

CADUCEUS DAY**BRINGS THRILLERS FOR NEW SALESMAN.**

By Private Joseph Lawlor

It was Saturday, Caduceus Day in Charlotte, people hurrying to and fro, street car bells clanging, up the street the shredded wheat palaces were turning out their usual breakfast and wealthy plutes were easily discernible by egg stains on their lips. The writer with two other orderlies were detailed to sell The Caduceus to the good brethren of Charlotte. It was a period filled with incidents that help to "make the world go round" and I wouldn't have missed it for a million chariot races in Rome.

About 10:30 a. m. a middle-aged woman with a face as sweet as Mona Lisa came up, purchased a paper and after brief exchange of courtesies told me how her twenty-year-old boy had been killed in action with the marines in France.

I noticed a quivering of the lips at this last remark but only for the moment; then the little mother smiled a smile of sunshine as she bade me good-bye and wished me luck. The writer wanted to say something but just couldn't, something sort of held him, but I came to in time to acknowl-

edge her parting remarks. After she had gone I thought of the kid that had fallen and figured out that when most of the burles were praying for leaky valves and flat fleet he was up there with his hat off and hand in the air offering his all to the country and sorry that he couldn't give more, and I'll bet that the most adorable girl in the world leaned up against his khaki coat and I gave him a smile that a 95-year-old pacifist never got in his life, and also that when he was lying out in No. Man's Land if he had time to make a swift review he never regretted that he had been a regular person.

Down the lower end of West Trade street the canvasser was hailed from the doorway of a Gypsy fortune teller's outfit who offered to tell his future for a copy of The Caduceus. The victim was led through the portals of Romany and was told quickly that he was to marry a beautiful girl who was simply crawling with collateral, and that in the near future he would step on tacks in the early hours of the morning while walking his post with a couple of the infantry, crooning "Sleep, Baby Sleep." Perspiring profusely the writer left the Gypsy spirit

Rushing up further I ran into a portly gentleman He dug down and purchased five copies and then quizzed

me about battalions, brigades and all that headquarters stuff. After a while his questions began to assume such enormous proportions that I talked fast, stuttered and told lies and he being a descendant of the first families of North Carolina was too much of a Jack Barrymore to ask me to repeat.

I then solicited the patronage of the stores and the private homes of the citizens of Charlotte and everywhere I went was treated with a world series brand of southern hospitality that has made Dixie famous. All over the town the spirit consisted of "Wouldn't I sit down a while and "Won't you have some refreshments" in other words, "the house was mine and nothing was too good for the book agent, and then when many a mother told me of her boy up on the front line, I could see their eyes sparkle with a natural pride as they told me of what their young warrior's were doing and not until now did I realize the nairs of suspense that the big scrap is bringing into their lives these Spartan Mothers of Columbia, but then hearken ye back, ye noble women, to the tragedy on Mount Calvary, over 1900 years ago, when the inland sea tossed its foam madly, and the thunder peeled, and the earth cracked, there hung a tender figure.

He died murmuring the words that have formed nations, "Thy will be done."

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