



I have it that Major General Charles P. Summerall took a fall out of the housing conditions of our to-be-respected-men-of-war-soldiers.

"The housing situation of the army," said our tremendous soldier, "is a disgrace. Men are living in quarters at Camp Hearn like workers in a logging camp. The same condition prevails at other places."

H'm!

Here's something to be looked into!

It's a direct charge that lumberjacks ain't any better off than the poor, poor soldiers—whose battles the doughty Summerall is fighting — and further, it's a charge that lumberjacks ain't any better fighters than the confirmed fighters.

H'm!

Both, of course, are getting about the same pay—nothing; less the better accommodations, pleasures, grub, etc. Both work for the love of the country—purely, merely, only, etc.

Both make the supreme sacrifice once, only—etc.; sooner or later—mostly sooner—weep, citizens, weep!

Now, fellow workers: Just now I ain't acquainted with lumber camp conditions—got discurvied couple o' years ago and moved under the Statue of Liberty on Fatblush avenue, Brooklyn—hence, I'm obliged to take Summerall's rever-berating word for it. (Editor! Should the linotyper change the word Fatblush to Flatbush, show him no mercy—hand him no quarter—unless you have a leaden one. Send all your good quarters to me—we've got to have better quarters like Summerhall says.)

As I was gonna say, it can be understood that a soldier, hooked up to an several-year agreement, finds it his patriotic duty to stand for disgraceful conditions, but nothing like that stands in the way of the lumberjack; he can step out for better conditions at any time.—Anytime, a'll the time, or between two times.

Never is it his civic, patriotic, or idiotic duty to sleep in any pig pen to oblige a bunch of rollicking lumberkings—that's that.

Lumberkings, being as they are the most reasonable creatures, are always open to lumber-lore and Jack's logic—. They'll listen. Let the lumberjacks organize their arguments and polish their demands and the barons will supply them—yea, even the exquisite flavored "Stay-comb" to lubricate their bristling whiskers.

That's that. Verily, I've said it all. Summerhall.

Have I?

The complaint is that soldiers are living nothing like "Ritzy" because "they live like workers in a lumber camp."

Well.

Now my idea is that lumberjacks should step out and live a little Ritzier and thus, indirectly, the soldiers will be benefitted—seeing as how they're using lumberjack living as a standard to go by—or get by.

Yes; I believe 'tis the "Jacks" sacred patriotic duty to put more feathers in the heroic doughboys' pillow.

What do you say?

— T-B. S.