LOCAL PARAGRAPHS.

Marriage license have been issued to Ira C. Kennon (22) of Pisgah Forest and Miss Belva McCrary (18) of Penrose.

E. E. Stone of Greenville, S. C., who is spending the summer at Cedar Mountain, was in Brevard on Wednesday.

Miss Elizabeth Colton of Meredith College left Wednesday after spending a week with Miss Annie Gash at "Underhill," near Pisgah Forest.

On account of the failure of the electric lights Tuesday night the production of "The Butterfly" pictures were postponed until Wednesday night.

Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Boyd of Nashville, Tenn., are spending some time with the parents of the latter, Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Liggett, at the Florala Inn.

Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Silverstein gave a dance at the Franklin hotel Tuesday night to which a large number of Brevard people and visitors were invited.

Misses May and Grace Johnson, the popular music teachers, will continue to occupy the Jenkins house next to the graded school building and will remain through the winter months.

M. Fontaine's shuttle block factory near the depot started up last Monday after having been shut down since the beginning of the great European war. Prior to this time Mr. Fontaine has shipped all his output to France but recently has made arrangements to sell to American establishments.

Mrs. J. R. Pollard of St. Augustine, Fla., who came to Brevard last week with her husband to spend their honeymoon, was carried to a hospital in Asheville last Saturday for an operation for appendicitis. Mr. Pollard is connected with a large printing establishment in St. Petersburg.

Our genial friend Felix Rabb, who lives near Cedar Falls, has the sincere thanks of the News force for a gallon jug of extra fine (sweet) apple cider, sent to this office Monday morning. Owing to the shortage of the apple crop this year cider will be scarce, making it just that much more appreciated.

St. Philips Church—Eleventh Sunday after Trinity, August 15, 1915. Sunday school at 9:45. Litany, holy communion and sermon at 11; subject, "Reverend Worship." Special offering for theological education fund. Friday, August 13, evensong with address at 8:00; subject, "The Fruit of the Spirit." The sixth fruit—Goodness.

THE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

There will be preaching by Rev. R. C. Reed, D.D., in the Presbyterian church of Brevard next Sunday evening at 8:00, preceded by a song service beginning at 8:15. All visitors and all others not worshipping elsewhere will meet with a cordial welcome at this church.

Dr. R. C. Reed will preach at Davidson River church next Sunday morning at 11 o'clock. The public generally is invited to take part in this worship.

BREVARD BAPTIST CHURCH

A. W. McDonald, pastor. Bible school at 9:45 a. m. and preaching services at 11:00 a. m. and 8:00 p. m.

The Bible conferences will begin with the morning service. Dr. Prince E. Burroughs of Nashville, Tenn., being the first speaker at the Sunday school hour. Dr. Burroughs or one of the other conference speakers will speak at both the morning and evening hour. There will be three sessions of the conference each day until Friday. Everybody is cordially invited to attend all sessions.

OLD TIME SINGING

There will be an old time singing at Etowah on Sunday, August 29, to which all the singers of Transylvania and Henderson counties are cordially invited. Rev. D. L. Earnhardt, the pastor, announces that the young folks are also expected to take part as well as the older ones.

SWEETS AND SUZANNE

By DOROTHY DOUGLAS.

(Copyright, 1914, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

Suzanne, enveloped in an apron, stood over the gas range stirring fudge. "It seems such an odd thing to send to the army," she said to her mother.

"Chocolate is very nourishing and sustaining, dear," replied Mrs. Adams. "The boys can carry it along with them on a march and, when they feel hungry or fatigued, eat a piece without stopping. Don't you see?"

Suzanne nodded. "Oh, I'm more than willing to make it, and since the call for it has been sent out I'm sure it is required."

And then she went on with her candymaking, thinking and wondering as she stirred where and by whom it would be eaten.

"I—I wonder if any of the boys will get a whole box, by any chance," she said to herself. "I—wonder!"

When a trainload of wounded soldier boys arrived at the big city, of which her home was a suburb, Suzanne was anxious to join the volunteer workers who were to care for the soldier laddies.

"I am not a trained nurse, but I could help," she told her mother.

"All right, dear," her mother said. "It is a noble work and you have my permission to go—so long as you go chaperoned by Mrs. Greene."

Mrs. Greene was a matron of the community who was going to help with the nursing of boys who had been brought home, and she had offered to take Suzanne with her.

It fell to Suzanne's lot to be sent to the home of a soldier boy whose mother was an invalid. At his home she was to assist in taking care of him, and from the young man she learned much of the life of soldiers in battle.

"We had much to be thankful for," the wounded soldier told her one day when she sat by his invalid chair, which was drawn out on to the sunny porch beside that of his mother. "We had wonderful food, clean and sent home by each [illegible] good beside all over the country saw to it that we had candy—chocolate sweets—on our marches. It was great," the boy said.

"Did—did you have any fudge?" Suzanne asked timidly.

"Fudge?" The best ever and one of the fellows in our regiment has gone clean daty over some girl who sent a box with her name written all over it. He pieced it together, taking our candy out of our very mouths almost—" the soldier laughed—"and managed to guess out her name and where she lives. He swears if he lives he's going to find that girl, and—well, you know how such things always turn out."

When her charge was well enough to be about she left him, but not before she had promised his mother to go each summer to visit her at their cottage by the sea.

It was three summers later that she went down to the cottage at the invitation of the old lady and her soldier son to spend a fortnight. The war was over.

"Mr. Henry," Suzanne asked of the one she had nursed, "did you ever hear again of your comrade who ate the girl's fudge and was bound to win her? Did he ever find her?"

"Funny! He's coming here tonight to spend the night with three other fellows, and you can ask him for yourself. I hope he's either found her or forgotten her," Henry added. "This love business gets me. I'm heart whole for one," he laughed.

It all seemed so natural when Suzanne shook hands with Robert Moore—so much as if it had meant to be.

"Suzanna Adams," he said. "Suzanne—it's not an ordinary name and I've been searching for it."

"Why so?" asked the girl, blushing furiously.

"Because the maid came [illegible] and wrote her name upon it to give me hope through many a long march. That's why, and you know it. Later on I'll tell you more," he said, darkly. "Will you listen?"

Suzanne choked with emotion and could not answer, but she knew that she would listen—that she had been waiting for three years to listen.

"Home, Sweet Home."

It was dark and cold and the gaunt and leafless trees were swayed by fitful gusts of wind that spoke of coming rain.

Plodding Pete and Weary Willie quickened their pace in order to reach a place of shelter ere the storm should overtake them. This sudden burst of energy seemed to excite conversation.

"Wot's up with yer, Pete?" inquired Willie. "Yer look as if yer goin' to cry."

"I dunno," was Pete's reply. "I don't feel the joy o' livin' like I used to. I've been thinkin' o' my wasted life, an' I've got a sorter uneasy, homesick feelin'."

"Homesick!" broke in Willie. "Why, bless me, I believe that's wot both of us are sufferin' from. We ain't neither of us bin inside a jail for close in three months now, 'ave we?"

Just So.

"Do you think that marriage is a lottery?"

"Can't say I do. Still, everybody who marries takes a chance."

Not Fated to Commit Suicide.

The tragic intentions of a married couple named Blin have caused some amusement to the townsfolk of Bar-sur-Aube, France, by the results of their repeated attempts to commit suicide. M. Blin started by trying to hang himself in the cellar, but the rope was not strong enough to carry out his wishes, and safely, if suddenly, he was deposited back on the floor. Mme. Blin, deeply affected by her husband's act, in despair proceeded to do likewise, with a similar result. The couple then tried suffocation by gas, but workmen repairing the main stopped the supply, fortunately, but unwittingly, preventing the tragedy. Undismayed at this new failure, and as though "never say die" was her motto, Mme. Blin threw herself down a 20-foot well, M. Blin following. There they expected to drown, but there was barely three feet of water. After hoping against hope for several hours their whereabouts was discovered by neighbors, who promptly hauled them out of the well and back to wisdom. They have promised not to start again.

Girl Moved by Crane.

When the king and queen were making a tour of the Beardmore works, at Parkhead, Glasgow, a 120-ton crane began to move from the opposite end of the workshop. Great was the astonishment of their majesties to find that, instead of the usual huge gun, a pretty girl, carrying a bouquet, was the burden of the crane.

She stepped off the plate at the feet of the queen, and with a courtesy, asked her majesty to accept the flowers from the workmen, with love and their thanks, for coming to Parkhead. The queen was delighted beyond measure.

Complicating the Calculation.

"What is the fourth dimension?"

"I don't know, and to tell the truth I hope it will never be located. If they can find out how to measure it they'll begin to charge for it in selling houses and lots."

Got His Meaning Mixed.

It has been frequently charged that much of our [illegible] is [illegible] [illegible] to be [illegible], to give [illegible] a little story that comes from Kansas. A little boy was going around singing a song he had learned at Sunday school. Something peculiar about the words aroused his mother's attention. "What is that, Jimmie?" "Oh, Jesus threw a rock and away he ran," replied Jimmie. The scandalized lady afterward learned that the proper words were "Jesus is a rock in a weary land." Another little boy learned a song which taught him to "Do somebody for something every day."

Whitmire and Smathers

GARAGE

Machine Work — Phone 20

Attention Ford owners equip your cars with our extra Radius Rod Adsolutely, prevents bending and breaking of front axel and steering gear. We are now well equipted for all kinds of repair work. We open our Garage to-day with 3 good cars for public service day and night. And solicit your patronage.

Respectfully,

WHITMIRE & SMATHMRS

Compare Prices—Compare Quality

WHEN choosing tires be sure and get Firestone inbuilt extras. At the following prices you can't afford to use any other tire or tube.

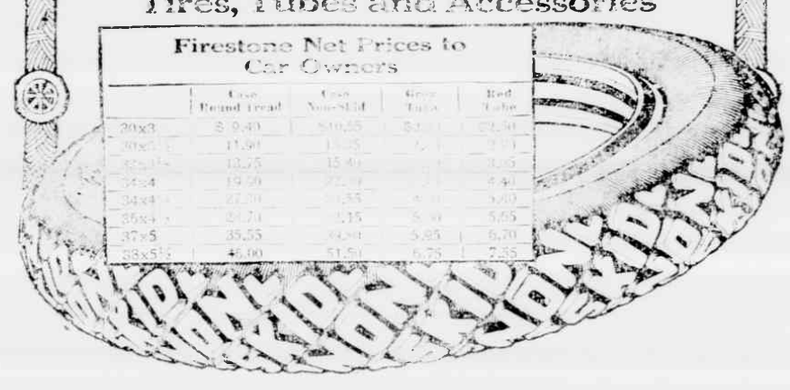
See the Firestone man and find out why you can get this extra service at average cost.

Firestone

Automobile and Motorcycle Tires, Tubes and Accessories

Firestone Net Prices to Car Owners

	Clincher Plain Tread	Clincher Non-Skid	Gray Tube	Red Tube
30x3	$ 9.40	$10.55	$1.60	$2.30
30x3½	11.90	13.25	1.75	2.65
32x3½	12.25	15.40	1.90	3.05
34x4	19.20	22.40	2.40	4.40
34x4½	22.20	25.55	2.70	5.00
35x4½	24.70	28.35	2.90	5.65
37x5	35.55	40.90	3.85	6.70
38x5½	40.00	51.50	4.75	7.55



FARMERS' SUPPLY COMPANY

Brevard, North Carolina

Store opens at 7:30 a. m. — Closes at 7:00 p. m., Saturday 10 p. m.

OUR CLOTHES, HATS, SHOES, ETC. MAY BE BOUGHT WITH CONFIDENCE

The confidence with which you buy any other article of known quality at this store. As you know positively you are not running any risk of unfair treatment or buying seconds or samples at this store. When you buy a Suit from us you enjoy a feeling of complete satisfaction that lasts with the enduring quality of our Clothing, either made to measure or out of our stock, on point of value, style and fit combined with comfort. Our clothes fully satisfy the wearer and they please his every desire as to personal appearance, service and economy. We have all wool suits for $9.00, $15.00, $18.00 and $20.00.

Opposite the Court House. — WALTER WEILT, Salesman

At Dry Goods and Ladies' Ready to Wear Goods Store.

Clear and continuous as a stream is the inflow of new things in Summer Wearables, like roses succeeding the tulips, comes the new fashion blossoms for the hot summer days. New and delightful suggestions for distinctive dressing are here to make a shopping trip full of fresh interest and summery charm. New modes are here, proving that Summer is as much of a turning point in the matter of style, as is spring or fall, that summer is a season with new and distinct demands and not simply a spell of fine weather.

W. P. WIELT

Opposite the Auditorium Building

Brevard, North Carolina