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The Maker of Bandages

Red Cross Workers Solve in One Minute the Mystery of the Stony Hearted Mrs. Britt.

By MAXIMILIAN FOSTER
Of the Vigilantes.

A diamond is not the hardest thing in the world. A diamond will cut glass and bore through a hardened, tempered chrome steel, but glass and steel—the diamond itself—is soft compared to some things. The hardest thing in the world is a stony heart.

Mrs. Britt was such a stony heart. I have seen hard hearts, but never one so hard as hers. She smiled seldom, and when she did it was like the glitter of a diamond in the sun. She was kind and gentle in speech, but her speech was the most stony of stony. She did not know how to shed a tear in her life.

Every morning Mrs. Britt appeared at the Red Cross station in upper Broadway. She was the first to arrive in the morning, the last to leave at night. No one knew what she thought. She was kind and gentle in speech, but her speech was the most stony of stony. She did not know how to shed a tear in her life.

Efficiency—efficiency was the word. Mrs. Britt was a woman of few words, but every word she spoke was a gem. She was kind and gentle in speech, but her speech was the most stony of stony. She did not know how to shed a tear in her life.

Her Bandages Worthless. She took a bandage and tried to sew. She made poor work of it, however. Then her head sunk on her breast and the bandage slipped from her hands. "I can't—oh, I can't!" she wailed.

But no one reproached her. No one even let fall a kind word. She was the first to arrive in the morning, the last to leave at night. No one knew what she thought. She was kind and gentle in speech, but her speech was the most stony of stony. She did not know how to shed a tear in her life.

His picture was in the locker she wore. Every day she would stop for work to look at it. Sometimes her face would show it to the other workers, and she would smile with every working breath she drew. It was a picture of her mother's heart.

The room instantly was in confusion. In a minute every one sprang to the mother's aid—that is, every one but Mrs. Britt. She rose and rescued the bandages under her feet. Then her face hardened as nails, and Mrs. Britt went back to her work. When Mrs. Britt still shrieked, she was led away to her room outside the main figure in the corner was playing away as usual.

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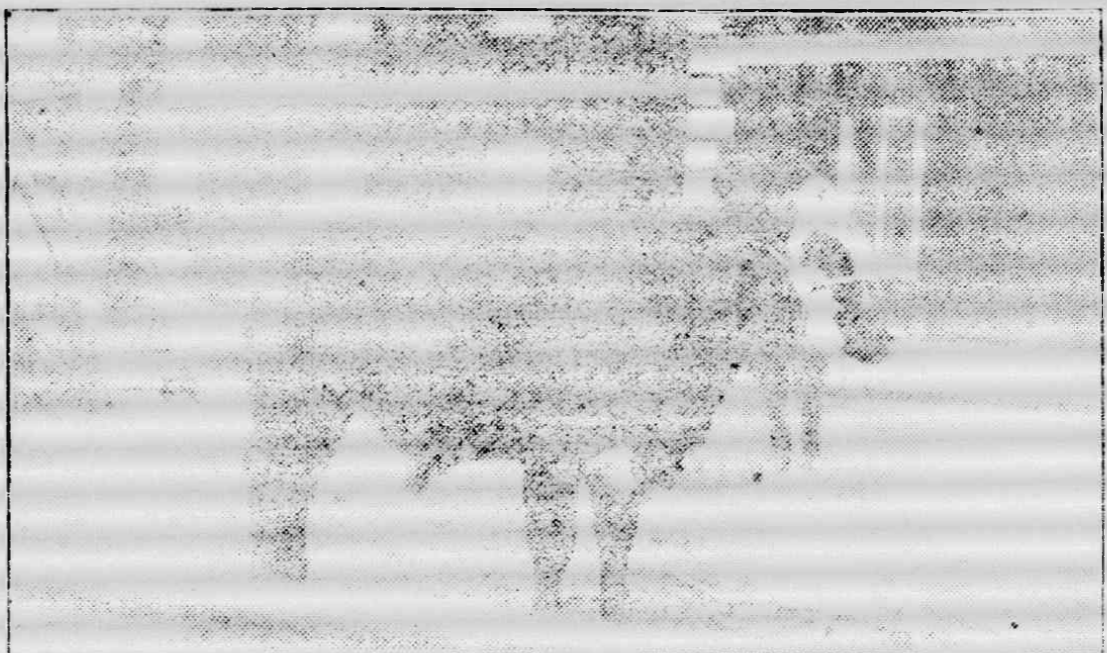
Farlow back on her chair; with the other she thrust at her the half-finished bandage. Her tone as grim as her face, she spoke, and again the sound of it was like half-pattering on slate. "You're not thinking of your son," she said. "You're just thinking of yourself!"

There was a murmur of remonstrance. Mrs. Britt heard it, and she dashed a look about her. But when she spoke again it was to Mrs. Farlow she spoke. "Think of Your Son." "You're not the only mother in this war," she said. "If you thought a little more about them and a little less about yourself you'd be doing something. You'd be helping your son, for one thing!"

"Why, what do you mean?" gasped Mrs. Farlow. "Mrs. Britt smiled another adamantly smile. "Your son wouldn't die for want of care. Any one of those bandages I've seen you ruin might save his life. Any one of them might save the life of some other mother's son!"

Mrs. Farlow shrieked as if she had been struck. She'd never thought of it that way before. The silence, the grim reserve, which had cloaked Mrs. Britt seemed for a moment to quit her. "I have no son," she said, her dirty red lips biting out the words. "I had one, but he died at Camp Meade. It was in the Spanish war," snarled Mrs. Britt, "and there were no bandages—nothing. There was no one to help. That's why I'm here now. It's to keep other women—mothers—from becoming the sort of woman I am." A harsh, brittle laugh escaped her. "Oh, I know what you think of me. You heard what you said. Well," said Mrs. Britt, "my son wouldn't have died like that if I hadn't sat around sniffling and snuffling, never doing a thing!"

What Transylvania Red Cross is Doing



Above is a picture of the 1380 pound calf given by Miss Mary Galloway to the Transylvania Chapter, A. R. C. This gift added \$20.00 to the Treasury of the organization. By Miss Galloway's generous patriotism the local Red Cross has been enabled to enlarge its output of hospital supplies.

The local workrooms now send two regulation cases of surgical dressings to France each month. Since its organization last July the Transylvania Chapter has produced 20,000 surgical dressings, 100 hospital garments, 350 wool garments. The chapter now has 4 branches and 5 auxiliaries with a total membership of 1000.

In the War Fund Drive which is on this week Transylvania County is raising \$2,000. This fund is used for relief work on the front. This relief work is carried out by the Red Cross under the direction of Army Medical Department.

The Red Cross is now installing

rest stations, and infirmaries, and recuperating stations back of the front in the army villages, day kitchens, and homes for nurses, auxiliary plants for the manufacture of anaesthetics, ice and splints, and large reserves of emergency supplies of everything from a bandage to a mobile hospital.

In caring for the soldiers the Red Cross has provided portable kitchens to supply hot food for the men in the trenches and the wounded, portable ice plants to supply ice packs and to refrigerate hospital goods, portable laundries capable of handling 2,000 pounds of laundry in a ten-hour lay to supply hospitals, portable baths, dental stations, sterilizing plants, and lighting plants.

One important Red Cross enterprise has not yet been mentioned for the American soldier, and that is the plant for the manufacture of artificial limbs. The artificial limbs made in France were found

to be too heavy and the American product will be sold to the French Government at cost and the American Army will be supplied with the limbs as required.

The Red Cross now has ready for operation a plant for the manufacture of nitrous oxide. This gas does not diminish the resisting power of the patient as do other anaesthetics.

What the Red Cross is doing in France it is doing in each of the other Allied Countries, work of such a high order of efficiency that the War Council of the Allied Nations has pronounced the American Red Cross to be the largest single factor in the struggle against militarism.

BACK UP THEIR BLOOD WITH YOUR DOLLARS

Senator Ives of Rockingham County Makes Strong Appeal in Behalf of Red Cross—Other Interesting Tolls by Local Organizers—\$400 Already Raised.

The people of Transylvania County are this week being called to a partnership in the greatest business enterprise ever organized on earth.

The closing exercises of the new graded school, which began on Sunday with the commencement sermon delivered by Rev. W. B. Boyce, were resumed on Wednesday evening with a declaration of patriotism and a resolution to support the Red Cross.

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GRADED SCHOOL PUPILS IN CONTEST

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KEEP YOUR MONEY IN TRANSYLVANIA COUNTY

There is a money game going on in the county that a certain foreign miller is leading out. It is a game of wits and trying to induce the farmers of Transylvania County to make stock in their mill, for which they are to build a warehouse for the mill, and then to furnish them with food stuffs at cost, which of course, is only a scheme to enlarge their plant and at the same time place the farmers in a position where they will have to sell their wheat to their mill for nothing.

The writer does not know how this game is being played, but if there is anything in it, he wishes the farmers would consider the matter both to and from the mill, the weight on the scale, and the salary of a manager for the warehouse.

In the first place, it is the duty of every Transylvania farmer to get his own mill, and by so doing to insure that there is no one else to be in the way of a flour mill and dist mill, an enterprise of which appeared in the Brevard News a few weeks ago. This mill will be in operation in time for this year's crop of wheat.

No doubt if the farmers will cooperate with the home miller, they can get a better price for their wheat and dist mill, an enterprise of which appeared in the Brevard News a few weeks ago. This mill will be in operation in time for this year's crop of wheat.

H. E. Gayer, who recently purchased a tract of land near Rockingham for a site for a high grade road, and at the same time the end of the road, now has over 100 head of sheep and contemplates establishing a very large ranch, and, no doubt, success will attend his efforts.

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