

ALONG THE TRANSPORT RAIL.

"Say, Bill, we don't seem to be gettin' anywhere in thisyer boat. Wassamatter?"

"Dunno. Must have got caught in some of those military channels."

The New Central Hotel Cigar Stand

Newspapers
Periodicals

ALL LEADING BRANDS
Cigars, Cigarettes and
Tobacco

CANDIES AND CONFECTIONS
JOE D. SMITH, Mgr.



THIS
GATES HALF-SOLE TIRE
RAN
23,000 MILES CONTINUOUS SERVICE
WITHOUT BEING REMOVED FROM THE
RIM. THIS HALF SOLE TIRE WAS USED
ON A CAR OWNED BY RODERICK
HARDWARE CO., DALLAS, TEXAS

COST HALF AS MUCH
INTERNATIONAL RUBBER SALES CO.
404 SOUTH TRYON STREET
CHARLOTTE, N. C.

THE CADUCEUS

NOT ALL DUBS

PIEDMONT FABLE NO. 3.

Gladiola Gotkale was a society Jane. She belonged to the swell set of the south. At an early age her father had invested his Jack in cotton mills, so now he was flush. Bradstreet recognized the Gotkales with several ciphers to the right of the numerals; their Packard was a peach and society sought them socially. They were in soft.

Was Gladiola patriotic? Oh, yes! She was saving tinfoil from spearmint for the Red Cross, and for three whole hours every week she left her Electric standing idle while she was rolling bandages and producing pneumonia-jackets for sick Sammies. Even the animal kingdom suffered in the sake of the Cause, for twice weekly Toodles, her pet Pom, was denied his daily pint of certified milk and steak was substituted in his diet. The money thus saved Gladiola sacrificingly sunk in war saving stamps to help "Can the Kaiser." Frequently she mentioned the fact that father had taken two thousand of the last liberty loan, but failed to further state that that amount only a third of the mill's profit on canvass goods for the government. As a sort of supreme sacrifice, Gladiola condescendingly consented to serve on the committee at a social for soldiers.

Perhaps it was not Gladiola's fault that she looked forward with foreboding to the advent of her appearance at the enlisted men's entertainment. Had she not been reared in splendor? Had not the silver spoon in her aristocratic mouth been a part and parcel of her earthly existence from childhood to coming-out? Was she not entirely of the elite? Not that she did not like soldiers or anything like that. She simply couldn't mix with them, she and they were incompatible, like oil is with water. Society said that social position and soldiers could not meet on an equal footing. The former embraced blue-blooded aristocracy, backed by bulging bank-rolls, while the latter were a coarse crowd, impossible as associates, a necessary evil to be tolerated but not recognized in social spheres. Such was the false philosophy on which Gladiola had been fed to fatness.

However, these are the days of democracy, humility and socialistic self-sacrifice are common characteristics. Accordingly Gladiola gowned gorgeously, graced the gathering with her proud presence.

Was she shocked at the absence of manners among the motley men in khaki? Possibly, but not perceptibly. She marvelled at the expert ability of Private Jones on the piano, not knowing that most of his former pupils spent summers at Newport. Corporal Condon's rich tenor commanded her attention just as it had the thousands of others who has paid dearly to hear him in opera a few months previous. When Smith spoke in behalf of the soldiers, and with well-chosen words,

thanked the kind ladies for the evening's entertainment, she couldn't help but admire his oratorical ability. No one had told her that Smith had quit Harvard and the pursuit of an L. L. D. to precede his signature with Private which he liked better. Among the several soldiers that she met was the son of Gladiola's former professor of psychology at her Alma Mater.

Could she believe her eyes and ears? Was it possible that men of education and refinement were enlisted in the army? The truth was beginning to dawn upon her. It had commenced to penetrate through her prejudice. She became interested enough to investigate; she would see more of some of these soldiers.

Accordingly, Sergeant Mazuma was invited to dinner the following Sunday. To her surprise he knew the difference between a napkin and a handkerchief; he didn't even drink the water in his finger bowl. She marvelled that he ate his pie with a fork, and showed other convincing symptoms of having once been afflicted with table manners. Her curiosity gave way to genuine interest.

The sergeant was invited to call again. Even Gotkale, Sr., began to notice him and Mrs. Gotkale remarked that he was handsome and seemed to have come from a good family. Gladiola began to notice many nice things about him, and almost forgot he was in the army.

Finally the impossible happened. Gladiola Gotkale, belle of many balls, swell society Jane of the South, delightful debutante, daughter of blue-blooded aristocracy, had fallen in love with an enlisted man. How terribly shocking.

The wedding was a swell affair. Gladiola became the blushing bride of Banksa Mazuma, former millionaire of the money market, now Sergeant, U. S. A., and she isn't even sorry.

Moral: Clothes don't make the man; khaki is camouflage.

—By Knight Awduhlee.

FIVE GO HOME.

Among the lucky boys to be granted furloughs this week were Privates F. C. Howes, Otto Kramer, George Benson, Oscar Olesiewicz and Fred Reno. This is the first time that any of these men have been enabled to return to their homes for even a short period since their entrance into the service almost a year ago.

EASY ENOUGH.

M. P., at corner of Trade and Try on approaches recruit from Fourth Recruit Camp: "Say, rookie, move off the corner."

Recruit: "Why did you suspect I was a rookie?"

M. P.: Aw! You're sunburned under the chin from looking up at the high buildings."

PROMOTED.

First Lieutenant Elmer S. Barkhurt, our company commander, has been promoted to the rank of captain. Congratulations and best wishes are extended by all members of the company.