

WHO AM I?

Both the animal and vegetable kingdoms are represented in me.

Water is also abundantly contributed toward my make up.

Part of me once roamed the green hillside, seeking a vegetable diet.

Another part of me once grew in the fertile fluid, partly solid—an amorphous mixture.

I come either hot or cold, but am at my best when hot.

There is not a soldier whom I have not encountered.

Rookies hate me worse than poison. Old timers endure me in silence. A few soldiers appear to like me.

When the weather is cold they never refuse the diet I have to offer.

I am SLUM, the army stew.

Private M. J. Hughes, Knight Audhlee.

PESSIMIST ON HUSBANDS.

Senator Lodge was talking about an outrageous profiteer, according to the Washington Star.

"The man is not typical," he said. "If he were typical then I'd despair. I'd grow as pessimistic as the middle-aged woman.

"A salesman was selling a bedroom clock to a girl.

"I recommended this clock with its illuminating attachment to switch on," he said. It's a very good thing to tell what time your husband comes home, you know."

"But I haven't got a husband," said the girl.

"Oh, you will have some day," said the salesman.

"Yes, but not that kind of a husband," said the girl.

"Then it was that the middle-aged woman stepped forward.

"My dear child, they're all that kind," she said. "Young man, I'll take that clock."

THE CADUCEUS

SURGERY NOTES.

The surgical staff has again lost some of its excellent workers. Capt. Farr, who has been assistant to Major Wayland, chief of the surgical service, has been ordered to Camp Crane, Allentown, Pa. The entire surgical department wish to express their regrets at Capt. Farr's transfer and all miss him considerably. His excellent while with us will always be remembered.

Capt. Richers and Lieutenant Hartwell and Willis have joined Capt. Farr and they all have the best wishes of the surgical staff as has Lieut. Schleussner.

Major Wayland will have his office in the operating pavillion instead of C-1 in the future. We trust that the major will enjoy his new heated office.

Lieutenant Higgins has joined the "Hunt System School."

Captain McKenna has succeeded Capt. Farr and we wish him a longer stay.

Pvt. Zecha is enjoying a furlough with relatives, in Boston, Mass.

SHOULD HAVE KNOWN.
Attract Interest.

The red bats which have been caged for some time still attract considerable interest. The new boys coming in and the convalescents have great fun watching them and occasionally they have visitors from Charlotte among the recent ones being Miss Bager and a number of entertainers who displayed considerable amusement in them on Wednesday evening at the conclusion of the regular program.

Captain Stoneham, until recently at Camp Lewis, is regaling his friends with a conversation he recently overheard between a new sentry and a tardy leave man.

"Halt! Who goes there?" challenged the guard.

"Shut up, you boob," came the hoarse whisper through the darkness. "Can't you see I'm coming, not going?"

THE RED CROSS FIRE

IMPRESSIONS WHICH BEAR WALT
MASON SAVOR.

Here is a Red Cross Sunshine Jingle which some unsigned person dropped into a Caduceus box and which tells the cheer of the open fire place at the hospital building:

Dearest Mother:

I am sitting by a log-fire, crackling, spitting—and the sparks, as they go flittering, make me think of Home and You, and my thoughts are sweeter, purer, and my heart beats stronger, surer, when the firelight lines your dear face as you sit at our fire, too.

Well the Red Cross knew it's duty when it realized the beauty that a fire of logs makes for the eyes that dream and see.

In this cozy Home, so sweetly burn the cheerful logs that meetly, all our thoughts go scampering fleetly Home, however far it be.

So I take a book and, lazy, sit me down. Instantly hazy faces come, as my book drops to the floor, and I gaze into the log's heart and forget the dreary fog's part and the rain and cold and mud that waits me, just outside the door.

War is Hell, I know, but, dearie, when the log-fire's burning cheery, we forget the woes and dreary happenings that we all know, like the cold grey frost and rainstorm, lurk without; and every brainstorm lulls itself into a rev-ry as the firelight glowers low.

Bless the log-fire for the brightness gives our hearts their lightness and loosens all the tightness that a lad feels in his chest, when fire-pictures show before him all the faces that adore him, and the scene around the Home-fire when he comes back there to rest.

Won't your heart just sing with joy when you welcome Home

Your Boy.

A Wise Proviso.

He—"Nothing could ever come between us, could it, dear?"

She—"I can't think of a single thing, unless I should happen to become engaged to some other man before we get married."—Pearson's Weekly.

IT ALWAYS HAPPENS THIS WAY TO THE BOYS IN CAMP

