

Shall we let the Kaiser say

AMERICA IS TIGHT?

No. A thousand times No.
Loosen Up

and

Do It Today

*Buy your share and then
some of the*

Fourth Liberty Loan Bonds

This space contributed towards
the winning of the war by

**VAN STORY
CLOTHING CO.**

GREENSBORO, N. C.

EAST END CANTEN

"By the Barracks"

G. L. THOMASON
Proprietor

*Cigars, Cigarettes,
Candy,
Ice Cold Drinks
a Specialty*

We Serve YOU Right

Complete line of drug
gists' sundries. Prescrip-
tions carefully compound-
ed.

Take as much interest
in carefully compounded
subscriptions as you do in
the Fourth Liberty Loan
Bonds.

Howerton's Drug Store
GUILFORD HOTEL CORNER
Greensboro - N. C.

RECONSTRUCTION



(By Sergt. Ray J. Derwort)

Without warning Sunday morning 27 of the 30 patients of this ward were attacked by the dread malady known as "Dutyitis" and before Medical Attention could be secured, had succumbed to the attack, leaving only three to mourn their loss. The following fatalities were recorded: Hoffman, Mahoney, Stalvey, Colville, Uhl, Thompson, Dawber, Teeter, Vickers, Tony, McIntyre, Sells, Sapp, Jones, Schadow, Targesz, Johnson, Hayes, Mitses, Boyd, Hopkins, Goldsmith, Walter, Jones, D. E., Herndon, Kentner, Freeman.

We think it not out of place to here record the deeds and misdeeds of the late departed and altho some bore a reputation not to be envied we will attempt to give them their just dues.

Hoffman: He was everywhere known for his prodigious appetite and his eating proclivities were the pride of all who knew him.

Mahoney: Our "Old Timer" we sadly mourn for he was always handing out advice good for the "Rookies," his philosophy will be long remembered by all who knew him.

Colville: Of him we can say but little good as he beat fatigue on the slightest occasion.

Uhl: He never had much to say and in that respect was like the Owl, a wise old bird, al right, but ! ! !

Thompson: He will be greatly missed by the young ladies of Charlotte as he bore an enviable reputation as a "Lounge Lizard."

Stalvey: He had acquirde a love for his cot that was the marvel of all who knew him. His penchant for bunk fatigue will eventually win him reknown (in the guardhouse.)

BUY BONDS

of the 4th Liberty Loan
and help our boys

BRING PEACE TO THE WORLD

This space contributed by
Sweetland Confectionery
Gastonia, N. C.

Dawber: We miss you, in spite of your infirmities yo set a fine example.

Vickers: Make a gloom did he dispel with his funny antics at drill. Altho not according to Hoyle ye the was there with the goods.

Tony: We hardly knew him. He came and was gone, leaving but a vague memory.

McIntyre: Never daunted and died, game to the last.

Sapp: Started with a handicap and ended with a reputation further deponet sayeth not.

Sells: Weighed in the balance and found not wanting.

Jones: A new man but promising.

Boyd: He will always be remembered as the man that made the funny little hats and as a tailor had few peers.

Johnson: We haen't the heart Johnson, old boy. It wasn't your fault and if you tried we never knew it.

The rest we cannot judge as they were here too short a time for us to form an opinion, but we miss you one and all, rest assured, and wish you success wherever you go.

We still have Stockin, Russell, Golden and Bell and with the additions of Hill, Stamatopues, Yeasky, Schug and Rupert we will try and forget the past and live only in the future.

The chilly weather of the last few days brings to mind a poem that the writer chanced to see some time ago which seems appropriate to the season.

ME, AND MY TWO THIN BLANKETS

In here with two thin blankets,
As thin as a slice of ham,
A German spy, was likely the guy,
Who made 'em for Uncle Sam.
How did I sleep? Don't kid me!
My bed tick is filled with straw,
And lumps and lumps, and big fat
bumps
That punched till I'm raw.

Me, and my two thin blankets,
As thin as the last thin dime—
As thin, I guess, as a chors girl's
dress—

Well, I had one hell of a time!
I'd pull them up from the bottom—
(My nighties, my B. V. D's)
A couple 'O yanks to cover my shanks,
And then my feet 'd freeze!

You could use them for porous plas-
ters
Or maybe to strain the soup,
(My pillows my shoes when I try to
snooze

And I've chilblains, cough and croup)
Me, and my two thin blankets,
Bundled up under my chin—
Yes, a German spy was likely the guy
And, Gosh but he made them thin

SCIENCE AND PRICES.

Mrs. Smith—Really, Mr. Giles, your prices are getting exorbitant.

Farmer Giles—Well, mum, it's this way. When a chap as to know the botanical name of what 'e grows, an' the zoological name of the hinsect wot eats it, an' the chemical name of wot kills the hinsect, some one's got to pay for it!