

## SAYS "YOU ALL" NOW.

## PIEDMONT FABLE NO. 5.

K. Haki Klad was a doughboy. Not a doughboy in the sense that he was a kid who kneaded bread in a German bakery, though, but a real, live true-blooded, one hundred per cent, sure 'nuf American soldier. He was one of the fellows who helped hand Bad Bill; the terrible Teutonic tyrant, the disastrous defeat that made him plead for peace to save his skin. No, he had never helped make any bread, even though his parents had seen to it that he was well bred. Uncle Sam had needed him, so he enlisted in the infantry. Therefore he was a doughboy, even though he had never done any kneading.

K. Haki's Uncle Sammy had sent him from his home, which was almost anywhere north of the Mason-Dixon line to southern soil for training, just as he has sent so many southern soldiers up north with the "Yankees." He had an object in this, and believed in mixing the boys. Besides, the republic has a democratic form of government.

K. Haki liked the south. He was delighted with the sunny atmosphere, the strange contrast of snow-white cotton and its dark-skinned pickers, and the numerous small streams that trickled merrily everywhere through the fertile fields and forests. The Piedmont section particularly appealed to our youthful doughboy, but the greatest of all his likings were the

princely people of the Southland.

Where he had come from, people had long before become too busy making money to think of much else. They ate fast, drank fast, walked hurriedly, and slept sound, but for short periods. They were extreme hustlers, but to their own disadvantage.

Down here it was different, not that that fact was anything to the southerner's discredit. When the latter acted, K. Haki discovered, it was only after due deliberation. He looked before leaping, and quite frequently took a second look after deciding not to leap. He was set in his ways, not like the weather-changeable.

When folks asked, "How you come to be in town today?" K. Haki answered, "On the car," thinking they wanted to know the means of transportation he had used. When some said "Mout", for what he called "might," he almost thought they were pronouncing "mouth" bowery style. "Hit" back home meant "to strike," but down here it was "it." The merry-go-round or the carousel of the north became the "Flying Jinny" below Washington. K. Haki had always studied with an open book before him, but the southerner "studies" every time he deliberates. All ministers of the gospel in the south were "preachers," and all religious services were "preachin'". Mules became "Jarheads" and pails were "buckets."

Even the time of day was changed for K. Haki. The afternoon of the north became "evenin'" here and when his girl greeted him with "Good

Night" upon his arrival at her home, as he wondered what had made her sore, and why she had dismissed him so soon.

Was K. Haki disappointed with the south? Not so you could notice it! It appealed to him strongly. He just buckled down, learned the southerner's ways, and became one of them.

The Scotch-Irish southern hospitality completely captivated K. Haki. It was just sticking out all over each and every one individual whom he met. They were all extremely kind, polite, and generous; what it took to make a soldier happy, they had. When they opened up their pretty homes and said, "Won't you all come in and be welcome?" he and many more of the "Yankees" took advantage of the invitation.

Did they enjoy themselves? Sure 'nuff! K. Haki and his colleagues saw southern hospitality in its true home. They were treated royally; bounteous repasts of cooking that can't be beaten were handed them in more than generous quantities. The free eats and entertainment were appant on very hand, but selfishness and jealousy were absent altogether.

When the time came for K. Haki to cross the pond, he did so with deep regret. Not that he feared the Hun, for he had enlisted to fight him, but because the kind southerners found a place in his heart. Moral: "Keep the home fires burning," and forget that we're "Yankees" and "Tar Heels," for we are all AMERICANS now.

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