



Delivered by HOWARD K. THOMPSON

### THATS THE WAY

#### PESSY MIST AND OP TIMIST WRITE HANK



DEAR Hank:—  
This life is awful. This is the worst camp I've ever been in. It's been so cold here lately that I've nearly frozen. I wish they'd discharge us, the war's over anyhow and they're just keeping us here for spite.

I've had lumbago for the past week so as I could hardly walk, but they make me go on duty just the same. Some of the patients have left, but they were the best ones, of course it's always that way. And only the home-ly nurses are left.

The barracks are gloomier every day and the orderly makes the fire smoke so all day that it nearly chokes us.

The mail never comes and every-  
body is so bored evenings that they  
become sick of life.

The chow has given me such in-  
digestion that I can hardly eat. There  
have been several deaths lately—I've  
often felt I was going to die too.

I can't sleep nights because 10 of  
the men in my barracks snore so.

I cut my finger yesterday on a nail  
which was sticking out on one of the  
walls—it may be infected tomorrow.  
That shows you how careless the men  
are about nails. They're a rough  
bunch anyway and always want to  
fight.

Well, I hope I can get home soon;  
the folks say they want me to stick  
it out here, but I'm going home just  
to spite them.

S'long,  
Pessy Mist.

### THE OTHER ONE

Dear Hank:—

I'm feeling tip-top here—I feel like  
uprooting a couple of pines every  
morning for breakfast. My appetite is  
enormous and we get plenty to eat and  
good stuff too. You'll wish you'd been  
in the Army after I knock you over  
a couple of times.

It's been brisk the last week but it  
puts pep into us and makes us healthy  
as rats.

### YOU KNOW HOW IT IS

Funny, how  
Before you go to  
Sleep you  
Think of all the things  
You want to do  
To-morrow.  
Then when you awake  
And gird your loins  
In preparation,  
For the day of action,  
You try to think  
Of what you want  
To do and  
I'll be darned if  
You can locate  
A single thing  
You thought of  
Just before you  
Went to sleep.  
Can you?

### ALL RIGHT IN PLACE

Barracks Barber (after the finishing  
smear with the ubiquitous lather):  
"How do you like our new oatmeal  
soap?"

Victim Substrate: "Seems nourish-  
ing,—but I've just had my breakfast!"

Lots have been leaving and soon  
they'll close the place and we'll all  
be back home.

Our barracks are full of real army  
men, hardy, and rugged. They're al-  
ways out for the bright side, and as  
we sit by the smokey stove and  
smoke, it seems sometimes like a big  
camping party which was stormbound.

A bunch of the nurses have left  
to be transferred to other places. We  
were sorry to see them go, but glad  
to feel they were happy at the change.  
The few that are left are jolly and  
evenings at the Red Cross fly by quick-  
ly and pleasantly.

I haven't had many letters of late,  
but I know there isn't much to write  
and that my friends are waiting to  
talk with me when they see me. Any-  
how no news is good news.

Give everybody my veribest regards  
and tell 'em all I'll see 'em soon.

Yours,  
Just

Op Timist.

### FOUND HIS NITCH

Artemus DeTect was a retired yet  
respectable society man of fifty odd  
summers and 3 even ones. He had  
green skins of large denomination and  
enuff to furnish nameplates for a  
whole days output of the N. Y. Amer-  
ican.

Old DeTect had one Offspring, Kant,  
named after a Book which had been  
presented to Father DeTect years ago  
by a studious Friend. Altho' DeTect  
had never been able to read the Book,  
nevertheless he learned to respect it  
and hald it sacred. He had hoped  
that his son might be held in the  
same light. It happened that his son  
was, but the light went out.

Kant had, ever since the baby-car-  
riage era, a strong Proclivity to In-  
vestigation and Deduction. Such sal-  
ient points as: fire burns, water pours,  
ice melts, etc., were to him an Open  
Book; most of the other Books were  
closed to him however.

Nevertheless he read Dick Merri-  
wel vigorously, and knew Sherlock  
Holmes from the Kick-off to the Finish.  
He omitted none of the Greater Mas-  
ters either, such as Gaboriau, Anna  
Katherine Green and LeBlanc, to say  
nothing of Edgar A. Poe. In fact the  
Boy was shrouded in Mystery. He  
was the greatest Mystery to his Par-  
ents; they marvelled as to what to  
do with him.

Now it came about that Kant be-  
came of age and his Generous Parent  
looked upon the Detective Profession  
as a caterpillar does on a parched  
leaf. He would rather Kant would  
become a Retail Grocery Clerk than  
a Secret Service Ferret.

Then a great thing happened: these  
United States went to war, Kant was  
drafted—and—there was no Detec-  
tive Detachment in the Army. What  
was to become of our Hero? Was he  
to sink into oblivion in the surried  
ranks? Was his talent to be lost,  
and of no avail in the Legions of Vic-  
tory?

Ah! Nay!

Then where did they put him that  
he might utilize these divinely cul-  
tivated attributes of Detecting?

—Kant was given the post as Bar-  
racks Sergeant for Barracks No. 3.