

tripped up the stairs and in a little while I was being graciously entertained by a charming nurse.

With the inquisitiveness of the "Attie Philosopher," I still found time to make some observations. There was "The Britto," the only Britto in North Carolina, seated on a piano (stool) playing "Three Blind Mice" with three of his fingers. And, as our hero played his overture, a young lady, was dutifully turning his voluminous music sheets with caressing fingers. Sir Alexander Easely was there too. He was his usual brilliant self, and his lady was so proud of him.—Good old Easely. Walter Durham was enjoying himself also. He was wrapped up in earnest conversation with the vivacious young lady who had answered the door. His Eminence John D. Epps, Jr. was there, my fine friend, and he seemed to be all over the place with that mischievous smile of his.—He's a ladies' man,

and I don't mean maybe. — My goodness, if I didn't tell you that there was a piccalo in the salon, I am slipping. Yes sir. The Baird strutted over to the machine and he played "I Found My Yellow Basket." I could not be outdone by him so I hopped over and played, "In My Reverie."

Suddenly I heard a clang, clang, clang. I looked around with surprise and saw a wicked little nurse pulling at a bell. Then swish, swish gray striped dresses and white aprons seemed to be coming from everywhere. My companion whispered, "These girls are going on night duty."

I said, "Uh, huh," as I listened to the liquefaction of their clothes. The uniformed nurses disappeared through the door, and I noticed that the swains were getting their coats. I took the cue, got my coat and bade a fond farewell.

—"*Coota Brown.*"

Thumbnail Sketches

How do you do, campus gossip-mongers and scandal lovers. This is the second edition of this column by Mrs. Nonamus' little boy, A. Nonamus, bringing you the old, the new and some surmises for the future. In short; who went where, when, with whom; and why.

St. Aug. boys, underdogs in sports, prove masters of campus social situations; a general migration to the Tuttle School, Nurses' Home, and the city is the net result.

Campus bell-ringer, Cassanova, and three letter man, sidesteps, "Detroit Damsel" drops "Tuttle School" and migrates to city. Napoleon was over-ambitious.

I want to know why George Pope

is pulling the "ig?" Pete, He plays a nurse on the side, but jams city square to center.

Capt. Easely, 375th Co. has broken his Camp of Roses and has established permanent headquarters at the medical base.

Bennett — Cleans off campus dirt with Lee's antiseptic.

H. Johnson — Sending himself off the campus with Miss Smith. His statement, "Gentlemen p r e f e r blondes." M a y b e it "Raines" blondes at his home.

"That's my mother's name," Abis did makes romantic proposal to wrong nurse. He either needs a new line or a change of glasses.