

## SELF HELPS for the NEW SOLDIER

By a United States Army Officer

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## THE SOLDIER ON THE MARCH.

If there are important reasons why a soldier in camp or in barracks should look to his health, these reasons are infinitely more important when on the march. For if a sick soldier is a drain on the regimental resources while in camp, in the field, if he has to be carried in an ambulance, or sent back to the hospital in the care of another soldier, he becomes an utter encumbrance.

It is for this reason that the physical examinations are now so exacting, in order to weed out all those predisposed to break down under marching conditions. Yet it is not necessary for a man to be actually sick for him to become a dead weight on a body of troops. If he does not take care of his feet, he will become fully as useless. One half-inch blister may, for marching purposes, turn a six-foot soldier into an invalid.

In the first place, the shoes should be fitted with special attention. They should neither be too wide nor too short. Sores and blisters should be promptly dressed during a halt. At the end of the march the feet should be bathed and dressed, and, if practicable, the shoes should be changed. A soldier should under no circumstances, however, go barefoot, for his feet would swell and give him increased difficulty as soon as he starts to march again.

One of the points which cannot be emphasized too strongly is that water should not be drunk on the march. A soldier may take an occasional swallow from his canteen, rinse out his mouth and then expel the water, but if he drinks outright—as he may do freely at the end of the march—the consequences are disastrous.

One National Guard regiment on the Mexican border last year started upon a six-mile march. The column was a shining succession of uplifted canteens. Before five miles had been covered, 29 men were stretched out by the roadside in collapse. Another National Guard regiment, in which the men drank without restraint on a hot march—even scooping up water from puddles, lost approximately two hundred out of the column on that day.

A soldier should never sleep on the ground. He should always have his rubber poncho, or at least his blanket, beneath him, and, whenever possible, a bed of straw or leaves beneath poncho or blanket. If the dampness of the soil entered his system, he would contract cold and rheumatism and become, as with all sick men, a heavy drag upon his organization.

Just as it is essential, for the sake of his health, that a soldier keep scrupulously clean, so for the protection of the general health, a camp or barracks must also be rendered immaculate. All trash, even small pieces of paper, should be swept from the floor of the tent or quarters, or "policed" from the company street. For trash breeds insects and insects carry disease. All pools and damp places near the camp should be drained, so that mosquitoes may have no place to multiply. For this reason soldiers are supplied with mosquito bars, as a protection against purveyors of fever. All camp refuse is either buried in a sink or burned in an incinerator.

## THE SOLDIER AND HIS COMRADES.

If the new soldier, before joining the colors, has had everything much his own way at home, the first thing that he will discover when he goes to camp is that he counts for just one individual in his squad.

While in the family circle he may have been 100 per cent important in all matters relating to himself, in camp he is simply one of eight men who occupy the same tent. Theoretically, the new soldier may know that he should obey officers and noncommissioned officers, including the corporal who lives in his tent; but what he may not realize is that in all questions not involving authority from above, he is also circumscribed by the rights and privileges of others. The rights and convenience of others as well as his own must be thoroughly fixed in his mind. It must be a process of giving and taking all down the line.

The ratio of the rights and conveniences of others to his own, in fact, is about seven to one. Eliminating the corporal, whose position in the tent is official and paternal, the new soldier is entitled to his share of the common rights and privileges—no more and must ungrudgingly perform his share of the common work—no less.

If the new soldier fails to conform to these rules of conduct, not only will he be disciplined with odious fags and details by the corporal, but he will find that his tentmates instinctively league themselves against him. They watch for every opportunity to make life irksome for him, ingeniously piling the work upon him in devious ways which they will discover; and, if he is incorrigible, they will find a chance (whether it is prohibited or not) to toss him up in a blanket, or send him through a squad spanking machine. A squad spanking machine operates with slats. And if the new soldier has rendered himself obnoxious in the tent, he will find that the corporal, if he does not actually assist in this treatment, will at least sanction it.

In short, it is the easiest thing in the

world for the pampered and self-centered new soldier from a home where he has been spoiled to get himself "in bad." Once "in bad," it is a long, arduous and contrite process to get out. And, discovering himself "in bad," if he does not immediately begin to reform, he will find that he is a marked man, not only in his own squad, but to the squads on either side of him, and at length become the butt of the whole company. In that case, his days and nights will be made wretched for him.

But if the new soldier, from the start, is cheerful, agreeable, alert, willing at all times to help in policing the tent—keeping his own effects in order and the common space and property clean—always ready to respond to details, and never forgetful of the fact that he is but one of seven privates with equal duties and rights, he will have nothing to worry about from his companions.

## HOW TO DISTINGUISH RANK.

It would be useless for the new soldier to know the courtesies he must pay to rank unless he knows how to distinguish such rank. He must know the marking which designate the officer and the noncommissioned officer, and he must also know the general symbols of the service.

The corporal, the lowest rank of noncommissioned officer, wears a private's uniform, with chevrons on his arm. A corporal's chevrons consist of two parallel stripes of cloth in the shape of a triangle without a base, with slightly curving sides. The chevrons, in the olive drab uniform, are of a different shade of brown, while on the blue army uniform they are of the color which distinguishes the corporal's particular branch of the service.

The sergeant, next in rank, wears chevrons of three stripes; while the first sergeant, chief noncommissioned officer of the company, wears a chevron of three stripes, with a square in the center.

The second lieutenant, in olive drab, is marked by the difference between an officer's and a private's uniform—that is, he wears leather or wool puttees, instead of canvas leggings; there is a stripe of brown braid around the cuff of his coat, and he wears the officers' hatband, a snake-cord of black and gold strands. The first lieutenant wears one silver bar on each shoulder. The captain has two silver bars on each shoulder. The major has a gold leaf, the lieutenant colonel a silver leaf. The colonel is marked by a silver eagle, and the brigadier general by one silver star on each shoulder. The major general (the highest rank at present in our active service) is designated by two silver stars.

The officers' insignia presents a somewhat different appearance on dress and full-dress uniforms, although the marks remain the same, but as the new soldier who goes into camp now is likely to see nothing but the field-service uniform, it would be confusing to burden his mind with a further description of officers' shoulder straps.

It is essential, however, that he should know the colors of at least the three great branches of the service—infantry, cavalry and artillery. The infantryman in the field uniform wears a blue hat cord, which may be seen at a considerable distance; the cavalryman wears a yellow hat cord, and an artilleryman red. A troop of cavalry rides with a guidon, a yellow flag, on which the letter and regiment of the particular unit appears in white. The battery of artillery rides with a red guidon, similarly inscribed.

## Obeahmen Are Mercenary.

The stock-in-trade of the Obeahmen is as bizarre as their inventive minds. In their magic bags they carry about with them ground bones of the dead, needles and black thread rubbed with tallow, a looking-glass, cards, powder, quicksilver, and an evil-smelling gum reputed to be of the devil. By ringing the changes on these mixtures they work their wonders and impose upon their victims. Curing diseases of the mind and of the body is merely a side issue with them. Protecting fruit-gardens and chicken runs are their specialty. One thing they have in common—that is, the mercenary habit. They sell their "power" to the highest bidder. Consequently, as the nigger's wealth, so his health and prosperity. All that the Obeahmen stipulate is that payment must be made according to the magnitude of the miracle to be wrought. They are accredited with having knowledge of secret African bush poisons. But this is an exaggeration. When they have recourse to this desperate extreme they are content to use arsenic rat-poison, or finely powdered glass.

## Cyclones and Tornadoes.

A cyclone, in technical parlance, is any general storm. In popular but not definitely unscientific parlance it is the type of storm represented by the hurricane or typhoon—a whirlwind with a diameter of from 50 to 100 miles. It was a cyclone from the West Indies that struck Galveston.

The dust whirls you see along country roads are in principles tornadoes. Waterspouts are miniature tornadoes at sea. We have been at pains more than once to consult meteorologists regarding the stories of straws driven into oak posts and of freight trains lifted bodily from the track. The meteorologists not only vouched for the stories but added to them. Let one instance suffice—that of a locomotive into a garden, and in the same garden a single rose was found blooming unharmed.—Chicago Tribune.

## BROKEN TRACTOR DELAYS BIG GUN



Photograph taken during a British advance, showing the barrel of a great gun that is delayed by the breaking down of its tractor.

## BOXER'S TACTICS WIN A SKIRMISH

Soldiers Remember How Feeny Got Out of a Tight Corner in Ring.

## TRY IT ON THE GERMANS

At Close Quarters Count Enemy Out—When Feeny Goes on Leave He Gets Token of Appreciation for Lessons in Self-Defense.

London.—How the tactics of the prize ring got two little groups of British soldiers out of a tight corner, and eventually gave them the victory in a lively "scrap" with superior numbers of the enemy, is told in an interesting story communicated by "a correspondent" to the London Times.

The story opens with a glove contest in a room lit by four large acetylene lamps; on tiers of benches and boxes sit hundreds of khaki-clad men. They have most of them been fighting all through the week, and now they are going to watch other men fight—with gloves. Two men in overcoats step through the ropes. As the gloves are being adjusted an officer steps into the ring. He is loudly cheered.

"A six-round contest," he says, "between two Irishmen. (Cheers.) Sergeant Kennedy Macdonna, eleven stone two, and Quartermaster Sergeant Tim Feeny, eleven stone."

Both boxers are fine specimens. Feeny, although he gives away only two pounds, looks much the lighter. His body glistens in the white light. As he closes his gloves his muscles ripple from wrist to shoulder, and his chest is flanked with a padding of muscle to back up either hand. Macdonna is older. His frame looks almost rigid. There is not the same subtle play of the muscles, but he seems made of iron, and he has abnormally long arms. His ears look as if they had been punched flat against the side of his skull. The referee calls, "Seconds out!"

## Exchange Blows From the Start.

The two boxers step into the middle of the ring and shake hands. There is no noise save that of the slip, slip of the soft kick boots over the resined canvas. Feeny, with his left foot, but the other draws back a pace warily. The feint has told Feeny something, and there is the quick phut-phut of leather on flesh as he leads a left and right to the head. As he steps out the other man steps in and lands a hard one on the junction of the ribs. The blow has told. Still circling, Feeny gets his man into the salient of the ropes and rushes in with a well-meant but badly planned attack. He has the shorter reach by inches, and he knows he must fight to the body and come inside the long-range blows of Macdonna. Then he gets home again and the older man is sent hard back to the ropes, but, being a master of ringcraft, comes back from them as if thrown from a catapult, and his left comes round with full shoulder weight behind it. Feeny takes it ducking, but too late; the glove comes home over one eye. The round is over.

Once more the boxers face each other, but they now know each other's tactics. It is a good round, but when it finishes it shows that the man with the shorter reach must get in close to his opponent, who has the range of him. He knows this, too, so he fights hard, tunneling into Macdonna's defense with jabs and short-arm hooks, clinching when hard pressed and smothering in the break-away. Feeny attacks with a flurry of quick in-fighting. "Go

## FIND VAST DECREASE IN BRITISH JAIL INMATES

London.—The war has had the effect of reducing crime in Great Britain to an astonishing degree. There are now 7,000 fewer men and 700 fewer women in prison than at the beginning of the war. The total number of prisoners is 9,082.

in again!" "Keep at him!" the crowd shouts. And Feeny does as advised.

Macdonna, unwary, has allowed himself to be backed into a corner, and, quick as a terrier, the shorter-armed man steps inside his guard and gets home with two full-power punches on the solar plexus. Macdonna sways, makes a step into the ring, and then falls in a heap with one arm relaxed over the lower rope. The referee reaches the count of "Ten" before the fallen man moves at all.

"Good scrap," says the machine-gun officer to a fellow lieutenant, "but Feeny would never have won if he hadn't got to close quarters."

## A Week Later; the Trenches.

A week later. Two little groups of men are sheltering in two shell holes far out amid the German wire. The trenches two hundred yards ahead of them are occupied. A spray of machine-gun bullets plays across the lips of the holes, and two men who were making a "look-see" are sitting groaning in the bottom of the trench. The two parties are twenty yards apart. Presently the machine gun stops its patter and there is comparative silence. There is an isolated thud in the distance and the crescendo of an approaching shell. It bursts like an elder powder puff, high and to the left, but some of the shrapnel reaches one of the shell holes.

The men have been out since before dawn, for they were an advanced patrol. They were discovered by the Boches only an hour ago, however, and their position is now made unenviable. The ground behind slopes and they would be exposed to machine-gun fire all the long way to their trenches. Now the artillery is beginning to search them out.

## They Try Out Feeny's Tactics.

From the right shell hole there is a flutter of white, and slowly a Morse message is sent with a leaf torn from a notebook. "Try Feeny's tactics," it spells out. "How about it?" The officer who receives the message smiles to himself. "Yes," he answers, "we will start when you signal. Give us five minutes."

The signal is given. Both groups dash forward and only one man falls. Breathless, but revengeful, they fall into the machine-gun emplacement. There is some quick work with the bayonet, the gun is wrecked, a dugout is bombed, four prisoners are taken. Ten minutes later, leaving two parties of Germans bombing each other industriously over a traverse, the raiders streak across the No Man's Land. They are seen, but the machine gun is out of action and rifle fire is all that they have to fear. Then our men see them and a heavy covering fire is kept up. They fall over the parapet, bounce off the firing step and lie panting on the duck boards in the bottom of the trench.

And Feeny, who went on leave the next week, found an envelope waiting for him before he left. There were two hundred franc notes in it and a message of eleven words: "In payment for lessons received in the noble art of self-defense."

## HAVE 150,000 PEONY BUDS

Ohio Farmer Raises Blossoms Just to Admire—Doesn't Sell Any of Them.

Cleveland, O.—Mr. and Mrs. Frank Seither, who live on a little farm near here, started raising peonies 20 years ago. At first they had a small bed of them. Then they began growing more year by year, until now they have several acres. They estimate they have 150,000 blossoms in their patch. They don't sell them; they just have them to admire.

## Chopped Off Finger.

Hammond, Ind.—George Rosek, a Whiting butcher, hacked off his thumb with a cleaver the other night. A friend was condoling with him. "I don't see how you did it," the friend said. "Well, it was just like this," said Rosek, lifting up the cleaver, and laying his hand on the block. He let the cleaver fall, and accidentally chopped off two more fingers and a part of his hand.

## PRESIDENT ENCOURAGES SPORT IN WAR TIMES



President Wilson throwing out the ball at the congressional ball game, which was held at the American league park, Washington, for the benefit of the Red Cross.

## HELP CHEER THE JACKIES

Friends and Relatives Urged to Write Cheering Letters to the Boys in Training.

Great Lakes, Ill.—A movement to bring a little more joy into the lives of the young men at the United States naval training station here has been started by the Loyal Girls of America. This society has inaugurated a campaign to impress upon the friends and relatives of the bluejackets the importance of writing them cheering letters.

"Don't write your son John that you are unhappy while he is away in the service of his country," says Miss Gertrude Elmore, secretary of the society. "Don't tell him that his favorite dog is pining away. Tell him how you miss the boys at home and his opportunity. Tell him that you expect him to make good, that he must make good for the sake of himself, his home and his country."

Many of these youthful sailors are away from home for the first time in their lives and it is but natural that they should feel a little homesick at times. Letters from home written in a cheerful vein will work wonders in keeping up their spirit and inspiring them with the determination to give their best service to their country in its hour of need.

## GRAIN WENT THROUGH FIRE

After Ten Years It Is Found in Ruins of an Elevator in Louisiana.

Blanchard, La.—In excavating for new approaches for the Farmers' elevator, the debris of the elevator fire of ten years ago was unearthed.

Among other things was a pocket of wheat containing a bushel or more, charred black but whole, that had lain there all these years. Every berry was as perfect as the day of the fire. Covered by earth and ashes, it was hermetically sealed from the elements.

The old elevator was the property of J. H. Walkinshaw and McKee Brothers, and burned to the ground full of wheat, corn and oats. There was some insurance. They rebuilt the present structure, replacing the destroyed elevator. Wheat then was worth less than 50 cents per bushel.

## GERMANS BUY PRINCESS' HAT

Women Fight With Police to Buy Clothing Pawned by Louise of Belgium.

Munich, Bavaria.—There was a remarkable scene here when hundreds of women fought the police for a chance to buy clothing pawned by Princess Louise of Belgium.

The center of attraction was 90 hats. Other items included 27 robes, 58 umbrellas, 12 opera cloaks, 68 veils and 32 alpacas.

The princess is the daughter of the late King Leopold of Belgium and the divorced wife of Prince Philip of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha.

## HIS BROTHER SLAIN; OFF TO KILL KAISER

Atchison, Kan.—Herman Schader, a Hiawatha confectionery merchant, who was confined in an Atchison sanitarium, broke from his cage here and set out on foot for Germany to kill the kaiser. Schader became insane when four of his brothers in the German army were killed.

## 7,000 Await Artificial Limbs.

London.—It is officially announced that 8,805 artificial limbs have been made for soldiers by private firms at a cost of \$638,000, and that more than 7,000 additional men who have lost limbs are waiting to be supplied.

## Unconscious 18 Days.

Islip, L. I.—After being unconscious for 18 days here, Miss Urring Valentine has recovered from concussion of the brain sustained when she fell from her horse some time ago.

## Divine Guidance

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TEXT—He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake.—Psalm 23:3.

Every word in this sentence is weighty. 1. Think of that personal pronoun "he."

"He" leadeth me. It contains a denial of both atheism and materialism, since it asserts the existence of a personal God who is distinct from and independent of the created universe. It denies deism, too, declaring not only for a personal, self-existent God, but for one who is the controlling presence in the universe.

2. He "leadeth" me. "To lead" means to guide or to conduct as by the hand; and it is blessed that God allows us to think of him as occupying such an attitude towards us. "I have called thee in righteousness," said he, "and will hold thee in hand, and will keep thee." "To lead" means "to go before," as when a shepherd leads his sheep to pasture. And by his incarnation in the person of Jesus Christ, God has actually gone before us in the flesh in suffering and glory, "leaving us an example that we should follow his steps."

"To lead" means to persuade, as when one is driven by necessity to do a certain thing. And here again we see the analogy to spiritual truth. "It was good for me to be afflicted," says the psalmist, "before I was afflicted I went astray, but now have I kept thy law."

"To lead" means to draw, to allure, as when one's desires and affections are stirred in a given direction, and he then willingly and ardently pursues it. As it is written, "The goodness of God leadeth thee to repentance," and again, "We love him because he first loved us." It is thus that he leadeth us.

## A Personal Interest.

3. He leadeth "me." We have dwelt upon the importance of the first pronoun, but the second is like unto it. Indeed, without the second the first would lose much of its value. It is one thing to know that a personal God is interested in us, but even better to know that he is interested in us personally. David says, of all beings in the universe, he leadeth me, and his own history must have convinced him of this beyond a doubt. But he said it no more confidently than we can say it if we are the Lord's. Shunned by the world, we may be; ready to cover ourselves with dust and ashes at the sight of our own shortcomings, but still there is one to whom we are as dear as his own life's blood, and whose arms are clasped around us as though there were not another being in the world.

4. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness. "Righteousness" is the qualifying word of the sentence so far as its application to man is concerned. Who are those that he leads? They who are in the paths of righteousness. The unrighteous therefore, he does not lead. But the "righteous" from the Gospel point of view are not the externally moral people merely, but those who have submitted themselves unto the righteousness of God, the righteousness which is by faith. They are found in the paths of righteousness, because they are found in Christ. But being found, they are now led therein. This leading is equivalent to their growth in grace, their development in Christ. Hence the significance of that preposition "in." He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness. Not "into" them but "in" them. He leads us into them in the first place, since without his regenerating grace we would never have been found in them.

## Leading While in the Way.

But it is a different thing to be led "in" them after we have been led "into" them. The paths of righteousness would themselves become paths of error to us, if God were to withdraw his personal leadership. He must not only make us Christians, but he must keep us Christians, if we are to remain so. And the importance of this continued leadership is emphasized by the word "paths." Not one, but many. Sometimes they are paths of bodily affliction, of peril, bereavement, poverty, strong temptation, mental darkness, desertion, opposition, doubt, but in all these paths he leadeth me. By his word, by his providence, by his spirit, and by the example of his own life in the flesh!

## For His Name's Sake.

5. He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness "for his name's sake." It is wonderful how many and how great things God has done for us and promises to do for us in his Name's sake. This is a humbling truth, since it takes from us all thought of personal right or merit in the matter. But it is also an inspiring truth. For if God leads us in the paths of righteousness for his Name's sake, the honor of his Name is involved in his leading us to the very end, and up to the throne of glory.