

THE LINE

"This is a weird outfit. Two minutes by the watch and no one has spoken a word. Boy, get your feet off that stove, you're screening off the heat with them," said the Graceful One as he shifted in his seat. "Must have been out late last night, and fixing for a sleep now."

"Late nothing," said the Private, "this nice dry climate keeps my feet so wet, I have to thaw them out. Must have come through barrels of water between the barracks and board-walk this morning. Talk about weird! It isn't this wish-wag gang that's at fault, it's the weather."

"Stage all set?" asked the Graceful One.

"Yes, stage is all set and we're ready for work. Sweeping and cleaning done for the day, instruments on boiling for the victims," "The only thing left to be desired, is that you all brighten up and dispel the gloom."

"Some probie has the toothache; coming right over for treatment."

"Guess I'll take care of the lady," comes from one of the booths, as Lieut. A is heard to raise one of the windows to let in some sunshine, which is peeping through the pine tree-tops.

"I see you first; she comes to booth No. 2," answers Lieut. B, whose dominant musical voice lends tone to the flowery speeches of Lieut. A.

In the face of the existing conditions of rivalry between these two gentlemen, it is necessary to add that the one who first sees the approaching lady, (be she young, old, plain or pretty, but especially if she is pretty) sings out, "I see you first," as a sort of claimant note. In a field of work, where ladies are in the minority as they are in camp life, it is most essential to act quickly.

As the probie enters, she is ushered into the booth by the Mississippi lad, who fondly places a towel under her chin.

"Smells like a drug store in here," comes from the muffled mouth of the figure in the chair.

"Think so?" questions Lieut. A. What does it smell like in the line of medicine. Had much practical or theoretical work in materia medica?

"Oh, indeed yes. We've already had our examinations."

"I'm going to put some Squint-essence of squabs on cotton in the cavity of your tooth. Of course you know how splendidly it works in a case of this kind."

"Well yes. I guess so," murmurs the probie.

"One of you boys find the Squint-essence of squabs, in the medicine cabinet for me," he asks in his most professional manner.

The door opens and six feet of ebony stature fills the aperture.

"Good-morning Rastus," greets the sergeant, as he picks up pad and pencil: "What can I do you for this morning?"

"Can't do me for nothin', sah," answers Rastus with confusion; "Captain done said you'd fix my tooth for nothin'."

Lieut. B appears from the booth,

THE CADUCEUS

THE LAST MATCH

It's my last match,
I toss the empty box
Upon the embers which are low.
I gaze a while,
A strange procession of my memories
Pass by defiantly. They're not in-
vited; I

Would never conjure them—
For in my work at present—best
I didn't reminisce or speculate
Upon whatever things I might be do-
ing

It is not late—say ten;
But lonesomeness breeds discontent
There are companions all about—
They are my "buddies";—khaki-clad.
Yet why do some of them look sad?
Perhaps they think the same as I, ~
Perhaps they feel the days go by
And wish they might be home with
friends;

There are those friends
Whom one might meet
In such a place as this
Whose every presence round the glow
And circles of our fire may chase
Away the Demon Care.

They are not men,
But white-clad warriors—
Some in blue, who used
To sit and read or write
And when the evening might
Be drab, one need only look
Upon their cheerful faces—
Then the thot that this could
Truly be "Our Home" dismissed
Disquietude.
They're gone—
The embers die—
The hearth is cold.

—By Howard K. Thompson.

wiping his hands on a towel, saying, "If you're a brave soldier we'll do it for nothing, other wise you pay up, man." After examination, he adds, "Pretty big cavity there, 'fraid we can't fill it."

"You mean, you all got to pull it, sah?" asks Rastus in frightened tones.

"That's just about what it means, only we don't pull one tooth at a time," said the Lieut., "We have an instrument that pulls six of them at one time."

Rastus rolled his eyes towards the door and slowly slid his feet to the floor, as he said, 'Cap'n, Ah think that pain's done gone now in my tooth; reckon ah'll wait a spell 'for I have it pulled."

"Oh, don't be afraid," said the Lieut. as he pushed him back into the chair. "We'll hypnotize you, so you'll never feel the pain at all," and with a wide flourish of his arm, he passed a suction bulb to the Graceful One who was standing behind the chair. The latter shot a small stream of water on the back of Rastus' head which made his eyes grow twice their normal size, while the Lieut. with a piece of cotton and instrument placed a temporary filling in the cavity.

"Wake up, the show's all over, said the Lieut. with a wink of his eye. "Now, we didn't hurt you, did we?"

"No sah, shure didn't. You all some hypnotizer, cause ah didn't feel no pain 'tall."

That's the way we do business, boy, come back again."

CAMP Q. M. C.

Sergeant Markiewity returned Thursday from his business trip to Chicago. He says he found time enough to see the Follies, but otherwise it was nothing but business, business, business.

Sergeant George Crawford is now engaged in liquidating the affairs of the Q. M. C. Canteen.

Sergeant Fred Kreiner is taking a much needed rest, having decided to stay in for a week.

Why is it that Sergeant Griffin of the Motor Transport Corps is so fond of the Finance Office?

Sergeant Max Marcus has grown very fond of the south since he has been in Camp Greene. He is continually talking about Virginians, southern hospitality, etc.

Sergeant Daniel Teeter finds it very hard to give up one night a week to guard duty. What's her name, Teeter?

Look out, there! Here comes the old soldier, Ben Edwards. He is chief of the "Goldbrickers" Union and is known as "Big Ben."

Private Friedrich of the Finance Office says he got married while on his recent furlough, but we are all from Missouri. We wonder who gets his Class A allotment.

Sergeant Plumer, the major's orderly, is dealing in stocks when he is not on duty. His duties keep him in town most of the time.

Sergeant Greenleaf, Chief Clerk to the Property Office, like all big business men, must get paid for what he knows. Certainly it is not for what he does.

Civil Clerk Brady is putting "pep" to the Finance Office.

BE CONSIDERATE.

The dancing class for beginners is conducted at the Red Cross building on Thursday evening between 7 and 8 o'clock. Mrs. Baker, teacher of the class, would deem it a favor if those who understand dancing would allow the full use of the stage for that hour for those who are tyros.

Batist—"Dey tells me dat Mt. Mitchell is de highest place dis side ob de Mississippii."

Kid Foster—"Dey sho ain't dun no tradin at de canteen den."—The Oteen.

For "Our Own" boys let us have awaiting a permanent Military Service Record, an artistic display of 8 colors, and which may be had at \$1 from D. W. Cone, Dist. Mgr. Box 633, Charlotte. Money accepted in Money Order, Express Order or Postage Stamps.—Adv.