



# Incinerator.

## A SOLDIER'S LETTER TO HIS SWEETHEART.

Mon Croquette:

That's not the kind with the over-dressed toothpick in the top, Mable. A croquette is a French society woman. If you study these letters of mine and see how I use the French words you ought to be able to pick up enough French to understand me talkin' it when I come home.

Well, Mable, New Years are behind us again. I made a lot of New Year's revolutions. That's why I haven't answered your last five letters. It's no use your saying that there wasn't nothing for me to change, cause you're prejudiced. I can see faults where others can't. Underneath a plezant exterior I am made of sterner stuff, as the poets say. I have given up frivolity with the exception of a few invitations which I had already accepted. I am making a study of war.

And now I am goin' to tell you a secret. I'm workin' on a plan to end the war. I got thinkin', as I will, an' it struck me that no one had touched this side of it at all. They was all figuring how to go on with it. Don't say nothin' till I get it all worked out. You'll here from me yet and I guess you always knew you would, eh, Mable?

I've also resolved not to put off to to-morrow what you can do to-day. (Old motto.) For instance, if I can get out of a fatigue to-day, what's the use of putting it off till to-morrow. That's just horse sense.

I've cut down on my smokin' too. I was gettin' to be a cigarette feend. Got so I had to smoke whenever I was thinkin'. Nervous and high strung. That's me all over, Mable. I taken up cigars and a pipe instead. A fello with an active mind has got to have something of course to steady him down. You remember what the fello who trained the high school show said about me when he saw me act. Temperature. That's me. Of course you can't borrow pipe tobacco and cigars as well as I could cigarettes but I'm tryin' to get the other fellos to look at it the same as I do and in a little while I will be all O. K. again.

I got that watch your father sent me for a New Year's present. Tell him, thanks very much and not to feel bad that he forgot to send me any Christmas present cause this wipes out the debt entirely. He said it was a military watch and the latest thing out. I guess they call it a military watch cause it works two hours four and then stops four. And its the latest thing round here all right. If

I answered calls by that watch I'd be fallin' in for retreat round taps. I got the blacksmith over at headquarters company workin' on it now. He's an awful good man. He was a plumber in civilian life. That's why they made him a blacksmith when he enlisted. He says he's goin' to fix it so's I'll never be bothered with it again.

I went to an enlisted man dinner dance New Year's night. I sat next to a Colonel's wife. It was kind of embaressing at first. I put her at her ease though, Mable, right away. I says this is a chick laid table. But that a French joke, Mable, and you wouldn't understand it, not being a Colonel's wife. When I'd stopped laughin' at that I started right in and told her all about every man in the company, beginning with the As. You know what I am when I get started. I didn't giv'er no chanst to feel uneasy. When she started to say something I kept right on talkin', just to show her that she wasn't expected to make no effort, bein' the Colonel's wife, but I would do all the entertaining.

I guess I made good all right, too, 'cause after dinner I heard her ask someone who I was and who had invited me. I couldn't quite catch what the other person said, then the Colonel's wife said something like "He ought to be known better." Make your mark wherever you go. That's me all over, Mable. It may mean promotion or most anything. It may mean that I'll be sent to Fort Silly to study something. You can't tell.

There's a fellow in town what sells stuff to soldiers. He's got a little black pad that you tie over your eyes so that you can sleep in the day time. That was never invented by an army man, Mable. I says to him that first thing we knew someone would be inventing a portable mattress that we could tie on our backs so as we could lie down on the drill field, eh, Mable?

The second lieutenants are wearing gold bars now. Funny how things go in the army. First lieutenants silver, seconds, gold. According to that corporals ought to wear platinum. But I say the old mahogany bars is good enough for me. Get the point, Mable.

I can't think of anything more that you would understand. Don't let no one get hold of these letters. You can't be too careful with so many spize 'roun'. I suppose you are awful lonesome without me. I don't get much time to be lonesome, what with drillin' and goin' out somewhere. After things get shook down a little I hope to get more time to miss you. How's your father's liver?

au Riviere,

BILL.  
—E. S.

"Let's have setting up exercises."

"All right. Whose going to set 'em up?"

"You've got to hand those Fords a lot."

"I do. Half my month's pay every week."

We learn from the Spartanburg papers that one of the mats used by the local traffic police to keep the limbs of the law out of the mud has been stolen. Although the paper does not state the details, we assume that it was stolen while he was standing on it. THE GAS ATTACK offers its services in running down the culprit. It is men of this type who are the greatest menace to the community. Any man who would stoop to such a thing would short change a poor box, steal the lap robes out of a baby carriage or take Saturday Evening Posts from in front of Du-Pre's Book Store.

The average woman's waist is 30 inches. The average man's arm is 30 inches. Oh, nature how kind thou art!

It's bad enough to sit up all night with a sick friend, but don't bring him home with you in the morning.

A new department has just been opened up in hell. It is for the taxi driver who lures you into the back of his car on the assumption that he is going out to camp; who refuses to move until it is impossible to get a piece of paper between any of the springs; who has to stop for gas and oil at the end of the first block; who has to stop at a lunch counter in the middle of the second block and fill up his radiator with a cracked tea cup in twenty-seven trips, stopping each trip for a cup of coffee and a doughnut; and finally, who gets almost out of town and then turns round and goes back to the square to see if he can't find a couple of other suckers to sit on top of you.

The gentleman in the movies who gets shot in the arm at 10:05 and knocks the villain for a goal with the same member at 10:20 would have had a great time in the army. Apparently some of those who go up to sick report every morning have discovered the trick.