

## Confessions Of A Conscript

(This is the third 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 truthful 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 17, 1917.

I could not sleep well last night. The thought of all I will have to give up made sleep impossible. I tried to read. It was no use. I wore my new house gown and I could not get the thought out of my head that it was one of the few times left for me to wear it. A house gown was always one of the little vanities I promised myself. Good ones were so expensive and I kept putting off the buying of one until I felt I could really afford it. When that haberdasher on the corner near us closed up shop, I saw my opportunity. It cost only \$20, and it is of silk and tufted. You feel luxurious, being covered in one of these things. I felt the softness of the silk and wondered when I would have to put it away. I sat there with a bottle of Scotch and as I took each drink I said to myself, "I won't be able even to get a drink when I'm in the Army." Then I began thinking of all the rules and regulations I had heard of prevailing in the Army. You'd think the Government was dealing with a lot of children instead of grown men.

My mind was very active. I began thinking about the office. What are they going to do without me? I am not vain and I know it's true that everyone's place can be filled and no one is indispensable, but it's going to be a hard blow to the office. It isn't



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always what a man does; it's what he knows. And if a man has kept his eyes and ears open, he gets to know a lot about a business in six years. All the correspondence of the management has gone through my hands for more than two years. If Mr. Jerrold wants to know anything he just sends for me. The firm has a lot of influence in Washington. Perhaps they will try to get me off. Our business must not go to smash simply because we are at war; and there is work to be done at home, that is just as important as that "Over There." I think I'll ask Mr. Jerrold about it. No, I don't believe I will—unless it looks too serious. He might not understand. Unless you are always waving an American flag nowadays, no one thinks you love your country. I do love America. I love her so much I don't want to leave her. People say you are not a real patriot unless you are ready to die for your country. Someone has got to live for her. I want to live.

### THE SOLDIER'S PAY

There is a bigger, finer way Than earning gold to pay life's debts, Consider now the meager pay The soldier gets.

He pays for life with life itself, Braves Summer heat and Winter cold, And hardships grim, but not for pelf, Or yellow gold.

He does not measure by his pay The sum of service that he gives, For richer joys than gold each day He works and lives. Reckoned in dollars his reward Is all unworthy of his tasks, Yet freedom's victory for his sword Is all he asks.

S. O. S.

The Twins—U-Boats and Wastefulness—are a menace to the Allies.

Same day—later. When I reached the office this morning there was a note on my desk saying Mr. Jerrold wanted to see me. I knew right away what had happened. He had been told that I would be called and he wanted to see if I could not get my call deferred, at least until someone had been thoroughly trained to do my work and to learn what I had learned.

But when I went in his office I knew instantly it wasn't that. He



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wore the same expression my father wore when I came home last night. It was as if the two of them had learned the lesson out of the same book. He put out his hand and said: "Ted, we are sorry to lose you, of course, but we are glad that we can give you—you are the only man of draft age in the head office."

"But," I began. "No 'buts' and no worries. You will need a lot of time and we are going to give you all we can."

"But," I started again. "No 'buts,' my boy. You won't worry about us at all. All you will have to do from now on is to draw your salary and we'll pay it for a month after you are in the service, too. This will give you a chance to buy whatever things you need."

I stood speechless. Mr. Jerrold put his arm on my shoulder: "Go and see all the pretty girls you know and say good-bye. But don't think about us any more."

"Who will do my work?" I asked. "A 'green' man can't pick it all up," I added.

"I said 'don't worry.' We'll manage somehow. You just scamper off and say your tender good-byes." His smiling stopped a moment and he said, feelingly: "You know, you might not come back."

He turned away and I made for the door.

I can't understand it at all. Everybody seems so pleased that I am to go. Mr. Jerrold's attitude hurt. Didn't I amount to anything more than that? Am I to be disposed of without any further thought than a brief dismissal? Mr. Jerrold may think it is very easy to fill my place. But wait until they get into a tight hole, he'll know then.

And a month's salary! What's that? Of course, the firm is not wealthy. But they might have made it six months.

What was that he said at the last? "You know, you might not come back." That's just it; I may not!

### PERSHING PAYS FOR PIG

General Pershing, who recommended legislation that would provide for compensating the French peasants whose lands were necessarily overrun by our troops, has applied the principles of that legislation to himself.

A Lyons paper says: "A big American military automobile tore through a French village on its way to an American camp. Unfortunately a pig belonging to an old peasant woman strayed into the path of the car and was killed. The old lady was heartbroken."

"A few days later a letter came for her enclosing a check for a hundred francs and saying how sorry the writer was for the death of the pig. The signature was that of General Pershing."

## What The American Flag Is

(AN EXCERPT FROM A FLAG DAY ADDRESS BY HON. FRANKLIN K. LANE, SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR)

"Then came a great shout from the flag.

"Let me tell you who I am. The work that we do is the making of the real flag. I am not the flag, not at all. I am but its shadow. I am whatever you make me, nothing more. I am your belief in yourself, your dream of what a people may become. I live a changing life, a life of moods and passions, of heartbreaks and tired muscles.

"Sometimes I am strong with pride, when men do an honest work, fitting the rails together truly; sometimes I droop, for then purpose has gone from me, and cynically I play the coward. Sometimes I am loud, garrish and full of that ego that blasts judgment. But always I have all that you hope to be and have the courage to try for.

"I am the song and fear, struggle and panic, and ennobling hope. I am the day's work of the weakest man, and I am the largest dream of the most daring.

"I am the Constitution and the courts, statutes and statute makers, soldier and dreadnought, drayman and street sweep, cook, counsellor and clerk. I am the battle of yesterday and the mistake of tomorrow. I am the mystery of the men who do without knowing why. I am the clutch of an idea, and the reasoned purpose of resolution. I am no more than what you believe me to be, and I am all that you believe I can be. I am what you make me, nothing more. I swing before your eyes as a bright gleam of color, a symbol of yourself, the pictured suggestion of that big thing which makes this nation. My stars and my stripes are your dreams and your labors.

"They are bright with cheer, brilliant with courage, firm with faith, because you have made them so out of your hearts, for you are the makers of the flag, and it is well that you glory in the making."



# WRIGLEY'S

The use of WRIGLEY'S by the fighting men has created much talk across the water.

Even before American soldiers and sailors landed, the British, Canadian and French forces had adopted WRIGLEY'S as their war-time sweetmeat.

And now that Uncle Sam's stalwart boys are hitting the line, you'll find WRIGLEY'S a very noticeable ally of the Allies.

Keep them supplied. A box is easy to send—100 sticks—100 refreshments.



The Flavor Lasts

After every meal

