

MANY WERE WAITING

SOLDIERS HELD UP THEIR FURLONGS FOR NEW LAW.

The depot of the Southern Railway, in Charlotte, was crowded with soldiers at 5 o'clock Monday evening when the national order for reducing the railroad fare to one cent a mile for furloughed soldiers came in over the wire. Joy was registered on every hand.

Many soldiers whose furloughs started on Monday morning waited until evening to start the journey home in order to gain the cheaper rate. Some of the men from the camp were saved \$70 in car fare by waiting for the new government rate.

Several of the base hospital men were out of luck. Their furloughs started on the tenth and they hastened to get away for regions "back home" regardless of the promise of a drop in mileage rates.

The men who left just before the one-cent a mile rate became effective are: Wright, Gilroy, Webb, McBride, Oswald and Ryder.

The only soldiers to leave since the new rate is operative are Claude Sullivan who is in New York on a farmer's furlough and Private Foss of Indiana on a ten-day leave.

In order to gain the reduced price in traveling a soldier must present his furlough for inspection at the ticket window of the station from which his journey starts and must have a signed statement from the quartermaster as to the extent of his journey.

EVERYTHING ALL RIGHT.

Private John Raymond, the dexterous guard, was marching his post between the receiving ward and the nurses' home one day last week when the officer of the day approached.

"What are your general orders?" asked O. D. by way of testing John's thoroughness.

"Oh, everything's all right," grinned the diminutive guard.

Pvt. Coates can also garner the fast ones and also played basketball with Rochester Institute.

NO SECONDS



It is Miss E. Tweed, a nurse, who wrote the verse and drew the charming picture of the cook. Miss Tweed was stationed at the Camp Green Base Hospital for some time but was called away a week ago. She is with a unit which is signed for immediate service over seas.

It's great to be a cook in the army,
When the mercury is one hundred and five,

When the fish in the ice box frizzles
and fries;

And it's too blooming hot for even the
flies,

So they just turn up their toes and
dies,—

Dies right there in the army.

Yes sir, right there in the Army.

Oh it's great to be a cook in the Army,
When the Army is down in the South,
Where the sun beats down the live
long day:

It's hotter there than in Uruguay.

I'll not name the place I meant to say
For they don't talk bad in the Army,
Oh no, not bad in the Army!!

WARD A-1.

Private Foster H. DeGroat from the 22nd Company, Fourth M. M. S. C., who has been ill since April 29, will soon be ready for duty. But it seems he has changed his mind about returning to his rans because of the nurse.

Private Gustave Kolbe from the Sixth Company, Fourth M. M. S. C., has undergone a very serious nasal operation. He is quite popular in the pugilistic line, having fought many battles throughout New York state. He also states that anybody at 168 pounds will have to run faster than he can.

WARD B-4.

Private Mahoney says that in Ireland they wrap tissue paper around the potatoes before they plant them so as to keep the dirt out of their eyes.

Coffey, who is in B-4 for the duration of the war, says that he only wishes he was back in Wisconsin on the farm.

O'Brien, as a tailor, would make a fine carpenter.

Texas Smith was told by the major that he must be tapped. Smith said, "It's not worth while, sir. I haven't had a drink in eight months."

WARD B-8.

Richardson, reciting some poetry to the nurse:

"Roses are red, Violets are pink."

Marlow: If you have any whiskey, give me a drink.

From the sound of our victrola which runs twenty-four hours a day, it needs Brown's and Codiene.

Thanks a thousand times to the ladies who visit us twice a week. It surely helps pass the time away.

The two Pinochle sharks of B-8 challenge any two men of the base hospital.

One of life's mysteries: Sergeant Niezerwickl on "B" street with a mess kit at 11:30 p. m.

IMPERIAL NOVELTY COMPANY

Southeast Corner of Liberty Park, "just back of the Whip"

WE HAVE WHAT
YOU WANT IN

Cigars, Cigarettes and Tobaccos

Kodaks and Kodak Supplies, Stationery, Toilet Articles, and Soldiers' Necessities.

Military Novelties, SOFT DRINKS of all kinds.

Best equipped SODA FOUNTAIN in the camp.

Our store slogan is "WHITE WITHOUT AND SPOTLESS WITHIN"

WE TRY TO MAKE YOU FEEL AT HOME