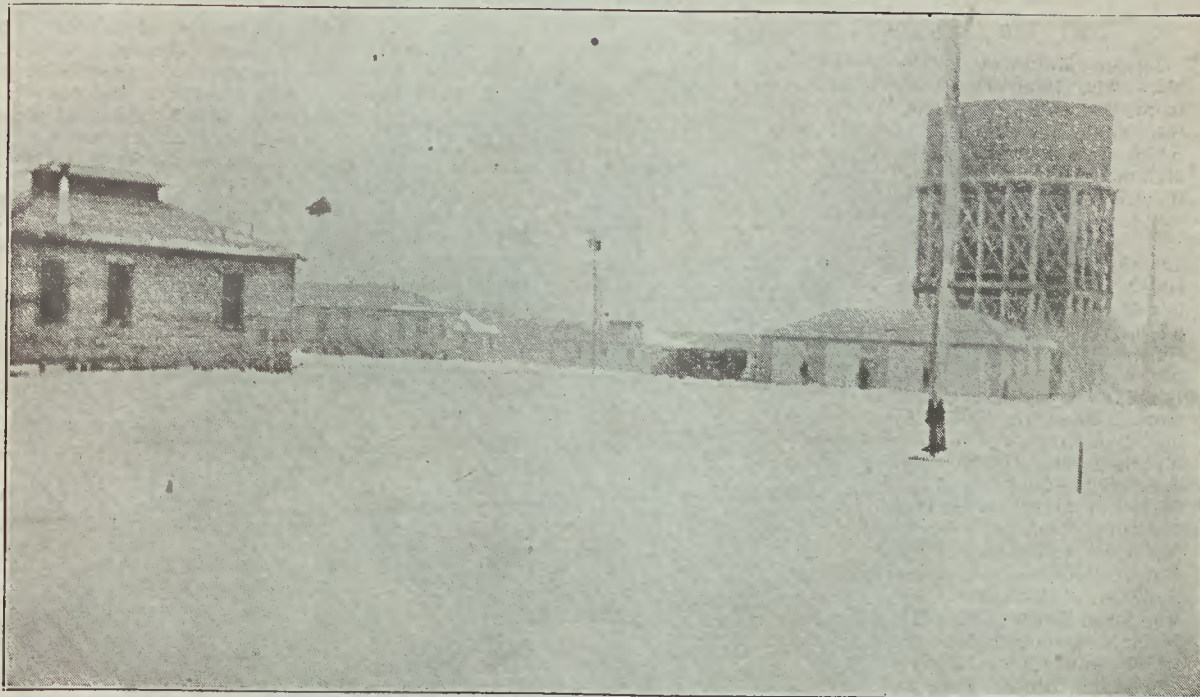


## JUST A YEAR AGO



WHEN THE HOSPITAL WAS CLAD IN SNOW

**BATTER UP!**

By D. M. B.

(With due apologies to Joe Lawlor, George Ade and Captain Crowe.)

Not so long ago (so the story goes), there was a man with a Guilty Conscience. He had other things too, such as a Has-been Will Power, and I-didn't-want-to-do-it mind. In all justice, we mustn't skip too lightly over that once-was-Will Power. W. P. was once a big leaguer. He batted over 350 for many seasons and in his hey-day was recognized as the best player in the Nervous System League. Soon his superiority became so well known, he was made President of the Board of Umpires, and his decision was final. Some shady deal was up: "Hooks" Temptation says, "Sall right, go ahead, nobody'll be the wiser and you'll be the gainer" "Slim" Conscience whines, "But what if I do get caught, etc., etc.? Matter was finally taken before the Supreme Head, and "NO," meant no in his court.

But all this was "once-up-on-a-time" and our story doesn't commence till a year after that. The Race that year was mighty close and the championship was still at stake at the fag end of the season. It looked like a neck-and-neck till the last man was out. "Hooks" Temptation had a pretty good battery and had been hitting 'em pretty hard all summer, with "Slim" Conscience right on his heels all the time. W. P. had a favorite that year (which was contrary to the By Laws), and try as he would, it couldn't help but lean a little toward the team lead by "Hooks." "Slim" hung on for dear life till the last game of the season. The pennant depended on the game, so it was deemed best to let "King-of-

'em-all" Power, umpire behind the bat. And that was the beginning of the end.

Let us skip over the details of the game. It was won on a close play at the home plate. Will Power rendered the decision in favor of Temptation, and the crowd went home to a warm-eg-over supper, none the wiser that a "shady deal" had been handed "Slim's" team, but "Will" and a few others. W. P. went home as if in a daze. He had made his first wilfully wrong decision and felt himself slipping. "Guilty" Conscience became his unsought for ally and try as he would, he couldn't rid himself of his newly required pal. "I-didn't-want-to-do-it" was his sole solice, but "Guilty" was the Master. And so we come once more to the "Not so long ago" stage, where we'll leave 'em.

MORAL—Reconstruct YOUR league so that Will Power, Mind, and Clean Conscience will always run neck and neck, and feed Temptation "fade-aways." The Conscience brothers "Clean" and "Guilty" may cause you a little trouble, but "do it now, do it right, do it cheerfully," ought to make you immune from Slander in the Caduceus.

A soldier who had been placed under arrest and confined to the guard-house for a trivial offense was walking along the road, when a colored lady stopped him and inquired, "What's dat big P mean on the back of yo' coat?" The prisoner turned and smilingly replied, "Oh! That stands for Precious."

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