

# The Caduceus

"DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF  
WORLD WIDE JUSTICE."

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## KEEP THE FILE

Despite the fact that thousands of  
copies of The Caduceus are put out in  
Charlotte each Saturday there is al-  
ways somebody missed or away from  
the city on that day. In case of any  
such error you can secure your copy  
of The

### K-DU-C-US

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## HAVE BUILDED BABELS.

Superficial people assume that when  
the Teutonic powers have once been  
completely defeated, international  
crime will have been effectually dis-  
couraged for the future and progress  
will continue uninterrupted along  
the old lines. Thoughtful people are  
not content with so easy an optimism.  
They see in the first place that it will  
be extremely difficult to ensure peace  
and progress by any new political de-  
vices or by a redistribution of terri-  
tory. In the second place they see  
that the hope of the world lies in the  
revision of ideals; there must be an  
ethical change.

This change is even now going on.  
It seems clear after this war is over  
men will find that their whole attitude  
toward life is altered. Not only will  
they look upon large questions with  
new eyes, but they will feel a differ-  
ence in their subconscious reactions  
their impulses, their ideals.

The lesson learned from the war  
will be formulated in a thousand dif-  
ferent ways. Emphasis will be laid  
anew upon efficiency and prepared-  
ness; peace will be extolled as never  
before; progress will be re-defined.  
But what is the great underlying les-  
son that we are to learn?

Common sense and common sci-  
ence have always taught men that  
blessings limit one another but the  
spirit of man revolts against limita-  
tions. Man is extreme even in his  
virtues; he builds towers of Babel;  
he is wise. Sometimes for brief pe-  
riods there is wisdom. We have  
made the discovery that it is possible  
to be good without being dismal. On  
the contrary, it is easy at least for our  
young people to believe that it is pos-  
sible to combine irresponsibility and  
efficiency to be entirely carefree and  
perfectly good. We want both ex-  
tremes.

The world has hoped to secure  
peace by preparing for war; it has  
tried to admire all ideals equally and  
has pursued contradictory aims with  
unexampled energy. Our age desired  
power but it also desired in all sin-  
cerity character, equity, justice, truth  
and good. It was easily angered if  
any one doubted of these virtues. Un-  
fortunately if it wanted their blessings  
it was not the less constrained by  
dominative passions and interests to  
sacrifice them daily to its desire for  
riches and power.

There is something wholesome and  
inspiring in the exhortation to the  
world to return to the worship of that  
God who is the guardian of all.

—By Guglielmo Ferraro.

## WIN IN A WALK.

The Chicago Tribune offers the  
following suggestion for winning the  
war in a hurry:

Sir—As a measure of war economy  
erect a large, modern hospital twenty  
miles from the front, insert a select as-  
sortment of wounded German officers  
with German surgeons and orderlies in  
attendance, mark it an dthe surround-  
ing landscape with the largest Red  
Cross procurable and let (German)  
nature take its course.

## EASING THE BURDEN

The troop trains will not be forgotten when the war ends.

To anybody who has watched those long strings of black coaches with  
every window filled with a khaki clad form, which waved and shouted in  
boyish glee, every passenger train in the future will suggest the sad, grand  
days when America's youth, in all its enthusiasm and courage, was being  
hurried towards Berlin.

To those of us who have been transported from camps and forts, half  
way across the continent, to our present station, and to our comrades who  
have gone before us to join our undaunted allies upon the field of battle, the  
long, hot, dusty journeys on the troop trains will linger in the shadows of  
distressing memories through all the passing years.

Now and then there is a bright spot in those trying, racking travels  
of the sailors and soldiers and that is the canteen service of the Red Cross  
workers.

To those of us who have made the fatiguing train trips across the  
rolling miles and miles of sun-swept valleys and hills, the refreshing aids  
of the kindly women, who bear the crimson cross, can never be forgotten.  
Their service of dropping their family duties and hurrying to meet the  
soldier trains with cool drinks of lemonade in summer and steaming hot  
coffee in winter, will be recorded by us as a part of that war memory which  
is fine and sweet and strengthening.

The need of canteen service was apparent with the first movement of  
troops. The spirit of the Red Cross, which is the embodiment of thought-  
fulness and care, became active at once to give comfort to the men

Just as there were scores of women who were willing to give of their  
time and energies to sew and wrap and roll bits of gauze and linen, many  
hours each week, in order to do a bit to aid the men at the front, so were  
there volunteers in every railroad city, town and junction to take time off  
to bring a touch of home to "somebody's boy."

What the canteen workers are doing is what every mother would like  
to do for her son. She would gladly meet the troop train, which carries her  
boy, at every station and smile at him through her tears and wave him  
"God's speed." She would eagerly pack a lunch for her soldier son to  
take on his journey eastward. She would count any sacrifice that she  
might make a privilege—but the miles prevent.

And so in the mother spirit of those who have formed the Red Cross  
departments the women who knit and sew and meet troop trains count  
their efforts a privilege. For the motherless boy they bring a bit of tender  
comfort and service that calls the light of happiness into his eyes.

It has shown us that somebody cares and that somebody is the woman-  
hood of America.

The earnestness of the women of our land has given our battle mission  
the zeal of a holy crusade. We think of the horrors of Belgium and France  
and with a new light in our eyes we take up our allotted war work. We  
resolve before God that no iron heel shall tread our shores and menace  
Columbia's womanhood while we have a spark of strength to grapple with  
the foe.

All thoughts of trials and pains are gone as we think of the tireless  
efforts of the women who hasten at every call of "A troop train is coming"  
and who prepare the delicacies for the passing men; the women who smile  
and wave and turn to brush away a tear before they return to their homes  
to pray for victory to the cause of justice.

It is that unwavering spirit of American womanhood, coursing in the  
veins of the sons they nourished in the wholesome atmosphere of freedom,  
which is striking terror to the hearts of those subjects of autocracy who  
meet their uncheckable drives. It is for the honor of those who have  
proven worthy of our noblest thoughts and bravest deeds that we resolve  
to win or die.