



Training for the Trenches

A BOOK OF
HUMOROUS CARTOONS
ON A SERIOUS SUBJECT

By *HERMAN B. BUTLER, Jr.*

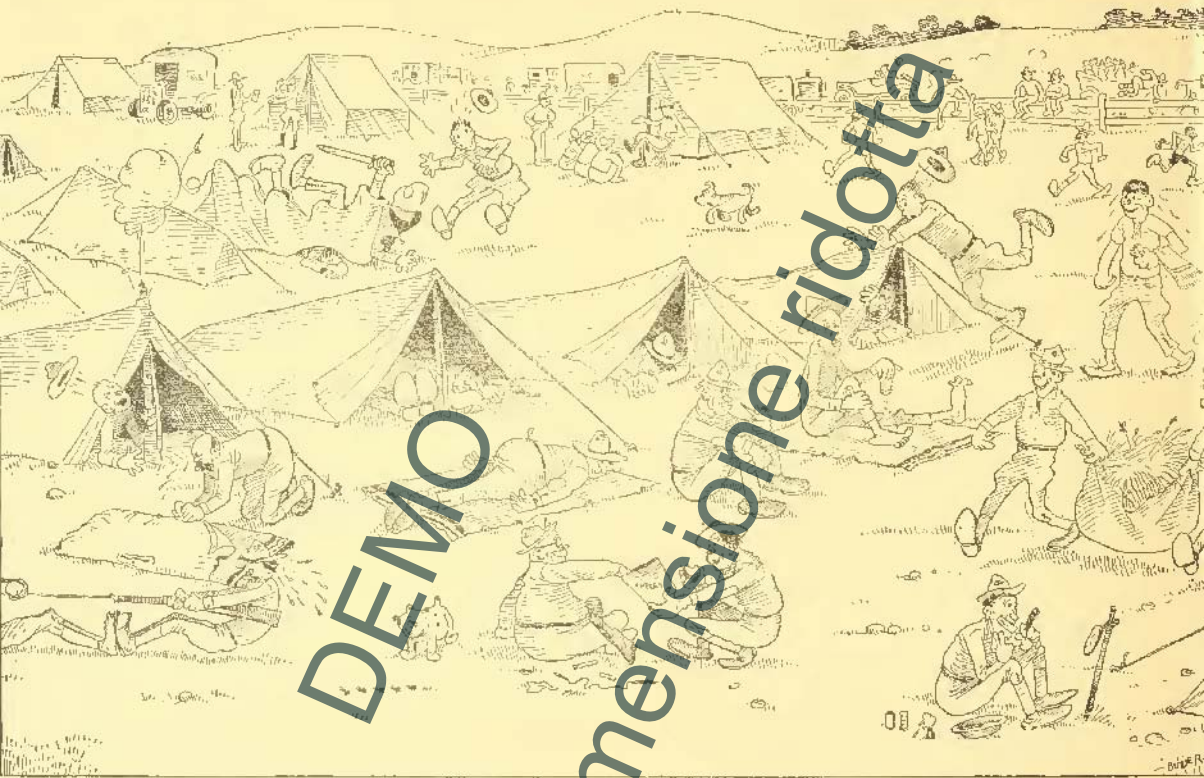
1917
PALMER PUBLISHING COMPANY
225 FIFTH AVENUE
NEW YORK

— ONE KEG OF BEER FOR THE TOUR OF US —

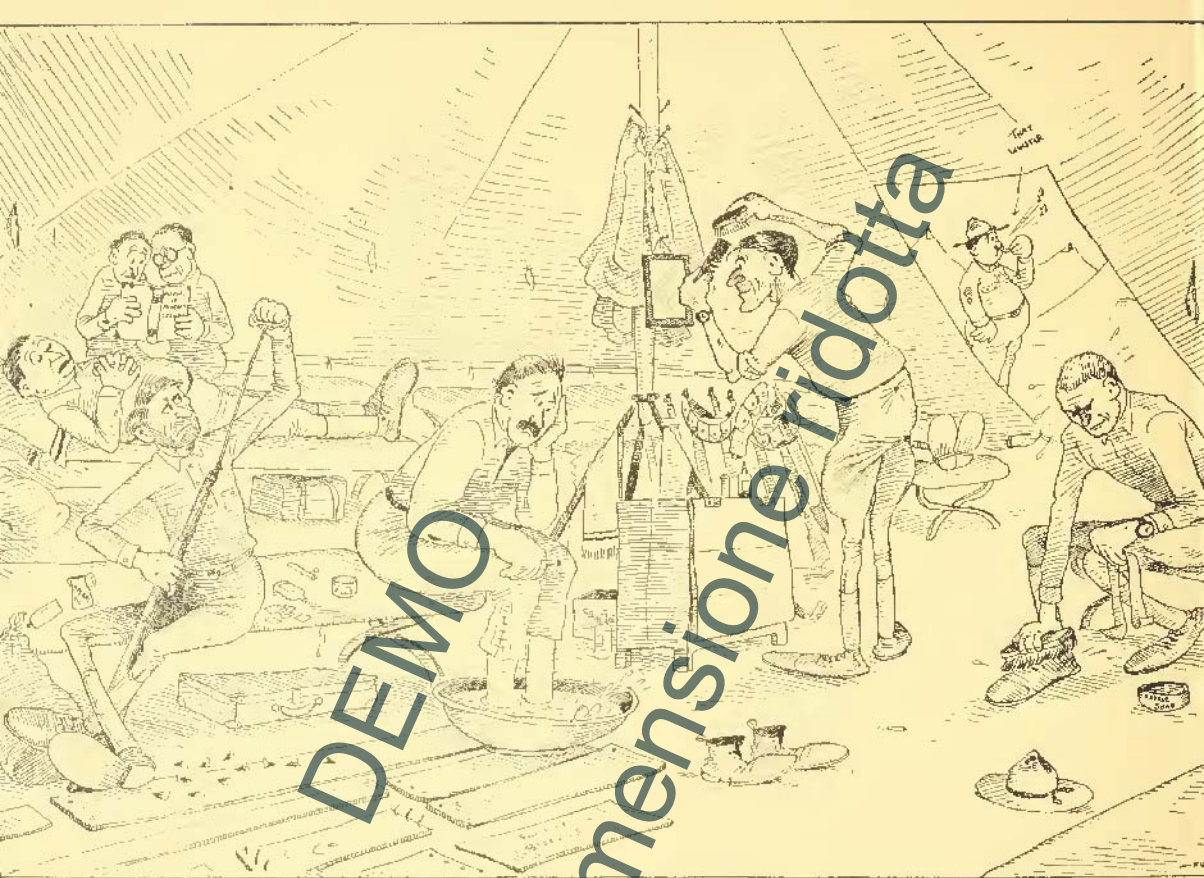


Little rays of heatness,
Little clouds of dust,
Make the man of meatness
Act like an automatic sprinkler system.

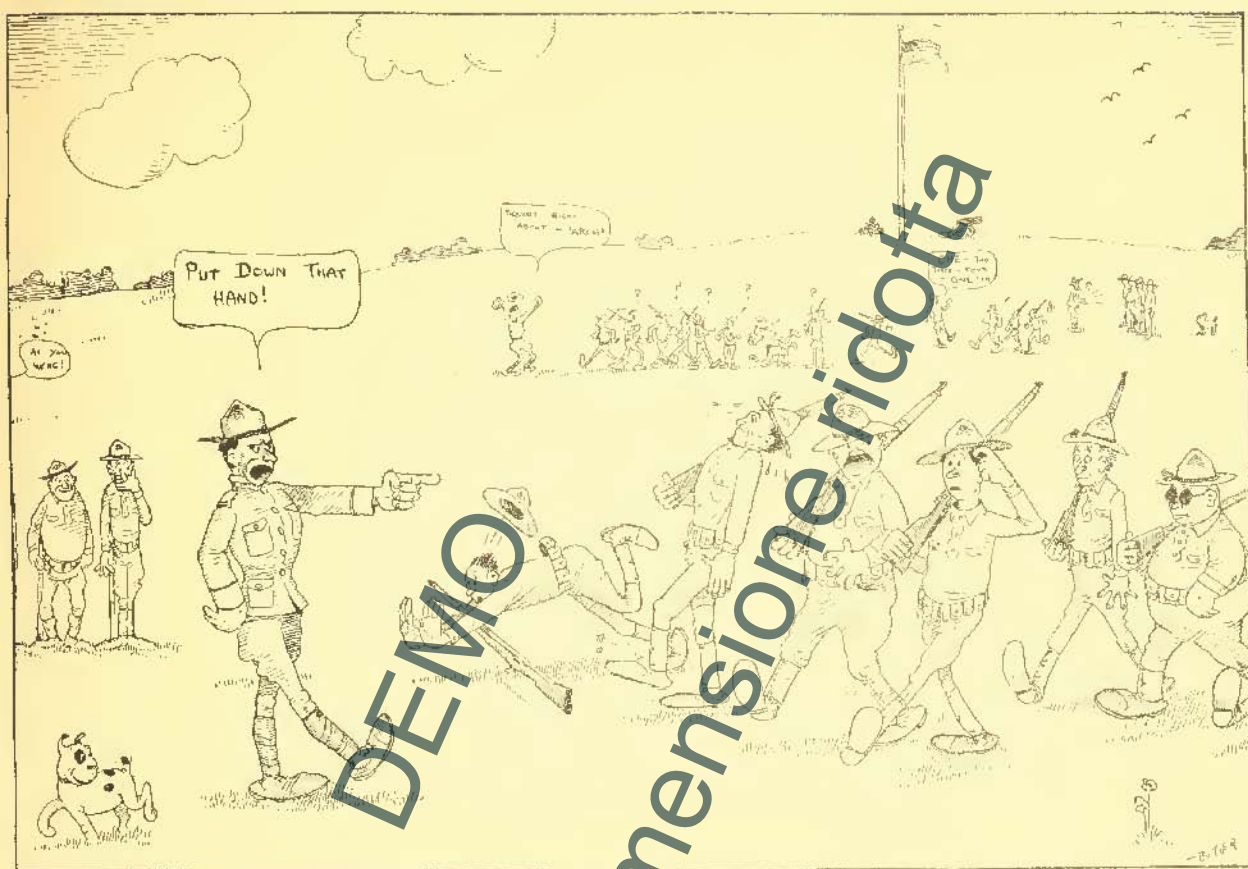
Little kits so lightsome,
Little hikes so hoofy,
Make a thirst seem rightsome
To the dog, whose name has no place in the sun.



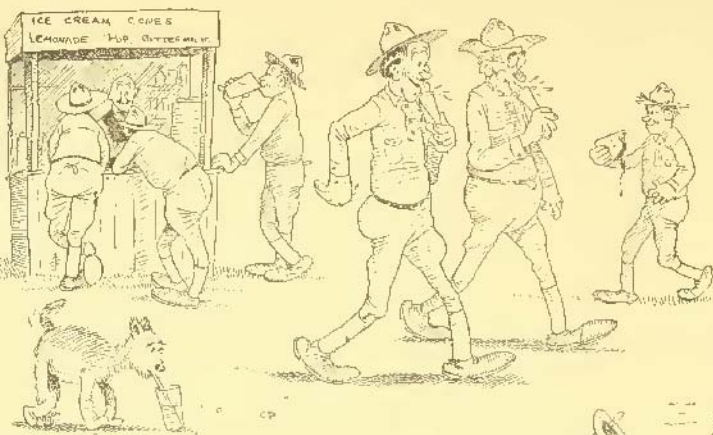
Relates, among other interesting military matters, how serviceable a tent is in teaching the science of sking the rope. Note the prostrate gentleman in the middle foreground. He is studying the effect of continuous frontal pressure on rear positions.



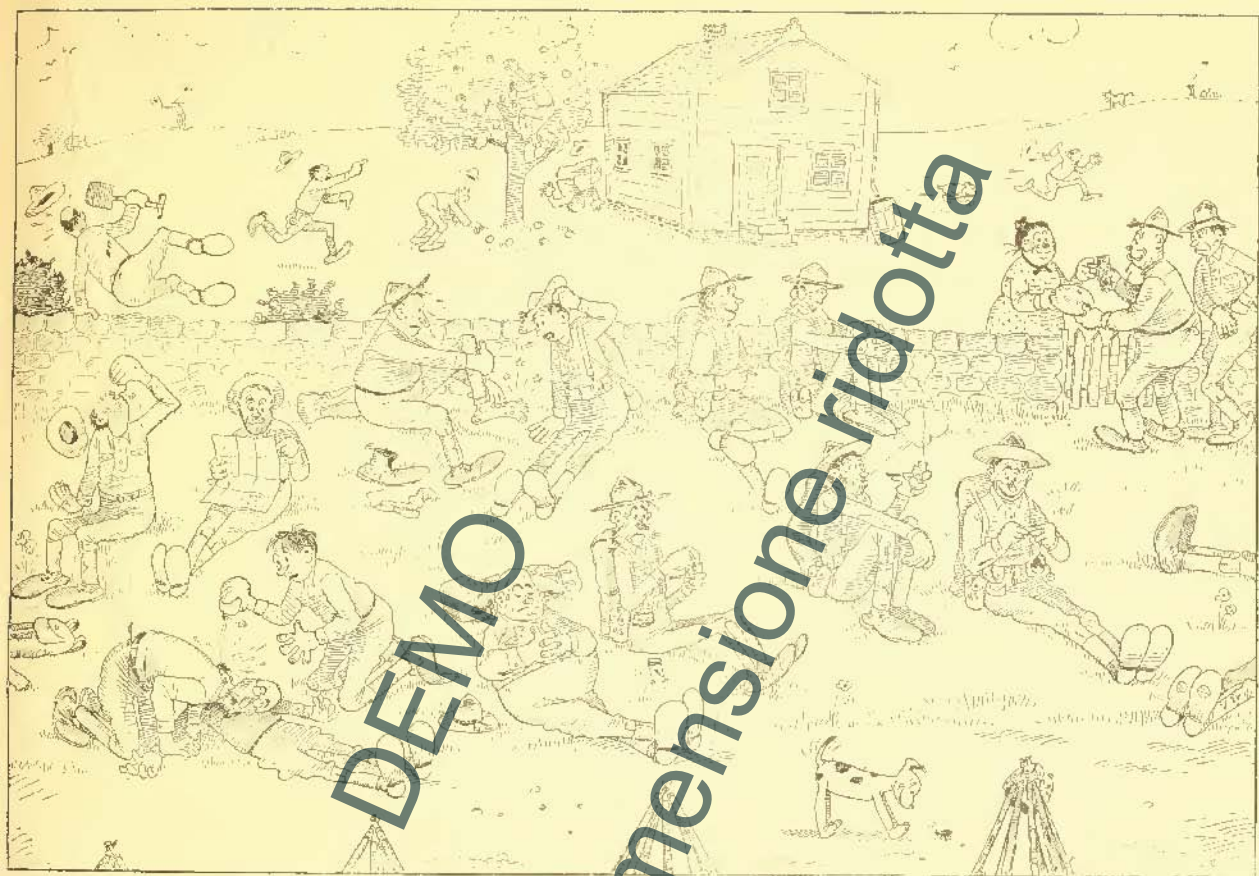
Foot Bath—Believe me, Nehemiah, the worst thing about war is that it fills you full of blisters.
Brush and Comb—Blisters! Where you got blisters?
Foot Bath—Where you suppose, you lobster-faced dude? On my feet—from marching.
And then the whistle blew.



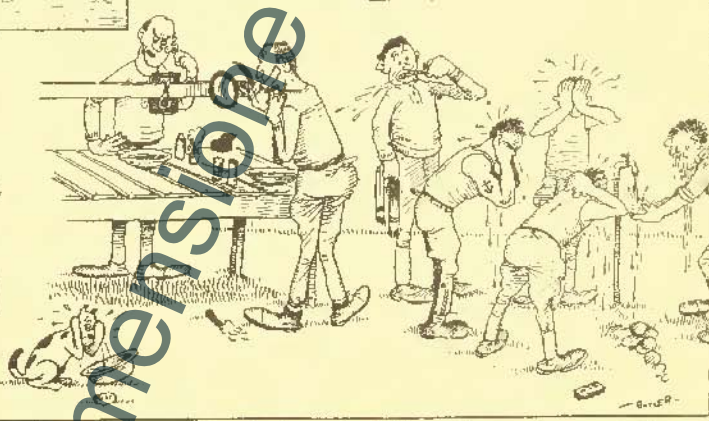
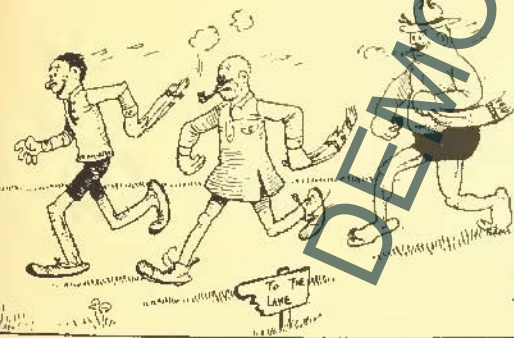
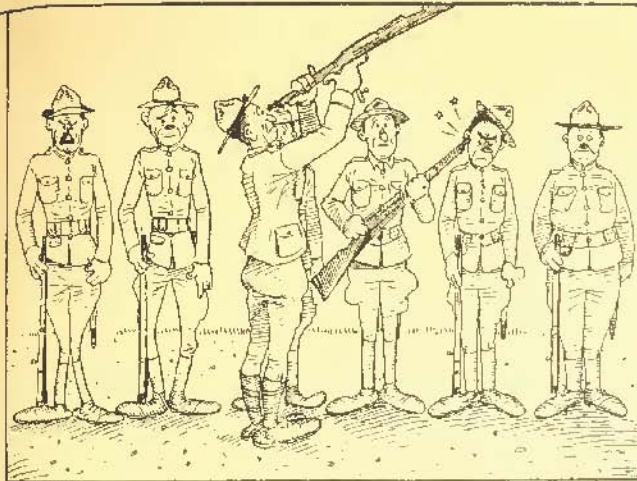
Why does the private scratch his head? Well, if it's any concern of yours, it's because he has just remembered that there was one little bill back home he could have omitted to pay if he had forgotten quickly enough. Mr. Pickwick, with the dark spectacles, is put in the picture to give it respectability, for the officer's words and the private's thoughts are really shocking. The dog, whose name is—but it isn't the same dog.



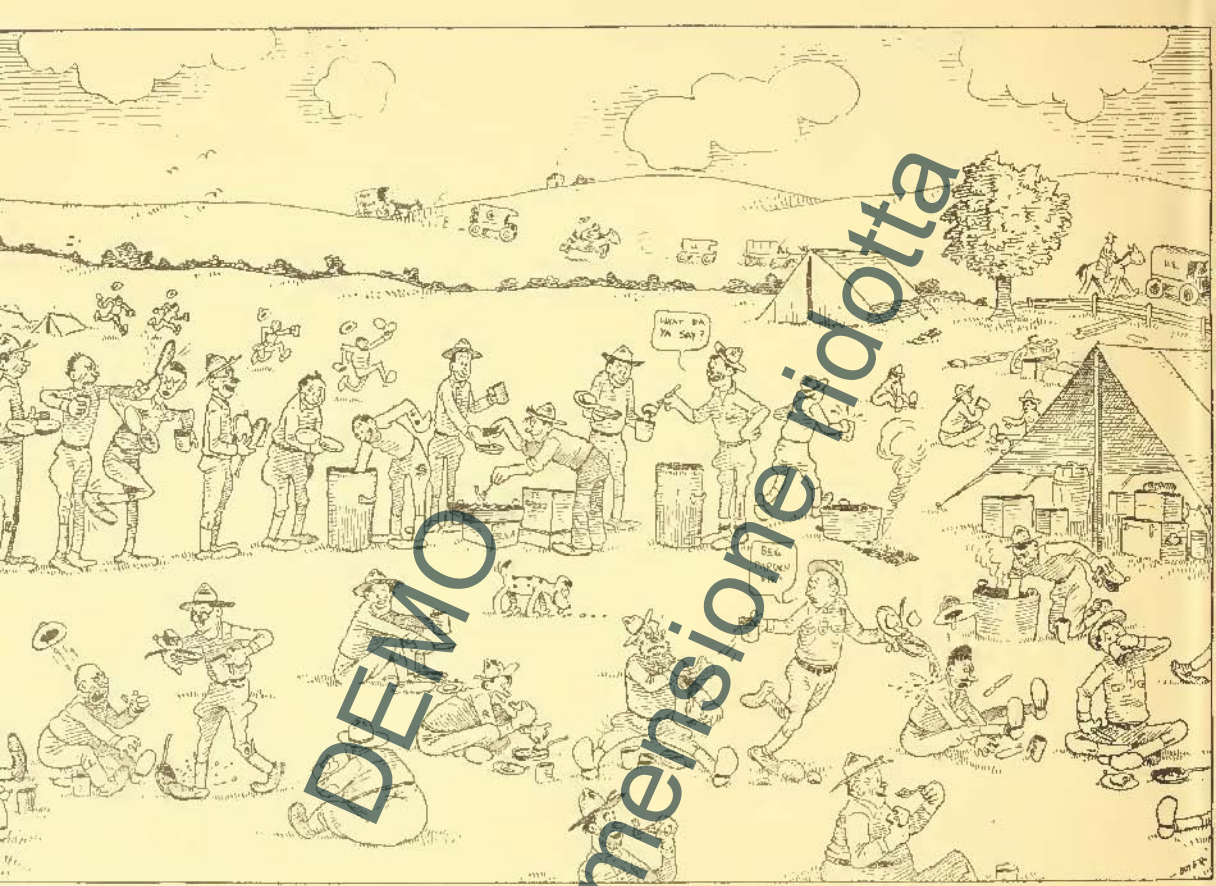
In the Northeast terrain is seen the effect of a strong wind on high angle musketry. Northwest: The brut-
 ized soldiery are following their vicious pursuits. So is the dog, whose name is Oodles. Southeast: Hasteni-
 reinforcements to the church sociable. The dog, whose name does not appear on the invoice, is challengi-
 the flivver to battle. Southwest: "Do they shoot me at sunrise for forgetting to salute?"



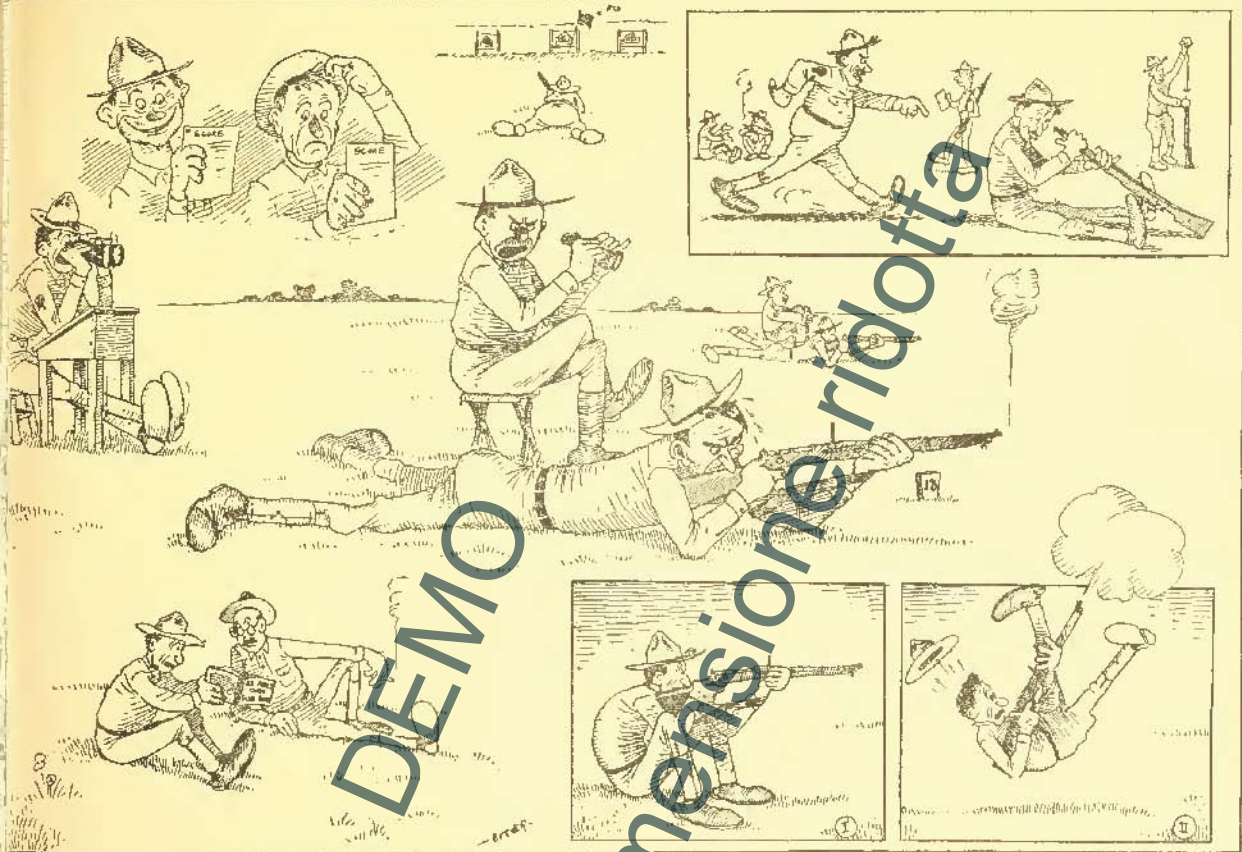
First aid in the lower left-hand corner. One comrade is listening to the action of the patient's Ingersoll, while the other is applying mucilage to give him a stiff upper lip. No, that is not the dear old right-hand lady's visiting card. It's a pic. Further West, the plump one is asserting with heat: "Sure, that's a human foot". The dog, whose name doesn't matter, is exchanging confidences with one of his master's visitors.



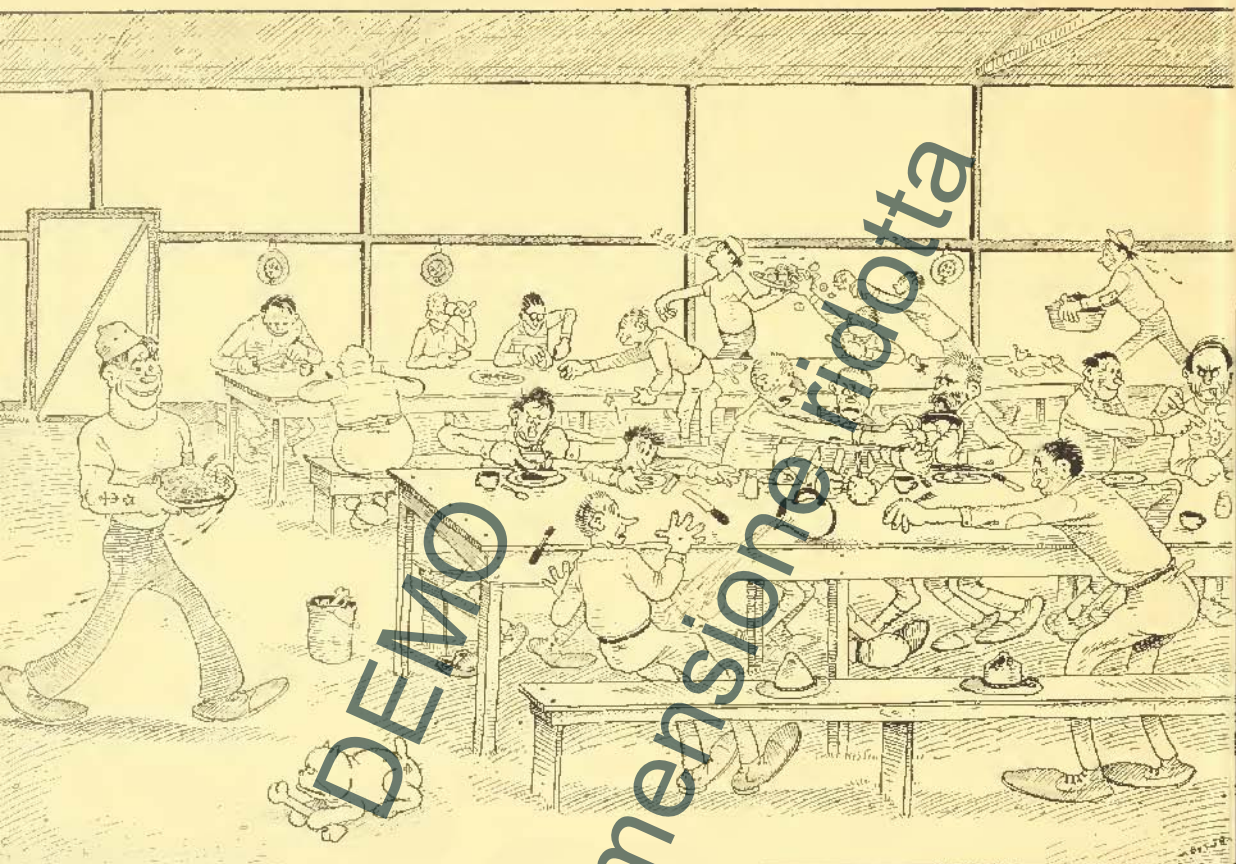
All that is left of the upper—Immediately thereafter a memorable lecture is delivered on the unwisdom of using a rifle as storage for fountain pens and shoe laces. One pace to the right—"When I get back home I'll be a great help to Mother." Going down—Your country calls you to the old swimming hole. And then—A beauty parlor into which none but MEN ever come.



in the army elegance of table etiquette and refinement of embonpoint are insisted upon. The recruit is instructed that only when he is pressed for time may he eat with his fingers. He must not put on his fork more than he can, nor into his mouth a larger quantity than it will hold, and he may not eat oftener than he can with his hands on food. The dog, whose name is his own business, is looking for the bill of fare.



Centre—"Great work. If the Kaiser is in Heaven, you certainly potted him that time." Left of the upper regions—Conflicting news from the firing line. Right—"No, no! Aim at the bull's eye, not the boob's lamp." Left of lower regions—"And that's just what I did and then he told me that as a soldier I was a great ballet dancer." Right—(1) The marksman assumes the firing position. (2) He abandons it.



One of the first lessons a soldier must absorb is how to load fast and full. The artist shows us with what eager zest our lads study this branch of military science. Here and there may also be observed a little practice in bomb throwing. The dog, whose name is Oodles, is debating whether he should eat the object or play a tune on it.