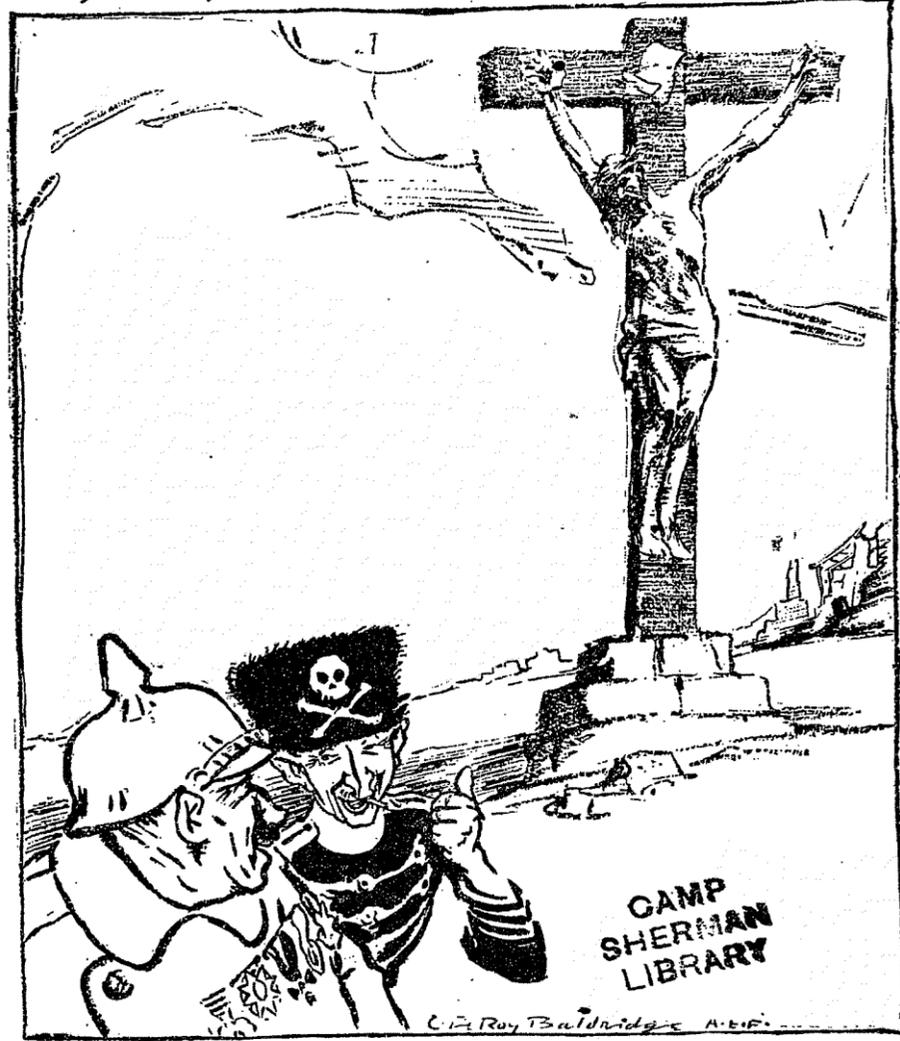


"OH, LOOK, PAPA! ANOTHER OF THOSE ALLIES!"



GAMP SHERMAN LIBRARY

THREE MILLION BOOKS FOR ARMY READERS

Hundred Thousand Already Here or on Way Overseas

MURDER YARNS TO MILTON

American Library Association Plan Now in Successful Operation

Of the 3,000,000 books which the folks back home contributed to the American Library Association for the leisure hours of the A.E.F., more than 1,000,000 are either here or on their way overseas. They range all the way from the most hair-raising murder mystery to the latest and best text-book on aviation. And if any one in charge of a distributing point where you want to draw one of them tries to ensure its safe return by making you put up a cash deposit as a hostage, tell him he's out of luck. The A.L.A. is determined that its books shall circulate on the honor system.

Loaned on Honor System

By way of making the men understand, a poster expounds the system at every bookshelf, with this sentence as a climax: "These books are loaned on the honor system. If you fail, it fails. America is far away, tonnage scarce and books precious. Play square with the other fellow: he has played square with you."

About one-half of the A.E.F. area already has its first sprinkling of light and lively reading matter. This distribution will proceed rapidly, and in the meantime a new project is under way. Unless there is some unforeseen slip-up, the middle of July should see an elaborate reference library opened in Paris for the use of all of us.

The A.L.A. has had a million to spend and most of this has been devoted to the purchase of the best technical books that could be asked for by the ambitious soldier who is eager to know more about his business.

The Paris library will have 10,000 volumes. Any officer or man, who desires a certain book and does not find it on the shelves at the hut near which he is stationed, may send in the title through the secretary in charge there and the book will be sent him free of charge from Paris.

To Place Books Everywhere

There are to be books everywhere. You could scarcely exaggerate the demand. Before the supply was as large as it is today, a single copy of O. Henry's "The Four Million," which one boy had brought over in his barracks bag, was split up into as many volumes as there were tales between the covers, and these were passed along the line and read and reread till the print was fairly rubbed off the page.

this chateau or that cathedral, are clamored for till the A.L.A. is at its wit's end to supply them.

Some Want Big Stuff

Now and again the guardians of the books are moved to suspect that a boy in a rest camp has decided the time has come for him to read a book he had been meaning to read all his life. As when one of them asked, with a perfectly straight face, for Boswell's "Life of Johnson."

Of course, the campaign which yielded 3,000,000 volumes emptied many a dusty and neglected shelf back home, and of course, many an inappropriate book has found its way over. You can imagine the emotions of one very hard guy who set out down for a quiet evening in a "y" hut, reached for something to read, and found himself staring at the first and gaudiest of all the Elsie books.

ST. LOUIS SINGERS ON "Y" HUT CIRCUIT

Rich-Voiced Male Quartette Brings New Home Melodies

St. Louis, Mo., has presented the A.E.F. with a rich-voiced male variety made quartette which is now wending its way from hut to hut. The bass and the first tenor are city ruffians, out in St. Louis. The second tenor is a real estate man and the baritone is an insurance agent. These four used to sing swipes around the piano of an evening and were forever being asked to enlighten the Chamber of Commerce banquet and the like back home.

When the war came, all of them were over the draft age and all of them had dependents, but they were bound to do something, so they started in to sing at the various training camps, and before they knew it, it was arranged for them to take a six-months' leave and do a little overseas close harmony in the Y.M.C.A. huts.

Some of the big business men of St. Louis went down in their pockets for a fund to take care of the singers' families in their absence, so the members of the St. Louis Quartette haven't a care in the world as they journey from Army pillar to Army post, like the Booth Brothers' Quartette of Civil War fame.

They have brought us all the latest war songs with which the vaudeville houses back in the states are echoing. "They're all out of step but Jim" is pretty good, but "Liberty Bell" is better, with its refrain:

Although you're old and there's a crack in you, Don't forget Old Glory's back of you; Oh, Liberty Bell (ding dong), it's time to ring again.

And you should here them rip off the ceiling with "Then I'll Come Back to You," of which the modest refrain runs something like this:

When we've painted all of Germany a deep red, white, and blue, Then I'll come back to you, And hear the German roosters crowing Yankee Doodle Do, Then I'll come back to you.

When "Die Wacht am Rhein" is changed into "My Country 'Tis of Thee,"

And Germans build a statue like our own Miss Liberty, And when we have hung the Kaiser to a sour apple tree, Then I'll come back to you.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES

S. W. M.—Louisville has won more pennants than Milwaukee in the American association, capturing four of the Brewers' two.

E. H. M.—Joe Bush, formerly with the Athletics, but now with the Red Sox, twirled a no-hit game. We will give you the exact date in a future issue.

TRAGEDY OF A COOK SHACK

There was a mess sergeant at Brest. In chevrons and stripes he was dressed. Till one day he got flip. With the major—this trip. He's doing K.P. with the rest!

SOUVENIR HUNTER GETS AWAY WITH IT

But He Didn't Keep His Relic as Long as He Meant to

"HAPPY LITTLE INCIDENT"

Head Attendant of English Castle Might Have Been Peeved, but He Wasn't

By GEORGE T. BYE, London Correspondent of THE STARS AND STRIPES

LONDON, June 13.—What is the most prized historical relic of the Anglo-Saxons? You know, of course, but don't whisper it out loud for the Roche to hear. That would help him fix the setting of the little story.

This most prized historical relic of the Anglo-Saxons rests in state in the great hall of a certain ancient castle. In the great door of the great hall is a great key, long as a bayonet and nearly as heavy.

One day not a week ago a regiment of Yanks had marched past the castle and was standing at rest near it, waiting for a boat train for France. As they stood, the head attendant of the great hall, from a spear slit of the castle, looked them over with warming eyes. Then he exercised the great key, locked the great door and paraded over to the colonel of the regiment.

Who's Got the Key

What he did was to invite the boys into the great hall in companies where they all might inspect the treasure having the reverence of all Anglo-Saxons, Briton, Yank, Canadian or Anzac. Each company filed into the great hall and formed in a square, while the head attendant, in the center of the square, gave a brief lecture.

But when they had all seen and heard and were gone, speeding away on a fast train, the head attendant made a discovery that turned him white, then green, then red. The great key was missing!

The great hole of the great lock of the great door of the great hall was as empty as the hub of a doughnut. It wasn't necessary to telephone Scotland Yard or to invoke any of the neighborhood Sherlock Holmeses. There was only one way that key could have disappeared—up the sleeve of some souvenir fiend of a Yank.

Carried Back in State

The story moves rapidly now. The head attendant left an assistant to guard the precious Anglo-Saxon relic, and hurried off to an American camp, where he reported his loss to a brigadier general. The brigadier general wired a French port where the regiment was due to land.

The regimental colonel got the wire and sent word to all his captains to shake in every company and see that the great key was produced forthwith.

Of course, it quickly came to light—from the folds of the kit-pack of a shame-faced Anglo-Saxon from Nebraska. Three days later the great key was borne by a major and two captains back to the head attendant, who received it with a joyous bow.

He cranked the great key in its great hole while, with warming eye, he said: "It was, after all, a happy little incident, and one could hardly ensure an enthusiastic young Anglo-Saxon for coveting so choice a racial souvenir. But was the young man an Anglo-Saxon? The officers said they had been informed the souvenir hunter was a full-blooded Indian from your state of Nebraska. Now if he is not an Anglo-Saxon, why should he seek this souvenir?"

I could give the head attendant only one answer—that the Yank must have lugged the great key all the way to France in the hope that he could use it at the front as a trench club.

PRAYERS

A Sister's Prayer

Dear God, if I were but a boy, I would enlist at once and fight For Liberty. Oh, what a joy To give my life for Thee and Right!

My hand, O God, I shall not give To one who has not taken part In this great war that Freedom live! A soldier, Lord, shall have my heart!

A Veteran's Prayer

Alas! my God, I'm sixty-one; Though used to armies and the fray, "Too old," they say, "to shoulder gun;" 'Tis hard to only watch and pray.

But I have sent my son to France, My flesh and blood to fight for me. O happy son! This is your chance To die for God and Liberty!

THOMAS F. COAKLEY, Lt., Chaplain.

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REGIMENTAL, COMPANY AND MESS ACCOUNTS RECEIVE SPECIAL CONSIDERATION

THEY WEREN'T WISE TO WHAT HE SAID

But Once the Sergeant d'Instruction Got Hep, They Showed Stuff

The French sergeant d'Instruction was laboring with a newly arrived machine gun company initiating it into the mysteries of the Hotchkiss gun. In particular, he wanted to show the gunners how to hold the handle down when the old piece started bumping and wiggling.

"Tenez—tenez, comme ça!" he exclaimed. But the gunners, in spite of all their French-in-Favour-Lessons, didn't catch on that it was pulled he wanted.

Nonplussed, the sergeant called for the interpreter. After the necessary portparlers had been gone through with some of the gunners got the drift. Others didn't.

That night, when the company liked back to its billet, town from the machine gun range, the sergeant took counsel of the one man in the American command who knew French. He conferred with him long and hard, with much knitting of brows and repetition of phrases. After two hours' work he made his way to his command, satisfied.

The next day on the range the guns were all lined up and the clips rammed home. The order to fire was given. As the little old shells started to spit and yap yap at the targets ahead, and the hatches in consequence started to bump-bump and wobble a bit on their tripods, the sergeant went down the line of gunners correcting their grasp.

"Pool!" he exclaimed. "Pool down! POOL DOWN LIKE HELL!"

And you ought to have seen the bulls-eyes scored after that knockout.

ALONG THE TRANSPORT RAIL

"Say, Bill, we don't seem to be getting anywhere in thisyer boat. Wassamatter?"

"Dunno. Must have got caught in some o' hose military channels."

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