of unscrupulous enemies."

MILITARY ESSAYS

COMPANY PHOTOS

The company photo occurs when those who wish it most are on extra duty or out of focus. It is taken by an ambitious young man and is sold by a member of the company who promises much to the company fund. The photographer gets rich and so does the salesman, but the amount due the company remains in solution.

All company photos are sent home to replace the favorite puzzles around the hearth. Fond parents, an receipt, have another reason for wishing the war was over—to give Lemuel an opportunity to return and point out which was him.

When peace is declared the company photo will constitute the first set in every Sunday afternoon gathering in the front parlor. And, mounted on the top, along with the album and the tatting that Grandma Gamble done when she was past eighty, it will afford another legitimate excuse for the organ besides the "Mute" stop. C. S.

A LIGHT PENALTY

Captain—What because of that pacifist who was kicking around here? Sergeant—He was convicted of high treason and they put him in the guard house for two weeks. Captain—Two weeks in the guard house? That's a mighty light penalty for such a serious offense. Sergeant—Yes, sir, it was light, but after he had been locked up in the guard house for two weeks they took him out and shot him.

S. O. S.

Do not stint the soldiers in the trenches by wasting food in the camp.

French Fried

It isn't advertised at the regimental canteen or post-exchange, but French Fried, this new Franco-American entente, is frequently noticed in those confines. Sort of a chabby, "intime" (pronounced "cintime") touch. "Walsh, gammon, havee yoo any Meocan."

"Sure, noo havee everything even cigarettes. "Blen! Maise je don't want qual-quechose cigarettes, I want Meocan."

An old pal drops in. He edges as close to the fresh pack of smokes as the canteen legislation allows.

"Lo, Bill. See your buyah."

"Nope. Investing in Liberty Bonds. Falley you French."

"Like a top. How are you?"

"Bur! Let's allye."

"Back to voter compaigne?"

"No nen! Let's allye—go on the French staff. Let us drive of this and that in the ben leagues of la vive francay."

"Vocantee on! How far you got?"

"Oh, we got to pallye you the other day. We wa'n't say'n' much."

"Drott! Je pua voir that tree allye."

"Well, don't heller about your French. I don't see no crave de gain on your boucan."

"Well, I can travel with you any day on la langage."

"All right, let's go. Whaddya, wankie' on."

"Parts of the body. Whaddye you?"

"Mauvey. C'est bad for you. We're travellin on parts of the motor, fauto. I'm in the motor supply train."

"Bucken luck! I'm in the medical corps. We're hammering away on parts of the body—postroom, tail, fashner, bouck, dents, dome, plaid, care and a lot of autre junk."

"Well, we can't get together. We're on fuyon, ragnette, scoopon, knall, roo de derry, and that."

"Tough."

"Hard luck."

"Well, anyway, if say be."

"Righto, Bo!"

Women Seek Commissions In Army As Shooting Instructors For Men

BY PETER F. CARNEY  
Editor National Sports Syndicate

That fighting spirit so characteristic of Americans is just as pronounced among women as men.

American women are aiding the United States and its allies in numberless ways so that the conquest of the Central Powers may be complete—and they will cheerfully give further assistance in this fight for democracy and world freedom if they are permitted.

This remark is made advisedly because Annie Oakley (Mrs. Frank E. Butler) and Mrs. L. G. Vogel, two of the most expert shooters of the so-called woman set, have offered their services in the War Department as instructors of the shooting art.

If the Secretary of War doesn't see fit to secure her services, for which she asks no compensation, Miss Oakley is eager to visit the many cantonments and give exhibitions of her prowess with the rifle and shotgun and in this way show the recruits the best methods of getting quick results. Miss Oakley is quite enthusiastic, too, about the formation of a regiment of women for home defense purposes.

Publication of this expression of thought brought her more than 1600 letters from women who are anxious to join such a regiment. Miss Oakley gave instruction in shooting to more than 5000 women during the 1915-1917 seasons at Portsmouth, N. H., and Pinehurst, N. C., where she conducted schools.

Mrs. Vogel resides in Detroit and for years has been considered the best amateur breaker of the fair Diana. She would like to secure an appointment as an instructor of shooting at an army cantonment or at an aviation school.

"It is the ambition of my life to serve my country in this way," writes Mrs. Vogel, "and I am prepared to answer a Government summons this minute."

The usefulness of trapeehooting in training soldiers to shoot accurately with a rifle has already been recognized by the United States Government. The first shipment of clay targets to the American soldiers in training in France was 26,000 barrels, each containing 6960 targets, or one hundred million targets.

MOTHER'S DAY GREETING

BY ANNA JARVIS  
Founder of Mother's Day

It seems fitting that as sons and daughters we should set aside one day of the year as sacred to the memory of the mothers and fathers who have gone before, and as a return of affection and gratitude to those still living.

There is no surer sign of sentiment in a holiday of the heart and home and nation that evokes renewal of allegiance to our highest ideals of womanhood.

An organized tribute to the

mother, love resolves itself into higher love for country, for comrades and for God.

Write home on Mother's Day, May 12, and every other day that you can. If you have no home to which to write, write to me as your friend.

Live this Day your Mother's way. Don't try to be an earthly saint, but just the boy your Mother thinks you are.

With friendly greetings to each and all.

HE WAS HOPES

First Rookie—What flock of the army are you in?

Second Rookie—I'm not in the army yet, I'm in the Depot Brigade.

SHIRLARKITY

"In what way does Germany resemble Holland?"

"It is a low, lying country, and damned all around."

SHIRLARKITY, NOT SERBORITY

Hereditary promotions to the rank of general in the British army will be by selection instead of by seniority. King George having recently signed a royal warrant to that effect.

