

## BEST WISHES

There is little need to discuss the business prospects of the firms that advertise. The fact that they miss no opportunity to cry their ware means that they will succeed.

Those who have made their business announcements in this, our soldier press, deserves the patronage of all who appreciate the progressive spirit.

We call your attention to our advertisements to this issue and for all the business interests of Charlotte we extend wishes for a prosperous New Year.

## The Caduceus

"DEDICATED TO THE CAUSE OF  
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Editor & Mgr. . . Sgt. Verlin J. Harrold  
Associate Editor — Avery Toohy  
Associated Business Manager—  
Ivan H. Law.

Business Assistants—  
Theodoric Neal  
Roy A. Evans.  
Dudley M. Sarfaty.

## FEATURE ARTICLE

The interesting work of caring for the thousands of horses at Camp Greene will be featured in a story about "The Remount Brigade" and written by Knight Awdlee Hughes, in next week's issue of The Caduceus.

The story on the breaking, training, housing and doctoring of the animals will be accompanied by a picture of a horse upon the operating table and a photograph of the black steed that General Dickman rode while at Camp Greene and which animal is still at the stockade.



## THE NEW KING



HE analogy itself may be as old as the ancient custom of crying out at the passing of a feudal monarch.

When the ruler of one of those knightly kingdoms came to his death, great throngs of his subjects gathered before the gates of the royal palace. A chanting wail arose, "The King is Dead." It was followed by an acclaim of joyous note, "Long live the King."

The second cry was the glad greeting of the new ruler. It was the throne heir elect who was to bring happiness or sorrow, wealth or want to the realm during the future days.

At the passing of the old year, that tyrant which has held out for us both golden and dread-filled days, there is the touch of retrospection.

The past year has indeed harassed the soul of the world. It has tried the spirit of America. It has seen thousands of mother hands hang up the service flags of honor and in the course of its crimson days have come the scores of golden stars into the spotless fields of white.

The past year saw the son of the rich standing in the water soaked trenches; it saw tender hands made rough and scaly in the rigorous labor of the ship yards; it saw the money-mad Americans over subscribe four gigantic war loans. Mercy was organized as never before during the year that now passes; man has met man upon the common ground of comradeship; a great people have blended all their interests in a great cause of wrath and have won their fight.

The old year departs.

We stand upon the threshold of another span of seasons. The new year will see a giant army of four million men mustered out into the peaceful ways of trade. It will see the gigantic problem of reconstruction started with a ready will. It will see capital and labor standing in closer relationship than ever before as they carry out the intricate problem of making over the world of trade.

The coming year, the new king, holds much of promise for all. It bears every potentiality of a new life. We start to live all over again on the hour that ushers in the rule of 1919. Before us is sunshine and hope and a thousand opportunities for service. This is a call for strength and spirit and worthy ambition.

Let us throw off the burdens of war harried days. Let us put aside pessimism and skepticism—they belong to the reign of the king who passes. Let us welcome the advent of the new king with cheery hearts and ready wills. Let us start with a smile along the way of days that stretches before us. The rule of our new monarch—1919—will be what we make it of happiness or despair. Let us start with the shout of joy.

