

Vanity Fair: March or May, 1918

How the Soldiers Have Changed!

Sketches by Laurence Fellows



At the Front! O, how brave he was! Nothing frightened him—bayonets, bombs, smoke, shrapnel, hand grenades—nothing!



Then again, have you noticed how the thin ones have all grown fat—since they came home and put on their cits?



But at home—dressed up for the evening, everything frightened him—dancing, hostesses, music, girls, yes, especially—girls!

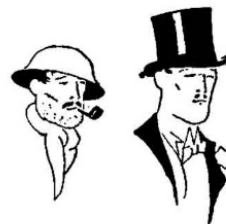


Interesting transformation! Enrico Tamagno Paccaroni, the great Metropolitan Opera House tenor—as a soldier, in war; and as a soldier, in the opera

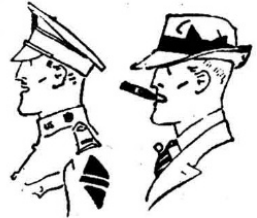


The master and his valet were always ripping old pals in the trenches: brothers, chums, good scouts, and all that sort of thing

But once at home,—in that little suite at the Ritz, my goodness, how formal and respectful the soldier valet has suddenly become!



The chaps that looked a little tough—turned out to be gentlemen



And the chaps that looked like gentlemen—turned out to be ?



But there is one pleasant little trait in a soldier that never changes: one thing that is constant with him, the world over. And that is his eagerness to engage any girl, of any name, of any sort, in any country, at any time, in any language—in quite heated, not to say burning, conversation

HERE is a sad thought about soldiers. It is a thought that saps our spirits more and more, as the months go by. Soldiers, however perfect in wartime, are prone, in times of peace, to change. On this page our artist has noted certain of these changes: some of them lamentable, some of them encouraging, some of them high with hope, some of them fraught with despair. Study the

page well and see if, even in your own limited experience, you can't find a soldier to match all of our artist's dreams. But, soldiers, you must not despair! For, see, in the largest of all the pictures, our artist holds out a high and burning thought that should be an inspiration to every fighting man. The thought that a soldier owes it to himself always to make gallant advances.