

THE END MAN



SAY, MISTER ALEXANDER.

BY L. APPLETON.

"Mister Jones, what do you think of these end-of-the-world predictions?"

"They is no good; absolutely rotten; I neber knowed one ob them to come true in my life."

"Gee! I wish I was a little taller, Mister Washington."

"How come?"

"Cause this heat is betting me by the inch."

"Do you know why is kissing a girl like taking olives out of a bottle?"

"I sure see no resemblance."

"Cause after you get the first one the rest come easy."

"Rastus, can you tell me how you can tell color by feelin'?"

"They ain't no such things, Mister Lazarus."

"Huh? Didn't you ever feel blue?"

"Look here, nigger, your so wise, maybe you can tell me a good cure for blues."

"Paint them red."

"But you can't do that in Charlotte."

"Why hain't you in the army, you white livered slacker. Suppose the Germans would come over here and attack your very home. Wouldn't you fight then?"

"No, sir, I wouldn't."

"Do you mean to say that you wouldn't protect your wife?"

"Haw! Haw! Haw!"

"That is nothing to laugh at. Would you leave your wife absolutely defenceless?"

"I see you all don't know my wife."

Ladies and Gentlemen: Roger Dueberry will now entertain you with a ditty for bass entitled!

"All we can do is sadly say, Where are the beers of yesterday?"

The other evening Secretary Martin "caught" a new species of red bat. He is tenderly caring for it, and exhibits it cautiously, but free of charge, to as many as wish to see it. Those who have no bats in their belfry would better come and take a look.

CUPID'S COLUMN

HEART PROBLEMS SOLVED.

(All correspondence should be addressed to Ethyl Alcohol, care of The Caduceus).

Dear Ethyl:

I am a young medical man, nineteen years old. When I left for Camp Greene the Jane that I was going around with steady promised to write to me every day. I don't get letters from her every day. Is she unfaithful to me?

Dear Boy:

You're no blooming curiosity, Pills. Nobody gets letters every day in these busy days, except the Top Sergeant, or the Commanding Officer and the Postoffice Department. They're making a collection of them. Private collectors of letters such as yourself are just plain out of luck. No, most certainly the "Jane" is not unfaithful to you. She has undoubtedly written to you every day, just as she said she would, but as our postmaster, Sergeant Jenkins, has not caught up with his personal correspondence, you will have to wait.

Dear Ethyl:

I fell in love with a girl just before I left Ansonia, without having a chance to tell her about it. I am a little shy of writing and telling her, because such things look different in plain black and white. What shall I do?

CHLORIDE.

Write her by all means, dear loyal lad. As for the way the young lady will take it you should worry. You won't be around when she reads it, so what do you care? Anything goes in war time.

Dear Ethyl:

I have been writing my girl regular as hell; big long letters, descriptive of the Sunny South and everything. Last week I got a package from her that contained nothing but Bull Durham tobacco. Do you think she meant anything by it. Ought I resent it?

Certainly not. She probably does not know what full of Bull means. Anyway, don't resent it until you're sure of getting tobacco supply from some other source.

Dear Ethyl:

I have fallen deeply in love with a beautiful red-headed nurse, and don't know how to break it to my old girl at home. What shall I do?

I think you are rather indescrict in calling the nurse at whom cupid has slung his arrow. You should have said auburn-haired, but as for the girl at home, don't break it to her. Just quit writing. She'll catch on in time. They all do.

SERGEANT HARRINGTON,

Sponsor.

Privates Allan Wilkison and Edward Norton have been transferred to duty in the administration building. They are acting as clerks to the adjutant Private Wilkison has been on duty but two days since his recovery from an attack of gastro-enteritis.

Phones: 2311-2312

R. H. Field Co.

WHOLESALE



GROCERIES

PRODUCE

FRUITS

VEGETABLES



216 South College Street

CHARLOTTE, - N. C.

Liberty
Drug Store

"The Big Store on
the Corner"

Cigars
Tobacco
Soda

AND

Supplies for
Soldiers

Studio and Restaurant
in connection

NORMAN & STEPHENS

Proprietors.