

National Special Aid Society

Last week's attendance was about 70 less than the previous week, which leads to the observation that the rocking chair brigade, the nap brigade, the motor brigade and the amusement brigade do not find it vital to help in this great world need. One woman said when asked to come and work for the soldiers, "I have no one in the war in whom I am vitally interested." That's an awful thing to say, seeing that the Almighty Himself is in the war and is fighting with the side that stands for righteousness. Not to have any interest in the war is to isolate one's self from scenes of action where Christ is verily present. Not to have any interest in the war is to play the part of the priest and Levite who passed by on the other side. Not to have any interest in the war is to steadfastly choose evil rather than good, and to shut one's self off from all sources of soul discipline which this war is destined to bring us. Said a missionary who visited us on Wednesday, "No use for me to go back to China if Germany wins this war. For her to win would be to defeat the gospel of Christ, to set at naught the offense of the cross," or words to that effect.

The Rocking Chair Brigade

You can go along any street and see them rocking. In the war relief rooms weary women weight down with heavy cares sweetly from exertion. The rocking chair brigade sits in summery clothes and rocks on the cool side of the house. In the war relief workrooms the women work by the clock. "Can I make 30 4x4's this afternoon? I made 20 this morning and I would love to make 50 in a day." The rocking chair brigade watches the clock, too, but it is interested to know if it's time to go to the movies. In the war relief workrooms women stoop and count, and pack and count, and hope and hope and hope that the number is nearly complete. The rocking chair brigade yawns and is tired hearing about the war. One woman said, "I've given my son and that's enough." Who said it was enough? Not the government; not public sentiment; not our nurses and doctors; not your own flesh and blood.

Dr. Finney sent word to American women recently not to relax their efforts for one moment.

Miss McIntosh wrote recently from New York that if the people here could see the tremendous need they would not let up day or night one moment. The huge department store and warehouse of Gimbel & Greenhut has been commandeered by the government and the proprietors have cleared out in short order to make room for 10,000 beds for our men who are expected back sick and wounded. We wonder if the government will commandeer the rocking chairs of the rocking chair brigade?

Strangers Do What Relatives Will Not Do

The other brigades, the nap brigade and the amusement brigade, are in the same category. No woman has any right to withhold her services from her country unless she has young children to rear or illness to deter her. Every working woman is already in the service of the government by virtue of her employment, and yet many, many of them give full measure, pressed down and running over—they work at night after the tolls of the day are over. But isn't it an incomprehensible thing that women who would be at the bedside of their relatives if they had been shot by an enemy bullet and brought home to be cared for find it altogether right that strangers who never heard of their boys should spend 12 or 14 hours a day making surgical dressings for his wounds while they themselves do not do a hand's turn for their own or for any other woman's son?

Are We Not Like That?

Thank God we are not like that. There are hundreds of mothers, sisters and wives who can't feel happy except in war relief work. They utter a little prayer to go with every bandage and ask that it be blessed to the healing of some mother's son. And we can do without the women who won't come. We'll get the work done, we'll do it if we have to move our beds down to the rooms and work in our sleep, but the women who won't help will lose the respect of their fellow townsmen and they really deserve to lose it. Recently the wife of a naval officer asserted that all American women were doing their bit up to the last notch. An officer replied, "My dear madam, you are very much mistaken—a few are doing a great deal, not by any means are all the women working." The lady was somewhat indignant, and the officer said, "Put it to a test; go back to your own exclusive apartment house and inquire." She did so and much to her chagrin she found 15 women in that house alone who were not doing anything more strenuous than knitting. Not once had they ever darkened the door of a war relief work room. Yes, we will do the work and the slackers can give aid and comfort to the enemy by rocking or riding away the days, the precious days which wise women are so thankful to have, for in the dear days of comparative peace and plenty we can make provision for the surgical needs of our men and for those of the world. Who knows? Perhaps we shall need things worse now, now when we are being urged to work up to top speed. We haven't even a good sized army in active service yet, wait until we lose 35,000 men in a week, as England has done over and over again—that means twice or thrice that many wounded. Why we don't even know what supplies of dressings mean yet. One single man may require 5,000 before he is cured. A severely wounded man may use \$500 worth of gauze and cotton dressings during the course of one illness in a hospital, and yet we've been six weeks at almost convict labor making the equivalent of six men's really serious needs. Yet there are women who say, "We'll come when the war gets real bad, but we've got plenty help right now. I went once and it seemed like they were enough." You poor, small visioned, provincial little person! Get out your

Wallace Social News

Wallace, Jan. 7.—One of the prettiest weddings ever witnessed here was solemnized Wednesday morning at 7 o'clock at the home of the bride, when Miss Virginia Bryant was married to Mr. Bayliss Webb, of Dallas, Texas. The culmination of this love affair took on somewhat of a romantic touch. Mr. Webb first met Miss Bryant while on a visit here to his sister, Mrs. John Camp. This friendship ripened into something stronger, and since Mr. Webb has been in Texas for the past two years he has visited here. Having been drafted, and expecting his call to the colors within the next few weeks, Mr. Webb wired his fiancée, asking if the marriage, which was not yet scheduled, could take place right away, under the circumstances. On the receipt of her wire, which was an answer in the affirmative, he was not many days in reaching Wallace. He spent a few days here with his sister.

No friend were invited to the marriage, nevertheless, they were present. The marriage vows were present by Rev. C. V. Brooks, of the Wallace Baptist church, the beautiful rings ceremony being used. Immediately after the ceremony the couple were driven to Wilmington by Mr. and Mrs. Camp in their car, where they boarded the train for Fort Smith, Ark., where they will visit Mr. Webb's parents. They will make Dallas, Texas, their home until Mr. Webb is called into the service. Mr. Webb holds a responsible position with a furniture firm of that city.

Mr. and Mrs. P. O. Powell have returned to Wallace, after a few days spent at Greenville, where they were quietly married last week. Mrs. Powell was before her marriage Miss Anna Manard, of near Kerr, a member of the faculty of the graded school here last year. She is extremely popular with all Wallace, who gives her a hearty welcome.

Mrs. Liles, of Jonesboro, is visiting ly and appreciatively thanked: Susie Roberts and Maie Sanders, a scrap book; Mrs. Monroe, carded cotton; Miss Kinzie Hankins, a feather pillow; Mrs. J. P. Harris, 2 splendid counterpanes; Mrs. Robt. Calder, a baby shirt; Mrs. H. C. Prince, kid gloves; a friend, 5 new odd shoes; Kate Fennell (Mrs. C. C. Chadbourne's cook), one and a half dozen applicators and a very nice quilt. Her sister also donated a fine quilt; Mrs. Rosenmann, Red Cross dividends, remnants and cotton; Mrs. Register, envelopes.

The Play. At the play presented there a few weeks ago 50 per cent was given the Special Aid, and it amounted to \$17.40. This will be applied to the materials used there and the main society expects to furnish more as soon as it is needed. A large and enthusiastic audience was present on the day of founding this new unit and great things are expected of it.

Applicators. We need applicator sticks very much. They must be cut from cedar or white pine and not made too small. A match is not a proper size, it is too slender. A much better size is that of a straw through which one drinks a milk or ice drink.

Mrs. Hatchell's French Class. We are sorry to hear that there are so few soldiers interested in the French lessons given free of charge by Madame Hatchell at the Y. M. C. A. that the executive of the Special Aid contemplates discontinuing them.

Tin Foll. We are not able to thank through the papers the persons who give tin foll. We appreciate the gifts but we cannot mention donors. We need the space to say what we think of slackers.

Lecture. Our lecture was illustrated by a map of the western front, showing the successive gains in six days, and by a second map showing the three offensives of the Germans, the one in Flanders March 21, the second in Picardy March 26 and the third on the Aisne, which has just come to an end. It was seen that the Germans are trying to widen their front between Soissons and Rheims in order to get elbow room for their men and reserves.

Our Special Aid room is open Monday and Friday nights from 8 o'clock to 9:30 and every day except Saturday from 8:30 to 1:30 and from 2 to 6:30, except on Thursday and Tuesday, when the afternoon work begins at 3 o'clock.

Contributions of Money. Our collection amounted to \$173. This included the amount made by the ladies of Immanuel and the Good Shepherd by their play. We were very gratified at the results of the week, because people have been giving so generously to the other war causes. We wish to publicly thank the following because we cannot take the time or afford the expense of writing personal notes of thanks: Miss Drois Meade Council #1; Misses Mary and Elizabeth Stewart, Corinne Hughes, Elizabeth Walsh, \$3, the proceeds of a play; The Allies Card club, \$2; several friends each a dollar (these did not care to be mentioned); Mrs. M. T. Cockey (whose weekly dollar seems to us an awfully generous interpretation of a penny); the city employees, \$3.0 (this is a generous gift) 5 Circle # of Fifth Street Methodist church, \$2; and the naval reserves sent in a jar with 25 pennies in it.

A Loan From Sunset. We want some wool; we want \$500 worth of wool in a hurry, so we cast around to see what we could do about it, and we found by borrowing Sunset's canteen money, \$55, and some from Mrs. Howard's circle (\$6.60), and all from the Special Aid treasury, \$38, we would have enough, provided Miss Alderman's play yielded the remaining \$38, so as this goes to, print we are eagerly awaiting the results of the play to help to round out our \$500.

Donations of Materials. Mrs. J. H. Bornemann has our sincere thanks for a bundle of cloth and the following ladies are also grateful:

her daughter, Mrs. C. V. Brooks. Mrs. C. E. Hussey passed through here from Warsaw, where she has been visiting, en route to Burgaw, to be with her little grand son, son of Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hussey, who is very ill with colitis. Misses Florence Tucker and Madge Cavanaugh, of Wilmington, are visiting Miss Mary Cavanaugh. Mrs. Davis Bryant and children, of Hopewell, Va., after a visit to relatives here, left for her home Wednesday. Her son, Private Aubra Bryant, of Camp Lee, was also with her. While sad in the extreme, nevertheless it is pleasing to know that a Wallace "boy" is a hero of this war. Upon the death of her son, Private Davis Forbes Bryant, in France, Mrs. Bryant has received a very touching letter from his commander general, saying that her boy, with nine others, accomplished what they started out to do. Going "over the top" one morning at 2 o'clock, they went through the first German trench, and into the second, locating the gun, which they had been sent to find, and was almost back to our own line when they were discovered by the enemy, who opened fire with their big gun, killing only Mr. Bryant. His comrades, however, were able to bring his body back.

Miss Evelyn Harrell is visiting her grandmother at Drewville. Miss Geneva Quinn passed through Wallace Monday en route to her home at Chinquapin. She has been teaching for the past session in Pitt county. Miss Pattye Sutherland, who has been in training for a nurse at Johnston-Willis sanatorium, Richmond, Va., has written relatives that she received her "cap" Sunday, for which she had been working for the past two months.

Naval Officer Interned. The Hague, June 8.—An American naval officer, Ensign Eaton, of Connecticut, has been interned. He was among other officers who descended on Dutch territorial waters during a recent seaplane flight off Terschelling. He was unhurt, but his machine was damaged.

Eddie Foster, the Senators' flossy third-sacker, has been pastimng under the handicap of a kink in his throwing arm.

DEATH NOTICE. DIED—At her late residence, 512 South Second street, Saturday, 3 a. m., Mrs. Evelina King Reeves, beloved wife of Robert M. Reeves, in her 30th year. Funeral from South Fourth St. Advent Christian church, Sunday, 11 a. m.

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Suburban Schedule

IN EFFECT SATURDAY, JUNE 8, 1918.

WEEK-DAYS

Lv. Center	Lv. Beach
6:15 A.M.	5:40 A.M.
6:55 A.M.	6:10 A.M.
7:25 A.M.	7:10 A.M.
8:00 A.M.	7:40 A.M.
8:15 A.M.	8:15 A.M.

and every half hour thereafter until 5:30 P.M. and every half hour thereafter until 6:10 P.M.

and every half hour thereafter until 6:30 P.M. and every half hour thereafter until 11:00 P.M.

and every half hour thereafter until 12:10 A.M. and every half hour thereafter until 11:45 P.M.

Local trains stopping at all stations (on request) may be expected to leave the Center and Lumina at the times indicated.

*The 6:10 express leaves daily except Saturdays and Sundays, stopping at Fifth, Ninth, Seventeenth and Market streets, Wilmington; Winter Park Gardens, Sea Gate, Wrightsville and all stations on beach.

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