

W. C. A. Provides Home For Actresses at Camp Dix, N. J.



Actresses who play in the Liberty Theater at Camp Dix, N. J., find a touch of home in the Players' House which the housing committee of the Young Women's Christian Association, of which Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., is chairman, operates for them. Because of the distance from any town where they might stay, it was necessary to provide some sort of living accommodations for the actresses. The Y. W. C. A. built the house, supplying it with all conveniences such as sewing machines, washtubs and ironing boards. Camp Upton, L. I. has a similar house.

Y. W. C. A. UNIFORMS TO CLOTHE STUDENTS

Suits Worn by War Workers Will Be Given to Penniless Students in Switzerland.

Official uniforms of the Young Women's Christian Association minus the Blue Triangle, the Association insignia, will be worn next winter by women students who have been stranded in Switzerland during the war and who, because of lack of funds, inability to re-enter their native country, a desire to finish their university courses or because they have no family to which to return, will remain there next year.

Elizabeth M. Clark, who has been in Switzerland for ten years under the World Student Christian Federation, has appealed to the National Student Committee of the Y. W. C. A. for clothing for the 300 foreign women students in Switzerland. The scarcity of clothing last year among these almost refugee students made it necessary for two girls to share one coat so that only one could go to classes or go out of doors at a time.

Four large packing cases of all kinds of used clothing, save hats, which is in good condition, have been collected hastily from women college students in the New England States, Ohio, West Virginia, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Delaware by the Student Committee of the National Y. W. C. A. to be sent over in response to Miss Clark's appeal. This clothing will be dyed, cleaned and made over in Switzerland.

In addition to the clothing collected from students in colleges nearest New York a case of uniforms, which have been turned in by Y. W. C. A. secretaries who did war work, and the official gray uniform ulsters is being sent. As uniforms are being turned in by war workers they will be claimed by the Student Committee, which will remove the insignia and prepare the uniforms so that they may be worn by these women who have been forced by world events to remain in Switzerland for several years.

QUEEN MARIE INVITES Y. W. C. A. TO RUMANIA

Extends Invitation to Overseas Workers in Paris.

Paris, April 21.—Queen Marie of Rumania, following a conference with a representative committee of the American Y. W. C. A., held at the Ritz Hotel, Paris, has invited the American Young Women's Christian Association to come to Rumania and open work under her patronage.

Among the representatives of the Y. W. C. A. present at the conference were: Miss Harriett Taylor, head of the American Y. W. C. A. work overseas; Miss Mary Anderson of Hudson, Wis.; Miss Mary Dingman, head of the Y. W. C. A. industrial work in France; Mrs. Margaret B. Fowler of Pasadena, Cal., and Miss Charlotte Niven, head of the Y. W. C. A. work in Italy. A notable guest at the meeting was Madame Catarji, wife of the secretary of the Rumanian legation in Paris.

Y. W. C. A. WORKER IS DECORATED
 Miss Marion Porter of New York City was decorated on another day in the name of the Chaplain General of the army with the Cross of St. Sava. Her citation was for her spiritual and general contribution to the war.
 For more than a year Miss Porter has been at the center in Vittel, France, representative of the Y. W. C. A. in charge of a purse-making department where dollars will be made to meet needs.

HOSTESS HOUSE FAMILY REUNION

How It Happened to Entertain Only A. E. F. Mother Who Visited Army of Occupation.

BIG CORPORAL DUTIFUL SON.

No Knightly Courtiers Ever Aided With Mere Gallantry to Lady Fair Than Did He and His Doughboy Pals to This Little White Haired Woman Dressed Exquisitely in Black.

By GRACE GOULDER.
 (With the American Y. W. C. A. Overseas.)
 Coblenz, Germany,
 March 28 (By Mail.)

It happened right here in Coblenz. A big corporal came into the Y. W. C. A. Hostess House and asked for the director, Miss Ruth Woodsmall, who comes from Colorado Springs, Colo.

"Could my mother stay here?" he began at once, trying his best to cover his excitement.

"Your mother!" gasped Miss Woodsmall. "How did your mother ever get here?"

"Well, she isn't here yet, but if she comes will you keep her?"

"Of course I will, but—"

She didn't finish, for the boy had smushed his cap back on his head and was out of the door on a run.

The corporal's visit remained a mystery for two days. Then one evening just at dusk a little white haired woman dressed exquisitely in black appeared in the sitting room of the Hostess House, and the corporal was hovering behind her, trying to be beside her and back of her and in front of her all at once. He was carrying her coat—a big fur one. With them were three doughboys, pals of the corporal. They tried to keep in the background, but their eyes were glued on her face.

Everyone in the sitting room sat at attention. There are no English speaking men or women out of uniform in the Third Army area. Yet here was a woman in civilian clothes. Mothers are unheard of with the army. But this was a mother, everyone knew.

After awhile someone found out about this mother.

Had Been Interned During War.

She and her husband, who were born in Germany, but had been naturalized, lived in San Francisco. Before the war they left for Weisbaden, Germany, that their invalid daughter might have treatment at this famous health resort.

They brought their other children with them. One was Walter, a small boy, and the other was Ralph, now Corporal Stepp of the American Army.

When the war was declared they sent Ralph back to America, because he was of military age, and they did not want him to fight for the Kaiser. Then America entered the war.

Mrs. Stepp—Mrs. Anna Stepp she is—told this part of the story:

"Until a month ago I hadn't heard from Ralph for two years and a half—even before America got in the war mail was held up. I didn't know whether he was in the army or not—but I was sure he was, because—well, because he is an American." Here she stopped a minute to smile up at him.

"After awhile we heard from some friends that he was in the army—and that he had come over here. That was all I ever knew. It's nearly five years since I have seen him!

"Of course it was awfully hard—I couldn't get word to him and he couldn't to me. My husband used to tell me it wouldn't help Ralph any for me to cry. I tried not to—before the rest of them anyway. My daughter got worse steadily—she is no better. We couldn't get the proper food for her after awhile. And she hated to see me worried about Ralph, so I used to try to keep up before them.

"Last January my husband came to Coblenz about his citizen papers. An American soldier in Ralph's company who was in the office heard his name and asked him if he was any relation to Ralph. He didn't tell him Ralph was in Coblenz, but went after Ralph. He didn't tell Ralph his father was here. When they met they couldn't believe their eyes.

"Ever since then I have been trying to see Ralph. He couldn't come to Weisbaden because it was out of the American area, and I couldn't get through until today—more than two months."

They asked her if her Ralph had changed much in all that time.

"Oh, yes—very much. But do you know, I think it is because all that long time when I didn't know where he was or how he was—I got in the habit of thinking of him as he was when he was a baby—I kept seeing him as a baby and remembering the way he felt when he was little. Isn't that queer? And now look at him!"

And the corporal tried not to see the adoration in her eyes.

"Five years is a long time to wait to see your boy," she murmured, and kept her eyes on him. Again she had forgotten the people around her.

The corporal cleared his throat. "This is why I ask if you could keep my mother, Miss Woodsmall. I didn't want her to come unless she had a good place to stay. Ah, e—e—thanks awfully."

And that is the story of how the Hostess House happened to entertain the only known A. E. F. mother who has visited the Army of Occupation.

HAD ITS ORIGIN IN VENICE

Name "Gazette" May Be Traced From What Might Be Called the First Newspaper.

Not Rome, but Venice, holds first place in journalism history. From the latter city we get most of the nomenclature of the modern newspaper, says a writer in the Quill. Here news was publicly posted as in Rome, but to read it cost, it is said, a small coin, a gazetta. Not only in Latin countries, but even in America, Gazette has been a favorite name for a newspaper. In the case of the 13 original colonies, nine times out of ten the first newspaper in any one of them was a Gazette. Often the price paid for a newspaper has furnished the name. Examples may be found in the Cent of Philadelphia—possibly the first penny paper in America—and the Picayune of New Orleans. Skeat in his "Etymological Dictionary of the English Language" gives under the word "Gazette," "an abstract of news issued at Venice; the original sense is either (1) a magpie, from Italian "gazetta," whence it may have meant title-tattle; or (2) a very small coin perhaps paid for the privilege of reading the news, from Italian "gazetta," a coin less than a farthing. The reader may choose. Since the distinguished professor of Anglo-Saxon at the University of Cambridge was not quite sure about the derivation and offered a choice to his readers, it is barely possible that the two uses of the Italian "gazetta" gave the Latin news sheets their name.

WRONG IN THEIR PREDICTION

Arctic Explorers Long Ago Held Belief That Eskimos Would Be Wiped From the Earth.

One hundred years ago Sir John Ross navigated his ship through Melville bay and arrived at the edge of the ice field attached to the shores. To his amazement black dots were seen rapidly approaching over the vast expanse of ice. What could they be? Eskimos and their dog teams! The most northern people in the world. Eagerly they examined the big ship and in detail everything connected with it.

Donald B. MacMillan, arctic explorer, in recalling this bit of meager history concerning the far North, relates that through an interpreter the Eskimos asked Sir John where he came from.

"From the south," he told them. "That is impossible," they said. "No one could live down there. All our ice goes off in that direction. It must be now filled up with ice."

Doctor Kane in 1853, and Doctor Hayes, in 1861, found that a small population, and stated that in a few years undoubtedly the race would vanish. There are more there today than there were then, and they are increasing rapidly. In 1909 the total population of these northern shores numbered 218; in 1917, 261.

BRICK PIERS SHOW STRENGTH

The National Brick Manufacturers' association and the United States government have co-operated in some very interesting experiments to demonstrate the strength of brick piers.

Tests were made on forty-six piers 30 inches by 30 inches by 10 feet high, and four supplementary piers of the same cross-sectional dimensions by five feet high. Transverse, compression and absorption tests were made on each lot of bricks used. The bricks used were representatives of four districts east of the Mississippi river, two or more grades of brick being obtained from each district. Three kinds of mortar were used in the beginning and three grades of bond and workmanship employed throughout the investigation. This report, under title, "The Strength of Brick Piers," is now ready for distribution, and those interested may obtain a copy by addressing a request to the bureau of standards.

That Absorbing Question.

Desmond had been markedly attentive the day before, so when Flossie Flatfoot saw him coming up "the drive" she was all in a flutter.

She opened the door herself and led the way into the drawing room.

"Er—Miss Flossie," began the young man. "I—I—it's rather difficult to ask such a thing. I meant to ask you as I was leaving yesterday, but—but—do you—?"

"Yes?" breathed Flossie.

"Do you know," continued the young man, "whether I left my matches here last night?"

Looking Out for Himself.

Pat was one day driving cattle through a country town, accompanied by a collie. The dog, unknown to him, bolted into a butcher's shop and ran off with a leg of mutton. Whereupon the butcher issued forth, demanding of Pat if that was his dog.

"No," replied Pat, slyly eyeing the erring dog, which by this time was almost out of sight, "he was once mine, but he seems to be doing for himself now."

Uplift Thrown Down.

George Cohan told at the Players' club a story about elevating the stage.

"An actor in a fur coat," he began "said to me the other day:

"For uplift, George, I once played Ibsen's Master Builder to the Bullfrog miners."

"Humph," said I. "Did you have a long run?"

"You bet we did," said he. "About four miles."

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