

MORE TROOPS

HERE FROM OTHER CAMPS.

Despite the number of men that are daily being discharged from Camp Greene the aggregate personnel has been materially increased by the arrival of some six hundred members of the tank corps school formally located at Camp Polk, Raleigh, N. C. This detachment is but a forerunner of a steady stream that is to pour into camp within the next few weeks as large numbers of soldiers from Camp Sevier, S. C., several thousand to be more explicit, will be brought to this station for demobilization.

The organization now here from Camp Polk comprises large numbers of regular army men who transferred to that branch of the service with the view of immediate and thrilling overseas action but were disappointed in their desire by the fortunate events that brought the war to a successful conclusion.

HOLD REVIEW

LARGE CROWD WITNESSES EVENT.

One of the most impressive sights that held the attention and excited the admiration of many folks from Charlotte and large numbers of the soldiers at leisure that afternoon, was the martial review of the 810th Pioneer Infantry held at Camp Greene on last Wednesday afternoon.

The negro troops marched splendidly attracting many favorable comments and remarks by the precision and skill with which they performed their maneuvers on the field.

Previous to their formation for the review they held a massed sing, rendering a number of popular songs, old melodies and favorite hymns. The rich blending of many voices making such harmony as will be long remembered by the large and appreciative audience.

THE CADUCEUS

NOT FORGOTTEN

THE PASSING OF LOTTA FAUST By Joe Lawlor.

One winter's night along about January in the year 1912 Lew Field's Production of "The Midnight Son's" was given its Birth to a New York Audience. It was a wonderful Show in fact an Extravaganza. The writer never saw such a wonderful array of talent mustered together as there was in that Vehicle. Each and every scene was dressed to the minutest detail and the Musical Score and Lyrics sent you home, humming and Care Free.

It fell to the lot of a young Chicago Girl to wake up one morning and find herself Famous. The Girl was none other than Lotta Faust and if there ever was a being that God bestowed his Talents on, it was this same Lotta. With a Mona Lisa type of Beauty, Shapely of Limb, soft contralto voice, and making her appearance to the alluring strains of Bizet's Fandango she captivated the Critics on the skeptical First Night.

New York as a Show Town cannot be touched but you must serve The First Nighter's a Salad Dressing with a Wee Bit of Tabasco without being vulgar. Well Lotta Faust was a Little Lady and Used her Talents without restoring to the Variety. She was paid homage by the Cream of The Metropolis and her presence was always sought at the exclusive cotillions. "The Midnight Son's" was in its fifth month and Lotta Faust had not yet reached her 21st birthday when the Fate stepped in and caused a surprise. To use the language of Edgar Allen Poe in his Annabele Lee. "A wind blew out of a cloud chilling the beautiful" Lotta Faust. Just four days after being stricken this Cocktail of Beauty passed to the Great Beyond and the Land Of Mirth and Melody was Hushed. It seemed hard to believe that so rare a Rose could wither so quickly, she who in her life was so radiant and buoyant. But such was the case and her Funeral

THE LOST CHORD

FROM A K. P. DIARY.

"Seated one day at the 'organ,'
I was weary and ill at ease.
I was grinding up hash for supper
With the 'organ' between my knees.

"I do not know what I was grinding
Or what I was dreaming then,
But I struck what seemed to be the
remains
Of a lately lamented hen.

"'Great Heavens!' I cried, 'Tis a
chicken',
With my hand on my fevered head,
'We ordered the leg of a steer for
hash
And they sent us a Leghorn instead.'

"Alas for the dear old 'organ,'
They broke it apart with a pick
The mess sergeant stood with a tear
in his eye
As they hauled out a piece of stick.

"'Found, at last!' and he clasped to
his bosom
The lost cord of maple and ash.
'Some son of a gun put the camp on
the bum
When he put all my wood in the
hash."

—The Oteen.

JUST A FURLOUGH.

Corp. J. Elmer Harrington, jr., has been granted his passport and on Thursday night started on an expedition to "Slab Holler," N. H.

Cortege was paid respect by people in all Walks of Life. This was indeed a Blow to Little Old New York for she will always be remembered as one of the most Brilliant Danseuses that ever showed on the Great White Lane. We all hope, said a Critic, that we will see her in the Land of Beginning Again.

GREAT REDUCTION

IN MILITARY WRIST WATCHES

ELGIN, WALTHAM
AND ALL STANDARD MAKES

GARIBALDI & BRUNS

Diamond Dealers and Jewelers
CHARLOTTE, N. C.