



WE DON'T KNOW HOW MR. COWART GOT IN THIS GROUP AT KILEY'S HEAD-QUARTERS; BUT HE SEEMS TO BE AT HOME.

Agrees that war is hell all right;  
But cooties are the limit.

The next to come was Adam Long;  
Who likes the army fine,  
But punching pots in Badin  
Beats camping on the Rhine.

Will Shankle, brave boy that he was,  
Did not come with the rest;  
His body lies in France to day,  
His spirit's gone to rest.

On the night of September 5, while we were wrapped in the arms of Morpheus, and dreaming of the Badin of ten years hence, with her street cars, subways, beautiful parks, grounds, fountains, etc., someone with force of arms, and with malice aforethought, did enter our private sanctum sanctorum (we mean our office), and take therefrom our office furniture, consisting of one wheelbarrow minus the wheel, and should therefore be called a barrow; also one ore barrel which we used for our desk; and substituted therefor some up to date 1920 office furniture, including some portraits of some of the nation's most eminent writers, among them J. Don Laws of Yellow Farm, Sut Livingood, and many others. But one picture in particular caught our fancy; that of a beautiful cow, whose name was Bull, and whose home was Durham. I am told that the boys in France carried one of these pictures on their tobacco pouches, for it represented a tobacco of which they were especially fond. The only thing we are lacking now is an office boy, and we have on file at present applications from two gentlemen,

Messrs. G. S. Arthur and John McGregor, both of whom come well recommended—one by W. K. Vanderbilt, the other by Andrew Carnegie; but we have not decided yet which we will take. We have been trying very hard to find the gentlemen who were so thoughtful of our comfort, in order that we may suitably reward them. We are accusing the following Ex-Congressmen and Senators of the crime. Of course we have no positive proof of their guilt; only they can't prove their whereabouts on that night. The following are the ones that we suspect: Messrs. Long, Brown, Fisher, and Bandy, the proceedings of whose trial will appear in the next Congressional record.

Capt. Dave Swagerty has been nursing a very sore thumb for a few days. His electric fan was running so fast that he couldn't see the blades, so he stuck his thumb in the thing to see if they were still there. "They were."

Mr. J. E. Campbell, one of our oldest potmen, left a few days ago for Maryville, Tenn., where he will spend a short while, and then go to Oklahoma, where he will spend the winter with his daughter.

Our section banners have arrived, and have caused some rivalry in the rooms, which we hope will be the means of reducing our copper percentage.

Mrs. H. F. Lancaster, who has been visiting her sister, Mrs. R. B. Leinster, returned to her home at Polkton, N. C., on the sixth instant.

Mrs. Orrie Burnett, after spending a few days with her brother, Mr. V. C.

Howard, returned to her home in Pendergrass, Tenn.

Mr. James Williams moved to Palmerville a few days ago, where he purchased a nice home.

W. O. BURNS

### Bolts and Jolts

Mr. W. G. Nelson, of the Mechanical Department Office, has bought a new car, and is a frequent visitor to Matthews, near Charlotte. Some of his friends say "there's a reason," and look for the return of Mrs. Nelson with him at any time; but Mr. Cowles says Nelson hasn't the nerve.

The following young men have returned to college: Johnnie Hill, to Virginia Polytechnic Institute; John Norwood, to A. and E. College, Raleigh; O. G. Barnett, to Richmond Medical College.

J. Arthur Wainwright, night time checker, started on his vacation Saturday, the twentieth.

Mr. Geo. Freelan is filling this position in his absence.

Mr. F. R. Hunnicutt's Overland has been put in first-class mechanical condition. This is to be followed with a fresh coat of paint, which will enhance its appearance.

A new foundry, equipped with a ten-ton capacity Cupola, is nearing completion. This will be of great value to the Mechanical Department.

Jno. C. Coggins has returned to his former position, as shoe clerk for Efford's Department Stores, Winston-Salem, N. C.

Mr. Thomas Ham has returned from his vacation. He denies the rumor that he had gone off seeking a wife.

J. R. Cherry already has a half-dozen opossums in the pen, trying to get them fat by Thanksgiving.

Mr. Griffin had spent an anxious afternoon at the office, and hurried home at an unusually early hour.

"How do you feel, Dear? What did the doctor say?" he asked his wife.

"Oh, he asked me to put out my tongue," she murmured.

"Yes."

"And after looking at it, he said: 'Overworked!'"

Mr. Griffin heaved an audible sigh of relief.

"I have perfect faith in that doctor," he said firmly. "You will have to give it a rest."