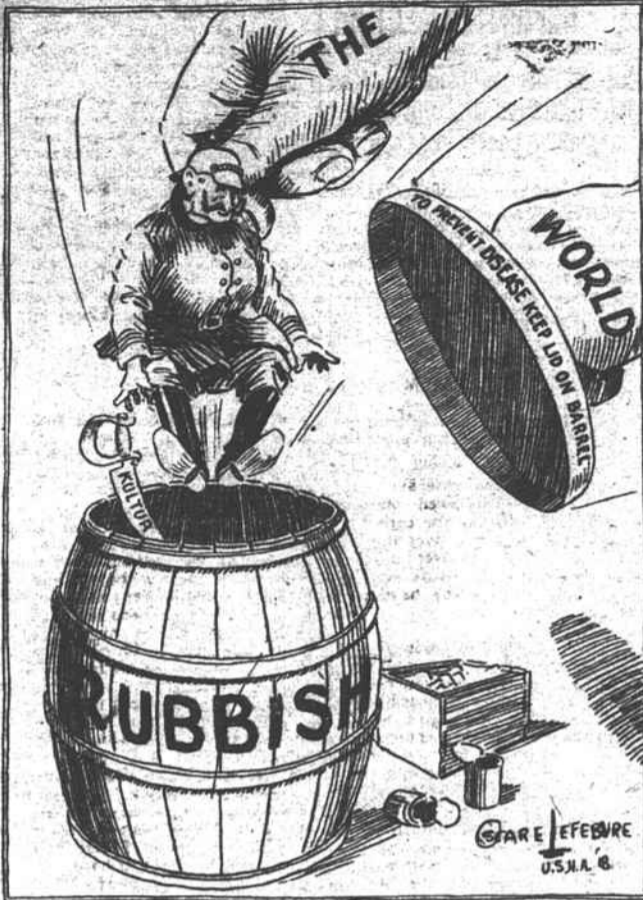


# What's Coming To The Kaiser



Drawn by Oscar E. Lefebvre, 5th Company, C. M. G., O. T. S., Camp Hancock, Ga.

## WHERE RANK IS FORGOTTEN

Anyone with unsteady nerves who suddenly stumbles on the spectacle of a general of the United States army lurching informally with a messenger boy is likely to become a shock victim. The blow is far worse, however, when the unprepared observer sees another general patiently awaiting his turn while a second messenger boy reaches a decision on the relative merits of apple pie and chocolate ice cream. And yet this little incident in the day's work is a common sight in at least one spot in Washington, the home of the Government and a city where the question of rank is a subject for unending discussion.

The spot in question is a little cafeteria located in the rear of the building occupied by the Quartermaster Corps of the army. It is a decidedly unpretentious restaurant. The walls are decorated with steam-pipes, the tables have never known the touch of a cloth covering, and the dishes are useful, but thoroughly unornamental. Waiters or waitresses are utterly unknown. Each patron takes his turn in line, armed with a tray, and passes down the aisle.

That steady procession includes officers of every rank, civilian employees, stenographers, clerks, messengers and visitors who represent every rank of life in the National Capital. Everyone gets exactly the same kind of food and pays exactly the same price for it. Credit is absolutely unknown. Brigadier General R. E. Wood, the Quartermaster General of the United States Army, is compelled to pay cash for his midday meal the moment he completes the filling of his tray. And he considers himself lucky, if he doesn't have to wait several minutes, tray in hand, while some pretty little stenographer solves the colossal problem of computing her indebtedness

to the cafeteria and juggles nickels and pennies until she and the cashier agree on the liquidation of the debt.

It is an interesting fact, incidentally, that the younger girls who work for the Quartermaster Corps manage to put out of commission each day about twice as much as the average officer of high rank. The heads of departments usually race through a very simple and remarkably light meal and hurry back to their desks. The prepossessing young women who take their dictation bestow more serious thought on their ice cream, cake and other typically nourishing articles of the average feminine diet, meanwhile exchanging enough harmless office gossip to fill an average newspaper.

The Quartermaster Corps cafeteria is absolutely unaffected by the question of rank. If a second lieutenant happens to reach a stock of sandwiches two seconds before General Wood, the head of the Quartermaster Corps must stand patiently in line until the youngster has made his selection. If a messenger boy finds a vacant place at one of the tables, he occupies it until he has destroyed the last crumb on his tray, no matter how many colonels or majors happen to be standing around looking for a vacant spot to rest their collection of dishes and food.

That is why the Quartermaster Corps makes the claim that its heavily patronized cafeteria is the most democratic institution in the Nation's Capital. Its uniformed patrons are exceedingly punctilious about the details of military etiquette when they appear on the streets of Washington, but they disregard rank absolutely when they enter the tray-brigade drive that is launched every noon at the rear of the hard-working department that clothes and equips the men in France who are making the American colors a conspicuous symbol on the firing line.

### TANK BOOKIE SAYS HE "TREATS 'EM ROUGH," HE WRITES HIS GIRL THAT HE'S HOT STUFF!

"Last week I went and joined the Tanks along with several other Yanks, the sergeant gave a look at us and then he turned away to cuss. I didn't understand just then why he looked down upon us men until a Lieut. came strolling by with blazes shooting from each eye—'What, ho! the guards!' he bellowed out—it sure was some tremendous shout—'Go, take these dubs-down to the mess and fill them full of cussedness, a dash of pepper, brimstone, brine, a photo of the River Rhine'—I simply write this, Mabel dear, to show you that we're hot stuff here. We treat 'em rough from first to last, wherever that the battle's cast, and sometimes when the going's good we grind our teeth on kindling wood, so crank a tank and hARRY forth along the woods up in the north. Snap goes the tree, bang goes the mine right underneath the tank's steel spine, but do we stop her? I guess not—for we're the toughest birds they've got!"

## WHEN IS THE WAR TO END?

From speech by Abraham Lincoln at a sanitary fair in Philadelphia, Pa., June 16, 1864.

War, at the best, is terrible, and this war of ours, in its magnitude and in its duration, is one of the most terrible. It has deranged business, totally in many localities, and partially in all localities. It has destroyed property and ruined homes; it has produced a national debt and taxation unprecedented, at least in this country; it has carried mourning to almost every home, until it can almost be said that the "heavens are hung in black."

It is a pertinent question, often asked in the mind privately, and from one to the other, when is the war to end? Surely I feel as deep an interest in this question as any other can; but I do not wish to name a day, a month, or year, when it is to end. I do not wish to run any risk of seeing the time come without our being ready for the end, for fear of disappointment because the time had come and not the end. We accepted this war for an object, a worthy object, AND THE WAR WILL END WHEN THAT OBJECT IS ATTAINED. UNDER GOD, I HOPE IT NEVER WILL END UNTIL THAT TIME. Speaking of the present campaign, General Grant is reported to have said, "I am going through on this line if it takes all summer." This war has taken three years; it was begun or accepted upon the line of restoring the national authority over the whole national domain, and for the American people, as far as my knowledge enables me to speak, I say we are going through on this if it takes three years more.

My friends, I did not know but that I might be called upon to say a few words before I got away from here, but I did not know it was coming just here. I have never been in the habit of making predictions in regard to the war, but I am almost tempted to make one. If I were to hazard it, it is this: That Grant is this evening, with General Meade and General Hancock, and the brave officers and soldiers with him, in a position from whence he will never be dislodged until Richmond is taken; and I have but one single proposition to put now, and perhaps I can best put it in the form of an interrogative. If I shall discover that General Grant and the noble officers and men under him can be greatly facilitated in their work by a sudden pouring forward of men and assistance, will you give them to me? Are you ready to march? (Cries of "Yes!") Then I say, Stand ready, for I am watching for the chance. I thank you, gentlemen.

## SOLDIERS' NEXT OF KIN SHOULD SEND IN CHANGES IN ADDRESS

The War Department authorizes the following statement from the Acting Adjutant General:

Owing to the fact that persons designated by soldiers to receive advice in the event of their death, injury, capture, etc., fall, in very many cases to notify the Adjutant General's office promptly of changes in their addresses, that office is experiencing considerable difficulty in obtaining delivery of some of its casualty telegrams.

The telegram is, of course, sent in every case to the address appearing on the soldier's record, and if the party named has in the meantime moved elsewhere it is returned as undeliverable. The Adjutant General's office finds it impracticable in most cases to locate the addressee who thus fails to receive the desired notification.

It therefore devolves upon every person who knows that he has been designated by some soldier to receive messages of this nature to notify the Adjutant General immediately whenever he changes his address. Care should be taken, whenever a communication on this subject is addressed to the Adjutant General, to state the soldier's full name, his rank, and the designation of the organization in which he is serving. His serial number should also be given, if it is known.

The person who is primarily interested in this matter is, of course, the one who has been designated by the soldier for the purpose of receiving notice of any casualty which may occur in his case, and that person justly can not complain on account of not having received the desired notice if he has himself been at fault by neglecting to keep in touch with the military authorities at Washington.

All correspondences on this subject should be addressed to the Adjutant General, Washington, D. C.  
P. C. HARRIS,  
Acting The Adjutant General.

### A POET'S PRAISE

Gabriele D'Annunzio, the Italian aviator-poet, sends the following message, inspired by the launching of the American cargo ship Piave, to the United States Government:

"Italy's soul, her whole soul, is vibrating beyond the ocean, for the great redeeming people as a covenant and promise are inscribing on the prow of a powerful ship the name of the glorious river which communicated the splendor of victory to all the waters of the Adriatic. The flagstaff of the Star Spangled Banner is to-day a sacred thing, like unto the tree from which hung the Saviour of the world. From across the ocean let the war cry which resounded in the hostile skies of Vienna be echoed back loud and strong. In the name of our Union all aviators, all sailors, all soldiers of Italy, all victors of the Piave, with arms uplifted, repeat the cry: Evviva! Evviva! l'Italia!"

### SOS

Napoleon said: "An army fights on its belly." Waste of food over here will mean shorter rations Over There.

## "ABSOLUTELY UNAFRAID"

A new story of the American fighting man's reckless disregard for danger which it is one of the greatest problems of their officers to curb was recently told in Paris by Wilbur M. Wilson, a Baptist clergyman from Colorado, who went all the way from Chateau Thierry to Fismes with a Pennsylvania regiment.

"With my own eyes," said Mr. Wilson, "I have seen American boys steal out from the trenches to a frog pond in No Man's Land, calmly remove their uniforms and dive into the cool waters with German snipers not a hundred yards away in their trenches. The American boy appears to be absolutely unafraid. The greater the number of casualties in his own unit, the greater is his resolve to make the Germans pay the price. His morale increases noticeably every time a comrade falls with German bullets in his body."

## GERMAN VORACITY

Read how Graf von Roon, a member of the Prussian House of Lords, proposes to "grant" peace to the enemies of Germany, according to a statement of his published in the "Goerlitzer Nachrichten":

- (1) Belgium annexed; the Flemish part of Belgium to be made autonomous.
- (2) The coast of Flanders and of France as far as Calais annexed.
- (3) Longwy, Briey (iron), Verdun, Toul and Belfort annexed.
- (4) England to cede to Germany her fleet, several naval stations; to return Egypt to Turkey and Gibraltar to Spain.
- (5) Serbia and Montenegro to be divided between Austria and Bulgaria.
- (6) War indemnity of 36 billion dollars. That is all; but that war before the surprises of the second Marne and the second Somme.

### SOS

Save your bayonet thrusts for the Hun; coats and tents are not Huns.

## WATER CAGE BALL POPULAR

With increasing interest being manifested in cage ball, one of the latest additions to the long list of sports played in the training camps, athletic directors of the War Department Commission on Training Camp Activities have devised a number of new games in which the regulation cage ball is used.

Water cage ball is one of the most popular of these games. As played in the swimming pools in the various training camps, a score or more men can participate. There is really no limit to the number of men who may play water cage ball. The rules of the game are simple and resemble those governing water polo.

Giant volley ball, as played with a regulation cage ball, is another exhilarating exercise. It is simply ordinary volley ball on a magnified scale, any number of men participating.

### MISTAKEN IDENTITY

"Parlez-vous francais?" asked a Y. M. C. A. worker of a colored Yank Over There.  
"No, sir," came the reply, "I'm jest a stevedore."

