

MOONSHINE LETTER

ADMITS THAT PERSHING SHOULD
HAVE GOOD STAFF.

My Darling Sweet Red:

I am settin hear like a hen, tryin to hatch up something cheerfull to say to you, but I bin so put out cents you writ me that you air gwine "over their" to Sibeeria, that hits jes killin me flat out. Your little girl don't weigh but 187 pounds now, and I am scart to death that my red flannel petticoat what I have been wearing for the last five winters, is gonna be to large for me this winter. If it is, I'll make you a nite shirt out of it to ware in Sibeeria.

Oh! my nobull hero, it fills my heart with pain to think of men like you, the flour of our nation, goin over to France, as mear "dough boys," and us folks back home havin to eat corn bread. The good book sez that "bread is the staff of life," and sense that is so, General Perishing outa have a big staff, with so many "dough boys" to pick frum. I see big signs over whar what reads, "Food Will Win the War. Don't Waist It," and ever time I read one of em' I thinks to myself; then the guvment better put some of these here gluttons, what aint in the army, in a detenshun prison, on the charge of being a lean enemies, befour we lose the War. I believe in Whoeverizing on food, and every time I feed the pig, I think of you, darling, and it is sad to throw food away to pigs that might go to feed you and help win the war.

Your letters air so full of chivulry and high ideats, that they have inspired me to jine the "Camp Fire Gal's Knittin Club," so as to do my bit. We knit shoppin bags mostly, and now and then a sweater for some pore coldier. Most of the gals spend their time at the club meetings, doin nothin but knittin their eyebrows and talking gossip, but your sweetie aint one o' them kind. I am their to do REAL service, and as soon as I finish knittin five rugs, three shoppin bags, and eleven comforts, I am goin to knit my brave soldier boy a pair of wool socks. I'll have em ready by next July and you can have them for a present next August.

I am so glad to here that my Red has bin promoted to a Action 101. Private. I knowed hit was in you to rize from the rank. They can't keep you down, no more than that whale couldn't keep Jonah down—not sayin, however, that Jonah wuz rank. I didn't think you wuz until you told me that you wuz a Buck Private in the Rare Ranks. Keep on rizin until you gits to be a Corporeal, lak that old Sam Skinner, what is tryin to turn in vain, my effections frum you to him. I didn't care nothin about that \$40,000 that you will inherit soon, it's you I want. We can build a bungelow with the money and raise things to eat—and everything. I live only for the future, what will bring you back to me.

THE CADUCEUS

NOW OPEN

RED CROSS BUILDING BEING USED.

The building erected by the American Red Cross, in the center of the oval formed by the reconstruction wards, has finally been opened after months of careful work and study.

Mrs. W. H. Baldwin, wife of Major W. H. Baldwin, formerly of the Base Hospital at Camp Gorden, Ga., is in charge of the house and is putting forth her best efforts toward making it an ideal place of recreation for the patients at the hospital. Mrs. Baldwin, whose home is in Memphis, Tenn., was in charge of the first Red Cross building to be opened in the Southeastern department at Camp Gorden and arrived here to take charge of affairs on Friday of last week.

The structure will be officially dedicated and turned over to the government as soon as the furniture and equipment arrive, which owing to the congested freight conditions is of rather uncertain date. The place is to be elaborately furnished and the equipment is to be of the most modern nature, including electric range, heating plant and several other attractive features.

Twelve bed-rooms are provided for the use of parents of patients who may be in a serious condition and arrangements are being made so that they may secure light meals there.

The hospital library is to be moved to the new house as soon as can be arranged which will probably be the first part of the coming week. Miss Wait will continue to be in charge of the books.

Turning Them In.

Miss Fox Wait, the hospital librarian requests that the men who have books, the property of the library, turn them in to her as soon as possible, especially those which have been outstanding for some time. This will greatly facilitate the moving to the new Red Cross building and all men are requested to look after this

FIELD SHOES.

Rookie—"I want to exchange these shoes."

Q. M.—"What's the matter? Don't they fit?"

Rookie—"Sure, but they're made wrong side out."—Exchange.

I've got a date with a kid whoes to young to be drafted in the army, to go to a Moovie, and see Thedy Bear play a vampyre part with Fatty Arbuckle in "Uncle Tom's Cabin." I've got to go an dress up now before he gits hear, and I jes got time to put on some of your favorite kind of talcome powder, you know the kind what smells lak orchards. After I git back from the show I'll bet I dream about you, cause Mama says I am havin night mares most every night.

With a bushel of luv and a millun kisses from your own,

IONE.

P. S. When you are 21 years olde?

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