VETERAN'S BUREAU CLINIC
FOR KNOXVILLE
Ex-Service Men With Disabilities
Treated Free.

The Veteran's Bureau has secured
a clinic for Knoxville, which will
be in operation in about 60 days, for
the benefit of all ex-service men who
have disabilities traceable to the
period during which they were in
the service.

This will be an up to date clinic,
equipped to do everything for the
men that may need to be done, in
the way of examination and treat-
ment, as it will be supplied with a
complete drug laboratory, and an
X-ray outfit, and will employ a num-
ber of medical experts, including an
eye, ear, nose and throat specialist.

By means of this clinic ex-service
men who are due treatment will not
have to do without it pending arrang-
ements to have them taken to hos-
pitals. And men with 10% disabilities,
drawing $8.00 per month will be able
to get free treatment for their injuries here, instead of having
to pay out, as has sometimes been
the case, doctor's bills for dressing
which amount to more than their
monthly compensation.

A system is being worked out by
Bureau officials whereby out of
town disability cases may share the
advantages of the clinic.

Orders have already been receiv-
ed to secure space for the clinic. It
will require 16 rooms, or about 2,200
square feet of floor space. Some of
the equipment has already arrived,
including some desks and medical
supplies.

CANADIAN PARLIAMENT TURNS
DOWN GENERAL BONUS

A special parliamentary committee
which considered the question of a
soldier bonus, recently reported
against a general bonus for Canadian
soldiers based on the length and
place of service. Canada has already
liberally aided her soldiers finan-
cially and educationally, and she is
paying an annual pension bill of
many million dollars.

CONCERNING THE LEGION
LUNCHEON CLUB

Members of the McGhee Tyson
Post are missing something good by
not joining the American Legion
Luncheon Club, and attending its
meetings.

This Club is going to be a great
thing for the Legion and for Knox-
vilie, and McGhee Tyson Post ought
to get behind it, and do it. As yet,
there has been no attendance report-
ed from our post, which is something
for us to be ashamed of. When we
fail to attend our own meetings it is
bad enough, but outsiders don't find
us as quick from that as they do
when we show lack of spirit in
backing something that other organ-
izations also have something to do
with.

Let's show Post No. 3 that we also
are public-spirited.

Remember the meeting hour:
EVERY MONDAY,
from 12:15 to 1:15.

AID FOR SOLDIERS THAT
PAYS FOR ITSELF

The reclamation of land, and the
settlement of World War Veterans
upon it is one kind of assistance
that would repay the country in dol-
ars and cents. Twenty-four reclama-
tion projects in 15 Western States,
representing an investment of
$166,500,000, have already paid the
government back $40,900,000, or near-
ly a quarter of the outlay.

Reclaimed lands yield returns av-
eraging $43 an acre, which is 3 times
as great as the average earning pow-
er of agricultural lands as a whole
in the United States.

Ex-soldiers could be settled on
such lands, and provision made for
them to buy farms on easy pay-
ment plans, as a feature of the Adjusted
Compensation Bill. Such an arrange-
ment would be eminently satisfac-
tory to many ex-service men, and
there is no reason why it shouldn't
be just as successful as the 24 pro-
jects just mentioned.

BASE BALL NEWS

Big League Scouts Attention

Our ACE Twirler, SHILO, has dis-
covered and almost perfected the
"Jazz Ball." It has a most irrespon-
sible hop, skip and jump, from which
it gets its name. It seems to have
no preference just which way it ex-
pects to hop, which makes it easy
to get it. How fellows as Babo Ruth and
Ken Williams go away talking to
themselves.

—

Kid Graham, our pitching 3rd base-
man, took the bit in his teeth and
rushed to get ratted, the last game he
pitched. I wouldn't be surprised if
the "Poor Worm" won a game soon.

—

"Home Run Taylor" seems to be
getting his stride again.

May be the batting average will
stand fattening a bit.

—

Hall has a reputation of a home-
ringer—"I'll bet it makes him
feel like Babe Ruth does—this year—
when he don't get it.

—

WARFARE IN THE SIXTIES
AND NOW

The Fourth of July Celebration at
Gettysburg, Penn., consisted in a dem-
stration, by the 4th Brigade, U. S.
Marines, of Pickett's Charge, as it
would have been made today.

A large crowd of people saw a typi-
cal, modern charge, preceded by
scouting airplanes, and a terrific bar-
rage, and accompanied by airplanes,
tanks and machine guns. The in-
fantry charged in the approved fash-
on, alternately advancing and ly-
ing flat on their faces, slowly pick-
ing their way across the fields be-
hind the tanks and in the wake of
the barrage.

A few days before the Marines
had reproduced Pickett's Charge as
it was actually made—long columns
in close formation, advancing at a
run across the open fields, in the
face of a deadly close range cunnon-
ade and rifle fire.
MY MOST EXCITING EXPERIENCE

Under this head, I am sure every vocational student could tell a strange and interesting tale. And it is in the hope that I can break the ice for so much more readable contributions along this line that I am sending this little story of my own experience to the voice.

My outfit sailed from New York in the summer of 1918, and had a stormy trip all the way to Liverpool. Our ship, H. M. S. Oriana was a mighty little boat, and gave us the benefit of a good deal of rolling even in the slightest swells and waves. And when the real storm struck, she went so far over that the life boats on the boat-decks dipped water on each side.

We didn’t see the sun more than a half dozen times during the 11 days we were on the way over and then it was only for a few minutes at a time. There was rain almost every night and, since there was not room enough for everybody to sleep down below, about a third of us got wet while trying to catch a little sleep somewhere on the decks. That was not so bad as long as we followed the Gulf Stream, but when we left it and went around the north coast of Ireland, I tell you our troubles began.

The sea water changed from a blue of a chilly looking green, which was not only chilly looking—it nearly froze us to death when we got drenched with it. The storms now became more frequent, and the sea choppiest than ever. The “Flu” struck us about that time full force, and we buried about five of the boys in the ocean.

One morning we sighted land near the straights that open into the Irish Sea. It was the rocks on the Irish side of the straights, known as the Giant’s Causeway. For a few minutes the sun lit things up gloriously. But right away the wind began to rise and convoy. We were riding the waves all right though, as they were striking us by the stern.

I was on deck at this time, on the mast detail, and was really enjoying the wild scene, until I saw a transport run the cruisers Otranto, our flagship, off on our left. Later we learned that the Otranto sank with a loss of four hundred lives.

Almost 15 little sub-chasers had come out from Liverpool to meet us.

They were so light and swift they could go right up over the giant waves through which the larger ships had to plow. It was interesting to watch them.

Suddenly one of them went right across our path and we barely missed it. It was a signal that we were headed toward the rocks. So our ship turned and took a tack at right angles to her former course. That brought the big waves on us broadside instead of by the stern. The storm had increased in intensity and these waves were bigger than ever. The first one came toward us pouring over itself just like Niagara Falls.

I was pointing toward it and calling someone attention to that fact when it struck the ship a terrible blow, smashing against the wall of the deck like a thousand tons of brick, and went on over the ship. We were all knocked down too quickly to think about it. There was an open door near where I was standing and after being slammed against the steel facing of it, I was forced through the opening and dropped down into the hold, a distance of about 15 feet without touching a single step of the stairway. I got a crushed and dislocated shoulder out of it, and several of the boys also got broken bones. The ship was almost wrecked, but managed to ride the storm out, and finally reached Liverpool a day behind the rest of the convoy.

The Little Grocery Store Around the Corner
Where You Get Your Money’s Worth

LEM ANDERSON COMPANY

Phones: Old 223-224, New 931-932 232 Union Ave.

Lowe-Hord Hardware Co.

THE BIG HARDWARE STORE—NORTH END MARKET SQUARE

GAS HIGH?

See Our Nesco Perfect Oil Stoves

HELLO AI!

You are invited to the
“BUDDIE’S SMOKE SHOP”

I have the brands we wanted “over there”

H. M. INGRAM

Atkin Hotel Building Gay Street
WIFEY WON AS USUAL

"You did!" he charged.
"I did not!" she denied.
"You did!" she flung back.
"Well," said hubby, "one of us two is a very capable liar. But there is one thing that will keep me from saying which one."
"Modesty, I presume," retorted wifey.
And he gave up, beaten.—Boston Transcript.

—0—
Among the humorous letters bearing a serious vein, received in Washington during the war, was the following:
Mr. Headquarters,
U. S. Armory,
Dear Mr. Hearquarters,
My husband was induced into the surface long months ago and I ain't received no pay from him since he was gone. Please send me my equipment as I have a four months' old baby and he is my only support and I know it every day to buy food and keep us encloosed. I am a poor woman and all that I have is at the front. Both sides of my parents are very old.
My husband is in charge of a spitoon. Do I get any more than I am going to get? Please send me a letter and tell me if my husband made application for a wife's form to fill out. I have already written Mr. Wilson and get no answer and if I don't hear from you I will write Uncle Sam about you and him.
Yours truly,
MRS. PAUL QUINN.
P. S. —My husband says that he sets in the Y. M. C. A. every nite with the piano playing in his uniform. I think you can find him there.

—0—
WILD OATS

One of Drury Underwood’s best stories is that of the time he was in the country and was awakened at 4 a.m. "Come on, roll out!" commanded his rural friend. "Where do you think you are—in the city? Wake up!—the oats have to be cut."
"Oh!" murmured Underwood sleepily,—"do you have to sneak up on them in the dark?"
The sequel follows: Underwood told the tale to a London friend, who thought it over for five minutes and then, nodded understandingly.
"Perhaps," he meditated,—"he has he thought they were wild."

In all the strength and pride of virile manhood we lie down in a dentist’s chair and allow a ninety pound damsel to muzzle us with a gas mask so’s her employer can pull our head inside out with a pair of tooth tongs.

Ain’t we heroes? Not so!

A young doctor was summoned as a witness in a case that depended on technical evidence. The opposing counsel was inclined to be sarcastic at the idea of so young a doctor being called.
"You are familiar," he said, "with the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"
"Yes," said the youthful doctor.
"Then if Mr. Smith and myself collided, and banged our heads together should we get concussion of the brain?"
"Mr. Smith might," replied the doctor.

—0—
SUCCESS FOR SALE

You want success. Are you willing to pay the price for it? How much discouragement can you stand? How much bruising can you take?

How long can you hang on in the face of obstacles?
Have you the spirit to try what others have failed to do?

Have you the nerve to attempt things that the average man would never dream of tackling?

Have you the persistance to keep on trying after repeated failures?

Can you get up against skepticism ridicule, friendly advice to quit, without flinching?

Can you keep your mind steadily on the single object you are pursuing, resisting all temptations that strive to divide your attention?

Are you strong on the finish as well as quick on the start?

Success is sold in the open market. You can buy it—any man can buy it who is willing to pay the price of it.

Eglo, "A" Unity.

—0—
ACCIDENTAL MEETING

Teacher: "Why did the Normans and Saxons fight at Hastings?"

Pupil, "That’s where they happened to meet, mum’am."

—0—
GOING DOWN

"But suppose," said one of the spectators on the common, "that the parachute should fail to open after you jumped off?"

"That wouldn’t stop me," answered the parachutist. "I’d come right down."

—0—
OUR TEXT BOOK AGE

"If I only knew what to do with baby!"

"Didn’t you get a book of instructions with it, mother?"
THE VOCATIONAL VOICE
Published semi-monthly

Dedicated to the interests of the Vocational Department of the University of Tennessee.

EDITORIAL STAFF
JOHN HOWARD — Editor-in-Chief
HORACE G. DEAN — Managing Editor
R. G. TURNER — Asst. Mgr. Editor

BUSINESS STAFF
Wm. J. GALLOWAY — Business Mgr.
SAM DOSS — Circulation Manager

In the last number of the Voice you may have noticed a little stanza which claimed to be the song that some vocational student would hear a few years from now. This little jingle was based on a familiar army bugle song, “You're in the Army Now,” which every doughboy and leatherneck has sung.

On the way overseas, one bright chap, inspired by the sight of so many of his buddies desperately rushing for the rail, upon reaching which, they heaved sighs of relief — and other things — composed another variation of an old ditty, which ran like this:

“You're on the ocean now,
And the fishes get your chow—
You're sicker than Hell,
You'll never get well.
You're on the Ocean now!”

Does that not recall to your mind a vivid picture of the days you spent on the old transport? And does it not make you feel again the rollicking recklessness of your soldier days — when your thoughts dwelt only on the past and the present, because you didn't want to think of the next battle and didn't dare think beyond it?

That kind of an attitude was natural in a soldier who had laid down all his responsibilities except the defending of his country. It was all right for the soldier to get all the pleasure he could out of the present. Tomorrow was not within the scope of his life at all. He stood a mighty good chance never to see it. And the less he thought of the happiness he had reaped and what might have been, the better soldier he made. Somebody else did the worrying for him, and he was encouraged to have as much of a good time as he could. That meant morale, and morale meant victory.

But when the war was over soldiers once more became citizens, and to-morrow no longer meant death, but life. Life calls for the resurrecting of hopes, the studying of future possibilities, and the laying and pursuing of plans.

The future of the soldiers who gave up their lives for their country is secure. They live in the grateful memory of their country and their loved ones. But those who survived cannot rest on their laurels. The war, great as it was, is but an incident in their lives. As citizens of this great nation they still have work to do.

The survivors were composed of two classes, the physically sound minority, and the several thousand who were in various conditions of disability, from wounds, injuries, or disease. It was comparatively easy for the sound and healthy soldiers to resume their places in the normal activities of the nation. Their restlessness soon subsided under the influence of work and friends, and they are again citizens, in whose minds the war becomes daily more and more unreal, and like a dream.

The disabled soldiers, on the other hand, presented more of a problem to the country, and have not been so thoroughly assimilated. They had to have medical treatment and financial aid. Later, with the purpose of providing means for them to become self-supporting and self-reliant citizens, the government instituted the system of vocational training. Now, the government is administered by human beings, not by any superhuman creatures with divine insight. And being human, they have made mistakes. Yet there surely is no disabled veteran that feels that his country has not made a sincere attempt to brighten, and make easier, his path. And the country's will has been carried out, on the whole in a very efficient and satisfactory manner, allowing for a few inexcusable exceptions. But the country cannot do it all. It cannot furnish us opportunities, but the result depends in each individual case, upon the use which each man makes of them.

School training is a highly individual process. If you want it, you've got to forge ahead for it yourself. Your Buddy can not share it with you as he could a box of cats from home, in the old army days.

The disabled men, more than any other soldiers, have been in danger of losing their individual initiative. They have been in close contact with the government, in hospitals and schools, practically ever since the war was over. And there being such large numbers of them, they have had to be handled in groups. This treatment has tended to keep alive the old army spirit of comradeship, which is in itself very desirable but which often helps to keep alive the recklessness and irresponsibility toward the future, that was developed in the camps and trenches.

The fact that this condition is not universally true speaks highly for the character of the disabled soldiers. It also shows the value of the de-centralized plan of vocational training as opposed to the centralization program that was being pushed some time ago. By the latter plan is meant the idea of grouping all trainees in immense communities, and having them all attend three or four great government universities. This plan was experimented with at Camp Sherman Ohio. It was not a wise plan, for vocational training are not a separate species. They are ordinary Americans whose ideal is to prepare themselves to get back into the normal life of the nation. This ideal can not be accomplished by segregating them. They do much better when allowed, as they are in Knoxville, to select their own homes and neighborhood, and pursue their courses with a minimum of supervision by the government.

Most of the vocational students here in Knoxville are striving earnestly and intelligently to learn a profitable trade. Those who have already finished their courses have demonstrated the value of the training system in making useful citizens out of men who, in former times, would have had to be supported by the government for life.

But there seems to be a few of us who do not yet realize that our training period will not last forever. These are sticking to the old army idea of having as much of a good time today as you can, and n't worrying about to-morrow. And some day the poor fellows are going to wake up with a jerk to the realization that they are not a bit better off when it comes to making a living than if they had never had a chance to learn a trade. And the worst of it will be that they will have nobody to blame but themselves.

Then is when Conscience will
appear on the stage and give her little song and dance:

“You're not in college now,
You're out behind the plow—
(Somebody else's plow too!)
You wasted your time,
You're not worth a dime—
You're not in college now!”

And then, when it is too late,
there will be wailing and gnashing of teeth.

Fellows, we have some wonderful opportunities here. Let's get all that’s coming to us while we have the chance!

---0---

BLOUNT COUNTY LEGIONARIES
IN MEMBERSHIP DRIVE

Emerson J. Jones Post at Maryville leads in attempt to gather in all Ex-service men.

The efforts of the Maryville Post to secure new members have already been rewarded with much success.

A banquet was held in honor of new members, Friday, July 7. About 100 plates were sold at $5 each. The Main Street Circle of the Woman's League of New Providence Presbyterian Church had charge of the serving of the refreshments.

A high degree of enthusiasm pervaded the gathering and an increased interest in the American Legion was shown by the members present both new and old.

The Post is named in honor of Captain Emerson J. Jones, of the 117th Infantry, 30th Division, who was killed in action in France. It is now under the able leadership of Robert Baker, Ex-Marine. One of the officers of the Post, Ex-Captain J. G. Sims, is Vice-Commander of the State organization also.

Caswell G. Johnson, Chaplain of the Post, and Vocational Student during the regular year, is a student in the University Summer School this summer.

The members of this Post have always taken an unusual interest in Legion affairs. They have conducted a number of military funerals, and a large per cent of the membership always turn out in uniform on occasions of patriotic celebrations.

They hold regular meetings and “smokes” at which various kinds of entertainments are furnished, such as mock court martials and discussions of their individual experiences in the war.

---0---

INDIVIDUALITY VERSUS THE GROUP

The spirit of comradeship is all right in its place. The “stick-together” attitude is a very laudable one when it is directed toward a worthy end. As a famous Revolution Patriot stated, “If we don’t hang together, we will all hang separately.”

But here is a time for everything under the sun, and there is, once in awhile, a time when there should be a little separate hanging done, instead of so much hanging together.

In other words, we cannot afford to back our Buddies up in everything they do, merely because they are our Buddies. Our attitude ought not to depend simply on who does a thing but upon the character of the deed itself.

If one of our friends does something dishonorable, we ought to have nerve enough to show him we do not approve of his action. When we sanction his deed and back him up in it, we become equally guilty and dishonorable with him.

We are being paid an allowance, with which we are supposed to maintain ourselves and our families, if we have any. No matter how much disabled a man is, he does not deserve this allowance if he fails to use it in paying his legitimate debts, such as room rent, house rent, board and grocery bills, and wastes it instead on liquor and gambling. And what words would be too strong to denounce any man who would defile his own family, and spend his allowance on a stranger? Our fathers and mothers, and the other tax-payers of America are giving us their good money because they consider we deserve it. It would hurt their faith in us if they should learn the uses to which some of it is put.

We know that it is only comparatively few of us who are guilty of such crimes, but outsiders are not in a position to discriminate between the good and the bad, and are liable to class us all as bad. We are too willing to stand by the guilty fellow and that is how the whole school gets a bad name.

It is not worth while to stick to gather merely for the sake of sticking, or in a bad cause. If the respectable men in the Vocational Department would stick together on the proposition that dishonest and immoral trainees are not worthy associates, it would result in a house-cleaning.

---0---

PERSONALITIES

On Tuesday, July 4, G. C. O'Neil accidently received a broken knee. He is now in the Biltmore Hospital, and doing well.

---0---

W. F. Moore has gone home for the summer.

---0---

Mr. Jas. B. Holt and Miss Sadie Blankenship were married a week ago.

---0---

Mr. L. J. Waterhouse was called away Wednesday, to Hot Springs, Arkansas, by the sickness of his father. Mr. H. W. Painter has been appointed to take charge of his classes during his absence.

---0---

Mr. C. C. Wilson, who was reported as having lost in last issue, is now back, and will have charge of drawing.

---0---

Mr. Lamar Wilson, a graduate of Maryville College, and a Junior in Engineering at the University last year, has recently become an instructor in the Surveying Department.

---0---

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Long were joined by a new member of their family, June 27. The newcomer answers (?) to the name of Master Spud Long.

---0---

Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Green are the parents of a baby girl, Lillie Green, born June 11.

---0---

DOGGONE!

Ex-Soldier (answering the doorbell): "What d'ywe want?"

Ex-Gob: "Why, I'm an old sea-dog. Can't you let me have a couple of bones?"

---0---

MAYBE HE WAS A SOLDIER

He: "But we will have to have a long engagement. Are you willing to wait?"

She: "Why, dearest, I'd wait for you until the soldiers get their bonus!"

---0---

LUCKY GIRL

Young Wife: "Oh, I'm so worried. My husband has been out all evening and I can't imagine where he is!"

Friend: "You're got nothing to worry about. You'd probably be twice as miserable if you knew where he was."

---0---
HISTORICAL ITEM

Yesterday afternoon a vast crowd assembled to witness the ceremonies attendant upon the unveiling of the great Volstead monument by the Bootleggers' League of America. In his eloquent unveiling speech the President of the Bootleggers' League said, among other things:

"Our great benefactor will need so introduction to posterity. This monument is only our humble tribute. Indeed, without him, where would we be to-day? Every yacht that we sail on, every palatial residence that we inhabit, testifies to his genius."

From the Amalgamated Order of Scotch Whiskey Dealers of Canada came a beautiful floral wreath with the sympathetic inscription:

"No border line shall balk us!"

One of the most dramatic moments of the whole afternoon came when Mr. Volstead rose to reply. So overcome was he with emotion that all he could say was:

"Boys, all this is on me."

—Life

—0—

"Why does a man, after his marriage, suddenly lose all his solicitous care of his partner while walking on the street with her, and force her, even, to take the outside of the sidewalk?" This fact has always hitherto been imputed to man's lack of gallantry, but H.H. Kelley says it is caused only by the man trying to keep between his wife and the tempting show-windows. Another instance where science has vanquished long-standing, and unquestioned conclusions. And Kelley ought to know.

—0—

IMMUNE

Once there was a conductor who was not satisfied with his wages, so he quit work. The next day while looking for another job, he happened to step on the third rail. Did he get killed? No—he was a non-conductor.

—0—

HARDING ASSERTS FAITH IN THE LEGION.

In a speech before a gathering of World War veterans at Marion, Ohio, July 5, President Harding stated that America would soon be in the hands of the ex-service men. He declared that this fact caused him no uneasiness, for as long as the American Legion is pledged to support the Constitution, law and order, the future of the country is safe.

A CALIFORNIA MAID

A lady stopping at a hotel on the Pacific Coast rang the bell the first morning of her arrival, and was very much surprised when a Japanese boy opened the door and came in.

"I pushed the button three times for a maid," she said sternly, as she dived under the covers.

"Yes the little fellow replied, "me she."

A beautiful movie star of eighteen summers married a tottering old ruin of an octogenarian banker, and her young press agent bitterly took her to task.

"To think of it!" he groaned. "You so beautiful—selling yourself to that old man!"

But the girl laughed gayly.

"My dear boy," she said, "this isn't a sale—it's only a lease."

20% OFF ON MEN'S SHOES,

Boydens, $12-$13
Florsheim, $10-$11
Haywoods, $10-$11
Spence Specials, $7.50-$8.50

SPENCE SHOE CO.
415 S. GAY STREET

New Neckwear At $1.00

SMART TIES IN THE NEW SHAPES AND COLORING
AND PATTERNS—
EVERYONE OF FINE QUALITY AND MAKE

A LARGE ASSORTMENT TO SELECT FROM AT

Watson Bros. & Caldwell
ON THE VIADUCT
SPECIAL MEETING OF McGHEE 
TYSON POST

On Friday, July 7, after the vo- 
cational chapel, a meeting of the Post 
was held, at which 95 members 
were present. Vice-Commander Ralph 
Nichols presided, and made an 
earnest speech in which he urged 
more regular attendance. His words 
and manner inspired his audience 
until everyone seemed to have 
caught the spirit of loyalty and good 
humor which is essential to the con-
duction of a Legion meeting.

A motion was carried to change 
the regular meeting night from Wed-
nesday to Friday. It is hoped that 
this change, coupled with the new 
stimulus received at the special 
meeting, will cause the members to 
take a more active interest in the 
regular Post meetings from now on. 
The attendance lately has, been 
shamefully low, so low that we will 
not make anyone blush by mention-
ing the exact figures. Let us get into 
the habit of attending regularly after 
this. If everybody comes out, we can 
have some mighty good times. But 
If we are not going to do something, 
let us quit pretending to have a post 
at all. We’ve got a post with a 
mighty good name. Let’s live up to 
that name or change it.

PARTISAN ISSUES IN THE 
SENATE

The Bonus and Tariff Bills are the 
chief issues around which partisan 
warfare in the Senate now hinges.

After bringing up the Tariff Bill 
which the Democrats are against, 
ahead of the Bonus Bill, which the 
Democrats are for, the Republicans 
chide the Democrats for delaying 
the passage of the Tariff Bill, on 
the grounds that the longer the time 
spent on the Tariff, the more de-
lay there will be in finally getting 
the Bonus through. But the Demo-
crats come back with the declara-
tion that nothing would suit them better 
than to lay aside the Tariff Bill, 
and take up the Bonus at once.

Whatever other worth the two bills 
may or may not prove to have, it is 
certain that they have been of very 
great value in calling forth an enor-
mous volume of scintillating wit and 
flowery oratory.

6

BURSUM BILL TO COME BEFORE 
THE HOUSE

The Bursum Bill, to retire dis-
abled emergency officers on the 
same basis as regular officers, will 
probably be reported for vote in the 
House at an early date. This Bill 
passed the Senate late last winter.
SPORTS

Feast for Wrestling Fans

Great Wrestling Match Held Under Auspices of Agriculture Department.

On the first day of this month, a great free-for-all wrestling bout took place at the farm. A large crowd of fans were there to egg their favorites on. All the well-known contenders for the championship belt were there and at their best. It was a "catch the catch can" match with no holds barred. The contestants all entered the ring at the same time. A few hours later their remains were all raked out together. The following is a ring-side version of the stupendous struggle, as jotted down upon his thumbnails by Cub our staff reporter while he was dodging flying fragments from the bodies of the athletes:

To Leaf belongs the honor for the first fall. Potato had plenty of sand and was going good until his eyes were put out by Onion; who was strong all the way through. Egg was rotten from the first, and raised such a stink that he had to be quietly but firmly, put out of the ring. Guard was easily squashed. Okra was mighty slick but finally went down. Steer who was betting heavily on Cabbage, lost his stakes when the latter lost his head. Bull the general favorite, was a great disappointment. He was thrown by everybody. Like all up-to-date wrestling matches, this one was preceded by a battle royal between the Sons of Ham.

—

Brumit: "Does your mother object to kissing?" She: "Now just because I allow you to kiss me, you needn't think you can kiss the whole family."

—

Wright: "Doc if you are in doubt as to kissing a girl, what do you do?"

Doc Valentine: "Give her the benefit of the doubt."

—

Join the local Post American Legion. It is working hard for you.

—

Dockery: "What would you do if you had a million dollars?"

Gentry: "Nothing."

—

Nunnely: "Bible, something is wrong with my little chicks. They are all dying."

Bible: "That so, very often?"

Nunnely: "No, just once."

Gay Shoe Shop,

WE MEND THE RIP
AND PATCH THE HOLES
BUILD UP THE HEELS
AND SAVE YOUR SOLES.

One of your "Oversea's Buddies" will appreciate your trade

W. J. Collinsworth.

117 S. GAY STREET ON THE VIADUCT

LET US SERVE YOU

In the Most Modern and Scientific Way
In All Branches
LAUN, DRY, FRENCH DRY CLEANING
CARPET AND RUG CLEANING

Prices Reasonable. We Guarantee Satisfaction

Hinton Laundry Co.

Phones: Old 1579 New 970 Dry Cleaning Dept.
BOTH PHONES 2184

20 Per. Cent Off On Summer Clothing

20 Per. Cent Off On Low Shoes

25 Per. Cent Per cent Off On Straw Hats.

THE STORE OF STANDARD LINES.

Sullivan, Underwood & Lea