

## FLAMES OF THE PAST

(Continued from Page 4)

Geometrical and the Feeble Minded to quote Shakespeare. He told the Kid that in his Day "Many a Man has Staggered out from these Portals at Peace with the World and possessing a Childish Abandon that would do Credit to a Baby Doll. I have seen Groups of Bar Flies argue all night long on the Theory of "Whether or not Mother Hubbard knew the Bone was in the Cupboard when she went to get the Dog a Bone and then finally come to the Conclusion that if she knew all the Time the Bone wasn't there she did the Dog a Rotten Trick.

"Well I suppose you Staggered with the Rest of them," said Georgie sharply. The Colonel plainly embarrassed by this Last Query muttered something which sounded like "I'll say I Did," but quickly recovering his Poise he told Georgie that God had blessed him with a Good Pair of Props and was therefore appointed the Angel Guardian of the Gang. Georgie then asked the Colonel what those Faded Pink Pictures were on the Wall. The Colonel explained that those were the Police Gazette Pictures of Former Champions. He told him that the Bifer in the middle was Snibbey Noonan the Pittsburg Dope, who knocked the Harlem Coffee Cooler for a Fare-ye-well in Four Rounds and who claimed after the Barrage was lifted that if he had only been Drunk he would have killed him. This same Snibbsy the Colonel claimed proved to the Chemists, that Green River Whiskey does not Produce a Pain in the Coco and a Forest Fire under the Belt in the morning by Massacring Four Quart's in a One Night Stand at the Mahogany Bar. George came right back with the Crack that we must have had Wonderful Storage Batteries, to which the Colonel agreed that Georgie had said Something.

"Why were these Fuel Rooms decorated in such a Costly Way" quizzed Georgie. "Well," the Colonel replied "As the Customers would Imbibe and Imbibe and then finally get Plastered they would like naturally, to be surrounded with an Autocratic Atmosphere. He then showed him one of the Seven Wonders of the World the Free Lunch Outfit. He explained to the Youngster how a Follower of the God of Bacchus could get a Four Dollar Feed by purchasing One Dark One. Of course those possessing Bundles of Filthy Lucre wouldn't bother the Lay Out, they would Punish a Dill Pickle and Massage a Kipperred Herring just to work up a Thirst.

Georgie was curious to Know what kind of a Pluto the Rum Seller was. To which the Colonel replied "That those who had stood the Test of his Vintage why they could call him Mike," but the Faded Flowers, Amateur Stews, and Gimme a Nickel Guys, were out of Luck until they attained their Chevrons. The Dispensers of

## THE CADUCEUS

### AMBULANCE MEN DISCHARGED.

The personnel of Ambulance Company No. 60 near headquarters on the Tuckeseegee Road is being demobilized. The first contingent of twenty-six men have already been sent to Camp Dix, N. J., to be mustered out of the service and it is understood that a second detachment is soon to follow.

With the disbandment of the ambulance company, those few men who are of the regular army will be transferred to the base hospital, so the unofficial report has it, and will continue to operate the machines from this point.

### BASEBALL AT HOSPITAL.

The opening baseball game of the season is to be played tomorrow on the drill field in the rear of the barracks at the base hospital. The nine of 90th Infantry will clash with that of Ambulance Co. No. 60 at 2:30 o'clock for the benefit of the wounded boys from overseas.

Cheer who worked for his Royal Highness had to take a Course in Heart Balm before Donning the White Apron. For instance if a Man was Cheating on his Wife why Two Drinks and he would open his Life to the Guy in the Spotless White and no Matter what Rough Stuff he Pulled he was always a Lily of the Valley in the Eyes of the Guy who handled the Faucets. "Yes Georgie in my Day, I have seen many a Lush slip while Struggling for a Place, so as to be in a Position to receive Consolation.

George was in deep thought for a Moment and then blurted forth with the Statement that "When my Sunday School Teacher tells me that these places were the Homes of Cannibals, why I'll know that something must have happened in her Young Life.

"Yes my Darling, and in taking your last Look at one of the Ruins of the Alcoholic Age, always remember that it was the Home of Good Fellows and when most of the Members of the Purity League were lined up columns deep at the First National Bank on a Saturday Night, salting their Rocks why in these Institutions of Thrills, somebody was always buying for somebody Else, until the Golden Hour of Eleven, told them to Cease Firing, and many an Opponent of this Precious Fluid is Singing Psalms now because he can't even get it in the Drug Stores. And in closing Georgie after your Uncle is dead and Gone always remember that I was a Living Example of the Theory, that a Man could Sipp the Speed and still be a Gentleman and for God's Sake Never turn my Picture to the Wall because my Beak was Rosy.

The Colonel with tears in his Eyes placed his hand in that of Georgie's and slowly walked out, adjusting the Creaking Door after him. Reaching the Street he turned once or twice to look around, but the Third Time he told the World his Swan Song, which went like this.

"WHY DID THE HUMAN CAMELS, POISON AN OASIS, THAT HAD BEEN RUNNING 7000 YEARS.

## LOSES MEN

### ADVENTURES AT HOME.

Yep, we're back from a five-day at home, into which was crowded everything but slumber. S'fact, we got about fourteen hours of sleep from the time we landed in the smoky atmosphere, till we got back into camp—and about twelve of those hours were squeezed in on the Chew-chew coming back.

Well, pushing that little matter to one side, we must say that it was certainly one grand and glorious sensation to be on a train going north once again. Yea, even though we were going from the beautiful sunshine, warm hospitality and Piedmont skies into the bleak and cold of the north—we were happy. Funny, isn't it? The one little rub in an otherwise serene journey was the sight of the oodles and oodles of Sammies and Jackies on the same train, sporting an ear-to-ear grin and a scarlet chevron. They were also due north, but they meant to stay. Did we envy 'em? Well, we can't say that we did. We were happy for 'em and wished 'em all the luck in the world, but gosh, we certainly had a feeling that we'd love to be one of them.

We got home. Had just about time enough to imbibe a few whiffs of smoke and answer a box-car load of questions, most of 'em running along these channels:

"How're you feeling?" "How's Tom?" "Why isn't he home with you?" "When are you coming home for good?" "Want a drink?" "Have another?" "Gettin' much down there?" etc., etc., etc.

The Old Burg is still as congenial and open-armed as per usual; she still takes pride in the boys in uniform and glories in their achievements, but this hero-worship isn't going to last forever, already it has been rubbed bald in places. Besides, the baby needs a new rattle and the family exchequer needs quite a few pennies to cover the bottom. Therefore, our advice to you is: Just as soon as you have THE papers tucked safely away in your inside coat pocket, hie yourself home on the fastest express, moth-ball your uniform and lay it away for future reference, don your civies and start the old ball a rolling. Prove to the fellow who stayed at home that your army experiences have materially benefited you by passing him at a mile-a-minute clip in the business whirlwind. Heads up, chest out, eyes right, now forward, MARCH!

—D. M. B.

The President's Message, War Resolutions and all Allied Flags are printed on the beautiful Military Service Records now being put out by D. W. Cone, Dist. Mgr. Box 633, Charlotte. These beautiful records cost only \$1 while they last.—Adv.

If you want to be continuously happy, you must know when to be blind, when to be deaf, and when to be dumb.