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"OUR BIT"

WHEN WE SET UP OUR WARDS
IN BERLIN.

We're the hospital corps.
They have moved us before,
But our marks of red ruin you'll find;
For our victims who go
From the wards always show
They have left the best of their life
behind.

They've had spinal meningitis,
And poliomyelitis
And other things picked up while they
were in.

Now we are putting to sea
And eventually
We will set up our wards in Berlin.

We will not change our ways,
Nor shorten our days,
When we get in that land of the Hun.
We will handle each case,
Of limberger face,
Till our job is cheerfully done.
We will scatter green germs.
And wooly hook worms
Till we gather each wild heathen in;
It will hustle the Dutch
To get out on a crutch
When we set up our wards in Berlin.

But the big time will come
When they wheel in that bum
Of a kaiser, who kindled this rage.
We'll send him and his sword
To the sturdy "nut" ward,
As—"Dementia Precox—Last stage."
For a mild sleeping gas
We'll use dynamite blast,
When our craving must finally begin,
And right on the dot
We'll cut him loose from his "Gott"—
When we set up our wards in Berlin.

We do not lose our punch
Till we've finished the bunch,
Of Von Hinden and the Crown Prince
and all.

We will toil with precision
On their "defective vision"
Till they see they are backed to the
wall.

We will impact their molars,
And puncture their solars,
And give them the "T. B." thrown in;
We'll fracture their femers
And wreck them with tremers—
When we set up our wards in Berlin.
Delivered by "The Bard of Barracks
Six" at the Farewell banquet.

HARK, CIVILIANS.

Many people outside of the army
do not understand what the letters
after the names of certain officers
mean. From the American Medical
Journal we, therefore, take the follow-
ing explanation of a part of the
characters:

M. C., U. S. A.—Mogul Chief—Un-
limited Service Available.

M. R. C.—Major Rank Culminates.

Q. M. C.—Quarrelsome Mischievous
Crew.

Ago.—A Grand Outfit.

A. W. O. L.—A wizard on lingering.

G. C. M.—Great chance, maybe.

M. P.—Merciless Pirates.

L. D.—Latrine Detail.

P. L.—Possibly Later.

HEAVEN AND HELL

Such Is Life on the Front Line,
Writes Comrade.

Beauty and frightfulness are min-
gled in the most vivid fashion in the
extract of a letter from one of the
soldiers now in France and of which
missive one of the nurses held a copy.

"There are so many things worth
seeing and telling over here, that it
is something like trying to write a
description of heaven and hell.

"You can have no idea of it until
you see it. What it means to one, it
does not spell to another. It's causes
are beyond human apprehension, its
efforts will be eternal and ubiquitous.
Each sector makes a history as large
as the history of many a war. Each
army represents a different idea and
a different method. I have seen en-
gagements classified as raids in which
more lives were lost than in the battle
of Santiago.

"I have met Portuguese with hearts
of gold. I have seen millionaires
with pride in horny hands and dirty
uniform that proclaimed them simple
privates in this army of democracy.
I have seen boys lead men. I have
heard cursing chaplains, who were
conscientiously swearing to bury and
identify and notify relatives, to see
that men were fed, to visit wounded,
rejoice in the Boche dead. I have
seen lads prove heroes,—and I think
that this war is dissolving creeds,
shibboleths, dogmas and customs, so
that the atoms may be freer to form
again into another and better mold
better fitted for this era in which men
are valued neither for race, kin,
wealth, nor creed, nor age, but on the
man."

MILITARY PRECISION.

Some of the late drill stories has
called to the mind of one of the old
settlers the drilling of a regiment of
back woods riflemen when an inspec-
tion was held several years ago.

"Captain" said the inspection officer
"I'd like to see your men at work. Call
them to attention and order them to
march with shouldered arms in close
column to the left flank."

Instantly the captain shouted to his
troops: "Boys, look wild, thar! Make
ready to thicken and go left endways.
Tote your guns. Git!"

TO DRIVE AWAY FEARS.

A patient down in Ward A-1, who
has been under the cloud of awaiting
an operation, has sent to us the sug-
gestion that the base hospital "ought
to furnish Hawaiian dancing girls or
some other form of amusement so that
a fellow who is dreading a coming
operation, could get his mind away
from the awful thoughts of the ether
and the knife."

Doc Rand to Bachelor: "What is the
difference between a horse and a
cow?"

Bachelor: "The difference is in the
horns."

Doc Rand: "Wrong; the difference
is in the calves."