

MEDICAL SUPPLY

'Ts happened. Three weeks ago we "Passed the Buck," and now like the proverbial "Dull Care," 'tis back with us. Tom says he don't mind the little bit of work it entails, but "them icy stares and frost-bitten voices"—well, he renigs, that's all. Our shoulders are no broader than his'n, but maybe our method of attack isn't so red-to-bullifying. We'll stick it out, the War will soon be over anyhow.

Our stock of "Air, hot," has been greatly augmented since "Tar Heel" Vreeland, formerly among us and now a submarine chaser at Newport News, paid us a visit. Maas has taken it all up on the Returns, but "Rip" vows as how it will have to be rechecked, inasmuch as loads of it has been missed in Inventorying.

"Dal" writes from the Walter Reid Hospital that Tracy Stockard is going to contribute some "Moonshine Letters" to the "Come-back." K. J. didn't write it to us, and as he owes us a letter, we're "sore" and didn't intend to mention his name at all. Maybe (who knows), he will read this and once more verify the Scriptures—"As ye sow, so shall ye reap."

We never aim to be offensive. Far be it from us to hurt any one's feelings. If the shoe fits you so poorly that it pinches your pet corn, tell us and we'll catalogue you "among the missing" in this column. But, for the love of Scandal, don't all ask at once or M. S. D. Notes will have to be detailed to "where the woodbine twineth not."

What an inspiring thing love is. Did you ever see such a close friendship as exists between Mike Manus and Oriole Blackwell? The story tells us that that's what the "Ethyl Alcohol" column is for. Or, maybe Wagner will come in handy as an arbitrator.

"Baseball series scheduled for this week" in Camp Grene. Home papers please copy. Seems as though we're wintering under Piedmont Skies after all.

KINYABEETIT?

D. M. B.

DEMOCRACY AND EDUCATION

Democracy is commonly thought of as a form of government, but primarily, it is not this at all; rather it is a spiritual attitude. "As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he." The form of government is an outward manifestation of an inward feeling, but the feeling necessarily precedes and conditions the outward form. If people all have the feeling of democracy, a democratic form of government is inevitable. The great task before the homes and the schools, therefore, is to generate this feeling, and now is a most opportune time for this important work. People are more neighborly and more kindly disposed toward one another than ever before. The old lines are being broken down and people are coming to think that, in a large way, each one is his brother's keeper. We are coming to estimate people by what they are and what they can do, rather than by what they have, and this is making for a higher plane of sympathy and good will. The teacher does well, therefore, to inquire how she may best use the studies of the school to generate the feeling of democracy, so that when the boys and girls emerge from their school life democracy will be so thoroughly enmeshed in their consciousness that it will be as much a part of them as their breathing. Hence no teacher ever needs to apologize for saying that she is teaching democracy by means of history, geography, grammar, and civics.

F. B. PEARSON,
State Superintendent of Public Instruction,
Columbus, Ohio.

JUST A JOB.

Is it just a job that is yours to hold,
A task that offers you so much gold,
Just so much work that is yours to do,
With never a greater goal in view?
What do you see at your desk or loom,
Or the spot you fill in life's busy room?
Merely a flickering lamp that burns
With a sickly light as the mill wheel

turns
And the same old grind in the same
old ways
With all the tomorrows like yester-
days!

Is it just a job, just a task to do,
So many pieces to build anew?
So many figures to add, and then
Home for a while and back again?
Are you just a clerk in a gaudy shop,
Pleased when a customer fails to
stop,

Finding no joy in the things you sell,
Sullenly waiting the quitting bell?
Are your thoughts confined to the
narrow space
And the dreariness of your present
place?

Is it just a job, or a golden chance?
The first grim post of a fine advance,
The starting place on the road which
leads
To the better joys and the bigger
deeds,
Do your thoughts go out to the days
to be?

NO PULL.

By Ord. Seaman Alvin J. Sauer, Co. 6,
U. S. Coast Guard.

Doctor (to complaining rookie)—
Why didn't you come to me sooner if
you knew you were sick last night?

Rookie—Honest, doctor, I tried sev-
en times to wake up the bugler to
blow "sick call," but he wouldn't do
it.

—From Judge.

OBEYED ORDERS

A Major M. C. who has seen a year
and a half active service in the Base
Hospital when on a recent leave mak-
ing a brief visit home was approached
by an interlocuter who in semi-con-
dolatory tone remarked, "So you never
went across, did you?" And the
Major looking his persecutor straight
in the eyes replied, "No, I never was
ordered across, and as you know, in
the U. S. Army, the first thing we
learn is to obey orders!"

Can your eyes look over the drudgery
And see in the distance the splendid
glow
Of the broader life that you, too, may
know?
What is your view of your circum-
stance,
Is it just a job or a golden chance?
—Edgar A. Guest.

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