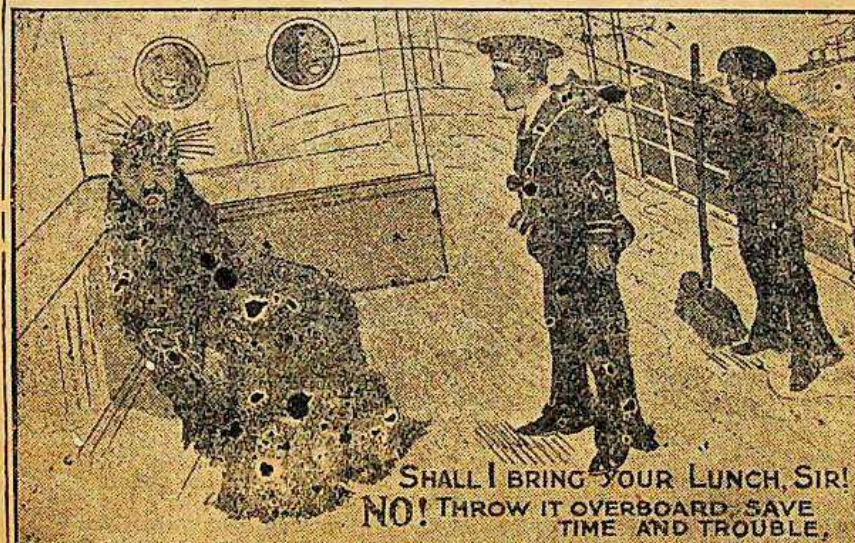


Anecdotes, Fun and Jokes
BY THE
A.E.F. IN FRANCE
And AT HOME
HIGH JINKS *and* DEVILTRY DEPICTED
In CARTOON AND VERSE
HOW TO "VAMP" *Illustrated.*



Published by
WM. S. BREWER
209 Canal Street, New York

Extend a Helping Hand to all Ex-Service Men
Favoring Legislation in their behalf, and other
concessions which they merit.

Support only Candidates Who Favor Ex-Service Men.

PRICE 25 CENTS

WM. S. BREWER

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Solicits No Contributions.

Supported by the Sale of Worthy Literature

A liberal percentage received from the sale of these books after the deduction of printing and carrying charges, has been set aside in a trust fund for the purpose of assisting without charge, all worthy and wounded ex-service men in procuring positions, compensation, war insurance due from the United States Government or bonuses awarded them by the different States from which they enlisted and in otherwise giving them a helping hand to rehabilitate themselves in business.

The following is a sample of the character of letters we are receiving and his reply to our letter. This man's rating at the time of his induction in the army was "Class 1", now it seems "X. Y. Z." Mr. Thompson's address is 3202 Vernon avenue.

Dear Friend:

Chicago, Ill., May 2, 1921.

I am a discharged soldier suffering from tuberculosis from being gassed, also my sight is bad. I was with the 803rd Pioneer Infantry, Co. L. I haven't a relative in the world and I had little money when I first came back, but being sick and not able to work, it is all gone. I am now living off of charity altogether. I take treatment at T. B. Sanatorium, at 291 Calumet street, also at Drexel Hospital, when I am able to go out. They wouldn't take me in a hospital. Same story—all filled. Some days I don't eat all day as I get so ashamed to be accepting charity from these people I live with. They are good but so poor.

I was given the book by a friend, so I thought I would write. I have sent statements from the Health Department, also my family doctor, also statement sworn to by my soldier friend. So the Bureau of War Risk sent me a statement that my claim has been disallowed. For God's sake help me if possible.

Question 8—2950 Calumet T. B. Sanatorium, Drexel Hospital, also Dr. Alfred Higgs, 303 Indiana avenue.

Question 9—Yes. Drexel and T. B. 2950 Calumet.

Yours respectfully,

JERRY THOMPSON.

Dear Friend:

Chicago, Ill., May 4, 1921.

I received your letter, also the \$5.00. I thank you from the bottom of my heart. The letter and money seemed to put new life in me as I had begun to think no one cares for a poor, sickly service man, and I went out and took treatment today at Drexel Hospital, and I believe I feel better this evening.

I had another letter from the Bureau of War Risk saying it had been disallowed as they seem to think I was sick before going in the army. If such was the case why was I passed on and put in Class A. I didn't even try to get exempted. I never had any sickness in ten years until since I have been out of the army. I was gassed and received company treatment, and sent them a statement from my corporal, who ordered me to be treated for such.

I don't know what else to do. I have sent in many statements and I guess I can do no more.

I am thanking you sincerely for any assistance you can give in getting my compensation.

Respectfully yours,

JERRY THOMPSON.

(Signed) P. S. I shall be glad to meet the gentleman who will call to see me and I hope he can help me.

We have hundreds of similar letters in our files.

The A. E. F. Fun in France. Volume 2.

Foreword

Laughs on Every Page

CARTOON AND VERSE.

Hot Shots Back of the Lines.

HIGH JINKS AND DEVILTRY

That almost made the War worth
while.

EVERYBODY LIKES IT.

How to "Vamp"—by H. C. B.

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\$2,000 Paid-up Insurance Policy.

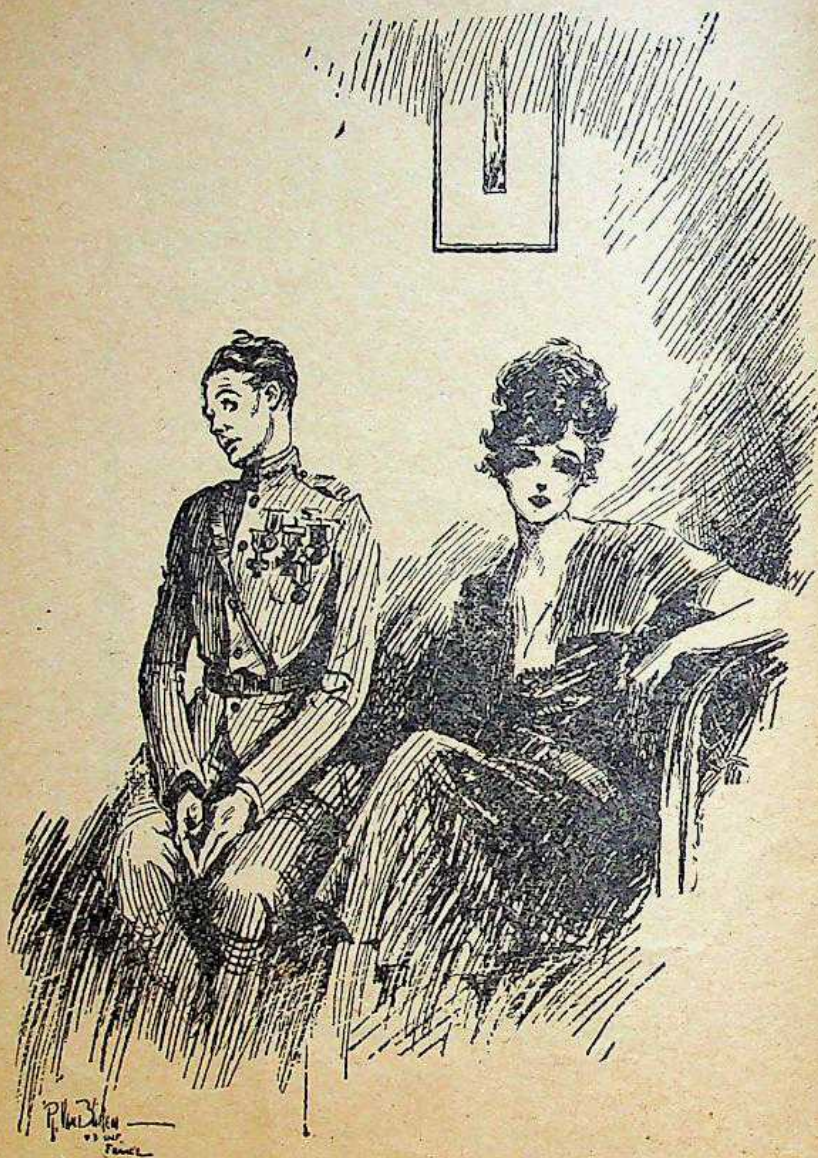
To Help the Wounded.

To Secure Special Concessions
for all Ex-Service Men and to
Assist them generally.

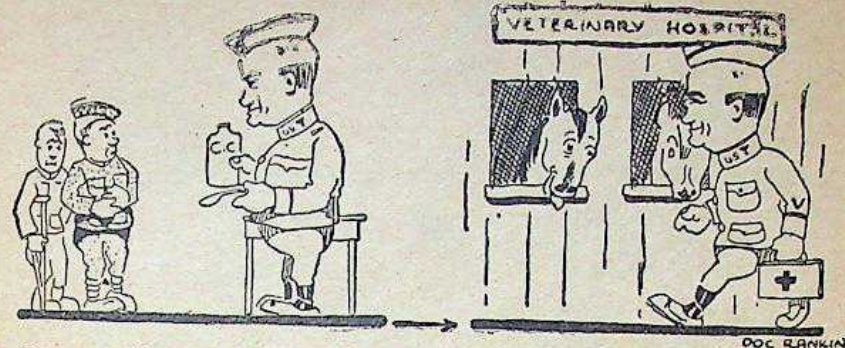
Sold by Ex-Service Men to
Rehabilitate themselves.



LOVE IS HELL!



Lieut. Pep. M. M., D. S. C., C. M., F. O. B., B. V. D., the Dare-Devil of No Man's Land, with 41 successful raids and any number of boches to his credit, has trouble finding nerve enough to pop the question.



He was a Doctor in the army
As you all can plainly see,
And his "pink pills" always cured you,
No matter where the pain would be.

Now the equines are glad he's back,
For he's their special Doctor Quack.

The sergeant of the guard rushed excitedly up to the sentry and exclaimed, "Has the General come yet?" "No," replied the recruit. A few minutes later the sergeant dashed out again, even more excited, and inquired if the guard had seen the General approach. He answered in the negative, and five minutes later was asked the same question by the sergeant. Finally the General of the post ambled along, and on being challenged by the recruit, told him who he was. In two counts the guard came to present arms, exclaiming: "General, the sergeant has been out here three times looking for you. You had better see him quick, cause I 'spect he's going to give you Hell."

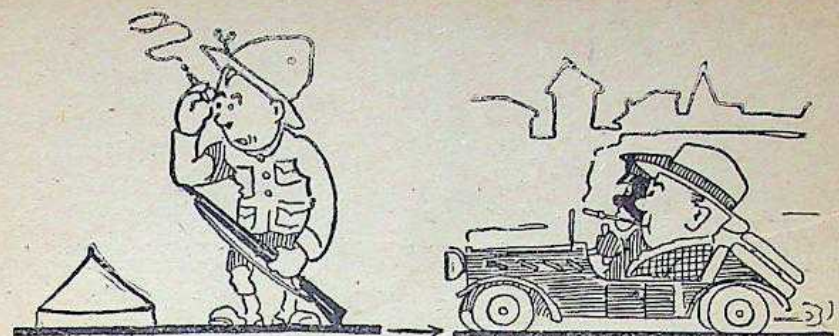


"Why the two trucks, Buck?"
"Aw, one's for our detachment and the other's
to haul the new 2nd Lieut's souvenirs around."

Joe Rankin -
C.W.S.-A.E.F.



ILLUSION AND DISILLUSION.



Here we have that boy so green,
Known as "Boob Macnutt 13,"
With the solid ivory bean.

With his chauffeur by his side,
He goes for his daily ride.

During one of the battles of the late unpleasantness, a squad of colored rookies were delegated to bring the shells up to the firing line. At first each rookie brought up one shell apiece. As the firing became more intense the sergeant doubled up on them, so that finally each one was lugging up as many as four shells at a time. Finally one of the squad, a sawed-off specimen of alligator bait, mooched over to the sergeant and said: "Sa'jent, Mr. Boss Man, has yo' all got my name on yo' book?" "Yes, why do you ask, my man?" "How yo' all got it?" The sergeant ran his finger down the page until he found it and said: "Here it is, Simpson." "Thass all right den, boss. Ah thought maybe yo' all had it Samson."



A story illustrative of the changes in methods of warfare comes from a soldier in France, who took a German officer prisoner.

"Give up your sword," shouted the poilu, as he covered the Hun with his gun.

But the officer shook his head and answered:

"I have no sword to give up, but won't my vitriol spray, my oil projector or my gas cylinder do as well?"

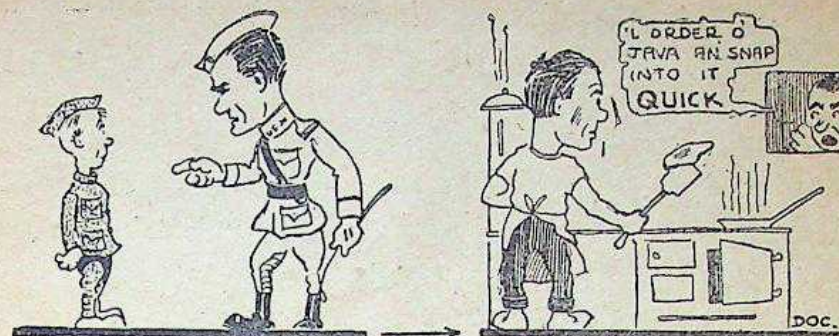


Scotty—Don't ever make the mistake again of calling me "mam-selle" or a'll knock yer blooming skither hoff.

MOBILIZING HIS HOME.

"Yes, wife," said Sergeant Kreutzer, enthusiastically, "when I get back from the war everything will be strictly military. In the morning I'll line the first squad, police up the barn and seed the twenty-acre patch. Pat, you family up with, 'Fall in, count off, forward march, family halt. Pete you take the second squad, police up the yard and split a month's wood. Polly, you take the third squad, and police up around the mess hall and quarters. You, my dear, will be the cook of the outfit and I'll be the family commander."

"But, William, who—who will be the recruiting officer?"



Here he stands so slick and cute,
Togged up in his shavetail suit,
At giving calls he was a beaut,
The swaggering, bragging second lieutenant.

Picture him now if you can,
Serving out the "coffee an'."

A dorky was grumbling about the high cost of living when a friend said to him, "Cheer up, Rastus, the good Lawd will provide fo' you and yo' six children. Did He not provide the green grass fo' the hosses to eat?" "Yas, sir," replied the grumbling dorky, "but that don't do me no good. Ma children don't eat grass."

EPITAPHS.

Here lies Hope, who died from overwork, trying to buoy up a soldier in search of work.

Here lies Faith, who died from blood poisoning due to the carelessness of a friend while pinning her to a buddy.

Here is buried Love, who was pierced with an arrow of doubt, and died from a contagion caught from the breath of an Army scandal.

Here lies the remains of Trust, who was placed in an unworthy soldier and died from grief.

Here lies Charity, who died from overwork while trying to cover a multitude of Army sins.

Here lies the buried past of a brave officer which a number of friends are trying to resurrect.

Here lies Hypocrisy, who was stripped of its cloak of religion Over There, and died from exposure.

Here lies Virtue, who died from a broken heart upon not receiving its promised reward.

Here lies Justice, who died while trying to obtain a worth while bonus for the boys.



French kid pullin' off an English joke:

"Hey, Mister, have you got a match?"



A Real Welcome

A BLITHESOME BALLAD OF THE HONORABLY DISCHARGED.

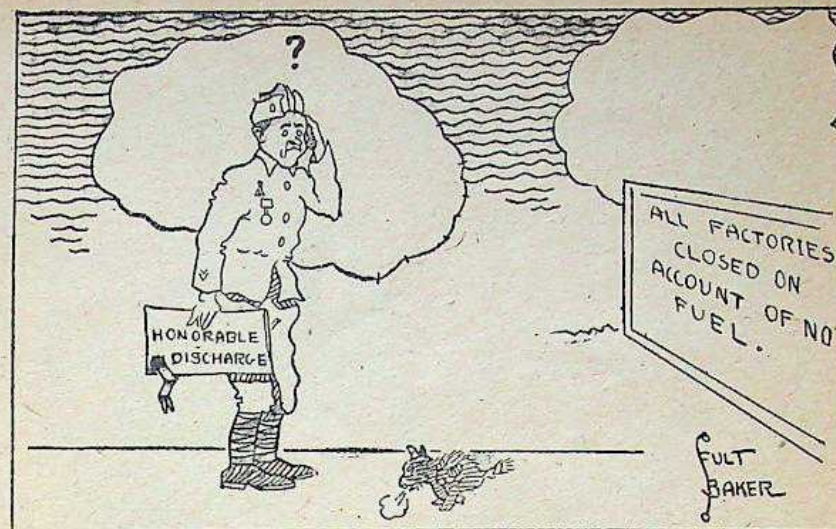
Back to dear old blighty, as the well-known British say;
Back to home and house rent and to living on your pay;
Back to start all over where we left off some time since
And sailed away gently to slay the Kaiser and the Quince.
Back to chase a cripple or a Jane from off our job;
(Back to read such piffle as "The Doughboy and the Gob")
Hoping we may catch up with the gang in twenty years—
But anyway, we're glad we've sloughed a pair of mortal fears.

All we can die of is cancer,
Consumption, and kidney disease,
Pneumonia, the flu—there's a ban, sir,
On the blow and the cough and the sneeze.
Measles and mumps, they are sad, sir,
But us doughboys are sure overjoyed,
For we're safe from the smallpox, begad, sir
And we never can have the typhoid.

Back to prohibition and to politics and pants;
Back to more or less unmixed regrets from dear old France;
Back to L's and subways and to Broadway's No Man's Land,
That midnight trail where every frail is tinted up by hand;
Back to brutal bosses and to unions and to strikes;
Back to greasy Bolsheviks, pro-Germans, and the likes;
What we've got to show for it is pinned upon our vests—
And they jabbed us in the biceps, so we're safe from two old pests.

All we can die of is gunshot,
Surgery, powders, and pills.
Those of us coming home unshot,
Fear but a few human ills.
Paralysis, asthma, hay fever,
But nix on the varioloid;
They can hang us like Old Danny Dever,
But they can't kill us with typhoid.

C. A.—Tribune Conning Tower.



Mistress (enaging new maid)—"You say the last family you worked for were Germans?"

Maid (apologetically)—"Yes'm, but they were sterilized when the war broke out."

She came down to breakfast very late and her mother scanned her severely.

"Did that young man kiss you last night?" she asked.

"Now, mother, do you suppose he came all the way out here to hear me sing?"

An O. D. Question.

We come in this world, we care not
from where,
The burdens we carry are most hard
to bear.
When the race is over, and Life beats
retreat,
Will we enjoy things in heaven, or
suffer dead heat.

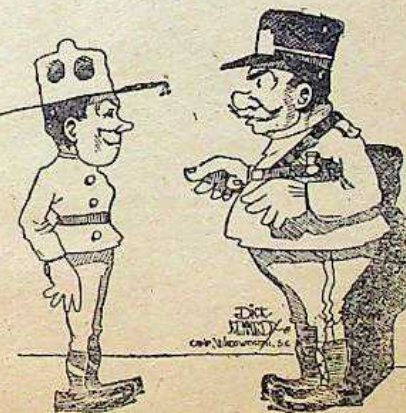
Bing—How did he become flat footed?

Bang—Stamping his feet in a steam heated flat, trying to get warm.

A Sharp Appetite.

Poet—Do you have to be a sword swallower?

Actor—Yes—That is my bread and butter.



General Von Ezel (to American prisoner)—"Here, you Yankee-dog-pup, call me a taxi!"

The Prisoner—"Well, General, I could hardly call you hansom."



That Embarrassing Moment—When, after asking for the check you suddenly remember that your money is all in your money belt under your shirt.

CAN YOU BEAT IT?

Recently a returned soldier from D. H. No. 5, was treated to a performance at the Metropolitan Opera House. Coming home in the motor he asked his hostess, "Please, ma'am, what was the name of that Assembly Hall you took me to?"

Halt!

The soldier:
I love you beyond bounds,
My dear little miss,
Then he pleaded in vain
For just one more kiss.
The girl:

Your love, my dear man, is
True, like as not—
But there must always be
A marginal stop.

First Lieut.—Have you dug that hole yet?
Buck—No.
First Lieut.—No what!
Buck—No shovel.

Bing—How did the poet get his eye strain?
Bang—Looking for an editor to buy his poems.



Ex-Captain Jones (of the Field Bakery Unit)—My dear chap, you have your division insignia far, far too low; It should be up on your shoulder.

When soft hands touch my cheek again
And unsaid thoughts are understood,
When lustrous eyes,
Deep with the beauty of sorrow
And the flame of a God-given love,
Eyes that long have been unseen
Except perhaps in some sweet dream,
Meet eyes of mine.

—T. J. Ahearn, Jr.

Pete—"Who will be given the credit for the makings of the U. S. A?"
Paul—"The American Tobacco Company."

Bing—I am wearing an uncalled for suit.
Bang—I don't blame the party for not calling for it.

A soldier friend of ours overheard a conversation in an Akron street car the other day, that amused him considerably.

They were two very classy dames, he says, and one of them was saying to the other:

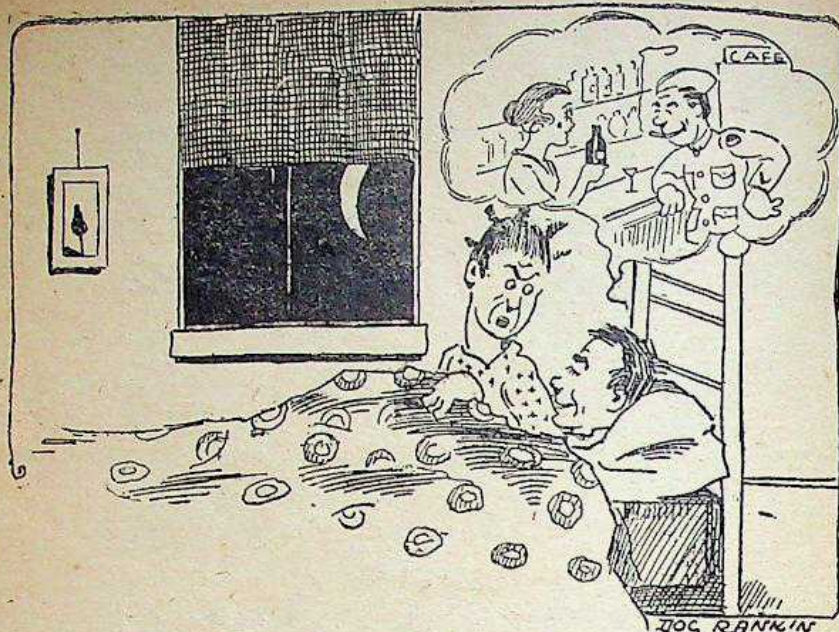
"Isn't it dreadful the way the men stare at a girl here in Akron!"

"Well, look!" answered the other, pointing from the window to a big sign. It read:

"AKRON—THE RUBBER CITY."



"Old Liz," Statue of Liberty leaves her pedestal to welcome home-com ing veterans.

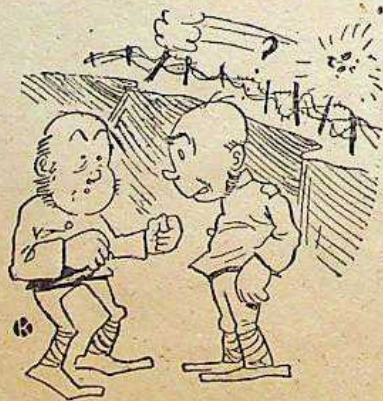


WHY JONES LEFT HOME.

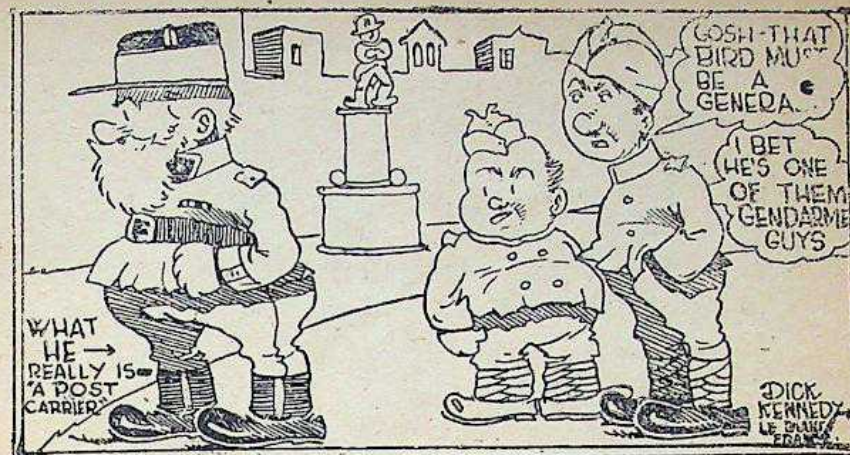
Ex-Pvt. Jones, (dreaming)—"Ah, wee, encore bookoo, toot sweet."

Mark Twain was once called upon to speak at a club dinner, and he took for his theme, "Honesty." He said that when he was a boy at home, he one day saw a cart full of melons. He was a boy and he was tempted; besides, he liked melons.

"I sneaked up to that cart," said Mark, "and I stole a melon. I went into an alley to devour it. But, I had no sooner set my teeth into it than I paused; a strange feeling came over me. I came to a quick resolution. Firmly I walked up to that cart, placed the stolen melon where I got it from and took a ripe one."



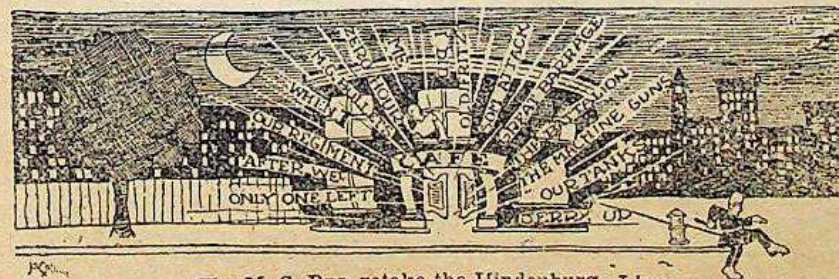
Pat and Mike were in the front line trenches which had been under continuous bombardment for fifteen hours. Suddenly Mike jumped up, grabbed Pat, and shouted above the shriek of the bursting shells: "For Heaven's sake, Pat, scare me! I've got the hiccoughs."



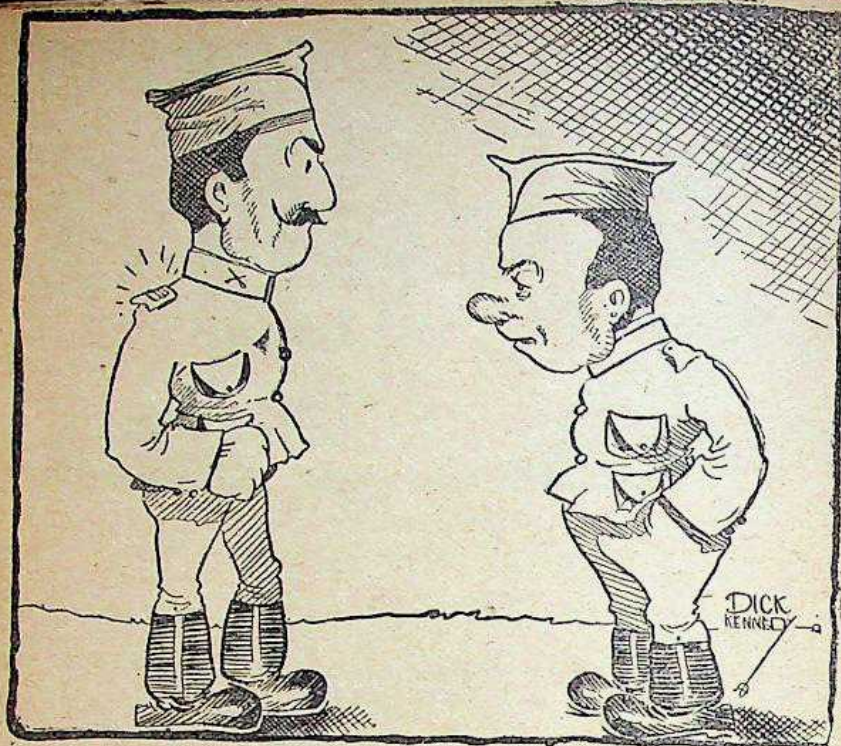
AND HE STILL LIVES.

I've been photoscoped and stethoscoped, and pinched until I'm sore; I've been questioned and examined by twenty docs or more. I think they've diagnosed my case 'bout every week or so. And written down long Latin names, a Greek "full-blood" don't know. They've taken temperatures and pulse to see if I've had fever; If they decide to amputate, I suppose they'll use a cleaver. They've come and taken blood tests most every other day, And asked how tall I thought I was and what I ought to weigh. They've hunted "rails" within my lungs and "murmurs" around my heart, Then had me cough, then breathe, then cough, by saying "stop" and "start." I'm bound up with adhesive tape, it's hard to get my breath; I then I've been pricked with needles that I thought would be my death. But when they've made more tests and things, decided what I've got, I sure will be a happy boy, if I'm discharged or not. Or sent back to my company, with belt and gun to drill, For I hope I never have to see another doc or pill.

"Captain, the compass needle is most erratic. We cannot tell where we are."
"Devil take it! That's the result of the whole crew getting iron crosses."



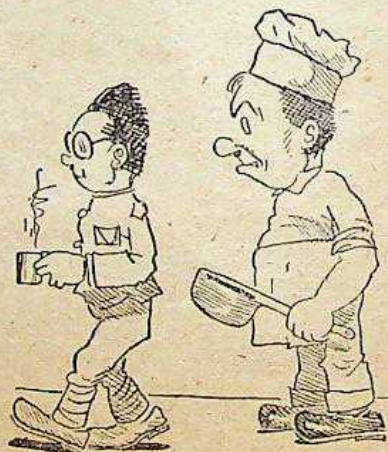
The M. G. Bns. retake the Hindenburg Line



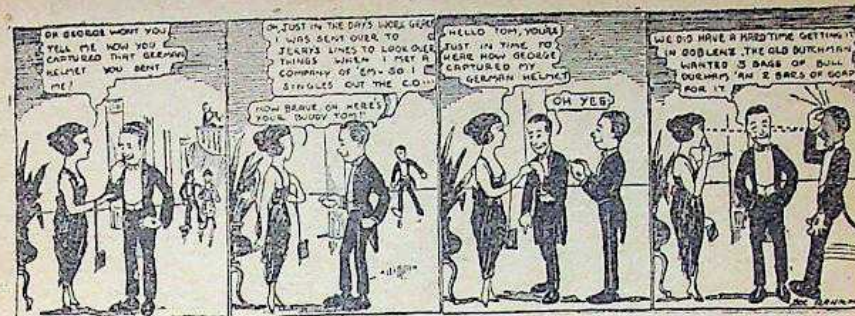
"The surgeon of the regiment was both professional and military in the order he gave the men when he wanted to vaccinate them."
 "What was his order?"
 "Present arms."

An Episode in New York.
 Doughty Ex-Officer—"Attention!"
 Doughboy in uniform, with discharge chevron—"Whatcha want?"
 Ex-Officer—"Salute!"
 Doughboy—"Who are you? Were you in France?"
 Ex-Officer—"Yes."
 Doughboy—"Were you wounded?"
 Ex-Officer—"No."
 Doughboy—"Well, move on, or you soon will be."
 He moved.

A Grave One.
 Sacred to the memory of John Barleycorn.
 Waiting for the day of resurrection.



Cook—"Hey, K. P., where're ya going?"
 K. P.—"Goin' slumming, cook."



Over the Top.

Mike and Pat had both been discharged from the Service, and were talking over old times.

"If Oi ever meet thot top kicker of ours, Oi will smash him over the head."

"Yis," was the reply, "thot certainly would be 'a crowning joy.'"

Bing—Did he think matrimony would be plain sailing?

Bang—Yes; but he struck a bunch of domestic squalls.

THE "K-P"

First, you get a suit of white, seven sizes large,
 Then you get a bawling-out from the nurse in charge;
 Next you get some bed-pans or other work to do,
 After which you graduate and join the K. P. crew.

And then—

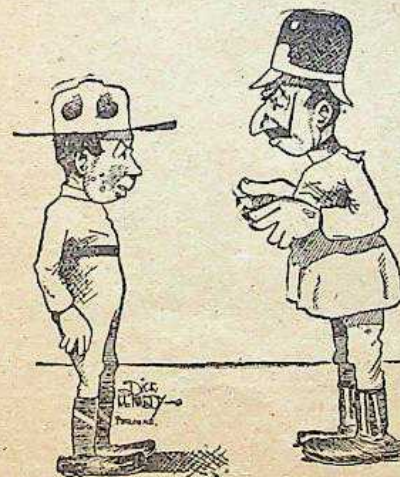
If you have behaved yourself with courtesy and tact,
 Performed your duties faithfully and never, never slacked,
 The chances are you have become so very, very hard,
 There's only one thing left, for they put you on the guard.

With all this good experience you've surely learned a lot
 Of medicine and first aid work, and "what to do—ond not,"
 And when you leave this outfit, why, your mind can be at ease—
 You'll make a first-class whitewing or a cracking good police.
 Moral—Join the Medical Department, see the world and learn a trade.

"Gee", exclaimed a soldier to his buddy, "I met a girl last night who belongs in a glass case."

"What was the matter with her?" asked his buddy.

"Why," was the reply, "she turned red and felt shocked when I told her she would be good at improper fractions."



"American loafer, have a care who you tell to dig ditches. I am the Graf von Bugenbug, of a long line of belted knights."

"Get a move on, Fritzie, or there will be another belted knight around here."



Think he—"As others see me in my first civics."

How to "Vamp."



Advice to the Sisters of the Boys of the A. E. F. by a young Sister of a Martyred Hero.

As everyone knows there are many ways of "Vamping"—some good, some bad. Now, I will tell you of the good way.

In all sorts of "vamping," of course you must first get the man you wish to "vamp," then select your "tools." For a while study his character, then the fun begins. Watch the way he does things. Employ all the arts and artifices at your disposal, and then go after him in the following manner:

Vamping a prudish one is not easy, yet it is not too difficult. Please him, flatter him, then agree with him; then while you agree with him weave in your ideas or your way of thinking. He will agree with you. But do not try to reform him in one effort; it takes a little time. Pretend that you do not think much of him, and let him think that there are others that figure some, perhaps even more than he does.

There are others who are easy to "vamp." Such as those of young age who have really no ways of thinking. Then it all depends upon yourself on the way you vamp them. Be easy with them at first, and only when you can make a deep impression, when there are not too many around—too many ears—when there is one ear to hear your cute witticisms, improve your opportunity. By all means do not let anyone in on your ideas, as they are apt to let the secret out.

Another thing that you have to look out for is that the man is your true type. It is very necessary that he likes you rather well, or at least well. Of course, you can have any man you wish, although some are harder to get than others.

In other ways of "vamping" it takes practice to do it skillfully, but on the whole it is very easy. Get your own way; and let them think that they are doing their own thinking, but let it be the other way round. Win their confidence, then you are safe. Play upon their sympathies. Sometimes it is convenient to get "blue," if your pose is pretty.

Dainty clothes, light and airy, will always make a hit. Don't "vamp" too violently at first, as you must not let them detect that you are "vamping" them. Men of rather middle age are skeptical and are on the lookout for "vamping," so be careful not to let them suspect you. Proceed gently. If you are with a man who is very scientific, tell him you like scientific things, whether you do or not and he will like you all the better. He will never know the difference. If you try to vamp a frivolous man tell him you intend to be a butterfly. If your subject be a prude tell him that you disapprove of dissipating ideas, because it really makes no difference in your true thoughts. Make your "vamping" simple and you will get results. Watch and see. H. O. E.



The Frivolous One



The Prude



The Scientist



Dainty Clothes



The Skeptic



Engaged



Cop—"And they expect police protection on this."

Bride's Mother—"Colonel, have you any suggestions that would improve the marriage ceremony?"

Bridegroom's Old Batch Uncle—"Not unless you could let the groom take gas."

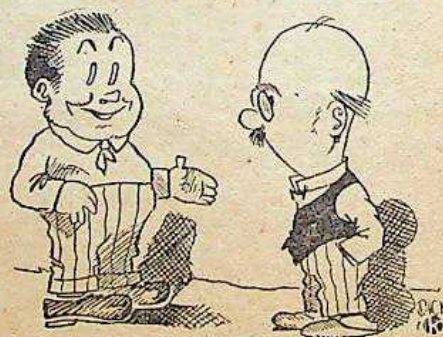
Peter Van Zants, while a soldier in France,
Oft longed for a nip of old rye;
When back he had come and scouted for some,
He found the whole country bone-dry.

Heinie to darky who had just made a pass at him with a razor: "Ha, ha! Never touched me!"

Darky: "Oh, dat's all right, but you all hadn't better shake yo' head."

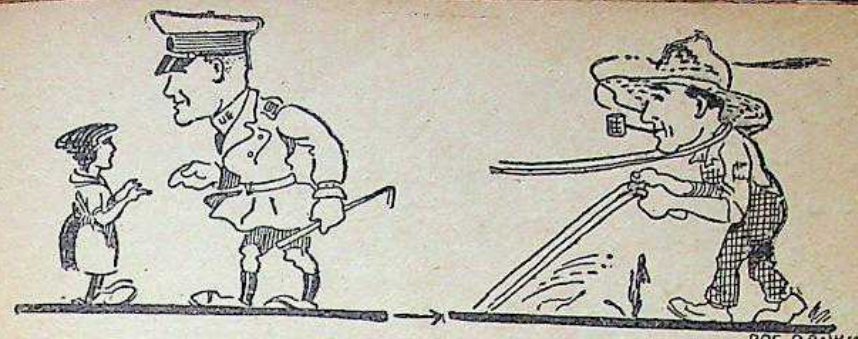
Tommy—Why do those colored troops have such big feet?"

Sammy—"To walk on, you green-horn."



First One—"You are full of wise cracks, Buddie."

Second One—"Sure, and I do be feelin' de wind goin' troo muh."



Our Beau Brummel Captain,
So mighty fine to see,
All Sam-Brown belted up
With glistening puttees.

Is not so good to look at now
In overalls behind a plow



When General Leonard Wood was a small boy he was called up in the grammar class. The teacher said:

"Leonard, give me a sentence and we'll see if you can change it into the imperative mood."

"The horse draws the cart," said Leonard.

"Very good. Now change the sentence to the imperative."

"Get up," said young Wood.

An International Episode.

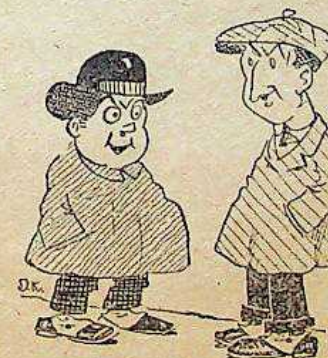
Scot, to Englishman—"What would you like to be John, if you weren't an Englishman?"

John—"Hi, fawney. Hi'd be a Scotchman. What would you be if you were not a Scotchman, Mac?"

Scot—"Well, I think I'd be an Englishman."

Englishman to a Yank—"What would you be, Jack, English or Scotch?"

Jack—"Gosh! I'd be ashamed of myself."



Bing—Does he ride a horse?

Bang—Yes, off and on



French Officer—"For disobedience of orders you are to be hanged. Pick out your own tree."

Algerian—"Allah be praised! Hang me to yon flower."

A FORLORN HOPE

The troop ship was "shimmying" in the middle of the ocean, and Pat was on the deck with a well developed case of seasickness.

When the sick call blew, Pat presented himself to the doctor, looking like the tail end of a misspent life.

"Don't worry," the doctor told him, "you are only seasick, there is no danger of death."

"Is that roight?" woefully replied Pat. "Phaix, the thought of dying pretty soon was the only thing that was keeping me aloive."

Mrs. Rich—Can you count on your husband's support?

Mrs. Richer—Yes. He is willing to do anything to make my divorce a success.

LITTLE KID OF FRANCE.

Little kid of France,
With your bashful glance,
Sombre eyes askance,
Standing in the door,
Come, be roguish, wily,
Stretch your hand, if shyly,
Be a trifle smiley,
If there is a war.

Little kid of France,
With your funny pants,
Dare to take a chance,
Come and get a sou
Please don't be so chary,
Wide-eyed and so starey,
Though we're strange and scarey
We are strong for you.
—John Pierre Roche, Lt., Q. M. C.



First Son o' Ham—"When yo' all goin' back to America, Sam?"

Second ditto—"If Uncle Sam don't build a bridge a cross this chere ocean, I'm gonna remain a Frenchman for the rest o' my days."

REMEMBER THAT—



There's a joy that's hard to equal when a son comes home from war,
Or when a shipwrecked sailor puts his feet upon the shore;
A dog will show some gratitude if he is thrown a bone,
And a twenty-five day furlough will make a rookie groan;
Some sorrows are depressing, some joys will make us shout,
But the greatest joy of all comes when the top-kick yells "Fall out."

THE BASE HOSPITAL.

The papers all are writin'
Of what the doughboys do,
And tellin' how the sectors move,
And a lot o' more stuff too;
But they ain't a-sayin' nothin'
Of the boy that's puttin' out,
Where there ain't no guns a-rumblin'
And there ain't no Fritz about.

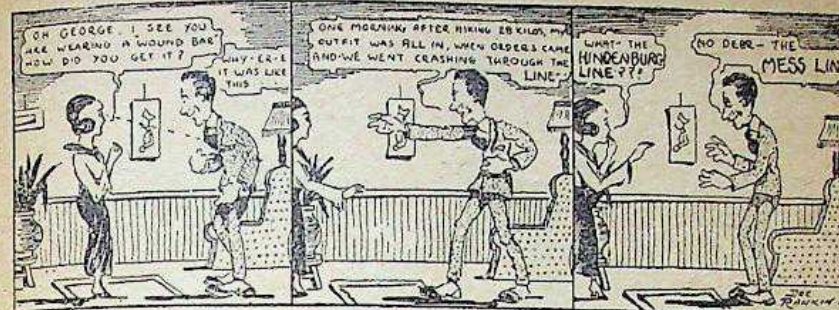
We ain't a-gettin' headlines
Nor we ain't a-wantin' none,
But we're goin' to count a little
In the lickin' of the Hun.
For though we don't face shrapnel,
We're goin' day an' night,
To send our buddies way back home
Or send them back to fight.

It takes a lot of courage
To face a whistlin' shell;
Yes, a man's a man if he's got the
sand,
To stand the front line's Hell;
Yet it ain't exactly easy,
To hear your buddy's groan,
Or to watch him while he's goin' west
Instead of goin' home.

So over the top with the best of luck,
And here's to the flyer too;
Here's to the boy with the heavy guns
And machine guns, here's to you;
But if ever Fritz jabs you a bit,
We're ready way back here, son,
To do our best, and with you and the
rest,
Please figure we're lickin' the Hun



Boche—"I cannot understand why we did not win; Gott vas mitt uns."
 Belgian—"Yes, I know, but the Americans were with us."



THE MOTHER ON THE SIDEWALK

The mother on the sidewalk as the
 troops go marching by
 Is the mother of Old Glory that is
 waving in the sky.
 Men have fought to keep it splendid;
 men have died to keep it bright;
 But that Flag was born of woman
 and her sufferings day and night.
 once more we ought to pray
 For the brave and loyal mother of
 the boy that goes away.

There are days of grief before her;
 there are hours that she will weep;
 There are nights of anxious waiting
 when her fear will banish sleep;
 She has heard her country calling
 and has risen to the test,
 And has placed upon the altar of the
 nation's need her best.
 And no man shall ever suffer in the
 turmoil of the fray
 The anguish of the mother of the boy
 who goes away.

You may boast men's deeds of glory;
 you may tell their courage great,
 But to die is easier service than alone
 to sit and wait.
 And I hail the little mother, with the
 tear-stained face and grave,
 Who has given the Flag a soldier—
 she's the bravest of the brave.
 And that banner we are proud of,
 with its red, blue and white,
 Is a lasting tribute holy to all
 mothers' love of right.

—Edgar A. Guest.

CADUCEUS.

Saver of souls am I,
 Caduceus;
 In the files that pass you by,
 In the mud where soldiers lie,
 In the fight where strong men die,
 I'm there to help.

Doer of tasks, for right,
 Caduceus;
 When the world is about is night,
 When the day with dawn is light,
 When the sky with sun is bright,
 I never cease.

Valor and love my creed,
 Caduceus;
 Mid contagion show no heed,
 Mid the legion dare to bleed,
 Mid the flame and cannon lead,
 A life to save.

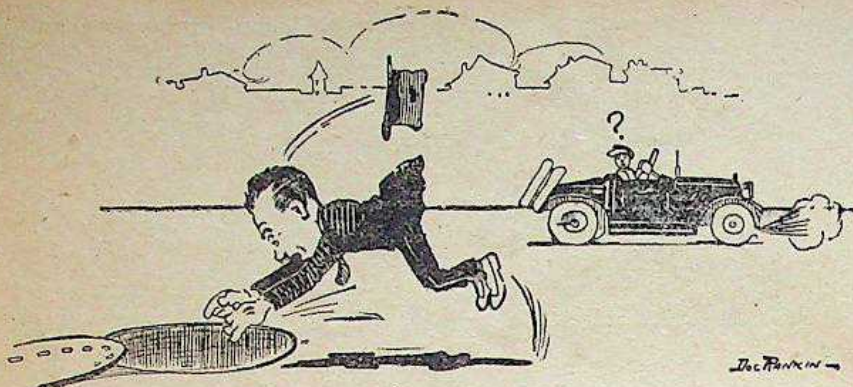
Witness the sign of me,
 Caduceus;
 On a staff twin serpents be,
 On the staff two wings you see,
 On my sign rests victory,
 O'er Hunnish death.

... —OVID C. LANE.

The caduceus is the symbol of the
 Medical Department of the United
 States Army.

Bing—Did he pledge his love to
 her?

Bang—Yes. And she will see that
 he doesn't lack interest to redeem it.



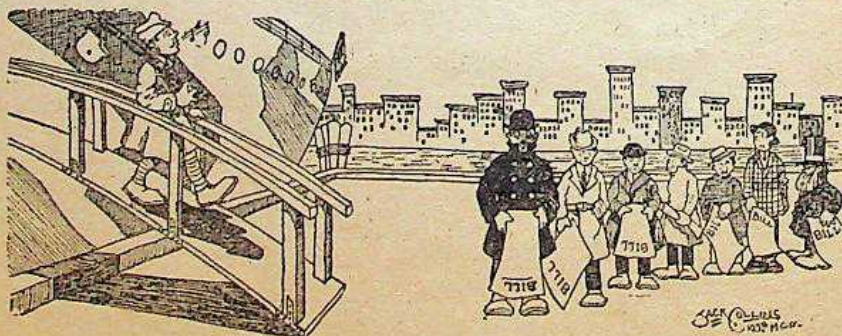
Tom Jones, late of the A. E. F., hears a "G-I Case" explode and dives for a dug-out.

SILAS MACFEE.

A kind of a boob was young Silas MacFee,
He lived on the farm by the mill;
He mowed and he reaped and he ploughed all the week,
But on Sunday he dressed up to kill,
And drove in his rig to pay court to the "gals"
Who lived in the village close by,
But they always ran off with the stinging rebuke:
"Go back to your milking, Sy."

When war was declared by the old U. S. A.,
And the boys of our land marched away,
The girls of the village looked contrite and sad
When Sy drove around one day;
For he wore the khaki of his dear Uncle Sam,
And a smile that was heaven to see,
And the belles and the swains and the gossips agreed,
That a hero was Silas MacFee.

—Rasolind A. Wade.



Should Old Acquaintance be Forgotten?

An old southern colonel made a habit of dining in a particular restaurant and always tipped his usual waiter a dollar. Naturally the other waiters were very envious of Henry, the favored dorky. One day the colonel noticed another dorky taking Henry's place at his table and called him over and asked what the trouble was. "Well, Boss," said Henry, "we waiters had a little crap game last night and I went broke. Ah put you up for stakes and done lost you for a week."



Army dentist—"My good man, you don't pay for dental work in the army, the government."
Doughboy—"Aw—all right, I wasn't going to pay; I just wanted to count my cash before taking gas."

Nobody Satisfied.

The ex-Captain was out walking with his wife, and as a pretty girl passed them, he gave her a winning smile, which failed to win one in return.

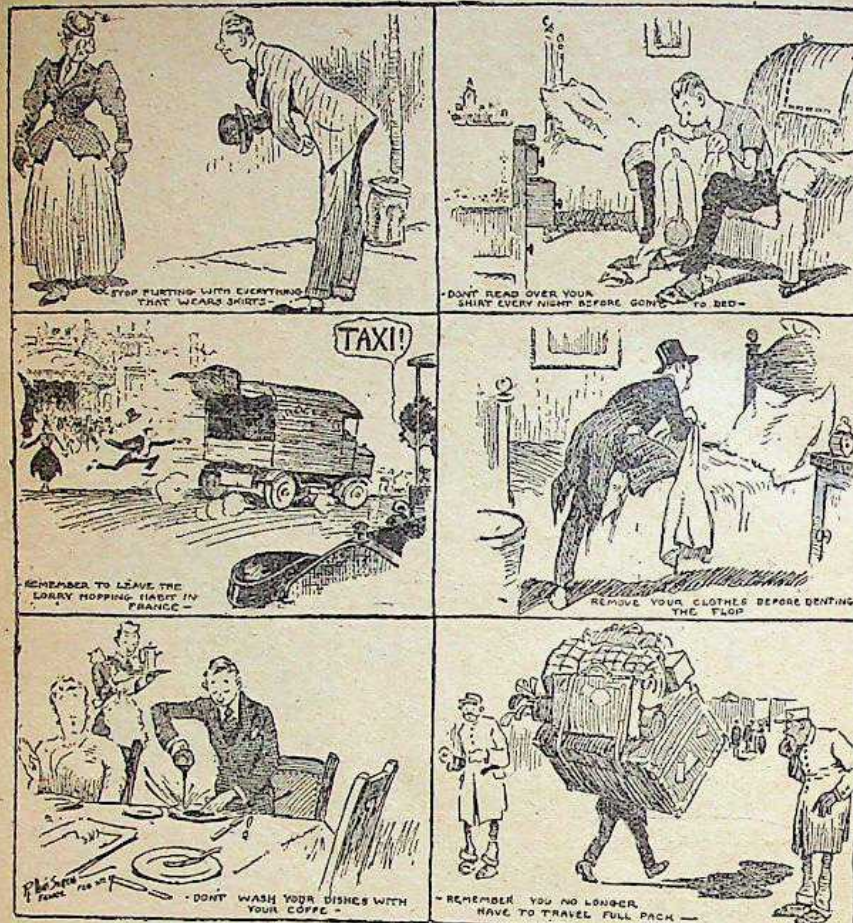
"I didn't like the way you smiled at that girl," remarked his wife.
"Neither did she," was the laconic reply.

Little Jack Horner
Came to the Corner,
When he bade the Army good-bye,
But when he got back,
Alas and alack,
The Joint on the Corner was dry.



Tommy—"How do you manage to get on so well with the French girls?"
Yank—"You're dead slow. Can't ya kiss a girl without a dictionary?"

ARMY HABITS WE MUST FORGET



She—"Were you wounded in the Hindenburg drive?"

He—"No, I stepped into a cushy job and broke my ankle."

Logic From a Doughboy.
It has often been said, but I repeat it once more—
That coming events cast their shadows before.
And this I say, with fair women in mind,
That their shady pasts cast their shadows behind.

Private—What is an optimist?
Corporal—An optimist is a married man who is not a pessimist.

Bing—He has lost his reputation.
Bang—He should worry—it was a very poor one.

WILL I?

Now the fight is through
And the war is won,
Will I take the hand
Of a blood-stained Hun?
Will I?
I will not!

Will I ever forget that hel etaoi shrh
Will I ever forget
That hell afloat—
The dying men
In the open boat?
Will I?
I will not!

Will I starve myself
And share my bread
With a loathsome beast
Whose jaws are rec?
Will I?
I will not!

Will I pity those,
Who, through and through
Are filled with hate
For me and you?
Will I?
I will not!

Will I ever believe
That God on high
Is deaf of ear
And blind of eye?
Will I?
I will not!

Now things are changed
On land and sea—
Not "Me und Gott,"
But "God and me."
And I'm content
To have Him know,
How Germans act
Down here below.
Am I?
You bet I am.

—Kenneth Graham Duffield.

The young girl was telling her father what a dandy time she had at the dance.

"And then I was convoyed home," she told him.

"Convoyed home?" he said, "what do you mean?"

"Why," she answered, "I came home between two men of war."



HIS SOUVENIR.

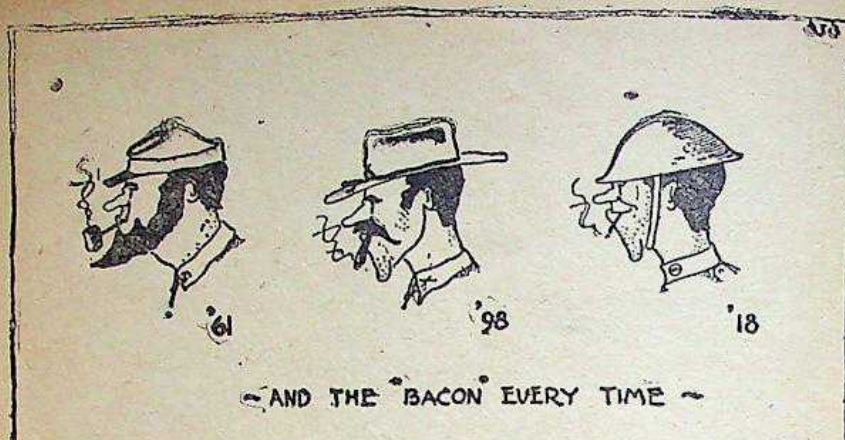
You may keep old Fritz's helmet,
For your Sue or Kate or Ann,
You may hold your German rifle
For your little girl to scan;
No gas mask did I capture,
No rifle and no lance—
The only capture that I've made
Is the heart of a child of France.

No victor-symbol can I show,
No trinket, shield or cap,
In memory of days I spent
Over there in Dead Man's Gap;
No battle souvenir have I,
Dream-moments to enhance;
The only trophy that is mine
Is the heart of a child in France.

But sweeter than a helmet,
And dearer than a lance,
Is the sacred souvenir I bear
From the vine-clad hills of France;
For like a stellar guide that shines
O'er life's rough seas of chance
Fore'er within my heart will glow
The heart of that child in France.

FRA GUIDO, F. A.

—From Stars and Stripes.



During the period of the war when the work or fight law was being carried out, a ducky was being questioned as to his occupation. "Yas, sir, I work," he replied to his questioner. "Ah manages a hand laundry." "What do you mean by a hand laundry," he was asked. "Well, suh, ma wife takes in washing," he replied.

"The Colonel is very polite."
 "His politeness was hard put to it to-day, however."
 "How was that?"
 "He tried to hold a revolving door open."



2nd Lieutenant Ezra Hicks, late of the U. S. Army, is back at his old post of General in the Home Defense, Mayor of Hicksville, constable and blacksmith.

Great Expectations.

He had just donned civies, and had landed a job selling real estate.

He had popped the question before going Over There, and now he was questioning the Pop.

"Want to marry my daughter?" asked the stern papa, "where are your prospects?"

"Right here," was the quick response, as the supplicant drew a bunch of cards from his pocket, "these are all prospects, and I hope to sell them all."

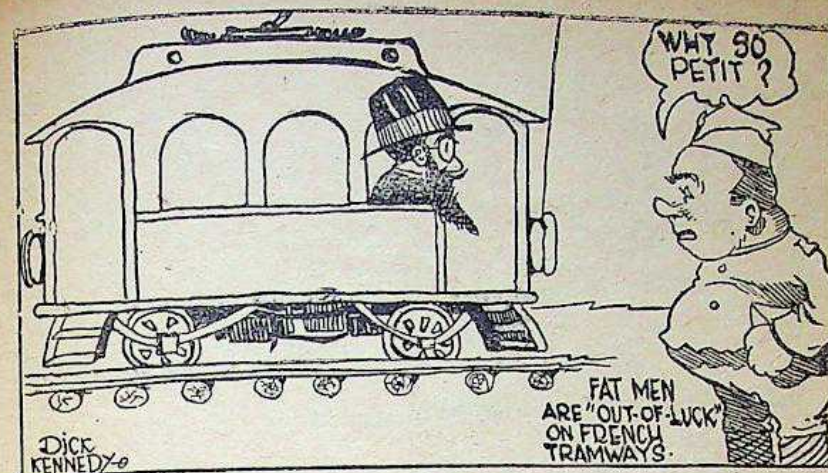
He had been a driver in an artillery regiment, and was telling of his experiences.

"What pay did you receive for that work?" he was asked.

"One dollar a day and several 'bucks'," he replied.

First Buck—"Why didn't you salute that naval officer?"

Second Buck—"Why, that wasn't a naval officer, that was a 'cop.'"



It was visiting day at the hospital. The visitors were mostly old ladies, and one of them stopped at the bed of a Yank and asked him a question he had been asked a score of times before, thus:

"How did you come to be wounded, my brave fellow?"

"By a shell, ma'am," replied the hero.

"Did it explode?" queried the lady.

"No," answered the Yank, rather bored; "it crept up and bit me!"

Bessie bought a Georgette waist,
 She wore the thing one day;

You couldn't see her corset cover, or the blue baby ribbon, or her chest, or the beautifully rounded pink skin, or anything else through the darn thing so
 She threw the waist away.

She Took His Measure.

War has been declared. O. U. Sap-head was talking to his best girl.

"Well," he exclaimed, "I suppose Uncle Sam will soon be cutting suits to fit any man."

"Yes," she replied, "but nine tailors, including Uncle Sam couldn't make a man of you."

Two soldiers were watching a movie showing the interior of an opera box, with the women wearing the usual suggestion of clothes.

"I'd call it a crime to wear a dress like those women have on," remarked one.

"You told it," replied the other, "but when you get hooked up, you will probably have to help fasten a crime like that on your wife."



A sentry on post was being questioned by the officer of the day.

"Do you know your general orders?"

"No, sir."

"What is your name, sentry?"

"Dave Davidson, sir."

"What rank?"

"Rear rank, sir."

FATHER TIME



When you are on a furlough.



When you are waiting to be mustered out.

First moujik—"Hurrahsky for the great Russian Revolution. We nickerd Nick Romanoff, let the Huns chase us till they are out of breath, and soon we will turn and wallop the Kaiser, and there will be free vodka and—"
Second Kvass-imbiber—"Aw, cut out the Bullshiviki."

Bing—My wife was run down.
Bang—Neighbors, auto, or disease?

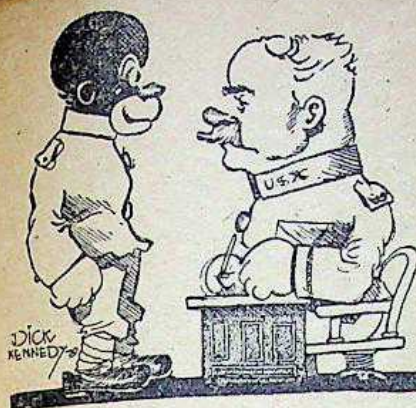
When the returned doughboy attempts to talk French, he often gets in Dutch.

Well Seasoned.

Bing—She makes some very sage remarks.

Bang—Yes—usually full of ginger.

NEWS DISPATCHES FROM HOLLAND ANNOUNCE THAT THE EX-KAISER NOW SPORTS A SHORT GRAY BEARD



A colored aspirant for a commission was being examined.

"And suppose you were in command of a regiment in the field of battle, and, in some manner, your men should be scattered over a territory of several miles. How would you collect them?"

"Well, suh," answered the prospective, as he scratched his head, "I think I would take out a pair ob dice and hollah: 'Whose dollar bill?'"

Barber to Irate Doughboy—"What do you care if my razor does pull? You don't have to pull it."



"Pig of a Yank! How dare you address me as 'Sauerkraut.' I'm Count von Bunn, of Bad Nauheim."

"Huh! Well I'm Pete McGee, of Naughty Newport"



Returned Vet—"Sam, why didn't you enlist?"
 Sam—"Cause I was afraid they'd make me wear spiral puttees and then I'd catch the disease."
 R. V.—"What disease?"
 Sam—"Spiral Meningitis."

She (after singing him a number of hymns)—"What shall I sing next?"
 He—"Try 'Rest For The Weary.'"

An O. D. Ditty.
 My Army, I love thee,
 You take my liberty,
 And make me sore.
 Army of always work,
 That one can never shirk,
 You make me tired.
 I love thy bugle trills,
 I revere thy O. D. pills,
 I don't want to mention other ills—
 So I retreat.

Bing—do you like this new beer as well as the old kind?
 Bang—No—it can't be mentioned in the same breath.

A darky bought an old cavalry horse and at the time of the purchase was told that the horse understood only three army commands, which were, "Attention, Gallop Forward and Halt." His first passenger was a drummer who was bound for a hotel six blocks from the railroad station. The first two commands were carried out by the horse and by the time the hotel was reached, he was going at full speed. When they were a half mile past their destination, the darky turned around and exclaimed, "Boss, you'd better jump for your life cause dis yare am a cavalry hoss, an' I done forget de last command."

A Buck stood by his seventy-five,
 His face was turning red.
 The thought of peace and the trip back home,
 Were running through his head.

They'd been fighting the mud and rain all day,
 And had just got into place,
 When his dizzy buck opened his jib,
 And said, with the same red face:

Whether it's peace or whether it's not,
 The Boche's got to weather it, whether or not.
 —Sgt. Joe Daly, in Stars and Stripes.

Bing—Some mistakes are perfectly natural.
 Bang—Yes—getting married for instance.

APPLICATION FOR AID IN SECURING DISABILITY COMPENSATION,
 BONUS, BACK PAY, LOST LIBERTY BONDS AND ASSISTANCE,
 Omit no facts. It is better to have too many than too few.

WM. S. BREWER:

209 Canal Street, New York.
 You are hereby requested to present or assist with my claim or claims as stated on the other side, or supplementary letter, without charge to me, it being understood by me that your services are voluntary and that you assume no responsibility excepting to have your representatives facilitate action upon the claims as much as you can.

Signed
 (Print name plainly)

Service serial number Date 192..

Branch of service

Address No. Street

P. O. Town or City State

Fill out both sides or put down the number of the questions with answers

in full on a separate piece of paper

(See below)

- 1—Compensation number.
- 2—State disability
- 3—Dependants
- 4—Have you applied for compensation?
- 5—If so what date and where?
- 6—What has been the result to date? (Send copies of correspondence)
- 7—If you have not received your Liberty Bonus state where you subscribed, through whom and how you paid for them?
- 8—If you have not received your \$60 Bonus, state when and where you enlisted, when and where you were discharged, and what you have done to get it?
- 9—If you have back pay due give the same facts and say how much is due and when and where last paid?
- 10—Write specifically for any other assistance

(See other side)

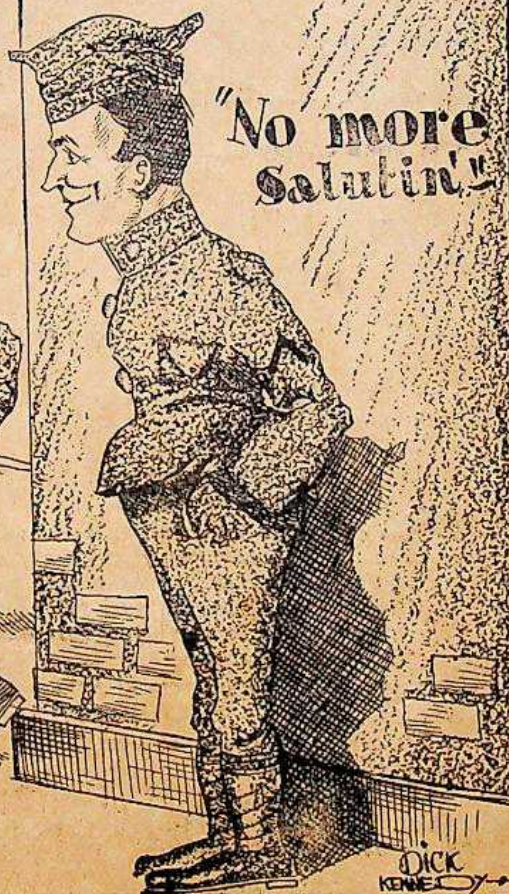
A Square Deal for All Ex-Service Men. Equitable Bonus.
 Fair Compensation for the Wounded. \$2,000 Paid-up Insurance Policy.
 To Secure Special Concessions for all Ex-Service Men and to Assist Them Generally.
 Sold by Ex-Service Men to Rehabilitate Themselves.

The A·E·F· Fun in France - volume 2.

2nd Looney



"No more
Salutin'!"



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