

**LIBRARY BOOKS FOR THE HIGH SCHOOL**

At the last meeting of the Betterment it was decided that before making an order for library books a list of those most needed should be printed in the paper. So, if any one has a copy or copies he would like to donate, the library committee will greatly appreciate knowing about this AT ONCE, as the order is to be made next week. Thirty volumes have already been given by a Betterment member. Any other literature by standard authors not printed here will be gratefully received.

**Description & Travel**  
 Dana—Two Years Before the Mast.  
 Parkman—The Oregon Trail.  
 Roosevelt—Ranch Life And The Hunting Trail.  
 Stuck—Ten Thousand Miles With A Dog Sled.  
 Wendell—France of Today.  
 Roosevelt—African Game Trails.  
 Muir—Travels In Alaska.  
 Van Dyke—Out of Doors in The Holy Land.

**Essays**  
 Mabie—Essays That Every Child Should Know.

**Fiction**  
 Abbott—Mollie Make Believe.  
 Churchill, Winston—The Crisis.  
 Clemens, (Mark Twain)—Adventures of Huckleberry Finn.  
 Clemens—Tom Sawyer.  
 Connor—Sky Pilot in No Man's Land.  
 Cooper—Deer Slayer.  
 Defoe—Robinson Crusoe.  
 Fox, John Jr.—Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come.  
 Gaskell, Mrs.—Cranford.  
 Grey—Riders of The Purple Sage.  
 Harris—Uncle Remus and His Friends.  
 Harrison—Indeed.  
 Henry, O.—Four Million.  
 Kipling—Plain Tales from the Hills.  
 Rice—Mrs. Wiggs of The Cabbage Patch.  
 Van Dyke—Blue Homer, and Other Stories.  
 Webster—Daddy Long-Legs.  
 Wiggins—Rebecca of Sunnybrook Farm.  
 Wister—Virginian.  
 Wright—The Winning of Barbara Worth.

**Poetry.**  
 Field, Eugene—Poems.  
 Keats, John—Poems.  
 Tennyson—Poems.  
 Whitman, Walt—Poems.  
 Lamb—Tales From Shakespeare.

**Fine Arts.**  
 Bacon—Pictures Every Child Should Know.  
 Dillaway—Decoration of The School and Home.  
 Horne & Scoby—Stories of Great Artists.

**Biography.**  
 Gilman, Bradley—Robert E. Lee.  
 Keller, Helen—Story of My Life.  
 Scudder, H. E.—George Washington.  
 Schurz, Carl—Abraham Lincoln.  
 Thwaites, R. G.—Daniel Boone.  
 Washington, B. T.—Up From Slavery.

**Historical Fiction.**  
 Atherton—The Conqueror.  
 Hale—The Man Without A Country.  
 Page—Red Rock.  
 Stowe—Uncle Tom's Cabin.  
 Kingley—Westward Ho!  
 Thackeray—Henry Esmond.

**Science.**  
 Harrison—Making Wireless Outfits.  
 Kennelly—Wireless Telegraphy & Wireless Telephony.  
 Williams—Romance of Modern Invention.  
 Yerkes—New World of Science.

**Biology.**  
 Chapman—Bird Life.  
 Emerson & Weed—Our Trees; How To Know Them.  
 Matthews—Field Books of American Wild Flowers.  
 Seton, E. T.—Wild Animals I Have Known.

**North Carolina History.**  
 Connor R. D. W.—Makers of N. C. History.  
 Connor, R. D. W.—Story of The Old North State.

**World War Books**  
 Benzet, L. P.—World War And What Was Behind It.  
 Davis, W. S.—Roots of The War.  
 Goody—The Causes and Meaning of The Great War.  
 Hawkey—A Student In Arms.  
 McMaster—The United States In The World War.  
 Hagedorn—You Are The Hope of The World.

**Politics And Government.**  
 Bryce—American Commonwealth.  
 Fairchild—Immigration, World Movement And Its American Significance.

**THE PRAYER CORNER**

The God of the Weak and Helpless.

God is ever the friend of the weak, the defender of the defenceless, the helper of those who have no human helper. The God of the Bible has a partiality of kindness for those who have lost the human guardians of their feebleness. Whereon there is weakness in any one the strength of God is specially revealed. The Lord preserveth the simple.

The simple are those who are innocent and childlike, those who are unsuspecting and trustful, who are not served by their own wisdom and art against the evils of men. The Lord preserveth the simple. He takes care of them; He keeps and guards them. Indeed, the safest people in this world are those who "have no power to take care of themselves. Their very defencelessness is their protection. The nest of the blind bird is built by God," says an ancient proverb.

Have you ever seen a blind child in a house? How weak and helpless it is. It is at the mercy of any cruelty which a bad heart may inspire. It is an open prey for all dangers. It cannot take care of itself. Yet how lovingly and safely it is sheltered. The mother love seems tenderer for the blind child than for any of the others. The fathers thought is not so gentle for any of the strong ones as for this helpless one. Those sealed eyes, those tottering feet, those outstretched hands have a power to move those parents to labor and care and sacrifice such as the strongest and most beautiful of the household does not possess.

Now this picture gives us a hint of the special watchful care of God for His weak children. Their very helplessness is their strongest plea to the divine heart. The God of the Bible is the God of the weak, the unsheltered. He sends His strongest angels to guard them. The children's angels, keepers of the little ones, the weak ones, the simple, appear always before God. "Woe unto him, therefore, who touches the least of those."

**A Prayer:**

O Thou great Father of the weak, lay Thy hand tenderly on all the little children on earth especially the weak, the simple, the unsheltered and bless them. Bless our own children who are life of our life, and who have become the heart of our heart. Bless every little child friend that has leaned against our knee and refreshed our soul by its smiling trustfulness. Be good to all children who long in vain for human love, or for flowers and water and the sweet breath of nature. But bless with a seven fold blessing the young lives whose slender shoulders are already lowered beneath the yoke of toil, and whose glad growth is being stunted forever. Help us to realize that ever child of our nation is in very truth, a member of our great family. By the Holy Child that nestled in Mary's bosom, by the memories of our own childhood joys and sorrows by the sacred possibilities that slumber in every child, we beseech Thee to save us from killing the sweetness of young life by the greed of gain, for Thou our God and Father, art the friend of the weak, the defender of the defenceless, the helper of those who have no human helper and woe unto us if the tenderness or helplessness or trustfulness, or sweetness of young life is hurt or harmed in any way by our hands. In Jesus name, we ask it. Amen.

C. D. C.

**CONCERT AT HIGH SCHOOL AUDITORIUM**

Quite a number of people enjoyed a delightful program which was given at the High School auditorium last Friday night for the benefit of the Brevard Methodist Sunday School Building Fund. The numbers were as follows:

Chorus—High School choral class. Minuet in costume. By twelve children from the 2nd grade.  
 Duet—Misses Vera and Nell Melton.

Reading—By Adelaide Silverstein.

Selection—By Brevard Institute Orchestra.

Reading—By Miss Gertrude Falls. Song—The Quarrel—Billy Cook and Mollie Snelson.

Piano Solo—By Alvin Moore. Reading—Letha Bain.

Violin Solo—Miss Nell Melton. Piano duet—Misses Maude E. Pike and Ella Zachary.

Reading—Mildren Trantham. Old fashioned songs—The Misses Meltons, Mr. Klueppelburg and Mr. Pat Hook.

Selection—Brevard Institute Orchestra.

Chorus—H. S. Choral Class. A large audience greeted the performance and a neat sum was realized. This will be applied to the building fund of the Brevard Methodist Sunday School.

**True Detective Stories**

**THE BOMB PLOT**

Copyright by The Wheeler Syndicate, Inc.

TAP—Tap—Tap!

The knocking at the door of the house occupied by Charles von Kleist, in Brooklyn, was not peremptory, nor yet did it savor of stealthiness. During the silence which followed, the two men on the doorstep looked at each other inquiringly.

Then—Tap—tap—tap, they knocked again. Slowly, silently, the door swung open and, from the inner recesses of a pitch-black hall, came a voice which inquired, in guttural German:

"Who are you, and what do you want?"

"We come from the Wolf," was the reply. "He said that you would know what we wanted."

"From the Wolf?" echoed the voice from within. "How do I know that you are not wolves yourselves? How—"

"This'll prove who we are," interrupted the man who had previously spoken, producing a card and slipping it past the stout chain which guarded the door. "Read and act," he continued, still in German.

A moment later the chain had been removed and the two men, their coat collars turned high, their hats pulled low, entered the darkened hall. Not until the old man had refastened the door and preceded them into a room where the tightly closed shutters effectually prevented any spying from the outside, did he again address them. When he did speak, it was merely to inquire their names.

"Barnitz," replied one of the men—the one who had carried on the conversation from the outside.

"Barth," said the other. "Barnitz," the old man repeated rudimentarily. "That is a name of the Fatherland, a good name. But Barth? I know it not. Is it not English?"

"American," corrected the first of the strangers. "It would not do to use too many of our citizens in this plan. It would cause suspicion. We must use all kinds of people—that's how we fool these Yankees! Besides, should you doubt, there is the card from the Wolf. That bears both names."

"That is so," agreed the German, "and Von Igel is not one to take any chances. He is too close to Von Papen. For what were you sent here?"

"The Wolf wishes to be assured that everything is going smoothly."

Then, after a moment's hesitation, during which he studied Von Kleist's face very carefully: "Have you completed the bombs?"

"A few only. It will be simple to make the others. Come, I will show you."

Through the winding, labyrinthine passages of the old house the German led them, and then out into the back yard—a tiny plot of ground barely a few feet square.

"As you will note," he said, "we cannot be overlooked from any of the surrounding houses."

The man called Barth, glancing up, saw that the German was right. Only the bare walls of warehouses frowned down upon them. As he looked, however, he seemed to catch a queer glint from one of the nearby roofs—a glint as of sunlight refracted from a binocular glass.

After he had removed three tulip bulbs, planted in a straight line, as if to mark a certain spot, Von Kleist produced a small oblong box, black and ominous.

"This," he said, motioning them back into the house, "is the only one I have ready for use. The ones I shall show you in the cellar—in order that they may tell the Wolf just how his plans are being carried out—are merely the cases. But this one Doctor Scheele turned over to me as a sample. Careful! Don't drop it!"

"There were several of these on the Lusitania, and when the news of her destruction first arrived I thought that my handiwork was responsible. But the honor was not mine, unfortunately. There are also similar bombs planted on the Friedrich Der Grosse, in case these Yankees ever attempt to seize our property. The moment they start her engines, that moment they start the bombs! Yes," concluded the old man, "you can tell the Wolf that his plans are being well carried out. Karbode, Schmidt, Paradis and Prædel are attending to the ones on the ship, and Scheele and Becker on land."

"Splendid!" exclaimed Barnitz. "The chief will be delighted to hear this. Why not come with us now and tell him about it?"

Thinking, of course, that his visitor referred to Wolf von Igel, Kleist readily agreed, and it was not until their taxicab stopped in front of police headquarters that he sensed anything wrong. Before he knew it he was being walked into the office of Inspector Thomas J. Tunney, with a gun in his ribs.

"Chief," cried Barnitz, "that card turned the trick! You'll have to get a pardon for the scratcher. Anyone who can forge Von Igel's writing as cleverly as that doesn't deserve to be in jail. We not only nailed the old bird, but he's implicated half a dozen others. Sometimes it pays to have a German name and be able to speak the language!"

But the bomb plot, designed to destroy half the shipping in New York harbor, didn't officially end until Kleist and Schmidt were sent to Atlanta for two years each, while Becker, Paradis, Prædel and Karbode drew six months each.

**The Brevard Building and Loan Association**

**Opens Its 27th Series in March**  
**Make Your Money Work For You**

The co-operative way is the best way to save money.

The co-operative way is the easiest way to build or buy a home.

Either course brings security and self-respect.

Both aid in the upbuilding of the community.

The Association invites the patronage and support of all our citizens. Its shares are tax free and its entire earnings belong to its shareholders.

Investigate and you will invest.  
 Offices in Dunn's Rock Building.

**G. E. LATHROP, Sec. & Treas.**

**Bread 8c Loaf**

We have cut the cost of living and are selling our BREAD at 8cts a loaf. All other bakery goods in proportion.

Our bread is guaranteed to weigh as much as the imported stuff, has more shortening, yeast, etc.

Support your local industries.

**Philip's Bakery**

**CITY PRESSING CLUB**  
 J. E. WATERS, Prop.

**Cleaning Pressing Dyeing**  
 All work turned out promptly.  
 Main Street Brevard

**WATCH AND JEWELRY REPAIRING**



**LEC. L. WINCHESTER JEWELER**  
 P. O. Box 44. Rosman, N. C.

**GOOD YEAR Service Station**

**We're Now a Goodyear Service Station**

Our service of prevention keeps you out of tire trouble, instead of the old, costly method of getting you out, after you are in trouble.

We closely watch every Goodyear Tire we sell and see that it delivers all the mileage built into it.

The worth of Goodyear Tires is established by the fact that more people ride on them than on any other kind.

Our service—recommending the right size and type before you buy your tires, applying them correctly, and inspecting them for signs of abuse and neglect after you buy them—helps you obtain maximum mileage and utmost satisfaction.

Let us serve you.  
**HARRIS MACHINE CO.**  
 Goodyear Tires

**SMITH'S PLACE**

where you will receive courteous treatment, and where every one who is employed is a

**Tonsorial Artist**

We will be pleased to serve you  
 Trespass Notices at the News Office.

**Let Us Print Your School Bills**