

THE POSTSCRIPT

BY MARY LAWRENCE CAMNITZ.

It was an afternoon of mid-summer in 1917. The large Chautauqua tent in an Illinois city was crowded with an interested but anxious audience, for it was but a few days before the first draft was drawn, following our entrance into the great World War.

The symphony orchestra had thrilled the crowd and when the program closed with "The Star Spangled Banner" the people rose to their feet and the very air breathed tenseness. The orchestra left the platform by June Blackburn the little Southern entertainer.

She was a typical daughter of the South—lithe, willowy, and graceful with a wealth of dark brown hair, and brown eyes in which flashed all the fire of her Southern ancestors. Her voice was full and strong yet possessing the soft accent so peculiar to and charming in the Southern woman. She told her stories of the Old South with a charm and magnetism that captured the vast audience. One moment they were in tears at the pathos of it all; the next they were convulsed with laughter at some of her quaint and humorous darkey stories. June Blackburn had walked right into the hearts of that Northern audience.

In closing her program she said, "I am so happy that you have enjoyed the picture I have tried to bring you of the Old South which is fast slipping away. I do not feel that picture would be complete without my showing you the flag of that Old South. (Here she displayed a tiny silk Confederate flag). This flag was given to me by dear Stonewall Jackson when I was a tiny little girl and I have loved it ever since. It is a flag that is dear to every Southerner's heart. Our grandmothers rallied to its call in '61 and God only

knows what they suffered and endured for it. . . . But today we are laying it tenderly away with all the other reverent memories of those dear old heroes while we answer the call of the Stars and Stripes—the flag of both the North and South. A Southern woman never shirks. She has but to see her duty to do it. Our country calls us today and we shall rally round the Stars and Stripes with just the same devotion and self-sacrifice that our grandmothers rallied 'round the Stars and Bars. (Here she picked up Old Glory). For this is your flag and my flag.

And, oh, how much it holds
Your land and my land
Secure within its folds
Your heart and my heart beat
quicker at the sight
Sun kissed, and wind tossed—
the red and blue and white."

At the close of her program the audience thronged up to her voicing their delight at such unity of purpose between the North and South. A great many of these were Union soldiers who put their arms about her and patted her on the shoulder as they told her of the many kindnesses shown to them by the Southern women during that awful struggle. She would have been very happy over all this had she not seen a large number of women leave the tent just before she finished. She was hurt beyond expression at that and determined to find out before the evening program why they had left. This was not at all difficult to do. She learned that these ladies refused to stay in a tent where a Confederate flag was displayed, even though it was shown with the view of making all the stronger the Southerners' allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

For a time she was hurt; and then her indignation completely swallowed up her hurt feelings

and when she stepped on the platform that night her snapping eyes told, even before she spoke, just how she felt about it all. She couldn't begin her program until she had poured out upon them some of the boiling, seething indignation she felt at the dishonor shown the flag she had been taught to love and cherish.

"I've learned that some of you ladies in my audience this afternoon objected to my showing the Confederate flag from your platform. You misunderstood, ladies. We love that flag as we love Geo. Washington, Robt. E. Lee and many other great heroes of the past. But our loving them doesn't make us love the Stars and Stripes nor President Wilson one bit less. If you ladies will come down South we'll show you what real patriotism is. Our school children pledge their allegiance to the flag every morning before beginning their work: the little streeturchin stops his game of marbles to stand attention while the tin-pan street piano plays the Star Spangled Banner. And now, even before the draft is drawn, we women are laying plans in our Southern city—where one of the great Cantonments is being built—to make things pleasant and comfortable for your boys. As you know they will come to that camp and we want them to feel their lots have fallen in pleasant places and that they are not among strangers. And we shall care for them just as tenderly as we care for our own Southern boys."

It was in October, 1918, when the "flu" was raging in all the camps both here and overseas. The big camp in June Blackburn's Southern city was suffering most of all. With hundreds of other young women of that city she had the Red Cross call for volunteer nurses and had put aside everything else to go to the camp hospital to nurse the sick and dying. She was assigned to a ward containing twenty stalwart young soldiers who had been stricken with the terrible malady. She stayed on duty from seven in the morning until eight at night with never a moment's rest nor a bite to eat. She bathed their faces; gave them their medicine and fed them every bit of nourishment they took—for they were too ill to hold even a drinking tube to their lips. She met all the loved ones who came with a hearty welcome and a sympathetic and understanding hand-clasp. And to those who could not come she wrote a short note telling how the boy was doing. She gave all of her time, strength, and endurance to the work.

After all had been done that medical science could do and she knew the last call had come for some of them she took the messages they wanted to send to their dear ones at home and then held their hand and tenderly smoothed back their hair that they might not feel that they were going out alone and unnoticed. Each of the five in June Blackburn's ward who were claimed by the dreadful scourge went out feeling that he was among friends—that some one cared.

It seemed like a trick of fate that two of these five boys were from this same Illinois town where June's beloved Southern flag had been frowned upon a little more than a year before.

One of these boys knew that the end was very near and asked June to write a letter to his mother—which she cheerfully did—"My darling mother," he said, "this will be my last message to you, but don't let it make your heart ache too much, for it's all right, mother. To me it seems a rather inglorious way to go after dreaming of the great part I was going to play in the trenches. As it is, I'm only dying in an army camp—but the God of Battles knows best and so it is all right. And mother, I know it will ease the hurt in your heart to know that I was surrounded with every care and comfort that I could have had at home—the daintiest things to eat the best medical care, and the tenderest nursing. Mother, I didn't know that God made such wonderful women in the world (except you, old dear, of course) as these Southern women. They have given up everything to make us comfortable, and every boy who lives will bless them to his dying day and those who die will die blessing them. This little nurse who is writing this has done for me all that your loving hands could have done had you been

well enough to come to me. One day, mother, when the hurt was so bad she even rubbed my chest with paracamp because I had told her that was what you used to do when I went coasting and caught cold. She knew it wouldn't do any good but she thought it would make me think of home. And every time I smelled that paracamp, mother, I thought of all your gentle, tender ministrations and I shall go into heaven, you to me for a mother. And I shall thank Him for these dear thanking God for having given Southern women, who have brushed the heartaches away from so many boys in this camp. The time is growing shorter, mother, but don't feel sad dear, just know that when you reach heaven's gates I shall be standing just behind them to grab you and give you a bear hug as I always did when you came from town..

Your Boy."

It was not long after June finished the letter before the lights went out for the dear chap. She closed his eyes and kissed him on the forehead for his mother and brushed the tears from her eyes as she went out to mail the letter that it might reach her in time to soften just a little the brief cold official notice which was the best the government could do in those terrible days.

As she passed out the door she met the orderlies coming with the flag to wrap him in. Like a flash is passed over her, "I wonder could his mother have been one of the women who scored my dear Confederate flag that day? No, I'm quite sure she wasn't."

But anyway, with the hurt still in her heart, she stepped into the office and added a postscript to the letter. "It might be of interest to some of the women in your city to know that the nurse, who has written this letter and has tried to do for your dear Boy all that she would have done for her own brother is no other than the little Southern girl, who displayed the Confederate flag on your Chautauqua platform last year..

J. B."

MEN'S BIBLE CLASS

The Men's Wesley Bible Class meets at the Methodist church every Sunday morning at 10 o'clock. You are cordially invited to attend.

Some day you will own a Chevrolet

Gravitation Was to Blame
"Why, George, did you make John fall down?"

"No'm," said George, luckily remembering one of his lessons. "It was the law of gravitation that made him fall. I only pushed him."

Ramsey Milholland

By Booth Tarkington

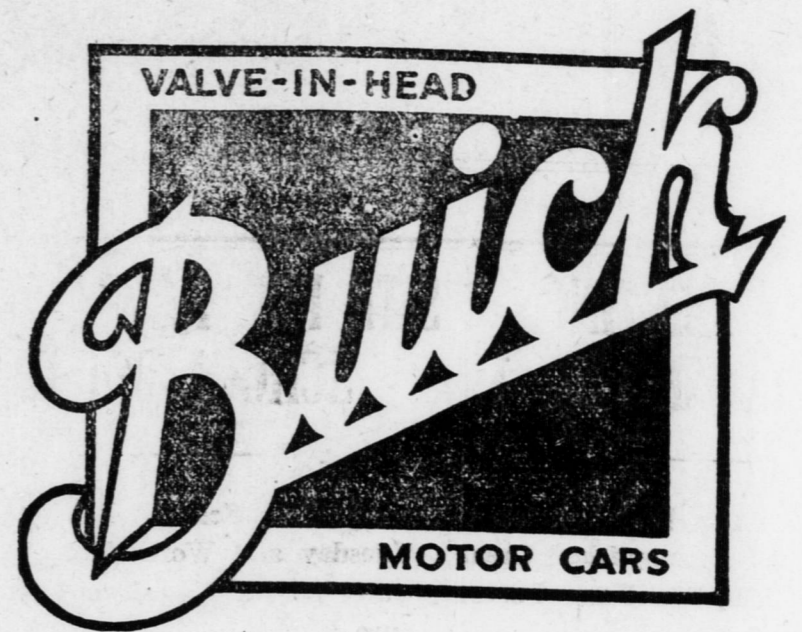
This charming tale is no less boy and girl than "Penrod," "Seventeen," and "The Oriole." But it has a more serious significance in its revelation of great events, such as the World War, changing overnight, as it were, boys into men and girls into women—another illustration of the age-old dictum that men must fight and women must weep.

The earlier scenes are of boys and girls in public school, and here the plodding Ramsey Milholland learns to hate the traditional bright girl pupil—the teacher's pet.

The plot carries the same characters to the state university. We have a rollicking picture of boys and girls struggling with the rudiments of education and finally of youth getting the finishing touches at college. Up to this point it is mostly humor and care-free action.

Then comes the war, changing everything. The author carefully avoids the tragic and heart-rending. He implies a happy ending with an opportunity for the reader to fill in through imagination, the tragedy if he so desires. It is a delightful Tarkington story, typical of the author's best talent.

It is
Our New Serial



Facts You Should Know When You Buy a Car

- Surplus Power is furnished by Buick Valve-in-Head Motors.
- Carburetors are automatically heated.
- Crankcase or Radiator drained by turning a handle.
- Oil Pumps are self thawing.
- Rocker Arms automatically lubricated.
- Radiator easily repaired by inserting sections.
- Clutch positive in action, still a child can operate it.
- Gear Shift made by a slight touch of the hand.
- Steering a Buick is like child's play.
- Steering Rod or drag link all one piece.
- Universal Joint automatically lubricated.
- Frame scientifically designed extra strong.
- Third Member absorbs all driving strains not the springs.
- Brakes very efficient easily adjusted.
- Rear Axle special design correctly built.
- Head Room plenty, not too much.
- Twelve Models of Buick cars make it possible for you to secure the type of car you desire.

ASK US TO TELL YOU MORE ABOUT BUICK

BUICK SIXES		BUICK FOURS	
22-Six-44 Roadster.....	\$1365	22-Four-34 Roadster.....	\$ 895
22-Six-45 Touring.....	1365	22-Four-35 Touring.....	935
22-Six-46 Coupe.....	1885	22-Four-36 Coupe.....	1295
22-Six-47 Sedan.....	2165	22-Four-37 Sedan.....	1395
22-Six-48 Coupe.....	2075		
22-Six-49 Touring.....	1385		
22-Six-50 Sedan.....	2275		

All Prices F. O. B. Flint, Mich.
Ask about the G. M. A. C. Plan



What's The Use to Wait, When You Can Get That Car Now on the Easiest Kind of Terms?

It is an easy proposition to own a Buick or Chevrolet when you take advantage of our easy payment plan.

Our plan, the easiest and best ever offered by any dealer, will enable you to purchase a car now, make a small cash payment, and get 12 months' time in which to pay the balance.

Come in and let us explain the proposition to you.

Forest City Motor Co.

Expert Battery Service FOREST CITY, N. C.

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT—BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

SEE US WHEN YOU ARE HUNGRY

EATS—Sure, we serve any and all kinds
SHORT ORDERS A SPECIALTY
Fish on Fridays Oysters Every Day

THE WATERS CAFE

Mrs. J. P. Waters, Prop.
Let us serve you once and you will be a regular patron.
We are always pleased to serve you.

SEABOARD AIR LINE RAILWAY

Arrival and Departure of Passenger Trains at Forest City, N. C.

Lv.	No.	Between	No.	Ar.
6:42a	34	Rutherfordton-Raleigh and Wilmington.	34	6:42a
x10:30a	109	Ellenboro-Rutherfordton	109	x10:30a
x11:20a	110	Rutherfordton-Ellenboro	110	x11:20a
12:17p	15	Monroe-Rutherfordton	15	12:17p
4:51p	16	Rutherfordton-Monroe	16	4:51p
7:00p	31	Wilmington-Raleigh and Rutherfordton	31	7:00p

x Daily except Sunday.
No. 16 connects at Monroe with No. 6 for Norfolk, Richmond, Washington and New York, and No. 11 for Atlanta and points West.
Schedules published as information and are not guaranteed.
G. W. LONG, Jr., Ticket Agent, Forest City, N. C.
E. W. LONG, D. P. A., Charlotte, N. C.

Good Job Printing at the Courier Office.

The Place Your Money Counts Most

BARNES'

CASH GROCERY AND FEED STORE

FOREST CITY, N. C.

Where You Will Find A Big Stock of

Heavy and Fancy Groceries and various kinds of Feed Stuff at prices Lower than elsewhere

Give Us a Trial and Let Us Prove What We Say

Our Motto: "Strictly Cash and Sell It Cheaper"

\$5.00

will place in your home a

Hamilton-Beach or Apex Vacuum Cleaner

You can then use same and pay us \$5.00 per month until same is paid for. This is one of the greatest home conveniences known to housewives, and once used, always used. Call us up and let us send one out.

We have one used Universal Cleaner with complete set of attachments, that we will sell for \$25.00.

PEOPLES ELECTRIC COMPANY

CONTRACTORS Forest City, N. C. SUPPLIES