

"THE WEARING OF THE BLUE."

New Hat Cords Cause Weeping and Gnashing of Teeth Among Erstwhile Cavalrymen.

He couldn't have been more than 21 or so—a mere kid. But he slouched down the road past Headquarters like an aged man. In his once cherubic face there were etched a thousand dry wrinkles, like those of a man who has passed through many terrors. His eyes were furtive, self-accusing. Nervously he shifted his hat, averting his glance. His once lovely hair had whitened and the clever part that had wont to cleave back over the centre of his no longer pink scalp had vanished.

Reggie? Reggie Van Rye, of East Sixty-third street, Beverly and Ormond Beach? To be sure! Reggie! But what a change! What terrible thing had been visited upon jolly old Reggie?

"Old dear," groaned Reggie as I gripped his fevered hand, "they've done it at last. After slipping our good nags over to the bally Remount we rather expected it was the beginning of the end, but—"

Reggie began skidding. His voice choked up on him and he bowed his head—possibly to hide from me a tear or so.

"Forgive me, old man," he gulped once, he had regained himself. "It has me by the throat. Did you see it—see it on my hat? Ghastly; what? Blue, old dear, blue as blue and I'm afraid its going to break the good old spirit of a lot of the chaps back there in the cavalry. By jove, I just can't bring myself to say machine gunners, somehow. Good work, machine guns and all that but there's not the old smartness, somehow or other.

"As I say, we could stand the loss of our horses. Between you and me, old fellow, we thought they were spoofing us a bit; that they would send the jolly old beasts back to us.

"But then they took our riding breeches—the breeches most of us had tailored ourselves; mounted breeches some of the artillery fellows called 'em. Then they took our currycombs—even the imported ones, and our spurs—crested ones and all.

"Little by little they undermined our fraternity. It was a good bit like a frat, after all, old man, the troop. Our saddles and sabres, next. Yes, and then our pig-skin puttees. By jove, it maddens me, to think of it. See what we wear now, instead. Look like just anybody with these canvass and leather affairs on our legs.

"But we managed to preserve our individuality to a certain extent with our yellow hat cords. We still had those.

"But look! Look at us now! Look at my damned hat! Look at the cord! Blue! Doughboy blue. Who is to distinguish us now? What girl is going to pick us out of the crowd, now? How could she? We're just like all the rest of the men now. I tell you, old fellow, it was hard, rotten hard



ITZ KOMINOFF

SCHEDULE FOR THE WEEK IN RUSSIA.

(In order that those of our readers who are planning to go to Russia on furlough may have no doubt as to who is in power at any time we will print the official schedule for each week, furnished by our Vlodiivlo-stock correspondent, Itz Kominoff. The schedule is subject to change by anyone at a moment's notice.)

MONDAY—Bolsheviki in power. Army to be reorganized and all officers and non-commissioned officers destroyed. All members of the Koinski (wealthy class) owning property to the amount of 1,000,000 kopecs (\$2.67), will immediately be thrown into jail and their property taken by whoever happens to be chief of the Bolsheviki to be held in trust for the Working People.

TUESDAY—Trotup and Kanteroff, formerly of the Keith Circuit, organizing new party, name still uncertain, for the protection of the working class. All members of the working class will turn in all their money to the party leaders for which they will be issued memorandum receipts. The afternoon

and it has just played hob with us, I can tell you.

"We buried the dear old past, the other night. Oh, yes, buried it. Believe me, old fellow, we were fearfully attached to the old life. Had a regular funeral cortege or whatever you call it, you know. Jack Fitzmaurice played Chopin's Funebre on his ukulele and some chap or other blew taps on his bugle.

"We buried them all together—a yellow hat cord, a pair of Bobbie Lexington's spurs, a pair of my old puttees, an old troop currycomb and a few good old hairs out of Jimmy Baxter's thoroughbred's tail. Jolly, wasn't it? Rotten, really. Thanks, old man. Knew you'd sympathize. So long."

And the broken youth slunk along, clinging to the shadows.

—W. A. D.

NIGHT IN CAROLINA.

It's night-time in Carolina,
And the camp is wrapped in sleep;
The wandering breezes whisper,
The dusky shadows creep,
The bugle notes melt fast away,
A farewell song to dying day,
And then flash out, from chilly height,
The sparks from God's anvil, flaming bright.

Night throws her nocturne tresses far
To clasp them with a diamond star;
And then her silver dipper dips,
To wash with dew with flush-red lips;
Of golden sunset is her crown,
With moonspun silver bound around,
While, from the tip of each tiny spire,
Burns the pure light of celestial fire.
Thus, above the sleeping fort,
Time's dark beauty holds her court.

A herald meteor flashes by;
What is it?—a passing soul,
Or just stardust across the sky.
The murm'ring grasses whisper "Sleep,"
Safe in the tender watch they keep.
With steady pace walks the sentinel,
The world's at rest—all's well.

D. STANLEY BEATTIE,
Hdgs. Co, 105th Inf.

"WAY DOWN SOUTH IN GREENWICH VILLAGE."

A request has been made for the names and organizations of the men in the 27th Division residing in Greenwich Village, N. Y. City. Address: First Sergeant E. Sullivan, Supply Company, 107th Inf., Camp Wadsworth.

has been set aside for a battle royal between the schzecks, the chzecks and the kszecks for the control of the government on Thursday.

WEDNESDAY—New government, headed by Lenine and Kerosene. This will be known as the Polular party and will be composed of six men. Little else is known about it. The regular Wednesday afternoon holiday will be observed for washing clothes and a general clean up.

THURSDAY—The party winning Tuesday's battle royal will be in power. All lands of the Koiniski will be confiscated and divided up among the party leaders to be held in trust for the working people. A committee of the IWW and the RSVP will meet to consider a separate peace with the Canary Islands.

FRIDAY—The regular Friday afternoon coalition government has been called off on account of the shortage of coal.

SATURDAY—Battle between the Cossacks and the Hassocks for the control of Ubbuk. This is the key to the entire situation as here are stored the Winter supply of samovars for the whole of Russia.

SUNDAY—Regular weekly disbanding of the army.

—E. S.