

WAR DEPARTMENT LIMITS WEARING OF THE UNIFORM

ulings Issued on Uniform
Regulations and Military
Courtesy.

CERTAIN EXCEPTIONS GRANTED FOR PRESENT

Prescriptions Are
Regarding Decorations
and Discipline.

The following instructions relative to the wearing of the uniform, disciplinary measures pertaining thereto, and military courtesy, are published for the information and guidance of all concerned:

1. Regulations—The regulations governing the uniform of the United States army, and its wear, are prescribed in special regulations 41 and 42, war department, as amended. Generally speaking, regulations will be strictly interpreted, but it is recognized in a large measure, the pressure in conforming to the regulations has grown up as a result of the original unpreparedness of the United States in the matter of uniform and equipment. It is

PLAN A NEW FUTURE FOR THE "GAS BAG"

Publication of Popular Fort
Omaha Paper Will Not
Be Suspended.

Publication of the Gas Bag will not be suspended at this time.

Officials at Fort Omaha have decided to continue the issue of the paper in a revised form on the first and fifteenth of each month.

It will henceforth be the official paper of the lighter than air service. This includes dirigible as well as balloon work. With the cooperation of the officers and men of the post, as well as the personnel of other stations in this service, it is hoped to create a semi-technical publication that will be invaluable.

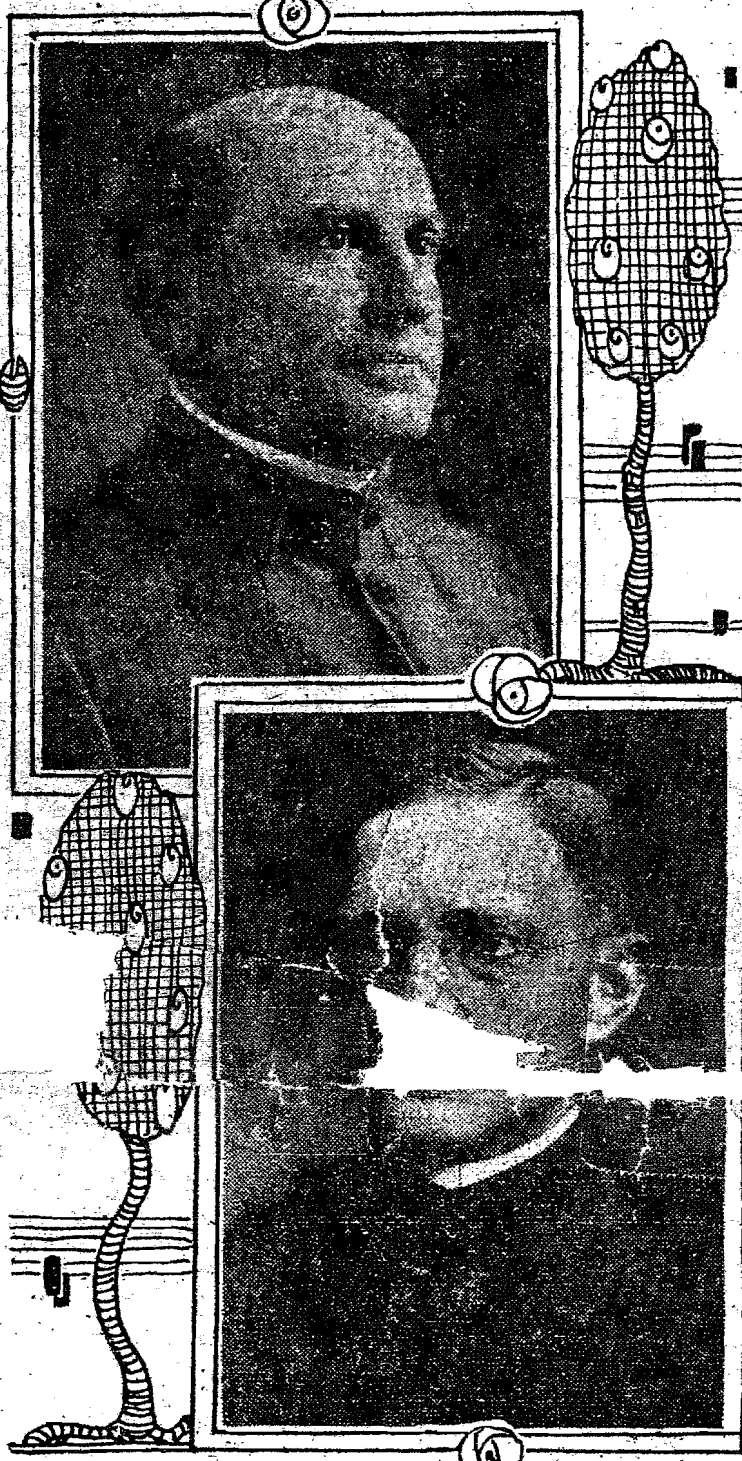
Circulation of the new Gas Bag will not be confined to Fort Omaha and vicinity. It will embrace other posts in all parts of the country.

The Gas Bag will be the source of authentic information on all matters of interest to officers and men in balloon or dirigible branches. A question and answers department will be maintained to supply official dope on any questions pertaining to the service which may be submitted. All orders affecting these two branches will be published.

Interesting articles on balloon or dirigible work, written by officers who are authorities on the subjects, will be a feature of the paper. "Minutes Spent in the Air," a resume of the balloon work at Fort Omaha, by Lieutenant George Harrison, will appear in the next issue.

The following board of officers has been appointed to supervise the publishing of the new Gas Bag: Major Arthur A. Boettcher, president; Major Russell T. Crawford, editor-in-chief; First Lieutenant Stephen L. Dowd, editorial and feature writer; Second Lieutenant James T. Neely, managing editor and business manager, and Second Lieutenant Ralph A. Reynolds, balloons and special features.

Former Post Surgeon and Officer Who Succeeds Him



Captain Judd A. Strong and Major A. B. Lindquest. Major A. B. Lindquest, an Omaha surgeon, was commissioned captain on August 23, 1917, and assigned as officer in charge of the physical examining unit, A. S. S. C., at Omaha.

On April 9, 1918, he was transferred to the post hospital at Fort Omaha for duty. He became post surgeon on August 1, 1918, succeeding Major Poole. He received his promotion to the rank of major on October 7, 1918.

He recently received his release from service and will resume his former practice in the city of Omaha.

Captain Judd A. Strong received his commission on September 7,

1917 and reported to the Rockefeller Institute at New York City for a course. On October 8 he was transferred to the M. O. T. C. at Fort Oglethorpe, Georgia, where he spent two months.

He was then assigned to the base hospital at Camp Greene for surgical service on December 13. In July, 1918, he was transferred to the San Juan base hospital in Porto Rico. He returned to the United States in September on a thirty-day leave of absence, at the expiration of which he was assigned to Fort Crook, Nebraska.

He now comes to Fort Omaha to succeed Major Lindquest as post surgeon.

Captain White Is Succeeded by Major Dunbar

Captain Howard White, P. S., quartermaster and supply officer of Fort Omaha, has again entered retirement, from which he was called at the beginning of the present war. He has been succeeded here by Major Martin B. Dunbar.

Captain White was enlisted in 1898, and served with the First United States infantry, as sergeant-major, in Cuba, remaining there with the army of occupation until August, 1900. Arrived in the Philippine islands September, 1900, and commissioned second lieutenant of Philippine Scouts, United States Army, December 27, 1901. Promoted captain September, 1908 and re-

tired April, 1916. Recalled to active duty November, 1916 in quartermaster corps as acting quartermaster and ordered to Fort Omaha, Nebraska, as quartermaster for the United States Army Balloon school where he has served continuously since.

Major Martin B. Dunbar, Q. M. C., U. S. A., began his military career during the Spanish-American war. Enlisted June 21, 1898, in the One Hundred and Fifty-eighth Indiana volunteer infantry. After the war he served in the Fourth United States infantry and general infantry service to June 23, 1911. During his service in the infantry he has won seven gold medals for marksmanship.

Commissioned a captain in the quartermaster corps July 27, 1917, when the United States entered the world war, and then commissioned major August 12, 1918.

DISCHARGED MEN TO RECEIVE BONUS OF SIXTY DOLLARS EACH

Reduction of Personnel.

The war department recently announced that the air service personnel, in Washington, had been decreased as follows:

Aircraft Production—Civilian personnel November 11, 1,861; net reduction November 11-February 7, 579; per cent decrease November 11-February 7, 31.

Military Aeronautics—Civilian personnel November 11, 1,100; net reduction November 11-February 7, 312; per cent decrease November 11-February 7, 28.

The total figures for the whole war department are: Civilian personnel November 11, 25,892; net reduction November 11-February 7, 6,536; per cent decrease November 11-February 7, 25.

Section 1506, Revenue Act, Provides Liberal Cash Award to Soldiers and Sailors Who Served in the Present War.

All persons serving in the United States military or naval forces during the present war are entitled to a cash bonus of \$60 each by the provision of an act of congress.

The following telegram, announcing officially the passage of this act, has been forwarded by the adjutant general to all camps and independent stations:

"All persons serving in military or naval forces, United States, during present war who have since April 6, 1917 resigned or been discharged under honorable conditions (or in case reservists been placed on inactive duty) or who at any time hereafter (but not later than termination current enlistment or term service.) In case enlisted personnel and female nurses, or within one year after termination present war in case officers, may resign or be discharged under honorable conditions (or in case reservists be placed on inactive duty) shall be paid, in addition all other amounts due them in pursuance law, \$60 each.

"This amount shall not be paid. First—To any person, who, though appointed or inducted into military or naval forces on or prior to November 11, 1918, had not reported for duty his station on or prior such date; or

"Second—To any person who has already received one month's pay under provisions section 9, act May 1917; or

"Third—To any person who has been paid or is entitled to any payment under this section who has died or may die before receiving such payment.

"In case of any person who sub-

(Continued on Page Seven.)

Decision on Back Pay for Cadet Flyers

A recent decision of the comptroller of the treasury is to the effect that cadets who were in training for commission in the air service from April 1 to June 30, 1918, should have been paid at the rate of \$100 per month under the appropriation act of June 15, 1917.

The director of finance has been authorized, under arrangements with the auditor of the war department, to settle these unpaid accounts of cadets on supplemental final statements. This holds in the case of all cadets who have been subsequently discharged or commissioned, or both. Settlement will be made in this manner not only for the difference in pay before July 1, 1919, but also for the 50 per cent increase of pay for flying duty subsequently to that date.

The necessary forms to be filled out in getting settlement for these unpaid accounts will be furnished on application to the director of finance, 3202 Munitions building, Washington, D. C.

Communications on this subject should not be addressed to the director of military aeronautics, but to the director of finance.

Fourragers.

The director of military aeronautics has just been advised by cable from General Pershing, that the One Hundred and Third, aero squadron, formerly the Lafayette Escadrille, is one of the two organizations of the A. E. F. entitled to wear Fourragers awarded by the French government. This organization was awarded the Fourragers in the colors of the Croix de Guerre, having received two citations of the French orders of the army. The names of the individuals qualified to wear this decoration will be forwarded shortly.

DESCRIBES ROUT WHEN ARMISTICE WAS COMPLETED

Omaha Officer With Com-
pany Which Followed
Retreating Germans.

Pictures Splendid Quarters
of 4th Balloon Company
in Deserted Camp.

When the 14th Balloon company, Lawrence Field last July, Lieutenant J. Simpson was the only one left in the company. Lieutenant Simpson received his commission at Fort Omaha a year ago this month at the same time as did Lieutenant J. T. Neely and Lieutenant Harry E. Schellberg.

On reaching France Lieutenant Simpson was sent to Bordeaux for instruction, from there being sent back to the 14th company, but in a few days was transferred to the 4th Balloon company, then in action at one of the most important sectors at the front. It was while this company was moving up to another point, that the armistice was signed, and the 4th was quartered in the German aviation headquarters, an account of which is given below.

After this Lieutenant Simpson was transferred to the 1st Balloon company, which is the company with which Lieutenant Robert Connell of this city and Lieutenant S. White saw action. The 1st and 2d Balloon companies are now with the army of occupation now on the Rhine.

The following letter was received (Continued on Page Seven.)

Authority and Functions of Air Service Director

To enable the director of air service to exercise the necessary supervision, control, and direction over the bureau of aircraft production and the division of military aeronautics, with which he is charged by direction of the secretary of war, the following was announced by the chief of staff:

"The director of air service will carry out the duties of the chief of the air service, as prescribed in Article LXXXI, army regulations, 1913. He will exercise, under the direction of the chief of staff, full and complete supervision, control and direction over the bureau of aircraft production and the division of military aeronautics, in all that pertains to administration, supply, instruction, training and discipline."

General orders, No. 80, war department, 1918, have been amended by striking out the words "the directors of military aeronautics, of aircraft production," and substituting the words "the director of air

ORGANIZATION NEWS

Signal Department.

The signal department cares for the electrical work in the post, and has three subdepartments, telephone, electrical and telegraph; the radio station formerly operated by the signal department having been closed recently. During the past year, the telephone department held a school in that branch of training for enlisted specialists, preparing over 800 men for overseas telephone work. Since the signing of the armistice, however, little has been done other than the maintenance of the post systems.

A few weeks ago, work was started on balloon set improvements; Private First Class Werner and Private Lee Stiers (since discharged) developing a set which has several advantages over the type previously used. Sergeant Watson also devised an improved method of using the field set at the reel cart, providing separate ringing, talking and listening circuits at the cart.

The signal department, which contained formerly over forty men, has been reduced by discharge until there are now eighteen men on duty in this department.

The signal department was originally under Lieutenant Christie (now captain) and was later taken over by Lieutenant Powell, under whom most of the work was done. On discharge of Lieutenant Powell, Lieutenant James T. Neely was detailed as post signal officer, under whom the department is at present.

ENGINEERING DEPT.

War may be over, but not for the engineering department. In fact, at a bolshevicky meeting the soviet voted for desertion, "en masse" on July 4, 1921, unless work be such to permit at least to catch breath—10 minutes, (9 minutes, 45 seconds, to be exact); is all that was required for Mr. Burton to apply two 50,000 h. p. niggerheads on a tank—how does he do it, get us all, we humbly take it all back, Mr. Burton—yes, sir.

It's so that Miss Kendall keeps the old typewriter rattlin' like a machine gun—but we can't understand why she had to exchange several in the last few weeks. Is it possible that Henry Ford is manufacturing 'em now?

News has been received that Lieutenant Leht, formerly in the 47th Balloon Co., is now at the

balloon school, taking special courses of artillery reconnaissance, and aerial photography, and to him go our wishes. We also hope he gets all the red apples he desires.

Mr. Grupe is surveying again. This time he has been called to change the course of the Platte river only 1,300 yards. Sergeant Cornell, he's to give 'im a lift. Need any buckets, Leighton?

In view of his new promotion, Sergeant Tempest decided he would get married, as soon however, as ladies' shoes will go down in price, \$9. Gee, o'gosh, Temp, think it over!

Now that the "Gas Bag" is no more, Sergeant Bolgiano, alias "Bolg," expressed the wish of retiring to his old corner and devoting his entire time to more serious problems than the "Goat Grabbers," and remain in obscurity, till the day of judgment will dish him a discharge. With or without the dish, of course!

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Captain Strong reported to the hospital this week from Fort Crook having been transferred here for duty.

Lieutenant J. J. Lancer, N. C., left this hospital during the past week, having been transferred to Fort Crook.

First Lieutenant James D. Simons, M. C., received his release from the service during the past week, and returned to his home in Indianola, Ia., to resume his practice at that place.

Private Ralph W. Kimball left for his home in Holly, Colo., where he was called on account of the illness of his mother.

Private Evenson, one of our esteemed "young docs," is treating a patient in quarters this week. He states that recovery is very slow and that it will probably take him the rest of his time in the service to accomplish maximum recovery for this patient.

For Sale—Well established prospering business; reason for selling is that I hope to move in the very near future. Address or call T. V. H.

Who says that environment isn't stronger than heredity? Ask Chandler.

Wanted—More hours in the night and more nights in the week. See

Birkett.

Stanley Jack "Rabbit," having tired of his den in the basement of the hospital, moved to Ward "C" during the past week.

Can use several helpers during the busy season which is just starting.—Doc Bailey.

It is a mystery to the writer, just the reason why Sergeant Reida rides to the end of Hanscom park line most every night. There seems to be just one solution to this problem; either he has some special attraction out that way or else he enjoys car riding.

"Doc" Bailey is sure rising in the world; he is now postmaster, information and sick and wounded man for the hospital.

Wanted—A pedometer. Anyone having one of the same please notify Newcomb as it seems that he hasn't been drawing the mileage which is due him.

Another mystery has been solved during the past week. "She is a blonde." Ask Bristow.

PERSONNEL OFFICE.

P. S. Coluni.

Received a telephone call today and I was requested to mention the names of "Daddy" Father and "Fannie" in the personnel column. Whatever the young lady was referring to is more than I know, as the telephone operator was cruel enough to cut us off the wire before she had finished her tale. (Sorry, miss, that I could not get the complete story and as this is the last issue of this paper, I am afraid that your tale will have to remain untold.)

Lieutenant Thompson is back from leave and he is looking fine, California no doubt agreed with him.

Lieutenant Warren is on a three-day leave at Kansas City.

Lieutenant Still has become an efficient checker of discharge papers.

Sergeant Zerbs is on a ten day furlough at Nebraska City, Neb. His motto is "Be Prepared" and I am afraid that he is going to skim the foam off of a few tall ones before the country goes dry.

Corporal Cox now spends his spare time playing game after game of "solitary" and all of this solitude is due to the fact that he lost what he loved most (a miss).

Corporal Davis has refused to send the paper to Lincoln, Neb.

The entire personnel of this office are scheduled to take balloon flights in the near future.

Sergeant First Class Elwein is going for a "free balloon flight" as soon as weather permits.

Gratis demonstrations are given by Sergeant Harrower nightly in the barracks of the Sixty-third balloon company, Squad Room No. 1, of how to be a night-mare and get away with it. Admission free, and all are welcome.

Sergeant First Class Rozier is patiently awaiting his discharge.

It is rumored in society circles that Corporal Thawley is a frequent visitor of Council Bluffs, Ia.

Private Reed can be found almost any time at the Fontenelle hotel.

It is hard to get anything on Corporal Ent, since he has gone back to his army daddy.

It has come to my attention that Corporal Koty is getting too much special delivery and registered mail, lately. I wonder what's up?

Sergeant Evans is looking better these days.

Boy Scout Coluni has been outfitted with a new "old issue" uniform. He has decided to cut the alfalfa from his upper lip.

BALLOON HOUSE.

A. R. Mitchell.

Continued unfavorable weather seriously handicapped activities at the balloon house during the past week. However, our balloonists made two successful free balloon flights.

Early Monday morning, a free balloon trip was made with Lieutenant Reynolds as pilot, and Captain F. W. Goodale, Lieutenants R. G. Conklin and F. C. Dennin and Sergeant C. E. Sailer as passengers. After a delightful spin through space for five hours and thirty-six minutes the balloon was landed near St. Joseph, Mo. (Nuff-ced.) We claim Sergeant Sailer was very fortunate in getting this trip and he was envied by those who are in line for free balloon flights. All seem to be anxious to get scheduled for a flight before the first of July. Remember, boys, that all the balloons don't drift toward St. Joseph. Lieutenant Conklin continued on a solo flight, reaching a height of over 9,000 feet.

Wednesday morning a free balloon left terra firma with Lieuten-

ant Reynolds as pilot and Lieutenants Anderson, Volmar and Hubbard and Sergeant Drieboltz as passengers. This flight was uneventful, lasting one hour and twenty-seven minutes. A landing was made at Onawa, Ia., a distance of about sixty miles from the starting point.

Cacquot balloon No. 50, originally built for the navy, has been inflated and is flying in South field, being maneuvered by the Forty-seventh company. It is conspicuous by the targets painted on both sides, and several different kinds of fabric was used in its construction. The fighting Forty-seventh should feel proud of this new balloon, but we doubt if they appreciate the honor of "pulling down on her tail, hand over hand."

Private O. D. Richardson has returned from a ten-day furlough spent at his home in Galveston, Tex.

Private Lister has filled the vacancy caused by the discharge of Private Singer and is now our expert sewing machine operator.

Private Randeberg, Fifty-ninth company, has been promoted to rank of corporal.

A surprise was handed to the special duty men of the balloon house this week, when all the privates were promoted to grade of private first-class. The "Rabbits" picked up their ears and have been rarin' to go ever since.

Corporal Freitag, N. C. O. in charge of the balloon house is proving himself fully capable of meeting the obstacles which confront him daily. Corporal Freitag has been on duty at the balloon house ever since last June and knows balloons from "nose to tail."

The balloon house men who have not had a captive balloon flight will be scheduled for same this week. After playing the balloon game for fifteen months we feel entitled to this much and hope it will be a reality this time.

Motor Transport Corps.

Maurice J. Frank.

Should the writer survive the attack on him after some of the members of the M. T. C. read the notes of this last issue, he may rest easy for a while. As the Gas Bag is now going to rest, a mental strain will be released from his mind and he will be able to sleep nights without the fear of an overturned bunk or some gentle reader throwing confetti. Nevertheless he'll be "uncivilized" and "winch damage" it.

keep his waste hair from falling out. He purchases from Dohses', 15 cents worth of Tinesy and a bottle of milk for his evening meals. We are unable to see any result such as he claims.

Poor Pete gets in bad when his father reads the notes of the Gas Bag. But can you imagine his predicament when his girl reads them. For this reason Pete is glad the paper is to discontinue.

After every joy ride in the Stevens, Pete, Dooley, and Porter are busy. Joe says, "It will be a good wagon when they get it fixed to stay." We wonder what that be before we are all discharged?

One of Hinoe's friends sent him some fruit while he was in the hospital last week. Sorry to say he did not get any, as Hostley got to hungry before he got as far as the hospital.

BOY!! You should have seen Chesebrough the other night. He is the dancing boy, but he can't quite get his arm around his partner, which makes him peeved.

Some of the garage men from the 59th, 63rd, and 81st companies got their chauffeur ratings after fourth or fifth recommendations. Now are they trying to bribe us to re-enlist?

There are two men who are trying to fool us all by camouflage. They think if they get their faces greasy we will believe they are working. But do we?

Sutton said he was going to work harder than ever after he received his rating. Has any one seen him turn over the new leaf?

The great cure "Tiz" works to a tee for Jackson. He uses it to cure the calouses on his hand after handshaking, and from all appearances it is a nightly remedy. But why not out of the army yet, Jack?

Holt, formerly in the garage office, has received his discharge papers.

"Chick" Eggleston, who was discharged from Ft. Crook has written us he was married recently in Dallas, Texas. Congratulations from all the M. T. C. boys are extended to both.

In the last issue we read of a British engineer being able to measure to infinite small fractions a millionth of an inch. Now we can measure the knowledge Tony has of motor cars. The other day some one asked him if he had cleaned the windshield, and pointing to the radiator shutters on a Hudson, he

said he had cleaned that.

Pilley does two men's work in the motorcycle shop. It is necessary as "Bozo" can never be found. Where does he sleep is the question?

Another mystery is why "Texas" Drew quit talking for two minutes the other day? He must have run short of someone to listen to him.

Fluke, Farry and Sutton are going to join Barnum & Bailey when discharged. They are expert animal trainers so we are told.

Lindborg gets the medal for—what?

Sgt. Graeff, with Machin as mechanic, are going into the racing game. They claim to be good with a F. W. D. on a muddy road, and we believe them after the results the other day.

The other night the guard tipped off Speaker and Klouck that we were going to have fire drill. Both went to bed with their clothes on, and poor Speaker was nearly choked to death by his necktie.

When you can't find Paulsen around the fort, he is sure to be either on Leavenworth or Spencer streets.

Hinie claims that if he took any one to Dallas, Texas, for one month they never would want to leave. We maintain they wouldn't be able to. Texas is a good place, (so Hinie says.)

Some day Maschin is going to do some trick riding with Mielke, and give his new issued pants a close shave. They need it.

47TH BALLOON CO.

C. S. Lovejoy.

Weather or no weather—the Forty-seventh company flies a balloon.

We know not whether the N. C. O.'s of the Forty-seventh fear the night air or something else, but their devotion to quarters of late is very unusual.

We failed to announce in the last issue that we have with us company clerk Corporal Westhoff.

Corporal Barnett is on a five-day pass. He is visiting some friends upstate. We don't presume to know, but we think there is matrimony in the air.

We are arranging for an armistice between the company cat and "Jack."

Sergeant Haney desires it made known that the replaced his bed spring. A string has no sense of it hadn't been for the it be going yet. Maybe it wa peare, kid!

Only a time-vault can keep Corporal Westhoff in the list of single men now. All set.

Corporal Rutledge, now that he has severed connections with the kitchen, has decided to let his curly locks grow riotously again. From what we have seen of his lady friends he doesn't need any hair at all.

Sergeant Williams wants to go up in a balloon as high as he can go. I don't know whether he will try to see the smoke of Pittsburgh or will wig-wag congress at Washington to get him out of the army, but there will be something in the air. (P. S.—That "something in the air" is almost a pun, but seeing that it is only "Willie" there isn't much up!)

The unseen hand, the "master mind" as it were, of the Forty-seventh company news column, notes with sorrow that the Gas Bag is almost gone. His reign of terror is over, and the stigma of his terrible pen will no longer be felt. Many are they who would like to know who he is; especially Sergeant Haney, but it will always be a purple mystery.

Corporal Jaeke has put in an application to carry a pistol rather than a gun. Someone told him the other day that he was a veritable double of William S. Hart, so I guess he wants to carry out the impression. Quick on the draw, Jaeke, quick on the draw.

Sergeant Allyn is up for a furlough to the preserve—reserve, I mean.

Corporal Moore is going to have a little sign painted to hang over his bunk. The inscription will read, "Old Curiosity Shop."

The Forty-seventh company takes this opportunity to express its thanks to its many friends in Omaha for their many favors and courtesies.

50TH BALLOON CO.

Lieut. Riggs returned today from a five day leave.

Why is the 50th company 'affadavit line' like pay day? Ans. All present or accounted for.

Big accident Monday afternoon! Balloon exploded at miniature balloon drill. No one injured.

Sgt. Stokes, "I'll give the first man who walks on the lawn one week." K. P. Sgt. Windhorst, (15 minutes later), "Come here Sgt. there goes your man." Sgt. S. (seeing Lt. Macleod crossing lawn):

"I'll give up!"

We never knew before Bowser appreciated "AI" much, but when he was set into the Muse theater eve. last week we are inclined to lieve he does. Annette, please careful of our William—we need him here a little while yet.

Dame Rumor is tearing around the field worse than ever before Langley field, Akron, Arcadia, Pa. ama, etc. etc??? but for the real genuine, down to the minute, honest to John "DOPE" we refer y to Sgt. Adams—he's the boy t SURE has it.

When our neighbors, the 6 leave, it puts it up to us to lock the old field and put or throw the key away. Nevertheless we hope that the key is away before the coming of the leaves.

The height of impossibility: Jo standing at attention and talking.

Charley, our supposed woman-hater, had to confess that they were not such bad animals after all, afi he had been seen the other night Twenty-fourth and Lake with a 6 pound baby whose complexion sembled the sweet folds of nig Be careful honey! The questi now is, "What was Buehler doing down there when he saw them?"

Corporal Scandrett returned from furlough after having some time

Sergeant Jones has the reputa of being a heart smasher, l observed at a recent dance K. C. building that Private He was the social lion. Ladies not try to "vamp" our idol beca he's engaged.

It is reported that Cook Sweeney is going to take up the barber trade when he is discharged. Interest in the business John?

For some reason Corporal V hasn't left the field for two week Yes girls he has plenty of "jits" For further information ask 1 man.

Cooks Hemphill and Duble tainly have a far away look i days, caused we believe by thought of the big war they each going to get into as so they get out of this one. It on the soup every once in a but they have our sympathy. theless they ought to be dodging rolling pin

God sleuthing, we match Private Arthur F. Johnson with any of them.

Mess Sergeant Charles Manning says he is needed at home on the farm, but we can't see it that way.

Sergeant Dreiholz says free ballooning is the only life, especially when you land in a small town and take the natives by surprise. Since Sergeant Dreiholz's free balloon flight, his correspondence has increased considerably.

Cook Nichols has a new pal by the name of Ward. They certainly make a good looking team, but we think Pvt. Ward has it on the cook.

Sergeant Evans' wife has arrived and he is now living in barracks No. 50, and I understand there is a standing invitation for all his friends to visit him.

Pvt. 1st Cl. Marshall has at last moved up a notch, and he is now the proud owner of a pair of stripes. Without a doubt he will make good for he wears them like an old timer.

You've got to hand it Cpl. Ent and Sgt. Moore when it comes to grabbin' off the ladies, they have the rest of us outclassed so far that we don't even get a look-in.

Pvt. 1st Clarence Patton has been transferred to general hospital No. 26, Fort Des Moines, Ia., for treatment. Private Patton had his right leg broken last July at Florence field, while a member of the fighting Eighteenth balloon company.

Cooks Bena and New, Private First Class Miller and Private Bye were discharged the 17th and are now sporting around and enjoying life, but then we don't envy them at all. Every dog has his day and ours is coming, so we can't worry our sweet young lives away.

Chaufeur First Class Charles F. Chesebrough had the misfortune of returning when he had received a five-day extension, but he left home before he received the wire. "Someone is always taking the joy out of life."

We wonder who the vamp is that is making life so miserable for Sergeant Farrington. One of the fellows said he saw her down at the De Luxe the other evening, but lost track of her in the crowd.

Corporals Dunks and McGraw certainly love their old home. Every leisure moment they have they spend at barracks No. 1.

Sergeant Rozmajzl certainly does love his week-end pass.

63D BALLOON CO.

N. Oliver Cox.

It is with deep regret we learn that the "Gas Bag" is this week publishing its final edition. It will soon be a thing of the past—but we are proud to say, will not be soon forgotten. As the camp paper it has more than accomplished its purpose. It has been read with keen interest each week by every one—both soldier and civilian. With the passing of the "Gas Bag" we lose an institution of most interest to everyone in general—and we are tempted to say—a real good friend. This scribe believes the 63rd Company holds as good a record, if not the best, of any company in the post in co-operating with the Gas Bag in every way. Only on one occasion did this company fail to get their company notes into the office in time for publication.

The following promotions were made last week: To grade of corporal: Robert R. Kent; chauffeur first class, Floyd A. Huntington, John Neal, Henry Machin; chauffeur, A. E. Drew, Frank M. Riley, John Kearney; cook, Roland U. Bowers; George Houston; private first class, John Baker, Herschell E. Bohart, Ray B. Brown, Patty S. Coluni, Tom Fossmo, Leo M. Frase, Joseph J. Hafner, Roy T. Holman, Peter Joseph, Daniel H. Kline, Lester D. McDaniel, Emmett E. McNeese, Herbert J. Murray, Charles C. Reppe, Jr., Oliver D. Richardson, Herbert N. Savage, Howard Springer and George A. Wright.

We wonder what company Starkweather is in? Is he discharged or what? He's never in the barrack at night!

Pvt. 1cl. Schoenborn has been out three nights in succession this week (in February!) What's all the attraction, Schoey?

The old familiar term: "B'loon detail outside" has now changed to "Everybody on a broom!" Ask Sergeant Foley.

Poor Brown, (Pvt. L. M.) homesick, lonesome, and lovelorn! Cheer up, Brown; the wife will get the chance to look upon your sunny countenance sooner or later—later if not sooner.

Pvt. G. M. Wallace received a promotion Saturday from the "Ash Can Limited" to a week's "K. P." Congratulations.

Jimmy Moore, the South Omaha puglist of West Q street, forgot himself and asked for an all-night pass one day last week. How does "come, Jimmy?"

"Gerbs has left for Nebraska on a ten days' furlough."

Pvt. Baker is now first class! How does he get that way? Tell us, Bake.

Chauffeur 1cl. Hayhurst enjoyed the snow storm immensely last Thursday morning—delivering messages for headquarters on his motorcycle.

Pvt. John O'Flynn returned last night from a ten days' visit with home folks at Laurel, Miss. Too bad to have to face the snow instead of those "peach blossoms"—isn't it, John?

"She loves me; she loves me not; she loves me!" What? Wedding bells, I hope!—Pvt. 1cl. Sample.

Pvt. Stockbridge says Easter egg hunting ought to be real flourishing this year in the "dark-rooms" and other corners of the photographer's hut as it seems to be the favorite haunt of "Rabbits!" Give 'em little "Hypo" or some of your other "fancy drinks."

81st Balloon Company.

Corporal Frazier.

On furlough this week: Private First Class Moskowitz to Brooklyn, N. Y.; Private Acker to Greenwood, Wis.; Private Wilder to Clay Center, Kan.; Private First Class Pressley to Des Moines, Ia., and Private Gentry to Beckville, Tex. On pass: Private First Class Simmonds to Lincoln, Neb., for five days.

We forgot to mention in last week's edition that the former Private First Class Hooven is now Corporal Hooven, but as he is on special duty at the signal department, we see very little of him around the company. There are still a few things in this world that a soldier has to be thankful for. (Ditto Hooven).

Private Tisi happened to be one of the lucky lads to get a flight this week, but he was only up for a short time when he signalled to "haul down." After landing, the boys ask him why all the hurry in getting back down and he told them that he went up with the intentions of seeing Private First Class Moskowitz, somewhere in New York, on his furlough but didn't have any luck.

Sergeant Bacon was walking down the street the other day and he saw a little boy with an apple in his hand, sitting on the curb crying. Bacon being soft of heart, ask the lad what the trouble was and the boy told him that he had

two apples and a big fellow came along and took one of them. "Why didn't you call for help," said Bacon. "I did," said the boy. "How loud did you cry," said Bacon. "Help," said the boy in a weak voice. "Is that all the louder you can cry," said Bacon. "Yes," said he, so Bacon took the other apple.

Someone told Private First Class Batton that he was getting as big as a horse from eating so much. You aren't a horse are you Batton? Certainly not. (But you'll grow).

Private Radcliff says, "We get good money, but not enough of it."

Private Godfrey is sure a popular young man in the eyes of the female sex and we can't blame the girls any, but what worries us is how he gets by with so many of them. Oh, Fred! What makes you do like you do?

"Sgonna rain all next week. Why? Because Monday night there were at least fifteen Eighty-first company men in the post."

Private Sullivan has only two worries, one is his money and the other is the balloon hangar in the South field.

If you happen to stroll in No. 3 barracks some evening about 7 o'clock and see Sergeants Harrison and McKay shining their shoes and polishing their nails, don't think it strange for we assure you that it is an every day occurrence and put it under your old straw bonnet there are a couple of girls somewhere in Omaha that have to suffer for all that "dolling up."

Sergeant Braren, our boy wonder with that cute little, funny little, crazy looking thing on his upper lip, is wonderfully fond of tapioca (?)

Talk about speed demons, we sure have two in our company. Sergeant First Class Christopher and Sergeant Ferrill walked to town, to Sixteenth and Douglas streets, from the post in an hour. Christopher traveled like a thoroughbred with his long legs and coat tails standing straight out like an icicle on a frozen roof. Ferrill did wonderfully well in keeping up with Christy, but he was only too willing to sit down when they reached town. If anyone doesn't believe this, just come around and challenge them some time.

Ex-Private Lloyd O. Reed has been promoted to the grade of private first class and he received a letter yesterday from a friend of his, wanting to know when he would get his commission. Reed doesn't know yet whether the friend was laughing "with him" or "at him."

Well, old Gas Bag, you've been a good paper and afforded us lots of many pleasant moments in reading both the humorous and eventful parts of your sheets and we, the members of the Eighty-first Balloon company, after thanking you a thousand times, will say "au-revoir."

Fort Crook.

MOTOR TRANSPORT

Everett L. Myers.

We are losing Sergeant 1st Cl. Lee Burris and are surely missing him, as each day rolls by. He has left for Panama, a long ways off, but we hope he will not forget us, and that he can remember of his experiences here at Fort Crook, as some of his most pleasant ones of his entire army career.

We wish you Godspeed and the best of good fortune, Sergeant Burris.

One day Spohn and Brown were arguing about the construction of the Ford car. Spohn was trying to convince Brown that the breakers were on the front wheels when Brown replied, "That all depends in which way you are travelling."

The boys who have been making the trip to town lately, are becoming expert mud-hens. Chauffeur Glaze can vouch for the fact that Brown was in a mud cast one day.

We have a number of men who aspire to become balloon mechanicians, captive or dirigibles either one. Glaze has had the G. M. C. taken down and now has enough parts left to build another motor.

Chauffeur Berry of Fort Omaha is among us now and his pet hobby is keeping No. 410 tuned up to a queen's taste.

Our chief pastime these days is that of learning the why's and wherefores of cinder roads.

Michaelsen says his Ford is becoming a "good boat," his wheels throw mud like an old sternwheeler does water.

Windell is fast becoming a windless driver, under the careful instruction of Chauffeur Williams. (When the whistle blew for balloon formation Windell almost fell in too.)

Matthews is fast becoming an expert on motorcycles, what parts he needs and cannot order, he makes himself.

"Pop-pop" rider Miller is taking a vacation. We wonder why? Chauffeur Harrison believes in "Service First." He was the first to offer "first aid" to one of our ambulances out here. It happened to be "a fracture of a spring bolt."

Chauffeur King says the Dodge is "Some Dodger," ask him he knows.

Chauffeur Capps dreams of Quads in his sleep, we know from his talk.

Watkins is very busy these days studying parts books. (Fort Omaha watch out.)

Weiber is having lots of fun these days in his "lumber loft." The lumber is so lofty they won't let him use it.

QUARTERMASTER CORPS

A. E. Spellman.

H. C. Smith.

Mach, the baker, says if he does not get out by the first of March, he will lose \$7,000 business. He does not say a month or year or a life time, but we figure the latter.

The other night I was talking to a girl and she asked me if I knew Shorty Allison. I told her yes, he was our cook. She said she would like to put a chain on him to wear around her neck as a lavalier.

Everybody that sees Private Walters in his blue dress uniform coat and his loose leg O. D. trousers, asks who the gentleman is. (Not soldier).

Private Joseph Moranville has recently returned from a ten-days' furlough. He says everything is fine down in Missouri.

Private Henry and Private Kaser are walking around with broad smiles on their faces for the last two days. They are going home to stay.

Private Walter King left Tuesday afternoon for his home at Salt Lake City, Utah, on a ten-days' furlough.

When the air service took over Fort Crook, as an adjunct to the Army Balloon school at Fort Omaha, the headquarters of this post was at the quartermasters office.

Major R. L. Hamilton, U. S. A. Ret'd., West Point '91 was in command. Besides commanding officer, he was quartermaster, ordnance officer, engineer and signal officer. Some of these duties have now been taken over by other members of the command lightening his burden of duties considerably. For his assistants, Major Hamilton has 1st Lt. Robert L. Hall, quartermaster corps and 2nd Lt. A. H. Nalpoie, quartermaster corps, who very recently reported.

Until the first of this year the regular quartermaster duties was performed at this office, but since that date it has been rather a rushed and burdened office. The new property accounting system has added a great amount of work and breaking other organizations to properly do their part has added to the joy of the thing. A property accounting section has been established here to take care of this part of the work, and today the system looks much clearer and a great deal nearer a smooth running basis.

In Sergeant Gates, the quartermaster sergeant, we have a tireless worker with a keen comprehension of the large problem, and the patience to work it out and other members are also co-operating in the work so it approaches a solution as this is written.

Civilians have been employed temporarily to help in the rush of changing systems, and are now being used to replace men clearly eligible for discharge.

Concerning its outside activities the most cordial relations exist between this organization and the others at the post. The corps feels that its greatest asset is its unselfish service and what efforts can be made for the best interests of the service is encouraged on all members of the detachment. The corps feels a warm friendship for the air service and extends its hearty good wishes in this last issue of the Gas Bag.

On September 11, 1918, Major E. W. Crockett, assumed command of Fort Crook with Lieut. W. L. Fottrell as adjutant and Lieut. G. V. Baer as personnel adjutant, assisted by Cpl. L. R. Cooper, and Sgt. G. A. DeLand was Sgt. Major.

The telephone exchange was under management of the Nebraska Telephone company and Pvt. 1cl J. R. Yelvington was in charge of the telegraph office.

Lieut. Baer was relieved from duty at this post November 12, 1918 and was assigned to duty at Fort Omaha. The personnel work became a part of the duties of Sgt. Major.

On January 14, 1919, Lieut. Fottrell was discharged. The duties of the former adjutant were then taken over by Lieut. F. E. Dennen, the present adjutant.

Sgt. DeLand was discharged January 15, 1919. Cpl. Cooper, having previous to this time been made sergeant took up the duties of Sgt. DeLand as Sgt. Major.

On February 1, 1919, the telephone exchange was taken over by the post signal department, Lieut. Dennen in charge; Sgt. Dood as signal clerk with Cpl. E. B. Harvey, chief operator.

Private Kitching after making his debut into society wishes to

state that he has two perfectly good second hand Orpheum tickets he will sell at a great reduction. For unknown reasons it seems as though he could not convince the better half of the little party of two that the Orpheum was the proper place to be seen, especially, on society night. However, he found consolation in catching the show at the Boyd. Nevertheless, he claims he has a refund coming and will gladly separate from the almost properly used Orpheum seats.

Sgt. Eastman of the Quartermaster corps passed away his time while sick in quarters last week drawing plans for the construction of the latest 1919 model chicken coop. After completing the blue prints he proceeded to put into execution his so well planned ideas of an up-to-date structure. Due to the fact that his work shop is in his cellar he naturally worked where it was most convenient, not stopping to take the dimensions of the cellar opening, or door. He is now looking for enough jacks to raise his house high enough off the ground to get the finished coop out. Won't some kind reader come to his rescue.

Mrs. A. E. Spellman entertained at a most delightful party on Saturday evening February 22, given in honor of Private Herbert Kaser, of the Quartermasters corps, who expects to be separated from the service soon. The reception hall was decorated in a very appropriate manner for the occasion. A large part of the evening was taken up in playing many interesting games, after which refreshments were served. Those who enjoyed Mrs. Spellman's hospitality were: Misses Jaskalek, Owens, McKee, Caley of Omaha, Sgt. and Mrs. Eastman, Sgt. Cooper, Pvts. Smith, Kaser, Walters. After the story hour and aftermaths, the happy party broke up with the assurance in mind of a well spent evening.

MEDICAL DEPARTMENT

Earl Reynolds, A. B. P., has a habit of kneeling (most any time the bunch is together) and as a rule doesn't get up until he can't fade anymore. About the first of the month catches Earl in the height of glory, for there's no need of "boning" her honor for car fare then.

"Princess, what are ya doin there" quoth the Bully Boche to his assistant Alva T. Prince the other morning. Prince and Teatsworth were holding a conference on the bottom of the steps, causing the above outburst. "Waiting for—" upon which Roche proceeds to cuss softly, murmuring something about being crazy, and retiring immediately to his room.

This morning we had up-setting exercises. Yes, got run around the triangle on empty stummicks, and then sat down to leather and mud. It's a good thing the M. D's are a tougher bunch.

Roche sat down to mess the other morning as we had pancakes, (or War Relics, we're not sure what they were) and began to peel off the top and bottom. The way the skin came off was a sight for sore eyes, but the next morning we had Slum, so why kick.

Time: 1:30 a. m. Wednesday morning. Place: Cafe at 24th and N. St. So. Omaha. Customers: Mourer, Moyahan, Miles, and Juergens, costumes, various, ranging from rookie to overseas garb and from private to officers, depending entirely on the men. Wind-up: Ford garage.

There's just one thing about this sleeping in the garage. It can't be done comfortably. When they get to making touring cars or even Henry's a little wider, so you can get your feet and head parallel to each other, the M. D's at Ft. Crook may change quarters.

Meurer and Moyahan went up town with 25c a piece, and at 12 p. m. they're in a \$2.00 room at the Henshaw, with millluns and millluns of nickels in their pockets. How do they do it. It's a trade boys and it's got to be born in you, for you can't learn it.

Cook Maurer is still cooking, and there's one thing about a cook. If he's in god humor (all depending on the night previous) you get good feed. If he came home on the 12:30, or missed it altogether, you may just as well stay in bed, for she'll be biscuits and mud for your eye opener.

Kewpie Gill and Bully Prine had some heated argument at the round up Friday morning. Prince almost crowned Gill with a stool, but after thinking it over, came to the conclusion that he'd have to buy another stool of he broke that one, so he just bawled the offender out.

Reveille will be held uptown the day after payday. All Detached Service men take notice, and if further particulars are desired, call up Eddie and maybe we can make

room for another.

Albrecht and Pester want to know if the war department understands that Ft. Crook is still on the map. Curley Pester wants out on "Urgent Industrial Reasons" of being a spud miner, and Shorty wants out,—well, just on general principles. He hasn't much use for the boys since they made him K. P. for two weeks in civilian clothes last summer.

I wish Maurer, our chief Feedist, would pick some other hour than 1 o'clock to sit on my bed and chew the fat about a little thing like a steak. That's no time for a fellow to think of a good lie, tell it, and get away to a good start. Ask Leo.

Juergens and Gill went to a dance the other night uptown. First Juergens said he had the fare and maybe he did. We don't know. But if he paid, we can't understand why the conductor should come up to him at 24th & Farnam. He got on at 24th & Cummings, and ask him about the 4 "jits."

60th Balloon Company.

Corporal De Chant.

Our minstrel cook, Tate, has a new dish which he calls "Compressed Slum." The boys sure take to it. All cooks desiring the recipe will call on cook Tate.

We want to congratulate cook Dyer. Dan Cupid has been at work in our kitchen and Dyer is the goat. All the boys wish him the best of luck and hope he will make as good a husband as he is a cook, which would be SOME husband.

Word has been received from Sgt. Hildebrand and Cpl. Burns, who are at Camp Grant awaiting discharge, to the effect that they sorely miss the beautiful Omaha girls. Can't hardly blame them. Hilde and Burns were quite the village out-ups.

Sgt. Zurcher returned safely from his furlough; said he had a swell time, but we know that he was darn glad to get back to Omaha. It has been rumored that he paid Cpl. Burns a sum of money so Burns wouldn't go out with his girl. It is quite possible that this is true.

Sgt. Hurley received the hardest blow of his life; he has been ordered to Ft. Sill, Okla. According to all the information we can get, Ft. Sill must be one terrible place, and we sure do feel sorry for Hurley; it must be awful to go down there all alone, and then he is to be in a balloon company which makes it almost unbearable. It sure is a shame John, but orders is orders.

Wagon's birthday was really a surprise. "Happy birthday and we didn't get up till seven-thirty, but we did fly the balloon. One would think that old George would rise up in his grave at such a desecration of this glorious day. Don't blame it on me, George.

The boys are sorry to learn that this is to be the last edition of the Gas Bag. It has been a great pleasure not only to us, but also to our home folks, to read its columns every week and it is a matter of great regret to all, that the paper is to be discontinued. It has been enjoyed by everyone, and has certainly been a credit to the post.

Acting tailor, Huber, says, "I would rather be a lamp post on the plains of Texas than a ten story building in Ft. Crook."

The eternal question: When is Cpl. Olson going to run out of all night passes.

Three prominent non-coms were out to paint the town red last Friday night, but reports say that they returned disappointed. No one needs to inquire who they were.

Lemke says, his ears are all right nowadays, since he bought velvet overcoats for them.

Cpl. Holden has been a regular participant at all the Isabella club doings. We wonder why?

Cpl. De Chant, popularly known as Deck, will often hear his name pronounced Des Shant, Dee Shawnt or even De cent. We prefer curley locks or pearly teeth. Wot say?

Cpl. Brush has turned traitor to all his "snuff" chewing friends by giving up that pastime.

Cpl. Olson with the "Million Dollar Smile," and the "Rosy Cheeks," and the "Marble Heart," recently contends: "If the world loves a lover, he loves a clever woman." (I'll bet she is a blonde.)

We wonder if it is the responsibility or the lack of authority that makes Chauffeur Glaze irritable these days.

Ask a 60th Co. man how he enjoyed February 22, a legal holiday. "He cannot tell a lie." "Major" ity rules.

If this is the last of the Gas Bag, when is the last of the bag of gas? Would it were today.

Sgt. Flanders, who has shouldered the responsibilities of the 60th gang, is greatly appreciated by all the buck privates, as he refrains from morning speeches at reveille, thereby making it short, but sweet. What it takes to tell 'em, "Pinkey" has it.

SOCIETY

Miss Madeline Kendall, Society Editor.

WOMAN'S CLUB MUSICAL GIVEN FEBRUARY 28

The musical department of the Omaha Woman's club presents the fifth number of their concert series at the Y. W. C. A. auditorium Friday night, February 28, in which will appear a group of Omaha's best known musicians, Louise Jansen Wylie, soprano; Louise Shaduck Zabriskie, violinist, Mr. Duffield, piano accompanist.

This is an unusually interesting offering. Mrs. Wylie has studied in New York and Europe, and is well known in Omaha for her recital work, and also by her position as soloist in the choir of the First Presbyterian church. Mrs. Zabriskie is perhaps better known for her work as organist; however, she has great merit as a violinist, and will not disappoint her hearers in this instrument.

Mr. Duffield is known as a pianist who is in great demand, and as the president of the Omaha Ciel club, a local association of professional musicians.

Miss Rees, is, of course, well known from her contributions to the Bee, conducting the musical department.

DINNER.

Mrs. R. T. Crawford entertained at a charming surprise dinner for her mother, who is visiting her, on Friday evening. Colonel and Mrs. Wuest, Major and Mrs. Boettcher were present.

TEA.

Mrs. Robert P. Clapp entertained at tea Thursday afternoon for the ladies of the post. Among those present were: Mrs. Wuest, Mrs. Crawford, Mrs. Young, Mrs. O'Brien, Mrs. Lindquist, Mrs. White, Mrs. Wise, Mrs. Wedemeyer, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Foster, Mrs. Conklin, and Mrs. A. Leo Stevens.

FORT CROOK.

Mrs. William R. Toston entertained Monday evening at a farewell dinner for Lieut. and Mrs. Burgess, who expect to leave very soon. Lieut. Gledhill and Miss Blanch Ryder were.

DANCES.

Columbia club gave a dance on Wednesday night at the post in the K. C. hall.

The Patricia club gave a dance at the Florence field hut on Wednesday evening.

The Nautilus club, which has been reorganized from the Smiles club, gave a dance at the Girls' Community hall last Saturday night.

K. C. NOTES.

On Monday evening the Reverend Shine of Plattsmouth, Neb., gave a lecture on the Jesuit missionaries, dealing especially in the missionary work among the Indians around Omaha and vicinity in the early days. This lecture was of special interest. Following the lecture were several musical numbers.

On Wednesday evening the Columbia club gave the usual Wednesday night dance which was well attended and greatly enjoyed.

The Patricia club gave a dance at the Florence field hut on Wednesday evening.

On Friday evening there was an athletic meet, consisting of boxing and wrestling.

CURRENT EVENTS.

Captain Theodore Maenner and wife are here for a few days. He is on his way to Akron, O. Mrs. Maenner, who is a former Omaha girl, will visit her parents while her husband is in Akron. She plans to join her husband in Florida where he expects to go from Akron.

Mrs. Charles Mallory entertained the girls of the D. T. A. club at a social tea at the Girls' Community hall Sunday afternoon, February 23. The D. T. A. club is a community service club. After the tea, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Morrison gave delightful talks on modern music and modern composers, followed by talks on gymnastic expression, by A. H. Johnson, director of the School of Arts. Miss Dorothy Black gave a short talk on the one-act play.

Last Sunday afternoon Mrs. Mallory gave a musicale for some of her friends, among which were Miss Lucy Updike and Lieutenant Frederick Look, whose engagement has been recently announced. Mr. John Lindaman entertained the company with his violin. Lieutenant and Mrs. Reynolds, Miss Mildred McKee, Private Stanley Jack, Mr. and

Mrs. Everts were also present.

Her friends will be glad to know that Mrs. David Isaacs, who was formerly Miss Grace Doolittle, has returned with her husband from their honeymoon. They will make their home here.

Mrs. C. A. Young left Saturday for her home in California. Mrs. Young has made a number of friends during her stay here and they are very sorry to see her go. Mrs. Young is the mother of Mrs. R. T. Crawford.

ON FLIGHT.

Lieut. T. E. Nelson is now in command of the 47th balloon company.

Lieut. Alfred W. Gross, infantry, has been discharged and is making his home in Kansas City.

One of the new officers in the post is Major Martin Dunbar.

Lieut. Stewart Kirkpatrick is on duty again after his accident.

Captain Alexander is more or less busy as executive officer, at Florence field.

Leave of absence for two days has been granted Major R. L. Hamilton.

Lieut. Richard Thompson returned from his 14-day leave of absence which he spent with his family in California.

Lieut. Sanford M. Warren returned Monday from a three day leave of absence, spent in Kansas City.

Captain R. H. Harrell has returned from a leave spent at his home in Georgia with his wife who has been quite ill.

Captain John A. Dunwoody was discharged recently.

Lieut. Nelson, wife and son are planning on moving into the Post in the near future.

Lieut. Sanford M. Warren has received his discharge papers. He will return to his home in Washington, D. C.

Captain and Mrs. Wise are moving into the post this week.

Lieut. Lundberg is on detached service at the Balloon school, Arcadia, Cal.

Lieut. Carlisle A. Linn, Q. M. corps, has been discharged.

Captain Pierce and Lieut. L. W. Taylor have been transferred to Akron to take up dirigible work.

Lieut. Riggs, M. C., is on leave of absence.

Lieut. James B. Jordan has been relieved from the 61st company.

Lieut. James C. Cluck has been assigned to the 61 company.

Captain Ackerman and Captain Logan, M. C., have received their discharges.

Y. M. C. A.

The Rev. Dan O. Tullis of Chicago, religious director for the central department, spent last Thursday afternoon and evening with us. He spoke to the men in the evening. He expects to visit the post again in the near future in the interests of the effort the "Y" is making to get into touch with all men in the service who have any idea of entering any form of religious work after returning to civil life. Any man in the post considering such a move is invited to leave his name at the desk and an interview will be arranged with Mr. Tullis on his next visit.

The "Y" is anxious to furnish any possible help or information along educational lines. Catalogues from educational institutions in all parts of the country are now being received and can be had for examination by inquiring at the desk.

Wednesday night of last week Dr. Palmer Findley delivered a lecture to men only, which was greatly appreciated by those present. The men were given an opportunity to ask questions and many availed themselves of the opportunity at the close of the public meeting.

Last Sunday morning the music in the religious service was helped greatly by the playing of Private Lindaman of the medical corps on the violin. His violin solo was also greatly enjoyed by all present.

Prof. Frank Mach, with his orchestra of forty pieces, rendered a fine musical program last Thursday evening. Too high words of praise cannot be spoken of these first-class artists, who give so liberally of their time and professional talent for the entertainment of the men. After the musical program popular war songs were sung by members of the orchestra and the men, and the evening's fun was

ended by some very high-class clog dancing by Mr. Francis.

Douglas Fairbanks surely kept everybody on their toes Friday night in the thrilling film, "He Comes Up Smiling."

The "Y" wishes to acknowledge its obligations to Mrs. Major Crawford, Mrs. Captain Wise and Mrs. Lieutenant Taylor for their very capable and willing assistance with the music in our religious services. Mrs. Crawford's father is a "Y" secretary in France.

Monday night was certainly one long to be remembered for fun and good music. Tom Corwin, the imitable imitator from Kentucky, sent to us by our Chicago headquarters, was with us again. He never fails to "bring down the house, unload the beef on foot and bring home the bacon." The City "Y" quartet was present, under the efficient direction of George W. Campbell, and embellished the program greatly with numerous selections.

Dr. Bunker of Chicago, who has spent twenty-eight years of his life in Africa, delivered an interesting and instructive illustrated lecture on the life and customs of that country last night. He also emphasized the need for and opportunities of religious workers in Africa in the years just before us.

Tomorrow night Ella Hall and Priscilla Dean will appear in the film entitled "Which Woman?" Better come and see which one you would choose.

The "Y" still maintains four secretaries on its staff and will continue to put on as strong programs as possible as long as the number of men in the post justifies the effort and expense.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES, FORT CROOK, NEB.

As this is to be the last issue of the Gas Bag, the secretarial force in charge of the "Y" at Fort Crook wishes to take this opportunity to express its appreciation of the courteous co-operation on the part of the military in its work.

Since the very first day the present management took charge of affairs at the post, the commanding officer, Major Crockett, and the adjutant and company officers have given the Y. M. C. A. their kind consideration and support.

The spacious gymnasium, with its equipment, was turned over to the "Y," and this, supplemented with the Y. M. C. A. athletic material made it possible for the soldiers to engage in a variety of sports which have been of great benefit to them. For the most part the writing tables are always occupied, the splendid library has been used extensively and to great profit. The entertainments have been well patronized and of high order and we are indebted to all the performers for their willingness and help in every way.

The moving pictures have been greatly favored by the boys and have furnished many hours of amusement and wholesome entertainment.

The present staff of secretaries is Arthur C. Smith, formerly of Cleveland, O., and Augustus F. Shafer of Long Pine, Neb., who have been on the job at this camp since last November.

74TH BALLOON CO., FORT CROOK, NEB.

Geo. E. Gray.

Sgts. Sellery and Canny; Corp. Reinhardt, Privts. Foley and Elliott; received their discharges Monday. They were a happy little crowd leaving here. Oh, when! Oh, when! is Dame Fortune to smile on us that way?

It is an outrage the way some of these discharged Hicks are trying to disguise the U. S. uniform with all the barber pole decorations they are wearing on their sleeves, makes it look more like a clown suit than a uniform.

Some of these sod busters here think a head was put on their shoulders to be used merely to hang their hats on.

Some one remarked the other day that Sgt. Dodd was "so thin he could do a hand spring inside a flute," some thin.

Getting along fine with our balloon, "thank you."

Will they ever stop those rumors, they have us all going to California now.

The way these reformers are fixing things in civil life. "Well, the

Wife and Baby of Popular Young Fort Omaha Officer



Mrs. Theodore E. Nelson and son, Robert Arthur.

Mrs. Nelson is a native of Omaha, and has been a student of vocal music for a number of years. She has studied in Omaha and in the east quite extensively, and successfully filled the position of soloist in a number of Omaha churches,

among them the First Methodist, the Central Congregational and the Kountze Memorial. Lieutenant and Mrs. Nelson are moving into the Post this week and will be heartily welcomed by the members of the command.

army is not such a bad place after all.

All the dogs and cats in Crook, hold their sessions nightly on our veranda, between the hours of 12 and 4 a. m. Why they pick on us I cannot say, unless it is to get even with Pvt. Milne for the weird and uncanny noises he makes during the day practicing on his bugle and violin.

The Bee is offering a cash prize to the one who can give the best definition of love. Sgts. Cooper or Gillin, ought to be able to win that without any effort.

Annette Kellerman says that the girls of Omaha are well formed. Right you are, Annette, but we found that out for ourselves long time ago. Just lacked the nerve to make it a public statement, is why you did not hear it from us.

Lieutenant Sanford M. Warren has been discharged from the service.

Lieutenant James C. Peterson has reported to this post for duty and is assigned to Fort Crook as chaplain.

CLEARANCE SALE

—at the—

POST EXCHANGE

Special Prices for Men
Being Discharged

COMPLIMENTS OF
**HENSHAW
BARBER SHOP**
1507 Farnam Street.

PHILIP'S DEPARTMENT STORE

4935-37-39 South 24th Street, South Side.

The Fastest Growing Store in Omaha.
"Watch Us Grow"
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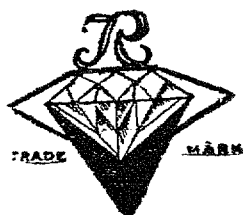
Cute gray-eyed Kentucky rookie of the Eighty-first balloon company would like to meet all blondes of lovable dispositions, having a nice cozy home, licorice lights n'everything. 'Cause it "shure" is lonesome out "chere" since Julian came to town. Am at leisure at all hours after my services on K. P., fire-guard and "our" World-Herald duties. If I can't get away, my partner in crime, "Stine," may.

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FINE ARTS SECTION

By Merril E. L. Hooven

LT. ROSELLI SPEAKS AT THE FONTENELLE

Tells Fine Arts Society of
Italy's Ambitions Toward
Peace.

Lieut. Bruno Roselli, of the Italian army, spoke before the Society of Fine Arts at the Fontenelle Saturday afternoon, Feb. 22, on the part that Italy is to play at the coming peace conference.

Lieut. Roselli is particularly well qualified as an authority on the situations that are now confronting the proposed league of nations with regard to Italy. He has viewed the problems from a practical angle, as a representative of the Italian government and officer in the army, and also from the standpoint of the political economist, he having held a professorship in Adelphi college in Brooklyn, N. Y., for a number of years.

Touching on the tremendous strides made by Italy in the past few years, he mentioned that since Italy had thrown off the yoke of Austrian domination, she had reached a plane of equality with the first rate powers of the world.

He states that unless the league of nations will guarantee to police the seas about Italy and Austria, it will be necessary for Italy to take the duty independently, for her distrust of her enemies will not permit her to remain incapable of defense. In this connection, he warns that the elements which were responsible for the war are still at close range—that they are very much alive, and but awaiting the opportunity of dissension to bring about the scheme of the past.

Lieut. Roselli says that America need not fear an influx of Italian immigrants to this country for years to come, as France has made it possible for the Italians to obtain the advantages of French citizenship on an equality with the native-born Frenchmen at once, without waiting for any five years period to elapse, as in America, and has arranged to take care of the Italian surplus population in the great period of reconstruction that is to come.

In speaking of the Italian in America, he brought out that by reason of the indiscriminate associations brought about by the American conscription, the Italian who had formerly adhered entirely to the customs and usages of the foreign settlement in which he had lived, had learned the American principles of living and was becoming thoroughly imbued with them, and would hesitate before going back to the old mode of life, and speaking for his people, he asked that America would encourage this evolution of the American Italian in every possible manner, which certainly should be heeded.

He exhibited to the audience two vicious weapons of Austrian warfare, knobbed metal billies, one of which was studded with spikes, used in killing the wounded and helpless. With a view to producing the maximum effect on his hearers, he tossed them to the floor, and as their crash filled the room, he was rewarded by the horrified gasp of the audience.

He is skilled in rhetoric, and his lecture was full of interest.

Omaha Art Guild.

Thirty-one Omaha artists together with many associates with the same high aim met in the auditorium of the Omaha Public Library in the spring of 1911 and organized the Omaha Art Guild to encourage the appreciation, production and patronage of graphic arts in Omaha and its environs.

The guild held its first exhibition in November, 1912, in the new court house. Eighty-three works were shown. The exhibitions which have followed have been necessarily small but of highest quality. The guild has always stood for quality rather than numbers. All the works which have been shown have passed very rigid examination and have been pronounced worthy. In all, over 250 original works have been shown. The exhibitions have been most carefully selected and arranged. Special attention has always been paid to the lighting and to the balance of interests.

By far the largest contribution has come from Mr. Wallace, who has exhibited 64 works, Mr. Barker has shown 41, Mr. Gilder, 32; Miss

Knight, 28; Miss Johnson, 18, and Mr. Powell, 12. Other artists have exhibited from one to a dozen works.

The portraits by Mr. Wallace have been the feature of the exhibitions. In the eight years Mr. Wallace has exhibited portraits of Mr. Mengedoh, W. J. Bryan, Rev. T. J. Mackey, T. H. Tibbles, George E. Barker, G. W. Lininger, Mrs. George Barker, Jr., and many others. Mr. Wallace has also shown many landscapes of unusual merit.

In 1913 and 1914 the guild sponsored a series of public lectures on "Art Appreciation" given by Mr. Wallace. These lectures were most helpful to those desiring real intimate art knowledge. Later the guild sponsored a drawing class for student members who wished to develop their latent talents.

Since its inception the guild has had but one president who is still serving, Doane Powell. Mr. Powell is cartoonist on the Bee.

The exhibiting members of the guild are working hard for a prospective exhibition which will be shown in the fall. The guild believes in the potency of good work and frequent exhibitions. In the guild, the social and financial standing of a prospective member does not count so much as his interest in art, and the sole qualification for active membership is a genuine interest and a work which will pass the censorship established by the guild.

Olga Samaroff Piano Recital.

The Tuesday Musical club is to be complimented on its successful effort to bring to the Omaha public frequent opportunity for hearing the best to be offered in the musical interests of the United States, and their high aims brought to this city Mme. Olga Samaroff, the great woman pianist, who gave a recital at the Brandeis, Friday evening, February 21.

The program was one of the richest and most discriminative of the season, and apart from beauty and charm to the ear, the performance was quite an education in itself.

We fell in love with her style of rendering, for she gives the purest and most expressive interpretation we have heard in Omaha, and she is so distinctive, not akin in style to anyone with whom we are familiar, but free and unhampered—



just Olga Samaroff, with her own ideal to present. Skillful, delicate, graceful, truthful, virile.

The program opened with Schumann's "Novelette in D Major," which was a study in dramatic possibilities, and well brought out by Mme. Samaroff.

In giving five preludes from Chopin, she selected those which seemed to more nearly follow in sequence, and formed a sort of serial story.

The "March" from the "Ruins of Athens," Beethoven-Rubinstein, seemed to bring more popular applause than any of the other numbers. It was a beautiful thing, spontaneous and with an entrancing theme, and it was perhaps the most widely known.

In introducing the magnificent Sonata by Liszt, Mme. Samaroff told the audience that she had been subject to criticism from some quarters in planning to give for the special feature a number that was unfamiliar to the Omaha public. She explained that only by such presentation would Omaha gain familiarity with the obscure classic

AT THE THEATERS

ORPHEUM—Week of March 2: The Barr Twins; Maud, Earl and Company; Clark and Verdi; Ames and Winthrop; Margaret Young; Stanley and Birnes; Bessie Remple and Company; Movies.

EMPRESS—Sunday to Wednesday: "Visions de Mille"; "Pretty Soft," comedy sketch; Ethel Barrymore in "The Divorcee." Thursday to Saturday: Boganny Troupe; The Lunatic Bakeress; Logan Dunn and Hazel.

STRAND—March 2 to 6: Fatty Arbuckle in "Love"; Lina Cavalieri in "Two Brides." March 7 to 8: Shirley Mason in "The Winning Girl."

RIALTO—March 2 to 5: Clara Kimball Young in "Cheating Cheaters." March 6 to 8: Vivian Martin in "You Never Saw Such a Girl."

SUN—March 2 to 4: Warren Kerrigan in "Come Again, Smith." March 5 to 8: Gladys Brockwell in "The Forbidden Room."

MUSE—March 2 to 4: Mabel Normand in "Sis Hopkins." March 5 to 8: Dustin Farnum in "A Man of the Open."

GAYETY—Week of March 2: Star and Garter Show.

which seemed perfectly logical.

The Sonata was wonderful; in fact it was so wonderful that it would be useless to try to describe it, for the depth to which it led, was beyond nearly everyone present. It was a tremendous thing, and worth considerable study. The remaining numbers which were given were entirely pleasing.

Jascha Heifetz, violinist, will be presented by the Tuesday Musical club at their next recital at the Brandeis theater, Monday evening, March 10.

The Drama League.

The Drama League, of which Miss Kate McHugh is now president, was organized in May, 1915, as an aid to dramatic understanding and expression, by Mesdames Chase, Childs, Peck, Cummins, and others who were in touch with the national headquarters at Evanston, Ill. Most of the first year's activities were devoted to the educational side of the league work; two courses of lectures being given, and aided the high schools of the city in holding the Shakespearean festival. The league established a library of modern drama and criticism, which afterwards became the property of the public library.

The second year was devoted in a large measure to study of the English and Continental drama; the society also collaborated with the Society of Fine Arts in bringing to Omaha Granville Barker, who lectured on "Democracy and Art." The crowning success of the year was the bringing of the "Portmanteau theater," in which Stuart Walker presented four short plays.

During the war, activities were suspended that the members might devote their energies to the war-time pursuits, but since the urgent need for their services is past, they have resumed their accustomed work with the league. On February 21 the league presented Baroness Huard at the Fontenelle to an audience which taxed the hall. On March 31 Professor S. H. Clark will give a dramatic reading. They are hoping to send one or more delegates to the Chicago convention in April.

Tuesday Musical Club.

The Tuesday Musical club originated in 1892 through the efforts of four musical women, Mesdames Whitmore, Hitchcock, McIntosh, and Buchanan, who felt the need of a common meeting ground upon which to discuss the art which they so dearly loved. From this small beginning, the society has now nearly 800 members; and from a small group within themselves, the society has changed into a potent force for outside influence, educating and uplifting the masses by the great artists which the society is sponsor for. They are responsible for Omaha having heard such artists as Louise Homer, Godowski, Galli-Curi, Lucy Gates, Olga Samaroff, and many others. Jascha Heifetz will be presented on March 10.

Beyond question, the Tuesday Musical club has done more for the interests of the highest type of musical art in Omaha than any other force.

Omaha Society of Fine Arts.

The Omaha Society of Fine Arts was organized in May, 1916, with the aim of promoting the study of

Mme. Frances Alda Will Sing at Muny Auditorium



Mme. Frances Alda, Auditorium, March 7th.

In the coming appearance of Frances Alda, the famous soprano, to the Auditorium Friday evening, March 7th, Omaha will have the opportunity to be present at a recital of another of the great artists brought to Omaha through the efforts of Mr. A. L. Green.

Mme. Alda belongs to the American group of prima donnas, though she was born in New Zealand, but came early to this country, making her first appearance before the Metropolitan Opera in 1908, and being received with welcome from the very start. Critics have all united in giving her a prominent place in the roll of great artists.

Miss Erin Ballard, who is a pupil of Frank LaForge, will accompany Mme. Alda, and will also give solo numbers. Miss Ballard is a pianist of wide reputation, and many pleasing things have been said of her.

Tickets may be had by mail from Mrs. A. L. Green, 4904 Underwood avenue, or at the Auditorium Box Office.

art, cultivating the public taste, and the application of art to the development of conditions in the city.

Its membership is unlimited, and affords an opportunity for those wishing to aid in civic betterment to become allied with them.

The society gives one or two exhibitions and lectures each year, and they have acquired some excellent and valuable paintings which hang in the public library.

Friends of Art Association.

The Friends of Art association was organized as an auxiliary for the purpose of assisting the Omaha Society of Fine Arts in their purposes, and has a membership of 240.

John Lee Webster is the president of the organization; C. C. George is secretary, and Walter W. Head is the present treasurer.

It has a collection of paintings on the upper floor of the public library building, covering all the walls, and extending into the corridors, valued by art dealers at more than \$700,000.

Some of the better known works are a "Landscape," Paul Dupret; "Vintage at Chateau Lagrange," Jules Breton; "The Caravals," Tyler. They have also recently acquired three paintings, two by Robert Gilder, "Entrance to Canyon," "Arizona," and "Spray and Sunlight," by Paul Dougherty.

The association has become known to artists, dealers and collectors throughout the United States and is recognized and has received favorable mention in the various art journals.

In addition to the paintings which the association has purchased, some paintings have been donated, and others loaned to the association. If you will visit the collection you will be favorably impressed with the fact that Omaha has accumulated a substantial basis for an art gallery.

The Burgess-Nash Choral Club.

Over three years ago A. L. Green, advertising and promotion manager for Burgess-Nash company, former the Burgess-Nash Choral club of mixed voices, consisting of about a dozen members, all employees of Burgess-Nash.

There first public appearance was

during the Christmas season when they sang from the balcony of the Burgess-Nash store every morning, noon and night. They were heard again at Easter time and on special holidays when they would give patriotic programs.

The club has grown with each year until it now has some thirty members and they are directed by Professor Ben Stanley of Trinity Cathedral.

The Choral club has assisted at all large gatherings such as the late memorial service for Roosevelt.

During the past year they gave entertainments at both Fort Crook and Fort Omaha, which were greatly enjoyed by the boys in the service.

On peace day the great news had hardly reached this country until word was passed through the store and before many minutes the entire Burgess-Nash Choral club had assembled on the balcony and led in the singing of "Victory" songs.

They will appear at Christmas and Easter and at all special holidays.

MISS OLGA EITNER.

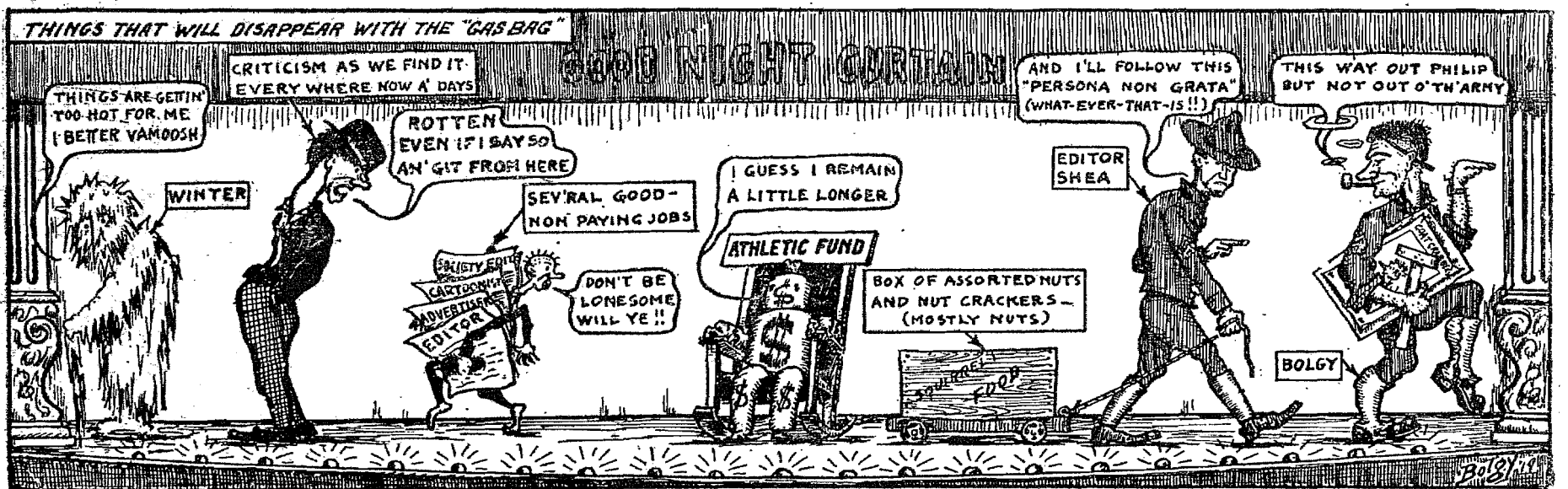
The appearance of Miss Olga Eitner in violin recital at the Brandeis theater Saturday night was one of appreciated merit, and the large audience gave her a large amount of applause, calling repeatedly for encores. Miss Eitner has won recognition for herself in Omaha circles, and being quite young, much is expected of her for the future.

Miss Hazel True played the accompaniments, and the Mount St. Mary's Choral society gave two groups of songs.

In closing this department, we wish to present sketches of some of the various organizations in the city which are promoting the cause of fine arts, though some of them are omitted, not through intentional slight, but by causes over which we have no control. They are drawn from various sources.

We are genuinely sorry to bid you good-bye from this department, as we took great interest in the work. M. E. L. H.

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DESCRIBES ROUT WHEN ARMISTICE WAS COMPLETED

(Continued from Page One.)

from Lieutenant Simpson by Omaha friends:

"Following the Retreating Boche," "La guerre est finis." That's all you can hear around here. The Frenchmen have all gone crazy and the rest of us are sort of dazed—don't seem to be able to realize that it's all over. Last night it was so still and quiet—with no bombardment going on—that I could hardly sleep.

We're so busy following up the Boche that we haven't time to stop and celebrate much. We were on the road with our truck train at the eventful hour of 11, 11-11. And you ought to see where we've stopped—for how long, of course, I don't know. It's a big German camp in a woods which was considerably behind the lines at one time and honestly, there's no comfort of home that's been omitted. It's a sort of a village in itself—don't look like much from the outside (all skillfully camouflaged, etc.), but on the inside—Oh! Baby, the kaiser surely fixed us up in fine shape. The officers' quarters are like a club house. I'm sitting in the living room writing, with a great big stove to keep it warm. The walls are of green burlap, the ceiling is white with stained panel-work and stripe—very crafty. There are four "boudoirs" in this building—one French interpreter and I share one of them. Out behind is a little rustic summer house where the Dutchmen used to have their beer served—they must have been big stiffs—all of our chairs and things (mission style) are big comfortable things. We have a card table with rests on it where they used to set their steins. Out in the wine cellar (if you please) there are beaucoup kegs of beer, but we're kind of shy of it just yet. And our dining hall is a wonder—a big long place with red walls, panel work, a fine buffet, a fire place, big easy chairs and all that stuff that goes with a Heidelberg scene, and a fine kitchen attached. There's a little rustic fence all around, with broad walks connecting everything—all this is back on a side hill deep in the woods, and further down in an open space is the camp proper—lots of fine barracks for the men—a wonderful bath house with shower baths and porcelain tubs with running hot and cold water, a "de-lousing" plant and a blacksmith shop, bakery, officer building, kitchen and best of all, a theater with rows and rows of benches, a pit for the orchestra, a stage, scenery and everything. Everything's wired for electric lights and the boys are repairing the plant now. The Americans shelled and bombed the place terribly and the boche cleared out so fast they did not have time to destroy anything or take much with them.

There's just piles and piles of boche literature, military documents, clothes, ammunition, arms and equipment of all kinds—you just can't imagine the pile of junk there is—we all wear helmets and things around, speak German, salute that funny Boche way and have a lot of fun. We had to plant a few Heines and horses before it was just exactly pleasant, but it's the closest thing to a first class summer resort I've ever seen—I could live here the rest of my life—but I think we'll have to pull out again in a day or two—the balloon's up today watching them retreat—and I imagine we'll be moved up to the border to keep our eye on "probable instances of German treachery," but we'll always be quartered in good comfortable places from now on, anyway, where there are civilians to do your laundry and everything.

We've got a wonderful lot of boys

in the company that know their duty and honestly you feel very safe in the basket when you know they are down there looking out for you—an observer isn't supposed to divert his attention from his work a second to watch enemy planes—you couldn't because the sky's full of them all the time, but our crew of "vigies" with their glasses can tell an enemy plane from an ally as far as they can see—they're really uncanny, those boys—and they warn you in time to jump—usually! And then our machine gunners are awfully good—it makes you feel kind of uneasy to have them shooting all around you at a plane, especially with the "tracer" bullets—the kind that are luminous and you can see them in the air—but on the other hand it's awfully comforting to know they are down there.

I'd like to tell you where I am, but things are more strict now—naturally—than before. The country is much more beautiful up here than where we were before—the roads in good shape and things in pretty good shape. All the signs are in German—in fact you'd imagine you were in Germany.

The boys surely did some scrapping at the last minute. The artillery apparently tried to use up all their ammunition and at one field hospital I saw, they had more cases come in with worse wounds than at any previous time. They just had to pile them up until they could get around to them. It was pitiful to see them all shot up at the eleventh hour, but somebody has to be the last man killed and they just couldn't hold them back—the poor old Huns must have thought that all hell was breaking loose, rather than that the Dove of Peace was hovering around.

We all seem to think that it's a shame that we couldn't go on till we had a chance to give them a dose of their own medicine across the Rhine, but it would of course entail losses and I guess peace is the best thing that could happen—but God help them if they slip an inch—we're right on their tail and in about two minutes we could start this war all over again as it's never been started before.

Last night everybody was shooting off these flares (thousands of them strewn all about) and it looked like the Fourth of July multiplied by 400. I'd surely like to be in Paris right now—they'll have the lights on again in full force and everybody will at least take a bath in champagne—I only hope you can keep up some enthusiasm so we can have a celebration of the proper magnitude when I get back.

LAWRENCE.

Discharged Men to Receive Bonus of Sixty Dollars Each

(Continued From Page One.)

sequent to separation from service as above specified has been appointed or inducted into military or naval forces and has been or is again separate from service as above specified, only one payment of \$60 shall be made.

"The above amount, in case separation from service on or prior to passage of this act, shall be paid soon as practicable after passage of this act, and in case separation from

service after passage this act shall be paid at time of such separation. The amounts herein provided for shall be paid out of appropriations for pay of army and pay of navy, respectively, by such disbursing officers as may be designated by secretary war and secretary navy. The secretary war and secretary navy, respectively, shall make all regulations necessary for enforcement provisions this section.

"Paragraph 2. All persons separated from active military service after receipt these instructions who are entitled to the bonus of \$60 provided for in act above quoted will be credited with and paid such bonus upon their final pay vouchers period.

"In event that they have been separated from active service prior receipts, these instructions but have not yet received final pay, the disbursing officer making final settlement will include and pay bonus, \$60, in making such settlement.

"Disbursing officers asking payment \$60 bonus in connection with final settlement will make indorsement each case on discharge certificate or discharge order, if no certificate is issued, of each person showing specifically that such bonus was paid.

"Paragraph 3. All persons separated from active military service from April 6, 1917, to date, receipt these instructions who are entitled \$60 bonus in reference and who have received their final pay will forward claim for such bonus direct to zone finance officer, Lemon building, Washington, D. C., who is hereby designated to settle such claims. Such applications must contain:

"(a) The discharge certificate, or order for discharge or relief if no certificate was issued, but both certificate and order if both were issued, the paper bearing indorsement of final payment being required.

"(b) Statement all military service since April 6, 1917, showing place and date reporting first military station and

"(c) Address to which check is to be sent.

"When settlement is made all personal papers will be returned to applicant with check.

"No further correspondence is necessary except to advise of change in address of applicant.

"No other disbursing officers are authorized to pay claims covered by this paragraph."

TELLS HAVOC MADE BY BIG U. S. GUNS

Washington, D. C.—The part played by American naval guns in the fighting on the western front during the closing days of the war is told in a report made to the navy department by Rear Admiral Charles P. Plunkett, who commanded the batteries.

The report gives a chronological account of the operation of the big 14-inch, 50-caliber guns from the time the plan to place the rifles, originally designed for battleship service, on land mounts, was conceived, to the cessation of hostilities.

Commenting on the work of the

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Streets.

guns, Admiral Plunkett said "one shot was sufficient to completely wreck a railroad line of three tracks for a distance of at least 100 feet, tearing up the rails, shattering the ties and blowing an enormous crater in the roadbed. Traffic was completely stopped, not only during the firing, but from six to ten hours each day after the firing had ceased."

BARNEY REILLY IN RECITAL AT BRANDEIS

Barney Reilly, the Irish tenor, will sing at the Brandeis theater Sunday afternoon, March 2, at 3:30. Miss Ruth Flynn, who accompanies the artist, is also managing the recital.

AWARD TWO D. S. CROSSES

Two officers of the air service, balloon section, have been awarded distinguished service crosses by the war department for repeated acts of extraordinary heroism. They are Lt. Lloyd G. Bowers and Lt. William J. R. Taylor. Accounts of their bravery follow:

Lloyd G. Bowers, first lieutenant, air service: For repeated acts of extraordinary heroism in action near Gironville and Chatel Chehery, France, August 14-29, and October 27, 1918. On August 14 this officer's balloon was attacked by four enemy chase machines, and though urged to jump he remained at his post and secured information of great value. On August 29 he was attacked by enemy planes using incendiary bullets, but would not leave his post before his balloon caught fire; he insisted at once upon reascending, although he knew that the enemy was constantly patrolling the air. On October 27, near Chatel Chehery, while regulating artillery fire, he was at-

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KEEP UP YOUR TRAINING, BOYS!
You may be needed yet to keep the Hun on the
Other Side of the Rhine
We know you won't quit, while there may still be
work to do. They will bear watching until the Peace
Treaty is signed.

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tacked by several enemy planes, and his balloon was perforated by incendiary bullets. He remained in the air and carried out his observations. His extreme courage and devotion to duty furnished a splendid example to the officers and men of his command.

William J. R. Taylor, first lieutenant, Third balloon squadron, air service. For repeated acts of extraordinary heroism in action near Malancourt and Montfaucon, France September 26-October 10, 1918. On September 26, while conducting an important observation, he was twice attacked by enemy planes. He would not jump from his balloon because of the valuable work he was doing for the infantry, although he was at all times in danger of losing his life from incendiary bullets. On October 3, near Montfaucon, he was attacked but refused to leave until his balloon caught fire. Again on October 6 he was attacked and forced down in his parachute. On October 10, while he was conducting an important observation, an enemy plane hovered over his balloon; he refused to jump until attacked at close quarters. His heroic devotion to duty was an inspiration to the officers and men of his company.

The annual intercollegiate water polo championships have been called off.

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Home Office, Omaha, Neb.



MAGAZINE SECTION



STEPPES

By Francis DeWhite

McDermott was alone. Alone in the whole wide world. He had been an orphan before he could remember and though brought up in a good family he still was alone. Just now the wanderlust had seized him and he found himself wandering about New York. He had started from his home in Denver and had traveled to New York for one city to another. Nowhere could he find rest.

While in Denver he heard the news that war was declared in a sort of vague roundabout way. It did not seem to interest him in the least. Six months later he was in Omaha and while there he met some soldiers from the Balloon School at Fort Omaha. They interested him a little. He next found himself in Des Moines. The town literally swarmed with soldiers from the nearby camp. He began to think there was a war somewhere. The newspaper accounts of war in Europe were to vague to him. If they wanted to fight it was no affair of his. Why should the United States declare war and mix with the other lunatics, in their mad desire to kill, destroy and pillage.

He crossed the Mississippi, passed through Chicago and six months later landed in New York. It had taken him a year to work his way across country from Denver.

At any rate he was in New York and walking down Broadway. Every one seemed in such a hurry. All the life about him seemed a race to get somewhere. A strange sound struck his ear and he listened and it grew louder and louder as he drew nearer.

Just ahead he spied a circular crowd of people and from their midst came the siren sounds of bagpipes playing the war songs of the Scotch Highlanders. He approached the crowd and hung around the outskirts of the circle. The players stopped and a man in uniform jumped up on a soap box and began an harangue speech. The speaker was in British uniform, but there were American uniforms in the circle also. The voice of the speaker grew and grew in volume depicting the scenes of horror and slaughter that were being enacted on the other side of the pond.

He concluded his speech amidst a melodramatic burst of applause and was followed by an American soldier, one of the first to go over. He was minus a leg and stood on crutches. He spoke in a low tone at first as though testing his voice, as one who was overshadowed with a great care. The crowd began to get restless and an angry murmur would surge through at some remark of the speaker. He was followed by an American officer calling upon the men in the crowd to enlist in the Army of Democracy to go over there.

At the conclusion of the speech several canteen girls passed through the crowd passing out papers and with a curt question for enlistment. McDermott thought he would go, but something held him. He turned and decided to leave. It was no business of his. A demure girl came up to him and offered him one of the papers. He resented the interruption.

"Going to enlist?" she demurely asked, with a smile of triumph. McDermott scowled.

"No," he gruffly replied.

She had started to pass on and at the sound of his voice she whirled and her eyes flashed defiance.

"Slacker," she hissed.

"What!" roared McDermott.

"Not by a damned sight, 'I'll show 'em."

"Hey! you siwash, close that door."

A whirlwind of cold air and snow followed the intruder into the underground dugout and he threw back his great fur cape, dew off his mittens and sat by the dingy stove to try and regain some of the lost heat of his body.

"Anything new Mac?"

The newcomer rubbed his hands vigorously as though gathering energy for his reply and then spoke.

"We found Corporal McGrew and Mike with their heads smashed in the woods."

"The hell you say," they all

chimed in.

"Why those damned Bolsheviks are worse than any Boche thought of being," spoke one of the men in the dugout.

"We're going to meet up with those devils in pitched battle one of these cold days and believe me they'll pay for this."

Mac volunteered the next information.

"They have been pressing our front line trenches pretty hard lately and I hear they have reinforcements from Petrograd. Damn it, if Uncle Sam would only send us two more companies of Doughboys we'd walk right through to Petrograd."

McDermott was the man speaking and he just came back from a scouting trip, if it could be called so, in the frozen woods, just beyond their front line trenches and together with two other comrades he had found the dead bodies of their two men.

He was thinking now of that day in New York when he had enlisted. The girl's face had haunted him all day during that scouting trip. On all sides the great wide wastes of snow and ice. The Steppes of Siberia extending down into the northern part of Russia. At every step he took he saw the girl's face in the snow and wondered to himself what it foreboded.

When he had enlisted he was sent to camp and was there but a month and immediately shipped on board transport bound for Archangel. They landed in a driving snow storm and then began their march toward Petrograd.

Their line had now been advanced as far as Kadish and there the opposition was stubborn. The town changed hands several times during the week and now rumors were abroad of strong reinforcements having arrived to aid the Bolsheviks. This was Monday.

On Tuesday the Bolsheviks opened a terrific fire from three and six-inch guns and launched an attack against the buildings held by the Americans in Kadish. So hot was the artillery fire that the Americans were withdrawn temporarily from the village.

The men were furious at the order to retreat and McDermott swore the loudest of all.

"One more company and, boys, we'll go through those damn hyenas like fire."

The line, however, was not taken back far and the new positions were firmly held. The enemy did not occupy Kadish because the barrage fire from the American guns made the place untenable. Shells falling on the frozen ground spread their zones of destruction twice as far as they would under normal conditions.

All night the men rested in the cold frozen trenches and chafed about restlessly. In the early dawn came word of reinforcements. A whisper of cheer passed through the men and resolutions of deeds to be done on the next day.

The American artillery saluted the dawn and the troops swept over the frozen ground in a mad dash of revenge on the cut throats that opposed them. They reached the village with scarcely a loss and started through the streets of the town. They reached the municipal hall in the center of the village and found it thickly infested with machine guns. It must be taken before their line could proceed. Any one attempting to cross the plaza would be met with a rainstorm of machine gun bullets.

The commander called for volunteers. McDermott was the first to step forward. Fifteen others joined him and they were given a free hand with McDermott in charge.

With a final leap he gained the cover of the window. He crept along the side of the building and reached the next window. A crash told the knell of the second machine gun crew. His comrades now began to reach him and they entered the building by one of the cleared windows. Gathered together in one room they started to clean up. The lower floor was soon silenced and the men made prisoners.

All firing had ceased on the out-

side for the moment and both parties awaited the outcome of the struggle within the building. On it rested the fate of the day's fight. The Bolsheviks on the upper floor realized the building had been entered and prepared to meet the foe. McDermott called his men to follow and started for the second floor. They walked directly into the trap. From the stair-case up which they had started came a volley of lead. McDermott faltered, then roared.

"Forward!"

A grenade flew from each hand it seemed the whole building would come down upon their heads. The stair was cleared and the top floor gained. They signaled to their troops and the forward sweep of the Americans began again through the town. On and on, fighting, resting, tearing their way through all obstacles until the outskirts of the opposite end of the village had been reached. By noon all the Bolsheviks had withdrawn to strongly fortified trenches outside the town and the village of Kadish rested in the hands of the Americans.

McDermott started back, faltered and dropped to the ground. He had been hit twice in the fight for the staircase of the town hall, but unheeding his wounds had continued to fight to the finish.

When he awoke he was lying upon a clean bed between clean, cool white sheets. A little demure nurse approached. She started when she saw his face, but said nothing. She laid her cool hand upon his forehead and stroked it tenderly. He stirred and opened his eyes.

They centered on her face and a troubled frown passed over his face. He mumbled something in his throat. She urged him to be quiet. He started to lapse into unconsciousness again.

"Tell that—that girl back in New York. Ask her—ask her, was I a slacker?"

He closed his eyes and the little nurse dried a tear from her eye as she wept softly.

HOW WAR MEDALS

ARE MADE BY U. S.

Over 5,000 Military Crosses Have Been Struck at Philadelphia.

Philadelphia.—Every medal that the United States government confers is made in the Philadelphia mint. For the war department alone, the big federal money factory is at present turning out twenty-two types of medals. The badges of honor awarded to Marshals Foch, Haig and Joffre, and other distinguished allied commanders, were the product of the mint.

Marshal Foch is reported to have remarked that the American distinguished service medal is the handsomest military decoration awarded. About 200 of these medals of bronze and brilliant blue enamel are made every week in this city and turned over to the war department for shipment to the camps and army headquarters at home and abroad.

Many more of the military crosses, awarded for valor, are being made. More than 5,000 of these have already been shipped from the mint. In manufacturing these medals ten impressions are made by a hydraulic press on a small square of bronze, beginning with 100 tons of pressure and increasing to 250 tons. After the die has been stamped in this fashion the cross is cut out by machine. The medal is then passed to workmen who fashion the little cross-bars for which it is suspended, ribbons are attached and the decoration is placed in a box ready for delivery.

An order now being filled calls for 10,000 Mexican service medals, attractive bronze dies for the men who were in the Vera Cruz expedition. Now that the peace conference at Paris has approved the award of a distinctive service medal to every man who served in any of the allied armies, the Philadelphia mint may be called upon to manufacture medals by the millions.

Pigeon's Farewell

By Frank D. Bianco

Tent City was busy that morning cleaning and scrubbing for inspection. Pigeon called it Tent City because it was his home, and he liked to call it what he pleased. They had been back a week from their maneuvering expedition and camped within the Post. They were highly elated over the success of the work and felt sure they would soon be on their way overseas.

There was one disquieting feature to their hopes. Foch was pounding incessantly at the German lines and they were falling back from the North sea to the Swiss border. It gave the boys the feeling that the fighting would be over before they reached France.

Once a newspaper downtown printed a report that the Germans were suing for peace and had signed an armistice. It threw the boys into blue fever and Pigeon fumed around like the rest of them.

"Boys, dey done heard we was comin', an' quit cold!" was all he said.

The next morning proved the falseness of the statement and the boys breathed freely again. This was soon followed by camp restriction and the boys knew their orders had arrived to go overseas. All that was left was the preparations to go over.

The men could not leave the camp, but their friends came out to visit them. Mothers, sweethearts and acquaintances filled the visiting rooms of the Y Hut and K. C. Hut. And most surprised of all was Pigeon. The girl he had met in the auto accident came out to bid him good-bye and gave him a large beautiful box filled with candies and sweets. Pigeon for the moment felt overwhelmed and could hardly talk, but he regained his senses in a short time and was able to cheerfully say good-bye.

However, the incessant pounding of Foch on the German lines continued night and day. The great German wall was crumbling and falling. Germany saw it and saw disaster. She sued for peace, and the armistice was signed just as Pigeon's company was tearing down Tent City and preparing to leave.

All movement was stopped and they were ordered back to camp. Consternation reigned among the boys. This was official and all hopes of seeing France and meeting the Hun were gone. In their chagrin they forgot everything and everybody, even themselves. Gradually a thought began to pervade the camp. The war was over. That meant what? It meant home. Yes, home, a feather bed, pies, and all the comforts that only a mother knows how to give. This spirit began to surge through the camp and smiles gave wing to gloom and sent him flying for cover.

Their joy reached its climax when the boys joined the celebration in town with the whole population of the city. Joining in the monstrous parade to celebrate the victory over the Hun, they forgot their disappointment.

All that day and far into the night the celebration continued in all parts of the city and in the wee small hours flickered and died away while the people sought their homes and a haven of rest from the exertions of the day.

Pigeon lay awake a long time in his tent thinking of all that had happened since that spring day in April, 1917, while working in the cotton fields of Texas, he heard

one of the farm hands reading the speech of President Wilson, and again the words surged through his brain, "That the world may be made safe for democracy." On the next day he had set out to join the army of democracy to carry out that intention.

He thought of the many trials it had carried him through. At the recruiting camp he had learned the ways of the army and had worked and suffered under many overbearing non-coms, but he gritted his teeth and took his medicine with a grin and soon he left the camp for Fort Omaha and the balloon school.

Here it was that he had undergone his greatest experiences. He laughed to himself at his fiery zeal when he wished to join the Step Ladder corps and the serious consequences through which it led him. But he profited by it and he learned the duties of a soldier and what he must do.

All through thick and thin he had won his promotion, and as Corporal Pigeon, as the boys liked to call him, he was prepared to go over there and lick the Huns. He was consoled, however, as well as all the other boys, with the thought that they had done their bit and the kaiser knew they were ready and had quit cold.

On the next day the one and only topic of conversation was how soon they expected to be demobilized. The men forgot everything but their one desire to go home. Their commander talked to them at retreat that night and admonished the boys to be patient and that Uncle Sam would not hold them a day longer than they were needed and then he would send them back to their homes. The boys became settled after that and waited patiently, going about their duties in the usual routine.

A month passed this way and one morning a thrill went through the company. They were to be demobilized and discharged. Company affairs were settled and a week later Pigeon was waiting at the station with his ticket, and under his coat, folded neatly, was his honorable discharge from the United States army.

Comfortably seated, the train moved out of the station, carrying Pigeon to his home in Texas. One day later he felt a change in the weather. It was cold and windy when he left camp and now the sun was shining and the country round about seemed to be undergoing a change under the balmy sunshine. The second day on the train Pigeon looked out of the window and there before his eyes rolled away the great cotton crops of Texas that sent the thrill "that comes once in a lifetime" surging through his body. He was home at last.

THE END.

WORLD WAR VETERANS ORGANIZE ASSOCIATION

New York.—Incorporation under the laws of New York of the World War Veterans' association, a proposed national organization to band together veterans of all branches of the service, aiding them to obtain employment and facilitating their return to civil life, was announced. The board of directors included: Lawrence F. Abbott, chairman; Major August Belmont, Captain "Archie" Roosevelt, Ralph M. Easley and V. Everitt Macy.

Distribution of Military Air Strength.

Figures prepared by the general staff show that 60 per cent of total personnel of the division of Military Aeronautics was overseas on February 6th.

Distribution of personnel in United States and overseas at various dates is shown in the following diagram:

DATE.	NUMBER		PER CENT	
	In U. S.	Overseas.	In U. S.	Overseas.
November 11.....	79,321	78,786	50	50
November 18.....	80,689	78,973	51	49
November 25.....	84,785	78,361	52	48
December 2.....	84,844	78,061	52	48
December 9.....	89,661	70,040	56	44
December 21.....	81,607	61,245	57	43
December 26.....	77,140	59,917	56	44
January 6.....	67,833	59,584	53	47
January 16.....	51,821	58,854	47	53
January 23.....	46,467	58,133	44	56
January 30.....	41,314	57,527	42	58
February 6.....	37,537	56,299	40	60

Ah! Them Rookie Habits



"Every Man Has Done His Duty," Says General Pershing in Paris

Paris—General Pershing, Herbert Hoover, Ambassador Sharp and Admiral William S. Benson were speakers at the annual luncheon in honor of Washington's birthday, given by the American club of Paris at the Palais d'Orsay.

Responding to the toast to the American army, General Pershing expressed his thanks to the American people for the support they had given to the expeditionary forces.

"Whether keeping lonely vigil in the trenches, whether attacking machine gun nests or performing the drudgery of the rear or supplying the front line, each man has done his duty," said General Pershing, "and he has felt that he had behind him the support of the whole country. By his courage, indomitable will, his splendid organization and his tenacity, the American soldier has turned impending defeat into overwhelming victory. I drink to the American soldier, than whom there is no better in the world today. Long live the American soldier."

Situation Still Critical.

Admiral Benson, replying to the toast to the navy, said, in humorous vein, that the navy had also performed its duty, but desired to be modest about it. He recalled the fact that General Pershing, before joining the army, was a midshipman, adding: "It is a good thing for us that he has since left the navy."

Admiral Benson said that during the last months of the war the organization of the navy watch along the Atlantic coast and the positions of the various squadrons of dreadnoughts, cruisers and destroyers made it impossible for the German navy even to attack the allied troops.

"There have been few moments in the world's history more preg-

nant with anxiety than today," said Mr. Hoover. "The situation in Europe is so chaotic that everyone must unite and refrain from discussing problems with preconceived ideas. The results of four years of destruction, not alone among the allies, but also in the enemy countries, must be met."

"Before the war the supply of food in Europe was sufficient to last six months. But European production was never at such low ebb as at present; it has practically stopped. The situation, however, is not desperate. Conflicting ideas we hope, will be removed, and that the good common sense which has helped the father of our country to conduct the destinies of our country through troublous times will enable his successor to help guide the world out of its present predicament."

Reviews Four Years' Work.

Ambassador Sharp briefly reviewed his four years in Paris. He humorously described the problems which confront France and America upon his departure, the most momentous of which is the settlement of the claim of the Limoges exporters. He has had little time to give to the Limoges problem since 1914.

"All jealousy should disappear between nations," he continued, "Food is needed badly in certain countries. The question which has been uppermost in the statesmen's minds has been to carry food where it is most needed. No feelings should be expressed because certain countries, owing to circumstances and transportation facilities are able to float foodstuffs more promptly, thereby reaping quicker benefits than the others. The end alone might be considered, and this is helping needy brothers. We must all strive toward a better world, without envy or jealousy."

AIR SERVICE CLUB'S HEADQUARTERS WILL BE IN WASHINGTON

To Erect Building There in Memory of Officers of Air Service.

Club House for Active and Discharged Officers of This Branch Planned.

The national capital will be the headquarters of the Army and Navy Air Service association, the new name of the Air Service Clubs' association. Steps are being taken toward the erection of a building in memory of the officers of the air service, according to an announcement read at a meeting of the asso-

ciation on February 15.

Colonel M. F. Davis, executive officer of the army air service, acting as president of the association in the absence of Major General W. L. Kenly, explained that the National Aeronautic committee, through its chairman, Mrs. Charles Van Rensselaer, had written the president of the association, offering to present the air service association with the memorial building to American aviators, as the national headquarters.

One of the principal functions of the association is to bring air service officers closer together for the good of the air service and aeronautics in general. The building will be in the form of a club house for officers of the air service of both the army and navy, either active or discharged, where the best things they have learned in the service of their country can be encouraged and perpetuated. Detailed plans for the collection of funds for the erection of the memorial club house are being carried out by Mrs. Van Rensselaer and her active committee, which has done so much for the air service

already.

The announcement concerning the club house came as a surprise to the members of the association, who met primarily to change the name from "Air Service Clubs' Association" to the "Army and Navy Air Service Association," in honor of the many new members from the navy and marine corps flying branches. Commander John H. Towers, U. S. N., a pioneer flier, was elected a member of the board of control of the association. Lieutenant Colonel J. E. Fickel, A. S. A. was elected treasurer. Captain Earl N. Findley, secretary, and Lieutenant Carl H. Butman, secretary.

Preceding the business meeting, Major James A. Meissner of Brooklyn, one of America's recently returned "aces," addressed the meeting and related some of his experiences in France. His remarks were accompanied by moving pictures of aviation activities taken by the signal corps and lent the association by the War college.

Following the meeting, Major Melvin A. Hall, A. S. A., who formerly flew with the British and was recently chief of the aviation forces of the First American army corps, spoke briefly on a little known branch of the aerial observation work. He cited some interesting feats performed by the low-flying contact planes in co-operation with infantry advances maintained principally by dropping of notes from overhead. He told of one pair of flyers, who, after flying in advance of troops indicating an attacking machine gun nest hidden from the infantry, were forced to land. The pilot and observer immediately got in touch with the commander of the advancing troops and led them around the machine gun nests safely, eliminating casualties and eventually capturing the nests.

Among those present were Major General Charles T. Menoher, director of the air service; Colonel M. F. Davis, W. E. Gillmore, G. H. Crabtree, A. L. Fuller and Lieutenant Colonel B. F. Castle and O. Westover.

The association now numbers 1,150 members and has on deposit over \$8,000.

Captain Judd A. Strong, M. C., has been granted a five-day leave of absence, effective March 1.

Captain William C. Betz, M. C., has received his discharge.

Lieutenant Edward H. Dezendorf has been granted a ten-day leave of absence, effective March 3.

Captain Wriston C. Alexander has been relieved as executive officer, Florence Field, and assigned to the Sixtieth Balloon company for duty.

Doughboys in Russia Sleep in Cabins Half-Buried in Snow

With the American Forces in Northern Russia.—One night spent in field headquarters of the American command holding the Emtsa river front near Kadish (since abandoned) illustrated the difficulties which the troops face in this desolate region in an Arctic winter.

Field headquarters were in a tiny rough hewn low cabin, thatched with a roof of spruce boughs and heated by a home-made stove. Outside, in the forest, the troops, sheltered only by lean-tos of boughs, shivered around camp fires in the snow. Inside the hut were a few cots, a rough table and a field telephone.

The cold wind whistled through the chinks in the logs, and came up through cracks in the floor. The officers "turned in" early, wrapped in all the blankets and overcoats they could get.

Down along the banks of the ice-filled Emtsa river, 100 yards from the bolshevist lines, American outpost patrols stamped their boots on the frozen swamp ground in the brush, unable to build fires for fear of snipers.

"Bizz-buzz-buzz" went the field telephone in headquarters hut.

The orderly called the machine gun officer. From the conversation,

it appeared that the water in the cooling chambers of the "emmagies" (the soldiers' pet name for machine guns) in the front line had frozen and that the recoil would not work. Because there was no alcohol or glycerine handy, rum had been mixed as an anti-freezing fluid, with the water in the cooling chambers. The officer said he would send down some new guns. He went out to find that every gun in the place was in the same fix. A long row of them was brought inside the hut and stacked near the stove to thaw out.

"Hereafter," ordered the machine gun officer, "sleep with the guns. Wrap them up in the same blankets with yourselves."

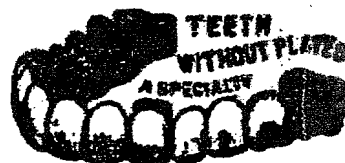
Meanwhile, someone filled up the stove to hasten the thawing out process of the guns nearby. The hut got so hot that an officer turned and tossed nervously in his sleep. Then a soldier rushed in to shout that the hut had been set on fire from the overheated chimney.

All turned out in the snow to empty canteens—the only unfrozen water at hand—on the roof to extinguish the fire.

The officers went back into the hut to shiver, for in saving the hut the fire in the stove had been extinguished.

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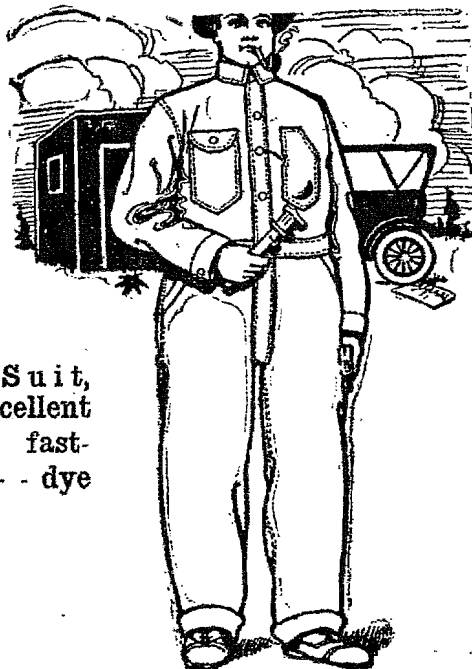
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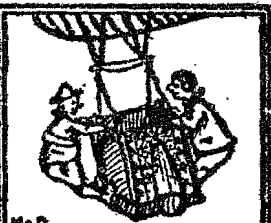
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~ ROCKING ~ THE ~ BASKET ~



Mebbe the Old Bus Was a Family Pet

We hate to spring this one. It's almost too cruel.

A former member of the now extinct white-hat-banded Fort Omaha cadets is now holding down a position with a vurry large downtown furnishing and furniture store.

Incidentally he spends an occasional evening "rushing" the pretty daughter of one of the members of the firm.

Papa owns a Pierce-Arrow and is lenient with the same—which facts facilitated the progress of the young couple to an out-of-town dance not long since.

It was a chilly evening and it wouldn't do to leave the family car standing at the curb. They sought a garage. Cadillac cars predominated therein and Cadillac signs were displayed prominently about the place.

"Just leave your car there," advised the grease-daubed floorman of the garage, "I'll back it into a stall presently."

The young ex-cadet glanced dubiously at the Cadillac signs.

Then he said:

"But this is a Pierce-Arrow car, are you sure you can drive a Pierce-Arrow?"

Merely A. W. O. L.

One of Colonel Hayward's soldiers was named Rastus and he was the colonel's orderly. One day when the Germans were dropping shells in regularly the colonel went out along his front and took Rastus with him. Rastus walked a few paces behind Hayward, and every time a shell came Rastus dropped flat on his face in the mud.

Finally the Germans got a couple very close, and Rastus ran ahead of his colonel, saluted and said: "Cunnel, if any time presently you looks round, and I ain't here, I won't be no deserter. No, sah, I'll just be absent without leave."

Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

WHAT'S SUPERLATIVE DEGREE OF RUNNING

A colonel going up in one part of the Argonne met a negro soldier coming back rather precipitately.

"Here," shouted the colonel. "You're running away!"

"No I ain't boss," protested the soldier. "Deed I ain't."

"Yes you are. You're running away."

"Deed I ain't, boss," he said earnestly. "I ain't runnin', but I passed some that was."

Samuel G. Blythe, in Saturday Evening Post.

NOTHING BUT WATER.

A regiment of negro soldiers who came from the interior of the South were taken to Newport News, put on a ship at night and next morning they were out of sight of land in the Atlantic. A group of them were standing at the rail of the transport looking at the waste of waters. None of them had seen the sea before, and they didn't make much comment.

Finally one of them turned to his companions and said: "The levee sure am broke!"

Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

NO PARTICULAR CHOICE

A soldier was sitting by the roadside busily engaged in trailing the cooties to their lairs in the seams of his shirt.

"Hello," said an officer who was passing. "Picking them out?"

"No," replied the soldier; "taking them just as they come."

Samuel G. Blythe, in Saturday Evening Post.

SOME GUN!

A New York artilleryman and a Chicago artilleryman were telling about their batteries.

"Say, bo," said the New Yorker, "we've got guns so big in our outfit that they shoot forty miles."

"Blah!" retorted the Chicagoan. "We've got guns so big that every three we fire them we get two weeks' leave."

"What for?" asked the New Yorker.

"To wait for the recoil."

Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

"ALL RIGHTY!"

Some local maid, whose name's unknown, Made several calls upon the phone, To ask for Sergeant William Shea; When told the sergeant was away, She's say, "All righty!"

They told the sergeant of the calls, (For "mystery" stuff he always falls) Straight to his bosom pal he sped, "Of the girls of our acquaintance, Ned, Who says 'All righty!'"

He named o'er his long list of friends, From the middle out to both ends, No hope—with such a slender clue He couldn't think of one he knew That says "All righty!"

Please call again and leave your name, Fair maiden, for it's such a shame To have him wander in this daze, Quite puzzled by that simple phrase "She said, 'All righty!'"

The words had a familiar sound, They set his brain awhirling round, And still no answer can he find, We fear that he might lose his mind, And then, "Good nighty!"

N. E. W.

She's a Bear, Giddap!

Un in the Argonne one night the Germans were dropping high-explosive shells, shrapnel and gas shells in bunches at a certain point. They were falling about the way leaves fall from a tree in autumn. A number of American soldiers had taken refuge in a dugout to wait until this particular strafe by Fritz should be over, and long came an Alabama mule-skinner, driving four mules with a load of supplies up front. He was leaning back in one corner of the seat, smoking a cob pipe and flicking the mules now and then with his whip. He wasn't in a hurry, nor was he paying any attention to the shells that were popping all round. He was driving the mules up to the front, and apparently the job was no more to him than driving them along an Alabama road.

A young soldier stuck his head out of the dugout and yelled: "Say, Alabam, what do you think of the war?"

The Alabaman pulled up the mules, took his pipe out of his mouth, leaned leisurely over and replied: "What's that? I didn't git ye."

"What do you think of the war?" The mule-skinner spat thoughtfully into the road, scratched his head, gathered up his reins, flicked his mules with the whip and answered: "She's a bear. Giddap!"

Samuel G. Blythe in the Saturday Evening Post.

Wouldn't Need Time Down Below

A troop ship with a regiment or two of negro soldiers abroad was nearing the French coast when there was a submarine alarm. The soldiers were called to quarters and formed on the decks. Word was passed that a torpedo attack was imminent and that there must be absolute silence among the soldiers in order that the crew might not be disturbed by unnecessary noise.

The ship was quiet. Not a sound was heard. Suddenly there boomed from one end of a line of soldiers: "Does any nigger here want to buy a gold watch and chain?"

Samuel G. Blythe in the Saturday Evening Post.

WILL I?

A doughboy was busily writing while waiting to go over the top.

"What you doin', Bill?" he was asked.

"Makin' my will."

"Your will?"

"Yes; ain't you going to make a will?"

"Nix on that stuff. The only will I am interested in is Will I get back?"—Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

OFFICIAL BUSINESS

An American naval ensign at Brest was sitting on a bench with his arm around a very pretty French girl.

It was after hours. The ensign should have been in quarters.

A four-striper came by. He stopped in front of the ensign and his girl and asked sternly: "What are you doing here?"

The ensign arose, saluted, and replied: "Studying French, sir."

Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

IT'S A SMALL, SMALL WORLD AFTER ALL

It happened early in the war at the New York National guard camp in South Carolina.

A minstrel show was planned for the evening and the actors were as per usual behind time. A man with a "C" on his arm that signified he was a newspaper correspondent sat down at the piano and started to rattle off some rag time to amuse the audience until the performers arrived. He played, sang and danced and succeeded in keeping everyone entertained.

Just when the performer was reaching a state of absolute abandon in a fierce, whirling dance the director yelled, "Attention, here come the performers. Its time for the real show to start."

At the same time a well known New York newspaper man swept across the floor toward the man who had been singing and as he grabbed his hand exclaimed, "Granville."

And as the show started the Gotham scribe went out of the hall arm in arm with Bernard Granville, star of a score of Broadway hits.

Just a German's Sense of Humor

A Yank in the Argonne detailed to bring back a bunch of German prisoners loaded his pack and rifle and other impedimenta on a German colonel who was among those captured, and ordered the colonel to carry the load for him.

When they got to the first detention cage and the interpreters appeared, the German colonel was found to be laughing heartily.

"What's the matter?" asked the interpreter.

"This soldier here," the colonel replied, "has made me laugh. He is most amusing. He forced me to carry his pack for him."

"What's laughable about that?" asked the interpreter.

"Why," said the colonel with another loud guffaw, "it is such a joke on him. He did not know I am a colonel."

Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

Wonder Who He Knew From There

An inspector came along to a place where a squad of negro soldiers were digging a ditch. A corporal stood magnificently supervising them.

"What are you doing?" asked the inspector of the corporal.

"Me? Why, boss, Ise makin' these niggers work."

The inspector passed on, and not far away he found two other soldiers asleep behind a pile of lumber. He went back to the corporal and said:

"How about these men asleep behind this lumber pile? Why don't you make them work?"

The corporal hurried to the sleeping soldiers. He woke them with heavy kicks.

"Here!" he shouted. "What do you think you is—West Pointers?"

—Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

RUBBER STAMPS

Most of the British and American trucks used in France bore on the sides of them this legend: "Load not to exceed 3,000 pounds."

One day I saw an American soldier, who had been sent back with a machine gun, staggering along through the mud, toting his machine gun and chanting to himself: "Load not to exceed 3,000 pounds. Load not to exceed 3,000 pounds!"

Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

CONCERNING "ZEKE."

Corporal J. F. Frazier.

We have witnessed recent revelations concerning the dim and mysterious past of Ned E. Williams, private first class and news editor of the Gas Bag, erstwhile official newspaper of the post.

It appears that during high school days our genial news editor was known as "Zeke" to his contemporaries and partners in crime. Although more recent pals frequently refer to him as "Coke."

The secret was exposed by the pretty telephone operator in one of the big hotels down town, who "listened in" on the wire during a conversation between "Zeke" and a former schoolmate who was visiting Omaha. She told it to our boon companion, the "Little Fraser." Nuff sed!

Sh-h-h-h-h!

Although it involves betrayal of confidence we are also prepared to disclose the five supreme dislikes and the five special passions of Editor Williams. This is "inside dope!"

He hates: (1) Chewing gum. (2) Poor dancers. (3) Cigars. (4) Sand in his shoes. (5) Hair down his neck when he gets a haircut.

He adores: (1) Ripe olives. (2) Any style of dancing. (3) Cigarettes before breakfast. (4) Dimples. (5) Bare shoulders in the movies.

We have dared Editor Williams to "kill" this startling exposure in making up the paper. So we know he won't.

In fact, we defy him to do so.

(Editorial Note—We'd like to "kill" this and the author too, but we don't dare to do either!—N. E. W.)

Some Consolation

A New York soldier had been made a corporal and was very proud of his stripes. But he did something or other and was reduced to the ranks again, with his stripes taken off by verdict of court-martial. He was in the St. Mihiel fight and was wounded in the very arm on which he had worn his chevrons. They brought him in to the field dressing station, spent from loss of blood.

The surgeon came along, gave him a stimulant, and said: "Let's have a look at that arm."

The soldier pulled himself together, tried to lift his arm, and then with a vast effort said: "There it is, doc; and, believe me, there's going to be a stripe on that sleeve that no damned court-martial can take off!"

Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

Modest if Nothing This Leatherneck!

After the fight at Belleau Wood, where the American marines glorified themselves, their corps, their country, and gave us a standard of heroism to talk about forever, the marines were coming out for rest. They had losses ranging up to 70 per cent. They were cut to ribbons. They were bloody and worn, but they were victors; and they had turned the war.

A detachment of infantry passed them, going up to the front line.

"Say, marine," shouted a doughboy to one of the marines, "anything going on up yander?"

"Yes, son," answered the marine. "Considerable! Why, they killed a man up there yesterday."

Samuel G. Blythe, in Saturday Evening Post.

OVERSEAS TRICKERY.

A shopkeeper in an English city near an American camp put up a fine showy new blind on his shop window one day.

A customer said to him: "I see you have a new blind."

"Yes," the shopkeeper replied. "The American soldiers who buy things here presented me with that."

"The American soldiers gave it to you?" repeated the customer. "That's extraordinary. How did that come about?"

"Oh," the shopkeeper replied, "I got a tin box, cut a slit on the cover of it, put over it a sign reading 'For the Blind' and I soon had enough."

Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

ANANIAS OUTCLASSED

"As I write these lines," said a negro cook in a letter to his girl—a cook who was stationed with the Northern Bombing Group of the Navy, not far from Calais—"I am standing five feet deep in blood and the corpses of Germans are floating all round me."

Samuel G. Blythe in Saturday Evening Post.

ARMY TERMS.

(From a Soldier's Point of View.)

ADJUTANT—The officer who puts the final O. K. on all passes. When he refuses to do this he ranks one degree below the kaiser.

AIDE—The staff officer who follows the general around. His most difficult task is to assume a look of importance on all occasions.

AT EASE—A command given to permit the soldier to relax, but not to talk or smoke. Because of this he talks and smokes.

BARRACKS—Large wooden shacks used to house the soldier in the winter. Built so as to allow the cool air to circulate freely and keep out whatever heat there might be around. The floor makes an ideal place to roll dice.

BUCK PRIVATE—The poor slob who does all the work, gets all of the blame and receives the least pay.

BUGLE—A "musical" instrument which has the habit of blowing just when the soldier is fast asleep, playing pinochle or under the shower. One reason why a brass band is going to be universally hated after the war.

CHEVRONS—Stripes worn by non-coms so they can be distinguished by a civilian from a mere private. There are so many different kinds of chevrons that the best way to tell them apart is to ask the man who wears one.

CHOW—The name the soldier gives to what he eats. Of course he has various other names for it.

COMPANY CLERK—The fellow who is supposed to have the easiest job in the company because he gets out of drill. Instead, he beats a typewriter until far into the night. He is hounded by men wanting to know how they "stand in" with the commanding officer.

COMMANDING OFFICER—Commonly called the C. O. He decides who are to get commissions. Never addressed as "Buddy," or "Old Top." As a rule the soldier does not inquire after the C. O.'s health or ask him for a cigarette.

COOK—The only man who could end the war in a short time if he wanted to. Usually put in the same class as the kaiser.

CORPORAL—A non-com who ranks just above the private. In his own estimation outranks a colonel. In the estimation of the privates he ranks just below themselves.

CRAPS—A game played with dice and forbidden by the authorities, therefore played. One reason why a soldier never has any money.

DETAIL—A bunch of men who are selected to do a particular job, their hardest work is to waste as much time as possible so as to get out of the next detail.

DRILLING—Going through various formations you already know.

FATIGUE—Very properly named.

FIRST-CLASS PRIVATE—A private who draws \$3 more per month than a buck private. Outside that he is much worse than the latter.

FURLOUGH—Permission to go home. Another word for heaven and about as hard to obtain. They are as freely given out as dinner invitations with the president.

IODINE—A brownish colored liquid administered in quantities according to whether the soldier is sick or merely dying. Usually given externally. A cousin to the pill.

GUARDS—Soldiers forced to stay up all night, carry guns and report men coming into camp late—which they never do. The only one who enjoys this is a fellow who was previously a night watchman or second-story man.

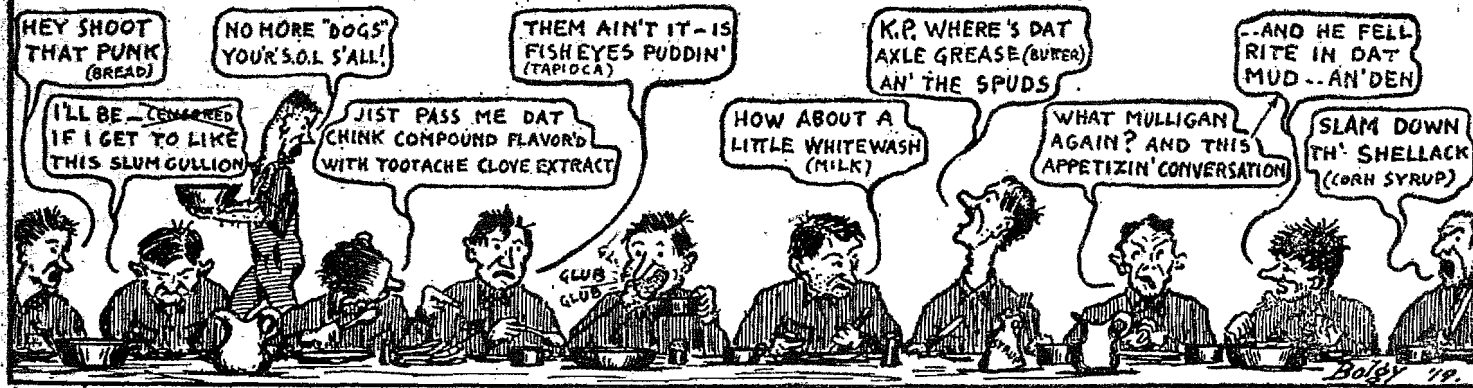
GUARD HOUSE—The soldier's residence after committing a breach of military etiquette. The only branch of the service to which he does not wish to be transferred.

—From the Sunday New York American.

THINGS WE SHALL MISS SOME DAY !!

- BY BOLGY.

THE STANDARDIZED METHOD OF CALLING ALL MEALS "CHOW," WITH ITS RELATIVE ASSORTMENT OF "LINGOES" AND PROFANITIES AT LARGE (PLAIN EVERYDAY SWEARIN' NOT CONTEMPLATED). NOT TO MENTION EXAMPLES OF "PUFFICK" GRAMMAR, LIKE "DRESS THEM SQUADS" "LOOK WHERE YOUR AT" "IF YOU EVER GET KETCHTD YOU BE S.O.L." ETC.



WAR DEPARTMENT LIMITS WEARING OF THE UNIFORM

(Continued from Page One.)

sary articles of clothing or equipment which were purchased in good faith in a time of urgent necessity. This principle will necessarily bring about a recognition of certain departures from the strict letter of the regulations; but, on the other hand, it does not condone many of the violations of regulations which are practiced at present.

2. Exceptions—The following exceptions to the uniform regulations are authorized for the present:

(a) Many officers returning from abroad are wearing uniform coats, apparently made in England or by English tailors, which are cut in a manner similar to the English tunic, generally with a long skirt, either with or without a slit in the back, or with large bellows pockets, especially lower pockets. Officers being discharged or soon to be discharged will not be required to discard these coats, provided the variations in cut are not so exaggerated as to cause the uniform actually to be confused with that of the British or some other foreign army. Those officers who intend to remain in the service will not be required to discard these coats until such time as they can be reasonably expected to do so, without causing them undue financial hardship.

(b) Officers wearing brass buttons on their uniform coats will, if they have signified their intention to remain in the service, be required to replace them with the uniform bronzed button. Officers soon to be discharged will not be required to make this change.

(c) The wearing of breeches made of a different colored cloth or cloth of a different material from the coat will for the present be authorized, provided these breeches are not of such an exaggerated color or cut as to present an incongruous appearance.

(d) The matter of overcoats, boots and shoes and leggings presents many difficulties. So many different types have been worn, and their wear apparently permitted, that it is considered unwise, at this time, to require more than a nominal conformity with existing regulations. The question of the necessity of rapid procurement has affected these articles of the uniform more, perhaps, than any others. Provided the officer presents a creditable appearance and his uniform is easily recognizable as that of a commissioned officer of the United States army, he will not be required to discard articles which will require immediate replacement. Any overcoat which has been worn and apparently authorized in any organization may be worn by those soon to be discharged. This includes overcoats with fur collars, leather coats, short moleskin coats, trench coats, etc. Officers' leggings or boots will be of leather. Enlisted men will not be permitted to wear leather leggings or boots.

(e) The overseas cap, the divisional, army corps or field army insignia worn on the left sleeve just below the shoulder, and the spiral cloth puttees (this latter for enlisted men only) are authorized for troops returning from overseas for demobilization or discharge. This includes casuals, and sick or wounded, officers and enlisted men alike. For officers and men who are to remain in the service and who are assigned to active duty in this country, these articles are not authorized and will not be permitted, except that the spiral puttee may be authorized for field service. In general, the rule that officers and men should conform to the uniforms of the organization of which

they are a part will be applied.

(f) The Sam Browne or Liberty belt will not be worn. This belt is the distinguishing mark of the commissioned officer abroad, but there is no necessity for its introduction into the United States.

3. Decorations—The prescribed wound and service chevrons, and special individual decorations such as the medal of honor, distinguished service cross and medal, and the appropriate ribbon sections are a part of the uniform. The belt is not authorized in this country. Special individual decorations from foreign governments, such as the French Croix de Guerre, or similar decorations from other foreign governments, are authorized. These decorations will be worn as prescribed in special regulations No. 41, war department, 1917. The French shoulder cord known as the fourragere is, however, a part of the French uniform and only two American organizations are authorized to wear it, namely, sanitary section 646 and the One Hundred and Third aero squadron. Citations are not sufficient, special authorization for the fourragere must come from the French government. Such decorations as gold and silver stars on the sleeves, unauthorized campaign ribbons, gold chevrons presumed to denote that the wearer has been a prisoner of war, or denoting any service other than prescribed for such chevrons, are not authorized and will not be permitted.

4. Discipline—The question of laxity in dress, the wearing of dirty, soiled or torn uniforms, combinations of uniform and civilian clothing, unbuttoned coats or overcoats, etc., is for officers and men still in the service entirely a question of discipline and will be treated as such.

For discharged officers and men, the matter of discipline is beyond the control of the military authorities. It is not possible nor is it intended that the military authorities should prevent the wearing by discharged officers and men of uniforms which do not conform to specifications. The present law prevents the wearing of the uniform for discharged enlisted men except en route from the place of discharge to their home, which journey may take place within, or

may consume, three months from the date of discharge. The uniform must be returned to the government within four months of the date of discharge. For discharged officers, the law is the same, except that the uniforms, being the property of the officers, are not required to be returned, and the officers may also wear them on occasions of ceremony. There is, however, a bill before congress to allow discharged soldiers and men to retain and wear their uniforms indefinitely. In view of the fact that this bill is clearly the result of public opinion and will probably be enacted into law, it is thought best to consider it as already in force in so far as it allows officers and enlisted men to retain and wear their uniforms for the time being.

5. The Red Chevron—The red chevron was adopted in order to distinguish discharged enlisted men from those still in the service. The fact that it is, perhaps, being used in some cases by enlisted men still in the service as a means of deceiving the military authorities is not sufficient cause to warrant its removal. These cases are subject to disciplinary action and military commanders have the power to make this particular breach of regulations highly unprofitable for the offenders. Discharged men seem willing and ready to wear the chevron, even when necessary to purchase it from civilian firms. It is not considered advisable to attempt to obtain legislation rendering discharged men in uniform subject to military discipline. The red chevron, while admittedly not a universal panacea, is the only practical plan so far suggested to maintain the distinctive character of the uniform when worn by soldiers as distinguished from ex-soldiers.

6. Protection of the Uniform—The impersonation of officers and the wearing of uniforms by those not entitled to do so is a question in most cases for the civil authorities to handle. These cases should be prosecuted by the civil authorities under the provisions of section 125, Act of Congress, June 3, 1916 (Bul. 16, W. D. 1916). This act provides for its violation a penalty upon conviction of not to exceed \$300 fine or six months' imprisonment, or both.

7. Military Courtesy—Command-

ing officers should take proper disciplinary action to insure that the rules of military courtesy are carefully observed by all officers and men alike connected with the service. This cannot be forced upon discharged soldiers and men who do not desire to be governed by these rules.

By order of the secretary of war:
PEYTON C. MARCH,
General, Chief of Staff.

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THURSDAY, MARCH 6, 1919.

The Future of "The Gas Bag."

The Gas Bag made its appearance some months ago in the nature of a semi-official publication of the officers and enlisted men of the Fort Omaha Balloon school. It has fully lived up to its name as a bright and breezy little paper filled with interesting bits of local news that has been enjoyed not only by the personnel of the balloon school, but by their friends as well and by many of the people of the city of Omaha who have always taken a keen interest in the happenings of the fort.

The Gas Bag has fulfilled its mission. It has put the members of this command into close personal touch with each other. It has disseminated valuable official information to its readers at the same time that it retailed the bits of personal gossip that form a large part of the life of every soldier.

With the ending of the war and the demobilization of the command a new situation has been created in our lives here. The excitement of war no longer prevents us from calmly surveying the results of our labor which in the past two years has been carried on at top-notch pressure. We had gotten in the habit of doing things—producing results in the best way possible without looking back over our shoulders to admire the excellence of our work or to improve the imperfections wherever they existed. We absorbed and devoured with all the speed possible whatever lay before us.

Now that we have time for contemplation we may review our work and look forward into the future. There is much to learn in the balloon service from what we have done in the past and much to acquire still, from the unexplored possibilities of ballooning.

The Gas Bag hopes in succeeding issues to be used as a medium for expressing the best thoughts on balloon work, for digging up the history of balloons in the past and for looking into the possibilities of their future.

While the same happy atmosphere will continue to surround this little paper as heretofore, more serious work will also appear in such form that it may be read with interest by the layman as well as by the more informed.

The work of the balloon as well as its history will be unfolded in a manner that it will be known by its deeds as well as by its appearance.

JACOB W. S. WUEST,

The Final Flight



Wives of Soldiers Escape Life Worries

Once upon a time
I used to shiver and thrill at the thought of being a soldier's Wife!
And I could never pass a window with a service flag in it
Without a lump in my throat,
As I pictured the brave, proud, lonely little woman behind those curtains,
Going about her daily tasks with a gallant smile and brave, unseeing eyes.
And, of course, there IS a sad side, and a dramatic side, and a lonely side, and a thrilling side to the life of a soldier's wife.
But cheer up! There is a brighter side to it, too.
Just THINK of the things that a soldier's wife doesn't have to worry about!
She doesn't have to worry about whether her husband will lose his job or not.
Nor what time he'll be home nights;
Nor where he spends his evenings,
Nor what he wants for dinner,
Nor whether his stenographer is a blond or a brunette,
Nor whether or not he has on his rubbers and his raincoat,
Nor what time he gets up or goes to bed,
Nor whether or not he ought to wear his evening clothes and how to make him do it.
Nor whether or not he'll overeat and spoil his digestion,
Nor who'll fix his "bawth" and count his collars and sew on buttons,
Nor what he'll do with his pay envelope,
Nor whether or not his breakfast will be ready on time,
Nor how to get him to the table before it gets cold,
Nor whether he's really "working at the office, or stopping at the corner cafe, or playing pool, or treating somebody to lobster and champagne, or sitting around in a cabaret, or losing money at poker, or overworking, or smoking too much.
Nor "Who's kissing him now!"
Nor—ANYTHING!
In fact, for once in her life, she knows where he IS when he isn't at home.
And she enjoys all the comfort and peace of mind of a widow and all the luxury of being a wife at the same time!
And, besides that, she's getting REAL LOVE LETTERS from him—for the first time, perhaps, in her life.
And her heart is filled and thrilled with pride in Him.
And with a strange, beautiful exaltation, the like of which she had never felt nor dreamed that she could feel.
A holy exaltation, which lifts her spirit above all self pity, and glorifies it.
And sends her singing and smiling through the long long days!
Oh, yes, there IS a brighter side to everything if you'll only look for it—
And the SOLDIER'S WIFE must have found it!
For I have never yet met one of her that was not smiling—
Just as Joan of Arc must have smiled
Into the faces of the angels!

OBSERVATIONS HAVE

YOU in

THESE

"AFTER the War"

DAYS noticed

ANY large, luxurion

LIMOUSINES

STOPPING at the

FRONT gate to

PICK you

UP and

GIVE you

A lift to town?

Back to the woods for yours, "khaki bird," you're a back number now, anyhow, and a non-essential for big business.

But never mind, the girls are still with you; that is, those whose husbands have not yet returned.

If there is any man in the post who had to produce affidavits to get into the army let him speak up.

But its the same old story over again. You all remember the fable of the fellow who got his hand in the dog's mouth.

It is now necessary for us to pull down the window shades before retiring nights. The janitor in the fashionable downtown hotel where we have our apartments got into an ambitious mood the other day and washed the windows.

My old working mate, Butcher of the New York Times, in a letter tells me of the ban on the "shimi" dance in Gay Gotham. In the next sentence he says he envies us of Omaha who are getting our thrill a minute out of the alluring dance and asks what the railroad fare to this enterprising city is. Stay east, Butch, stay east, remember this is a no-license state—and who ever got any excitement out of a dry "shimi" anyhow.

A fool there was and he made his prayer
Even as you and I,
But "nichts" had the maid beneath her hair,
And noticed not his lie.

God send to us one writer of alleged humorous war stories who does not call every soldier a "rookie."

Now that we are suspending publication we wonder who will take up the good work of panning the gold bricks who continue to load unauthorized medals of every description upon their chests.

We wonder when the newspapers will start paying a little attention to army etiquette.

THE PEST UNPARDONABLE: That soldier returned to civilian status who insists upon repeating that superfluous question "Aren't you discharged yet?"
WILLIAM A. SHEA.