

THE AWKWARD SQUAD

Place: In front of the Enlisted Men's Barracks, M. S. D.

Time: Any old time in the last few weeks.

One non-com, to act as drill master. Any cranky, crabby, rip-snorting, earth-pawing, razzing one will do.

Hawkeye; the elongated, step-ladder-derified, six-fourter, with the rod-and-one-eight gait.

"Quicksilver," the veteran of two months, who carriest himself like an old-timer. One would imagine that he has been in the service for at least two days or three. With the stiff-kneed, trut and the wind-mill arms.

"Reddy," the camel-blacked, pole-cat.

"Venus," sixty and a half inches high, sixty-three inches broad, and a smile. Suffering with bumleggo and a pair of 61-inch pants issued by the Base Hospital Q. M. C.

Curtain.

(Enter Venus and approaching drill master). "Here, sir, is the key to the drill grounds."

Shrill whistle: Drill master, "All out."

Out of the slumbering barracks, slowly come creeping the brave warriors, Hawkeye, Quicksilver, Reddy and Venus.

Hawkeye—"Ah, umm (business of much stretching), "Gosh, just when a fellow's 'all in', that guy has to spoil it by callin' 'all out.'"

Drill master—"Fall in. Right dress."

Reddy does a double time and places himself in front of d. m. (drill master). "You idiot, don't you know what 'front' means?"

Reddy—"Oh, yes, indeed, I do, sir: I was bellhop in the Seventh Avenue Hotel in Pittsburgh for a whole year and I know every time the clerk calls 'Front,' this little me has to be there."

The non-com. finally gets started to-

ward the drill ground. Hawkeye far in the lead, Venus meandering in the distant rear.

Drill Master—"Here, here, Venus, get a move on, snap out of it. Ya walk like you was on the retreat."

Drill Master (after putting 'em thru some twos-righting and wronging, etc.) "Well, I'll be blowed to a bottle of bloody Bevo. Why, you fools are dead from the neck up and petrified from there down. Not one of you, except little Quickie here, knows his left from his right. Here, Quicksilver, step up and show the boys how you do it."

Quicksilver (time till he blushes). "Well, sir" (a little lisp and a lot of simper), "You see, I was born with a brown mole on my left side and when you say 'right' or 'left,' I repeat to myself 'mole side' or 'other side,' just as the case may be."

Drill Master (registering utter disgust, throwing up of hands, tearing of hair, you know the gag). "Tachment, ten -shun. Double timē."

Away they go, Hawkeye like a "Pittsburgh Sun" in a windstorm, Quicksilver duck-strutting in the immediate rear, the rest lost to sight.

Drill Master—"Quick time."

Like the rain in Camp Greene, Hawkeye starts off and forgets to stop. In his rod and one eight gait he passes the ditch, barracks and then out of sight. Two days later the C. O. gets a telegram from him:

"Still goin' but getting fagged.

Please rescind order."

C. O. wires back:

"About face, double-quick time. Keep on going."

(Latest reports from the front say that Hawkeye has just passed Salisbury on his way back).

Thru Brainless—by D. M. Brill (ably assisted by our untiring friend "Stock.")

HAPPINESS.

Happiness goes out from the heart before it comes in. It never by any chance stays. You can harvest it for the common good, but you cannot store it for your sole use.

You can lend it but you cannot borrow it; you can earn it but you cannot buy it. You can spend it, but you cannot accumulate it. A man must contribute to the stock of human joy before he can participate in its profits.

To seek happiness without giving it is a futile quest, and all our longings for what we have not learned to give others are as empty bottles in the wine cellar of the soul. Happiness really never was any good in this world but to give away. L. S. M.

The fellow pushing his wheelbarrow and paying his debts is getting rich faster than the fellow who is having gasoline charged. If you take this size in hats, it is a present, gratis, and WEAR it

THE STARS AND STRIPES

Thank God we can see, in the glory of morn,

The invincible flag that our fathers defended;

And our hearts can repeat what the heroes have sworn,

That war shall not end till the war-lust is ended.

Then the bloodthirsty sword shall no longer be lord

Of the nations oppressed by the conqueror's horde,

But the banners of freedom shall peacefully wave

Over the world of the free and the lands of the brave.

By HENRY VAN DYKE,
In the Baptist Watchman-Examiner.

"Y. & B."
Ice and Coal

PHONES 210-211



QUICK DELIVERIES
BEST QUALITIES

If you are a Soldier
You Need

A Conklin Self-Filler Fountain Pen

You Need

A Waterman Fountain Pen

You Need

An Eversharp Magazine Pencil

These will take you there and bring you back
WE LIKE TO SHOW THEM

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On the Square Open all Night