

HE WANTS JUST A CHANCE, THAT'S ALL

Say, you, do you see that little fellow over there with his overcoat down to his heels? The fellow with dark eyes and a head covered with black, bushy hair? His skin is ruddy, tanned by a hot Sicilian sun. Days ago?

By the way how do you happen to be in the army? You were drafted? Well, you surely haven't anything on him. That fellow I happen to know. His name is Tony Manico. He was a fruit dealer in an Ohio town. His business was fair and he gave value received for every dollar spent with him.

One day the newsboys hurried by and shrieked the news that war had been declared. Tony bought an Italian paper to learn what it was all about. He read the paper and faced the truth. Hopes were crushed, dreams dispelled, and a young man who had been a little earlier that night. Customers passing from the picture show homeward-bound, wondered who would become of Tony. Little did they think he was sitting in the back of his stand reading it all over again, thinking and facing a situation that tore unmercifully his sensitive, emotional heart to its very core.

The following day the shop was closed. The passerby looked at the apples neglected and in need of polishing, wondered again, and forgot. Tony fought his fight and WON. He figured he was an American citizen. He was proud of that fact. America was at war and he needed HIM. His duty was clear. He would give his all for the country he had sworn to love.

I thought you say a rather unkind and unnecessary thing about him yesterday. You sneeringly wound up with an oath and called him—but let that go. Do you get lonely sometimes? The you know what "the blues" are? Imagine what it suffers then. His sacrifice is as great as yours, his sensitiveness equally as great, his NEED someone and help him out with his English lesson? Can't you tell him he will have the opportunity to show his muscle in actual combat? Can't you say to him, that he is coming back to his fruit-stand and that the blonde girl who is waiting for him will be the gladder to come over and see him? Can't you bring back his smile?

Say, you full-blooded American, you sure love fair play; can't you give him what he wants, a chance, just a chance, that's all. C. M. O.

FRENCH CLASSES ARE ORGANIZED BY MANION

Two French classes were organized by Assistant Secretary Manion, of the Knights of Columbus building, Camp Greene, it was learned yesterday. About 40 enlisted men have enrolled for this short course in French. One of the classes will be instructed by Private Provencher, of the Thirty-eighth infantry, and Bordeaux, of the First New Hampshire infantry, will instruct the other. Classes probably will be heard in the Knights of Columbus building.

HANDSOME BEAUTIFUL THREE COLOR DIPLOMA OF HONOR

ask by mail, large discount to agents and dealers. Oliver Publishing Corporation, 12 Trinity Place, New York.

POTTS ACCEPTS DEFINITIVE OFFER OF PLATT FOR FIGHT

Sergeant Potts, of the machine gun company of the Sixtieth infantry, yesterday issued a statement answering the challenge of Sergeant Platt, of Company E, Seventh infantry, for a 10-round bout, accepting the challenge and agreeing to Platt's demand that a 375 weight and appearance forfeit be staked, and further declared he would place \$100 as a side bet.

In reply to Sergeant Platt's offer, I desire to state that I will accept his challenge, with a 375 weight and that I can beat him. As far as I am concerned of a bout with Platt, I can say that this is the second time I've been matched with him. The postmortems were caused by the bad weather, and Platt was given the information that same would be postponed until some other date.

As far as Platt having a yellow streak, I will say this again, and also inform the public of the little bout I had in the seventh round, he asked me to let up and go a little easier. The fans noticed this, and yelled for a knockout. He has come to Lieutenant Barend with so many different excuses that I did not want to box that he hardly knows himself which one would be the best. I appeared at the arena with eight men in my right hand ready to box any one who could be substituted. I never crawled from a fight in my life, and I will mean business. I will give him sufficient time to train and have Lieutenant Barend put on the match. (Signed) "SERGEANT POTTS."

PRIVATE RICH ASTOUNDS TROOPS WITH HIS TRICKS

The big stunt given at Y. M. C. A. 103 by the right honorable First Class Private Frank Rich of the Seventh machine gun battalion, company B, was his best performance yet presented to the men of Camp Greene. Private Rich started the evening with an exhibit in handling fire, hot flames shooting from his hands from a large torch he took flames and set them, then fire balls dropped into his hands and disappeared into his mouth. He swallowed a live coal, and his hair on his arms was burnt off, he then lit a lamp and kept it burning the wick down his throat. Yes, Rich is a wonder.

His next stunt was jumping from a table into a box of broken glass without hurting himself. This he did a number of times to satisfy the crowd that there was no fake connected with the act. He then placed a bayonet on his hand and a soldier weighing around 130 pounds stood on it, while the fellows looked on in dumb amazement. This was enough to satisfy the crowd. The Kaiser is in a lumb for a big surprise when Rich walks into Berlin and shows off his stunts. The Kaiser will know the devil is no longer his friend. We all thank Private Rich for his enjoyable entertainment.

THAT O. D. GIRL OF MINE.

I saw her on a busy street— Her eyes and hair were brown, The hair was of a dark green shade, And she wore an O. D. gown. I looked at her—she looked at me, She smiled a roguish smile, I "boun" faced on the instant, And trailed her for a mile. Of course I had no right to, And flirting's not my line, But I was bound to meet her, That O. D. Girl of mine.

At last I picked up courage, And tipped my service cap. She looked at me inquiringly, And fell right into step. I said—"Dear, may I join you?" She said—"Why I allow, but first let's have a little stop somewhere, It's getting time for chow." I took her to a restaurant, One month's pay it cost to dine, But I'd spent my last bit blingly on this O. D. Girl of mine. She went for seconds on the soup The chicken and the pie. The way she handled all that chow It would make Hoover cry. I had the waiter's sympathy could tell by his mournful face. She went across through the bill of fare And never missed a space. She looked at me contentedly Her eyes with light divine, I'd jawbone cigarettes all the month For this O. D. Girl of mine. I must admit she left me broke But somehow I did not care. An appetite like the one she had, Is expensive as it's rare. And then she sent a tender note It was delivered by her "Pop". And when I got a look at him I thought I'd faint and drop. I now no longer wonder, Where she's got the appetite so fine. She was our mess sergeant's daughter— Was that O. D. Girl of mine. By G. W. Newkirk, Company B, Eleventh machine gun battalion.

RETIRING COLONEL JONES HAS LONG WAR RECORD

Wounded During Actions in Cuba and Philippines—Served 42 Years as Officer.

Colonel Frank B. Jones, commander of the Seventh infantry, for whom the officers of the regiment gave a farewell dance here several days ago, will go on the retired list February 1 at his own request, after more than 42 years of service with the colors. He was born in Mississippi, January 1, 1855, and was graduated from the United States Military academy with the class of 1879, when he was assigned to the Eighteenth infantry.

With that regiment he served until July 20, 1901, when he was transferred to the Seventeenth infantry. He was promoted to major in the Ninth infantry, July 25, 1901, and Lieutenant Colonel, Nineteenth infantry, October 4, 1907. He was detailed in the adjutant general's department, October 28, 1908.

During his early service he was stationed at various posts in the west, and was on frontier duty at Fort Gibson, Indian territory, in 1879, and took part in the Ute expedition in 1880. After serving in Texas, he went to Fort Lewis, Col., in 1882, and also served at Fort Huachuca, in connection with Indian affairs. In 1898, he went with his regiment to Cuba, and was in the campaign against Santiago, Caney, Cuba. After performing duty at Fort Crook, Neb., he went with his regiment in January, 1899, to the Philippines, and in action March 15, 1899, near Baguio City he was wounded. He became a colonel July 20, 1911. His last duty was at Camp Greene. He has been given leave of absence until the date when he goes on the retired list.

REPORT ON ARTILLERY RANGE IS COMPLETED

Official announcement from headquarters of Camp Greene yesterday said that the report of the board of army officers inspecting the proposed artillery range site near Kings Mountain would be presented to Major General Dickman, commanding, early today. This report was expected at camp headquarters yesterday, but its preparation was not completed in time.

BOYS OF THIRTY-NINTH TO GIVE MINSTRELS

The first of a series of five minstrel shows will be given by the minstrels of the Thirty-ninth infantry Thursday night at the Y. M. C. A. building near the camp of this regiment, it was learned yesterday. It was said there are a number of men in this regiment who are experienced professional entertainers and that the company which will put on these shows really "has class." The purpose of the attractions is to provide entertainment for the soldiers assembling at this Y. M. C. A. building.

SOMETHING DIFFERENT IS AIM OF SOLDIERS

Military Minstrels of Eighth Massachusetts Infantry to Provide "One Scream After Another."

Pretty girls, clever comedians, plenty of curtain dancing will mark the appearance of the Military Minstrels from the Eight Massachusetts at the Charlotte auditorium on Friday and Saturday nights, February 1 and 2. Something new and novel has been the watchword of Regimental Supply Sergeant Webster, formerly the Prince in the "Prince of Posen," but who has now laid aside his princely raiment to help Uncle Sam show Kaiser Bill that "Deutschland ist nicht ueber alles."

To give a minstrel show that is different from any minstrel show yet seen in Charlotte, is Sergeant Webster's aim. In this he is having the help of several men to whom the minstrel stage is no novelty. And then there are the girls. Charlotte's prettiest and best are going to take part and their part is going to be some part.

Then, too, there is the olio. When Rosenthal Webster and Bentley start it is in one scream after another until the curtain drops.

There is also a little one act farce which is so extremely clever as to be considered a worth performing by the Lumber Club, the famous actors' club in New York.

Last, but by no means least, the must will be played by the famous Eighth regiment band under the direction of Bandmaster Lee, and those who audited the regimental dance at their anniversary last Thursday do not think it would be told what they can do in the way of sounding the brasses and rolling the drum so that one just can't make one's feet behave.

"SLOAN'S LINIMENT RELIEVES MY PAIN"

This is the verdict of those who use it.

Why is Sloan's the world's largest selling, most popular liniment? Because of its remedial properties for all external pains, strains and bruises. Because it penetrates without rubbing—leaving no numbness or skin stain, and relieves promptly an attack of Lumbago, Sciatica, Neuralgia, Rheumatic twinges, Joint-stiffness, Muscle-soreness. Neck-kinks are promptly relieved. Have a bottle handy in your medicine cabinet. Any druggist will sell you a generous sized bottle.

Sloan's Liniment KILLS PAIN

M. KIRSCHBAUM. ESTABLISHED 1898. Maker & Renovator of HATS & FURS. 26 W. Trade St. Telephone 2536

Army Hats Made To Order and Renovated

I Make the Hat To Fit the Head