

ON FADS

(BY D. M. B.)

Fad: "A custom, amusement, etc., followed for a time with exaggerated zeal; hobby; craze."—Webster.

Fad: "A temporary insanity caused by the sting of the Loco-bug (an insect that looks like a cross between a Joisy Skeeter and a cod-fish.) The disease takes many forms, and is very contagious. It is born somewhere and dies everywhere. It may be compared to the Measles, only it dies off faster, after it has had its run. The sting usually occurs mid-riffs between the religion and the solar-plexus."—Our Own.

We have given you two definitions of a FAD. Modesty prevents us from telling you which is best. Use your own discretion. Now then, let's get more concrete, (literally speaking only), and give an example. Percy is a very sedate, unassuming young man and has good prospects of inheriting his Uncle's "good will." Therefore, it behooves him to "mark time" and "watch his step," as it were. He daintily steps into a Loco nest and the mischief's done. He immediately sets the world on its ear by doing some crazy maneuvers with his toes and everything, at the Select Six Ball. Presto, Tickle-toe has had a new birth of freedom. Everybody's doing it, even the Old Gent and Maw—to the tune of "Mary Rooney" on the phonograph. And the queer part about this is that he doesn't lose his inheritance either.

Now let's see how we have fared against Kid Loco, despite the Anti-fad serum we have taken. Remember how the "Photofad" hit us? We all had it and might as well have been quarantined. We took snaps of ourselves "At Attention"! "at east"; at "parade rest"; in front of our tents and inside of our tents; before and after Chow; with our coats on and hats off and vice versa; shaking hands with some newcomer or the last farewell to some old Pard who is being transferred; Photos of us washing clothes (though we never washed a black sock); of us in every pose possible. Oh, how it would have tickled Mr. Kodak were it possible for him to have been here during last April and May. And we had to have two prints of each made, one for the old folks

and one set for Her. If they back home had taken the time to lay 'em out side by each, they would have had a good one-reeler of us for those first three months at Camp, from the time we got up till Taps. Just when the Craze seemed at its highest, it died. Died deader than Noah's cat. And then—

In galloped the "Horse-back fad." Everybody wanted to be up and speeding, the some of us never got within six feet of a horse before in our lives. Many a time have we missed one of Sol Lasky's pet chows, in order to get the Steeds hitched and gone before the next Faddist got there, and willingly did we clean stables and carry water at Captain Stockard's command, just so that we could smell the wee bit horsey. Yea, many a night have we slept on our "tummies" and many a meal have we eaten off the mantel, after a "delightful trot to the Rifle Range and back (go light on the back.) And so it played its part.—(Sokeshake.)

And so we might go on and on and on and tell you of many, many more, but what's the use—there is no cure for this malady and who the L wants to be cured? Howsomever, before we desist, we must mention one more. The DOG-FAD. The dog-fad hit us in the form of our famous "Jack Canaine." Somebody saw him, got stung and he was ours, after we had laid out One-sixty plus a buck private's monthly SALARY. Yes, he was ours, and never a dog got better care than said Jack for a while. First off the griddle, we labored all day (one of us did) and built him a home, wherein he never dwelt. Everybody took pride in his every move. We fought for the privilege of having him follow us; we all took a crack at feeding him; we gloried in his few-and-far-between victories and sympathized in his defeats and got the bichloride. Oh, how swiftly this interest waned. We had thought he was a two-year-old and found out that he had been roaming the streets of Charlotte for the last ten summers; we had hopes of him some day eating up the Q. M. cur, and all he was able to do was to drive him away. We thought he was a gentleman dog of the first waters and found out that he was better suited as a dish-washer in the Hotel De Gink. And so it went from worst to worser, till one day the poor

THE QUITTER

When you're lost in the Wild, and you're scared as a child,
And Death looks you bang in the eye,

And you're sore as a boil, it's according to Hoyle

To cock your revolver and . . . die.

But the code of a Man says: "Fight all you can,"

And self-dissolution is barred.

In hunger and woe, oh, it's easy to blow . . .

It's the hell-served-for-breakfast that's hard.

"You're sick of the game!" Well, now that's a shame.

You're young and you're brave and you're bright.

"You've had a raw deal!" I know, but don't squeal,

Buck up, do your damndest, and fight.

It's the plugging away that will win you the day,

So don't be a piker, old pard!

Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to quit;

It's the keeping-your-chin-up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten—and die;

It's easy to crawfish and crawl;

But to fight and to fight when hope's out of sight!

Why, that's the best game of them all!

And though you come out of each gruelling bout,

All broken and beaten and scarred,
Just have one more try—it's dead easy to die,

It's the keeping-on-living that's hard.
—Robert W. Service.

dog got heart-failure and nearly died, just because we gave him a second meal that week. Still we loved the old fellow and had fond hopes that some day he would go to Dog-heaven. He's gone, and rumor has it that he has wended his way into Sol' Sausage Grinder. We still have hopes, and like the Old Darkey, Tom, we sing:

"Oh, where, oh, where, has our little dog-gone; oh, where, oh, where, can he be?"

We hope he's gone where all good doggies go; that's where we want him to be.

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