

THE CADUCEUS.

PRAISES STAFF

Lieut.-Col. W. L. Sheep in a letter just received by one of the senior officers of the base hospital, writing of his pleasant life at Camp Greene, says:

"I enjoyed my stay at Camp Greene and greatly appreciated the loyalty and support I had from the staff there. Particularly do I feel grateful to the 'original inhabitants' with whom I went through the trying times of the first few months. I feel a personal indebtedness to every one of these men, and I seriously hope I will have the opportunity to see them each again."

The colonel is C. O. of U. S. Army Hospital No. 1, New York city, a position of great responsibility, but THE CADUCEUS well knows the splendid abilities that shone so conspicuously in the organization and development of the hospital here will be equally called into successful play in the field of larger opportunity.

THE PICNIC AT LAKEWOOD.

The basket picnic given last Saturday at Lakewood Park by the War Camp Community Service for the soldiers of Camp Greene, was a decided success. Nothing was left undone to make it a pleasant day for the soldiers and to quote the soldiers' own words it was "Some Picnic."

Everything was free including the Merry-Go Round, Ferris Wheel, and the much talked of Lakewood Pool. Many took advantage of this fact, and sought refuge from the sweltering heat by a dip in its cooling waters.

Probably that which appealed to the average soldier most of all was the grand supper which was served about six in the evening. There was everything imaginable on the menu and plenty for all present. After the picnic dancing was enjoyed at the Soldiers' Club in Charlotte.

FLAG OF MINE

They have sent my flag a-flying to a far off battle line,
To the ghastly woods and ridges, to the sodden trench and mine.
Not for conquest, but to show
To the fierce, vindictive foe
That where liberty is trampled,
there
My free born flag must go.

They have sent, my flag a-sailing on the great roads of the sea,
For the highway of the nations it must evermore be free.
Lurking, waiting in the deeps,
Lo, a venomed reptile creeps,
But my flag shall crush and spurn it
From the proud high course she keeps.

They have sent my flag a-waving till the very cloudlands hide,
Where the planes, like stormy petrels, on the crest of battles ride.
Stripes that burn and stars that shine,
O' whatever quest is thine,
I will go where glow thy colors,
flag of mine, dear flag of mine!
—Chicago Tribune.

HAIL TO THE KING.

Camp Pike is not used to much gold braid on the uniforms of its officers, and so the dress uniforms of the members of the state staff of Governor Bilbo, of Mississippi, created an impression upon the colored soldiers, who rank an officer by the amount of fine feathers on display. As the car with the staff passed up South avenue one negro poked his head out of the barrack window and then hurriedly called to his companions:

"Niggers! niggers; Come heah a runnin'—De King of Arkansas done cum to town!"—Camp Pike Trench and Camp.

FEELING BLUE

From the Journal of the American Medical Association we reprint the following extracts from The Hatxhet, published daily by soldiers in transit on the troop ship George Washington:

FASHION NOTES.

Life preservers with a roll collar are being worn this season.

Spurs are not absolutely necessary in riding the waves, but should always be worn in breaking nightmares.

Wrist watches with luminous dials are not proper with evening dress.

Keeping up with the times is tough work when they keep moving the time ahead on you.

Six-ounce are the fashionable gloves on the after hatch.

Feathers for decorating tin derbies may be obtained at the crow's nest.

THE BULLETIN BOARD.

1. In the event of the ship going down on this voyage it will be of interest to Company Commanders to learn that, while the men are in the water, there will be no close order drill nor inspection. All other business will be carried on as usual.

2. For the benefit of those soldiers who do not understand the rule regarding throwing cigarettes overboard, it is explained that the Germans have trained snipe pickers following all troopships in fast hydroplanes. Germany is starving for tobacco, and the stubs are used to flavor their alfalfa substitute. Eat the hickey.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

(By Our Own Pointed Paragrapher.)

It takes a long time to say good-bye when all your friends are bartenders.

Liberty Bonds are a good buy for yo and o good-bye for the kaiser.

A SWELL 'POEM.

The soldier murmured, "war is hell,"
His stomach being on the skid;
And then—there came another swell—
"Old Sherman said a mouthful, kid!"

The Parker Ry. News Company

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