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J. D. COLLINS

Spartanburg, South Carolina

ETHELBURT JELLYBACK, PRIVATE, HAS ANOTHER IDEA.

Coming, as I do, from one of the first families in the country, I, Ethelburt Jellyback, often wonder why I am not a first-class private.

Strange, the morning after I enlisted, and reported at the armory, the Captain published some orders. I was a bit nervous. I felt sure that my name would be announced as having been made a corporal—mayhap, a sergeant.

What was my surprise to find that my name wasn't even mentioned! Neither has it been to this day. Can you imagine what agonized speculation has grown up in my mind—I, Ethelburt Jellyback, who in civil life was accustomed to much honor and respect, partly due to my social station, partly to my personality, and who used to think up the dearest things for sister's place cards!

I once approached the Captain on this very topic. The Captain, I knew, was a stickler for military discipline, and courtesy. But so am I. I love formality. Accordingly, I said to him:

"Sir, Private Jellyback reports that he has mastered the *Infantry Drill Regulations*, the *Non-Commissioned Officers' Manual* and the *Field Service Regulations*; that he has led the Blue Army to ultimate victory through all the *Studies in Minor Tactics*, not to men-

tion sundry books of a quasi-military flavor which have all borne their share in fitting him for promotion—such as the *Anthology of Patriotic Songs*, and Lillian Lilac's exquisite volume, *Pink Poems of a Pale Private*. Sir, Private Jellyback also reports that both of his cotton suits have but recently come back from the laundry, as immaculate as those rough cleansers could accomplish it, and that he is well accoutred to step into any position you see fit to give him."

Our Captain, usually so stalwart, strong, and free from common physical ailments, fell into a violent coughing spell. I was astonished. The coughing spell threatened to develop into a paroxysm.

At length he shook off the seizure and told me he would take up my case. But do you know, I have never heard another word from him!

However, there is something I am going to bring to his attention at once. It is the Kitchen Police! Words almost fail me in expressing my exasperation at having been put on that vexatious detail. The horrors of its functions are with me still, and so is the odor of the nasty smoke, and the grease. How I loathe grease. My whole soul rebels at it. It is so unnecessary.

At home I never went near the kitchen. I had no desire to. Furthermore, Nora, the cook, put obstacles in my way—once a frying pan, another time a flatiron.

On kitchen police I came in direct con-

tact with a display of objects that appalled me. Pots, pans, pans, pots. Scour and scrub, scrub and scour. Peel potatoes, split wood, sweep the mess hall. And flies! I discovered that even the flies come South for the winter. Dirty water, soiled dish cloths, garbage cans, pails of slop—and I, who have marched so smartly down Fifth Avenue to the music of a military band.

How, in Heaven's name, if I am to have my intellectual endowment vitiated by kitchen police, am I to make the world safe for democracy? I never realized before what a cruel war it was.

Why doesn't Uncle Sam have some sort of person—a niece, say, to do the work in the kitchen? That is what I am going to broach to the Captain—the hiring of a sufficient number of cook's helpers to do the menial labor. But first I must run up and mail a letter to President Wilson. I have an admirable idea to give him for the camouflage department of the army. It is really very simple. All great ideas are. It is to force all the soldiers to raise olive drab moustaches, like mine, and then when we parade there will be a regulation smartness about the facial appearance of our troops.

I have other ideas, too, but I simply can't put them all into execution at once. You can appreciate my perplexity. One thing at a time, as the butler used to say when he opened my eggs at breakfast. C. D.