

## OF GENERAL INTEREST

### Mothers and Fathers of America Give to Your Own Sons!

It was at a little hospital in France. One of the workers—Young Men's Christian Association, Knights of Columbus—what does it matter, they are all the same—was one day passing by and suddenly thought of a Scotch boy with whom he had been talking before that same afternoon. He entered the tent expecting to find the boy marked that night for transfer home. But when he approached he saw that something had happened, something had intervened between all hopes and plans. The wounded lad's eyes were bright with fever and he beckoned to the man of mercy. "Come here, mummy," he said; "put your arm under my head and I think I will sleep tonight."

"And then," says the worker, "I saw that he had become a child again. 'Hear me say my prayers now, mummy,' he said, and beginning 'Our Father which art in Heaven,' he felt his way thru it like a blind man in a narrow alley, till he got tangled in forgetfulness and stumbled for a moment into silence. Then, looking up at me, he said, 'Kiss me, mummy,' and I kissed him and tucked him in as his mother used to do when he was a boy at home, and by way of sleep that night he found a dawn beyond our day-break."

Your son, perhaps, is there—that boy you love so well. He may be wounded. God forbid! But if he is, an arm will pillow his head tonight and fatherly hands will be on his and kindly lips will speak those words that you would speak if you were by his side. It will be the hands and lips of one of that band of consecrated men, one of those big-hearted brothers, who welcomed your boy that homesick day he came to camp, who sailed with him on the transport, who went, perhaps, thru the hell-fire of shot and bursting shell to save him when he was wounded, who brought food and comfort and friendliness and home to him on the very fire-step of the front-line trench.

These big brothers are calling to you from France for help. Nay, they are calling to you from every cantonment, from every camp, here and abroad, where our soldier lads are gathered together. "Fathers and Mothers of America!" they say, "your boys are in our hands. We

want to send them back to you clean, strong, brave, victorious. God willing, these shall not be wasted months or years. We are working and praying so that even while he fights your son will grow in stature—body, mind, and soul. Money is needed—a veritable tide of gold—to make this possible. Fathers and Mothers of America, give to your own sons!"

Shall we add our poor word to the passionate appeal for \$170,500,000 that is being made by these seven societies, these great brotherhoods that stand behind our armies—the Young Men's Christian Association, the Young Women's Christian Association, the National Catholic War Council, the Jewish Welfare Board, the Salvation Army, the American Library Association, the War Camp Community Service? No, there is no need for us to tell you why you should give. Your own heart is crying out to you now to give. Give money? Why, you would give your right hand, you would give your beating heart itself, if it would bring your boy comfort and happiness in his life or peace in his death.

Little enough do we know what these lads of ours are enduring without complaint; little enough do we know how they die without bitterness, thinking never of self, but of suffering chums and loved ones at home, humble in their self-sacrifice. Little can we hope to imagine what "Y" or "K. of C." men and huts mean to them, we who are safe and warm and with friends.

"Sometimes," says a "Y" worker, "I sit all day beside a man, feeling my heart just break listening to him as he speaks words of love and messages of deepest tenderness in his dying fever to those far off across the seas whom he thinks to be right up near his stretcher-bed. And then a man who has been blinded wants me to hold one of his hands; another poor lad sobs out his life, his head in my arms, crying for his mother as you and I cried for ours when we were lonely; and I guide the hands of another—a big boy, torn and shattered by a shell, as he writes good-bye to his sweetheart and tells her God will bring them together again."

What do we know of such things as these—we in America? What do we

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### Yadkin Falls Hydro-Electric Development

In the course of a very few months electric power from Yadkin Falls will be coming in over the transmission lines swelling the total already in use in Badin. Yadkin Falls is so near the Narrows development that the headwater from the Yadkin Falls dam will run right up to the tailwater of the Narrows power house. The Falls development is a small one when compared to the Narrows at the Narrows.

At the Falls development, the power house is so built that it forms an integral portion of the dam itself. The average head at Yadkin Falls is fifty feet, but for low head developments, that is, heads from fifteen feet to ninety feet, this type of construction has in recent years become very popular, because of its great economy under these conditions. Instead of penstocks, water flows directly thru short concrete intakes of extreme dimensions of eighteen by twenty-six feet. These scroll cases, of which there are three, are huge passages for conducting the water to each water-wheel. Starting with these dimensions it constantly grows smaller. The winds around the speed ring of the water-wheel it pinches out to nothing in a place near the starting point where water passes from the scroll case to the speed ring, the wicket gates, and the water-wheel down the draft tube. This is twenty-one by forty feet in maximum size, to the tailrace. With the exception of a very small percentage, all the energy of the falling water is thus extracted.

The water-wheels, which are manufactured by the S. Morgan Smith Company of York, Pa., are thirteen feet in diameter, and are rated at 100 horsepower each, at full gate opening. Three of these wheels are provided, but only two will be installed at the present time.

The power house is of very nearly the same size as that at the Narrows, being 187 feet long, and will be of brick and structural steel framework. The power house crane will be the largest of its kind, and is of one hundred tons capacity, capable of lifting a water-wheel rotor at one time.