

AN OBLIGING ORPHAN.

Pies Are Not the Only Things With Crust Around This Camp.

Editor's Note: We reprint, from our estimable contemporary, The Journal and Carolina Spartan, a letter which should make patriots optimistic about the quality of the nerve of the American soldier.

"Some days ago the announcement was made that a wealthy and childless couple in New York desired the name of an orphan young soldier in Camp Wadsworth to whom they could act as foster parents, and parties interested were asked to communicate with Capt. E. W. Moore, of the division headquarters staff. Capt. Moore has received the following letter:

"Dear Captain Moore:
"Learning you are in the market for young men who are homeless or homeless than others, I take the liberty of making application for a berth in any of the old Knickerbocker families, whose wine cellars are not completely exhausted.

"According to the report spread around the gay white way of this City of Mirth, one needs be under twenty-one. Alas, such be I not, but, inasmuch as I have a perfectly good safety razor, I believe by shaving morning, noon, and night, a clean chin would camouflage the age question.

"While I am not of the particular sort, I must have a room with a Southern exposure, for the reason that I wish to, upon arising in the morning, make faces in that direction in retaliation for my enforced sojourn in this neck of the woods, where the wildest excitement to date has been watching the rocking chair fleet members in the Cleveland Hotel drop stitches.

"Also, as I abhor artichoke, please pick me a foster mother and father who never allow their servants to place this horrid dish on the table.

"And, may I suggest, that a couple of foster parents who have a daughter who does not look like something the cat dragged in—blonde or brunette, I'm not fussy about the coloring—would be very acceptable.

"Thanking you as I pack my clothes for the change which is likely to come through your efforts, believe me,

"A foster son without a struggle."

(Name deleted by censor.)

"P. S. If there is to be any Christmas box stuff, don't let things like turkeys and pies and puddings crowd out the merry muckilage."

FOXING THE FOE.

The one thing you must not do in war time is to call a thing by its real name. To take a hackneyed example, you do not call a spade a spade; you refer to it, officially, as "Shovels, General Service, One." This helps to deceive, and ultimately to surprise, the enemy; and as we all know by this time, surprise is the essence of successful warfare. On the same principle, if your troops are forced back from their front line trenches, you call this "successfully straightening out an awkward salient."

We have accounts with the following Post Exchanges at Camp Wadsworth

Ambulance and Field Hospital	106th N. Y. Infantry
2nd N. Y. Field Artillery—2nd Battalion	108th " "
104th Machine Gun Battalion, Co. B	106th Machine Gun Battalion, Co. A
104th " " " " A	106th " " " " B
104th " " " " C	104th Field Artillery
Headquarters Troop—27th Division	Headquarters Co., 71st Infantry
105th Regiment	10th Infantry
Military Police Headquarters	106th Machine Gun Battalion, Co. C
107th Regiment	104th " " "
102nd " (Engineers)	Headquarters Company Canteen
27th Division Supply Train	106th Infantry, Co. C
Base Hospital	106th " " L
106 Field Artillery	105th Machine Gun Battalion
23rd N. Y. Infantry	106th Infantry, Co. I
3rd Regiment	

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