

The Colonel's Lament

Lay the jest about the julep in the camphor balls at last,
For the miracle has happened, and the olden days are past!
That which made Milwaukee famous does not foam in Tennessee,
And the lid in old Missouri is as tight locked as can be;
And the comic-paper Colonel and his cronies well may sigh,
For the mint is waving gayly, and the South is going dry.

By the still-side on the hillside in Kentucky all is till,
And the only damp refreshment must be dipped up from the rill.
Nawth Ca'lina's stately ruler gives his soda glass a shove,
And discusses local option with the So'th Ca'lina guy.
It is useful at the fountain to be winkful of the eye,
For the cocktail glass is dusty, and the South is going dry!

It is "water, water, everywhere, and not a drop to drink!"
We no longer hear the music of the mellow crystal clink:
When the Colonel, and the Major, and the Gen'ral, and the Jedge
Meet to have a little nip, to give their appetites an edge;
For the egg-nog now is nogless, and the rye has gone awry,
And the punch bowl holds carnations, for the South is going dry!

All the nightcaps now have tassels, and are worn upon the head!
Not the nightcaps that are taken when nobody went to bed;
And the breeze above the blue-grass is as solemn as is death,
For it bears no pungent clove-tang on its odorific breath;
And each man can walk the chalk line when the stars in the sky,
For the fizz-glass now is fizzless, and the South is going dry!

Lay the jest about the julep 'neath the chestnut tree at last,
For there's but one kind of moonshine, and the older days are past,
The water wagon rumbles through the Southland on its trip,
And it helps no one to drop off to pick up the driver's whip;
For the mint beds now are pastures and the corkscrew hangeth high;
All is still along the still-side, and the South is going dry!

Mame's Christmas Tree

Some few years ago while I was on my way to catch a train in the downtown district of New York I was caught in a heavy shower and stepped under an awning where I was shortly joined by a boy dragging a Christmas tree larger than himself. He was accompanied by a mongrel puppy who seemed to have a proprietary interest in the trophy. I said "Hello Kid, I see you're going to have a Christmas tree," to which he replied

"Aw, go on, this ain't for me, its me sister Mamie, aint it, Jimmie?" The dog responded by jumping up and wagging a tail as long as a rabbit's. It was not hard to draw the little Christmas comedy from the pair—
Jimmie and me
Has a swell Christmas Tree
Staked and hid out in the way
Jimmie's me pup
But you gamble he's up
And that he stands in on the play.

We're going to buy
All the prettiest things
That a fellow can find on Broadway
And we'll give little Mame
That's me sister's name
The whizz of a Christmas Day

The kid an't so peart
Since the day she got hurt
But she's game and don't never cry
That's why me mazoo
Is down in me shoe
And not spent fer no doughnuts or pie.

We're goin' to rastle
The prettiest things—
That's Jimmie and me
And no Avenoo kid
Can come in for a bid
Or a peek at my Mame's Christmas tree.

Her stockin's too small
And it won't do at all
To hold all the tings on dat night
But dere's one of me mudder's
Dat beats all the others
And filled up will look out of sight.

Me mudder onet said
Course 'fore she wuz dead
That she'd look down on Mamie and me.
I hope from her place
She can see dat kid's face
When my Mame gets a peek at de tree.
FRANK BUTLER.

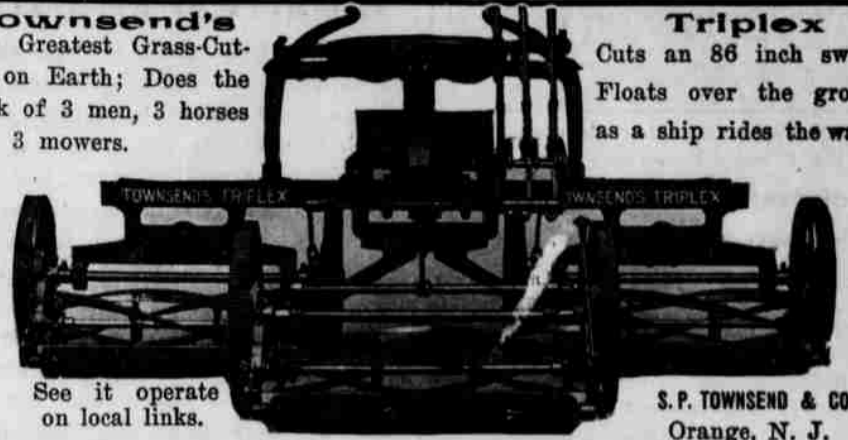
Major Brown Home on Leave

Dr. J. S. Brown, the distinguished surgeon from Montclair, who has for some years been a familiar figure in the village, and who has recently completed a Winter home near the links, was called into the service almost immediately upon the American mobilization. With the rank of major he was put in charge of organizing the surgical work at camp Gordon at Atlanta. He has been on detail there in command of this vital business since the troops were called out. Under his direction surgical cases among these 18,000 to 30,000 troops have been so efficiently handled that only one case has been lost to date. Last week he returned to the village on leave for a necessary rest, and will spend the next few weeks in his bungalow.

Hiding Party

Mrs. E. P. Spencer led another expedition on horseback to Southern Pines to test the fare of the Highland Pines Hotel and lightfeet to the tune of the fandango last Wednesday. Commander Elia and Warrington Vaughn guarded the flanks of the squadron, which included Mrs. H. G. Waring, Miss Carolyn Bogart, Mrs. A. B. Mudgett and others.

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