

Confessions Of A Conscript

(This is the second of a series of diary entries written by a young man called from his civilian pursuits by the operation of the selective draft. It is a frank, outspoken record of his own feelings, thoughts and emotions, which, perhaps, have been shared by other American men now overseas or in training. These diary entries are commended to the soldiers of the National Army as a faithful portrayal of the process of converting civilians into soldiers of "the finest army ever called to the colors by any nation." The writer is Ted Wallace, a luxury-loving young man, who, at the outset has no settled convictions, except selfish ones, and who is transformed by the purging process of war into a red-blooded patriot.)

August 15, 1917.

There has been a lot of stuff in the papers lately about patriotism and there is a great deal of spreadable oratory. Also there is a new word that I don't like the sound of. It is another thing we have borrowed from the English. The word is "slacker." It is not a nice word. I heard Mary Blair use it yesterday. She did not apply it to me. But I had a sneaking idea that she was directing it at me. She was talking about a young man she knew who had not a care or a responsibility in the world and still would not go to war. I realized as she spoke that the description applied to me just as much as it did to him.

Do you suppose she has caught the contagion, too? I always liked Mary. In fact, I thought I might ask her to—but what's the use of all that now? I will not go to see her again. It makes me uncomfortable. She hums some sickeningly silly song all the time, and every now and then murmurs,

"You do your bit,
I'll do my bit."

And her fingers just work all the time. I asked her how she liked my new suit. She studied it closely for a minute and said, "I don't like it at all!"

"What's wrong?" I asked her.

"The color," she said.

"Everyone says blue always suited me," I put in.

Then she answered, "But not nearly so well as olive drab."

I did not stay long after that. It would have seemed rude to go right away, so I stayed a little while for appearance's sake and left. It's funny



"I Don't Like It At All"

about that girl. I thought she cared for me. But she did not seem to mind my going. And just as I reached the door that conceited cousin of hers came in. He is a Lieutenant in the old Grays and he was in uniform. Mary seemed ever so much more pleased to see him than she did to see me.

There is no one you can talk to nowadays except that queer Harold Gibbs. I never used to like him. But I find we have much in common. He thinks war is absolutely wrong. And I agree with him. What good does it do people to go out killing each other, anyway? Surely in this enlightened age there ought to be some other way of settling our differences.

In my mail last night there was a card to report at the Exemption Board. I don't quite understand it. I hope it does not mean that I have to go now. I have not had any chance to arrange my affairs. I can't live on the army pay after what I have been earning. One of the newspapers published the drawings and my name was pretty far down on the list. Some men I met told me I stood a good chance of being called. A good chance. What do they mean? Well,

at any rate there is a night to sleep in peace. And what of to-morrow?

August 16, 1917.

I have been to the draft board. I asked if there were any chance of my being called. It was the same man



"I've Been Called Ted"

that I had met before; but he did not recognize me, I think.

"Yes," he said, "there's a good chance." Why do they speak of it that way?

Then he told me of the many exemptions that had been given and said I should be prepared for a call at any time. I would be among the first.

I did not wait to hear any more. I just rushed out into the street and walked and walked and walked. It did no good. It was like a nightmare.

Called in the first draft! I don't want to go.

Just as I was coming down our street Walter Nevins rushed up to me.

"I've been called, Ted!" he shouted. For a minute I could not speak. He seemed to have the same enthusiasm that everyone else had. What is it? Am I different from all the others? Or are they just putting it on? Walter did seem in earnest, though, and the next thing he fired at me was, "Perhaps you'll be called, too; and we'll share the same tent."

"Perhaps," I muttered. Walter looked at me queerly, just as father does sometimes, and turned away. I don't understand the attitude of some people.

I did not want to go home. I would have to tell father sooner or later, and I knew there would be a lot of advice. So I went to a moving picture show. In the middle of the show a man stood up and urged the appointment of a committee to arrange a big parade for the Selected Men of the district.

It does not matter where you go. You can't escape it. It's just war talk, war talk, all the time.

Father was sitting up when I reached home. It seems one of the members of the Exemption Board is a friend of his. He called at our house and told Father that I would be among the first to go.

Father's face was beaming. He put his arm on mine and said: "Laddie, Laddie! Now is your chance! And remember, you're my son. Do your best. Serve your country and your God and do nothing that you would be ashamed to have God and your father know about. It's wonderful, boy! wonderful that you can go and I can give!"

I did not say anything. I can't understand it yet. Here I am, getting ready to go out into that awful stench and strife, and Father says it's wonderful for me to be able to go and for him to be able to give. I don't understand it.

HOW TO CLEAN A GUN

The best way to clean a rifle barrel after shooting is to run a clean cotton tannal patch through, using either a brass jointed, steel or hardwood rod with a swivel handle. But always clean from the breech, never from the muzzle. When a gun is so constructed that it cannot be cleaned from the breech, a wooden or hard rubber protected rod should be used. After the first clean patch has been passed through the barrel several oil-saturated patches should be run

through until the last one comes out clean. Then it will do no harm to fit a brass wire or bristle brush to the tip of the rod, dip in oil and scrub vigorously.

Next dry out the bore with clean patches and then finally run through an oily patch and the gun may be laid away for a day or two; then repeat the performance, for the barrel will sweat some of the powder residue out of the pores of the steel and this you will get on the second cleaning.

Great Britain Sent 7,000,000 To Various Fronts in 1917

Mr. McPherson, Under Secretary of State for War, in presenting the British Army estimates, offered some figures that are of great interest to America. Mr. McPherson said the health in the army was good. He gave the following tabulation of the size of the British armies in the field up to December 31, 1917:

In ten months 48,452 commissioned officers and 6,435 warrant officers have been appointed; 25,000 promotions have been gazetted from second to first lieutenant; 16,800 officers and 49,100 men have been mentioned in the honors lists; 600,000 men have been given leave in the last four months and 200,000 in the last four weeks. During 1917 there had been conveyed to the various fronts: 7,000,000 men, 500,000 animals, 200,000 vehicles, 90,000,000 tons of stores.

Pay.—Minimum for all arms, 1s. 6d. a day; minimum for officers, 10s. 6d. a day; women and children on Army pay list as widows and dependents, about 10,000,000.

New Services.—Women's Army Auxiliary Corps: Over 20,000 enrolled, of whom 6,500 were abroad, 5,000 were waiting to be drafted overseas, and the remainder were employed at home. Labor Corps: 350,000 men of all races and colors.

Captured last year.—168 heavy howitzers, 68 heavy guns, 427 field guns, 1,055 trench mortars and 2,843 machine guns.

The total saving of tonnage in the coming year is estimated at 2,000,000 tons. Wood-pulp has been substituted for tin-plates for packing food supplies for the armies. Crude glycerine at the annual rate of 1,800 tons had been recovered from by-products alone, and sold to the Ministry of Munitions for the manufacture of 18,000,000 shells.

Embryo "Holy Joes" Taught By Senior Army Chaplain

Chaplain C. C. Bateman, of the 14th United States Cavalry, is the instructor at the school for chaplains at the 90th Division, San Antonio, Texas. Chaplain Bateman, who enjoys the distinction of being the senior chaplain of the Army, both in point of years and service, has made it plain to the new chaplains that their office is one of no mean importance. The schedule of lectures embraced the following topics: "The chaplain as a man among men and a gentleman"; "Finding his field of usefulness"; "Faith and works"; "The chaplain as an example of the morale as well as the morals"; "Chaplains who have helped in time of stress"; "The chaplain in work of identification and correspondence"; "The chaplain as legal counsel for the accused before courts-martial"; "The chaplain as Postmaster and exchange officer"; "The chaplain as mentor of diversions and sports"; "Keeping young among young men".

Schools for chaplains are to be established in many of the divisional camps where ministers with no military experience have been called to serve the army.

BUTCHER BILL

Advices reaching the United States Forest Service show that Emperor William of Germany up to 1908 had killed 61,730 pieces of game.

"According to one German forestry journal," the Forest Service says, "the Kaiser in 1908 killed 1995 pieces of wild game, including 70 stags, elk and roebuck. At that time he had slaughtered a total of 61,730 pieces of game, more than 4,000 of which were stags, and was the leading exterminator of wild life in the world."

The Kaiser holds the world's record as slayer of game—and men.

WRIGLEY'S

"Heavy, heavy hangs over your head."

"O, I know what it is, daddy! You held it too close and I smell it—it's WRIGLEY'S!"

"Righto, sonny—give your appetite and digestion a treat, while you tickle your sweet tooth."

After Every Meal

THE FLAVOR LASTS

