

CAPTIAN WAY COMES HOME

Captain Joseph H. Way M. R. C., U. S. A., now stationed at Camp Greene was a welcome visitor in Waynesville for a few hours Sunday night and Monday morning, coming up he said "to welcome his new grand daughter, little Martha Way" who arrived in Waynesville on the morning of October 28th, 1917, or as it will be recalled to her in later years, just some hours after the first American "Sam-mies" took position in the first line of the trenches in France.

The Captain-Doctor reports himself as highly pleased with his first three months of army life and profoundly gratified in having the professional opportunity of service to the Nation and the cause of universal Democracy in our hour of national peril. He was, in addition to his usual work, detailed as Coordinating Officer for the Base Hospital at Camp Greene for the Second Liberty Loan and personally secured from the sick men in wards more than \$10,000.00 in small fifty-dollar bonds, which with the larger amounts contributed by officers ran the total subscription of the Base Hospital to above \$27,000.00.

Captian Way returned to Camp Greene Monday, deeply regretful of the absolute lack of time to see friends and patients who had watched for his home coming with interest.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. John Carswell, October 31st 1917, a son.

Daily Thought.

I go on with what I am about as if there were nothing else in the world for the time being. That is the secret of all hard-working men—Kingsley.

Roman sandal.

The sandal worn by the ancient Greeks and Romans consisted, in the main, of a sole kept in place by thongs that passed over the foot and fastened about the ankle. The sandal was not a shoe in the modern sense of the word. The real shoe is much later than the Greek and Roman time.

Cracking Down on Them.

"Dar am mo' dan one pusson wifin de sound o' muh voice," severely said good old Parson Bagster, in the course of a recent sermon, "dat wouldn't foller de straight and narrow path fimm dis church to deir homes but would tag a minstrel band to de end o' de earth!"—Kansas City Star.

Uncle Eben.

"Givin' advice," said Uncle Eben, "is often a roundabout way of hintin' to a man dat you don't think he's got as much sense as you have."

Democracy Wins.

"I've got three queens," said the man who had opened the pot. "Three kings," said the next man, reaching for the money. "Hold on," said the third player. "Royalty cuts no ice here. I've got a whole bunch of common people." Then he threw down four deuces and raked in the dough.

Daily Thought.

He does nothing who seeks to console a desponding man with words; a friend is one who aids with deeds at a critical time when deeds are called for.—Plautus.

Sure Cure.

Anxious Mother—"It was after nine o'clock when Clara came down to breakfast this morning, and the poor girl didn't look well at all. Her system needs toning up. What do you think of iron?" Father—"Good idea!" Anxious Mother—"What kind of iron had she better take?" Father—"She had better take a flatiron."—Exchange.

RED CROSS CONVENTION, NOVEMBER 1ST AND 2ND

A convention of Red Cross Chapters, auxiliaries, branches, units and workers in North Carolina has been called at Raleigh, N. C., November 1st and 2nd. The Red Cross organization is the official institution for relief at home and on the battlefields on account of the great war. Its members will make the bandages with which our wounded will be treated, will knit the extra sweaters, helmets, socks, etc., to protect them from the cold, while its nurses will attend the suffering in the hospitals.

There are now in North Carolina 110 Red Cross Chapters, and about 500 auxiliary organizations. It is desired that each of these will be represented in this convention by from three to five delegates. But as there are many committees not yet organized, it is also desired that delegates shall come—both men and women—from every community in the state.

The object of the convention is two fold:

First, to prepare the way for setting up 1000 active Red Cross organizations in North Carolina. If you desire to have a part in this great work, come to this convention and learn what is required to form a local organization.

Second, to encourage and instruct organizations already formed in the great tasks now at hand.

There will be practical demonstrations and displays and technical instruction.

There will also be addresses by Red Cross specialists of National reputation.

The convention will open Thursday morning, November 1st, and close Friday evening, November 2nd.

Every Mayor of a town in North Carolina is authorized to appoint three delegates to this convention, but whether appointed or not, everyone in sympathy with the objects of the convention will be heartily welcomed.

For the Committee:
J. W. BAILEY, Chairman,
Raleigh, N. C.

Ancients Insured Their Crops.

The rural Indians of Peru still believe in "paying the Incas," for fear that their crops will fail if the ancient observances are neglected. Burnt offerings of drugs and aromatic plants are still made and small images are buried in the fields for the benefit of the crops and the herds. Such are the stone carvings, called mullu or pedras de Charasani, that are still sold in the native market of La Paz, Bolivia.—National Geographic Magazine.

Got Along Fine.

Diplomacy would be more successful if it were more truthful and frank. The way some diplomats treat one another they don't get any nearer to real, helpful intercourse than the two celebrities did. Two celebrities, one a stut-terer and the other deaf, were introduced at a tea. After the tea the stuttering celebrity was asked how he and the deaf one had got on. "Oh, we got on fine," he answered. "I couldn't talk and he couldn't hear me."

Generous.

"Why, Willie, I'm ashamed of you. You should have shared your apple with your little cousin." "Well, I let him chew my chewing gum while I was eating the apple."

THE PLAINT OF A VOLUNTEER

Floyd D. White, Co. C., Engineers, Ft. Lavenworth, Kans

Why didn't I wait to be drafted?
And march to the train with a band?
And put in my claims for exemption—
O, why did I hold up my hand?
Why didn't I wait for a banquet?
Why didn't I wait to be cheered?
For drafted men get all the credit,
While I simply volunteered.

Nobody gave me any banquet
And nobody spoke a kind word;
The noise of the wheels and the engine
Were the only farewells that I heard.
Off to the camp I was going,
To be trained and drilled half a year;
And help to uphold "Old Glory,"
As just a plain volunteer.

Perhaps in the dim, distant future,
I'll return to my dear, native state,
When I'm sure my friends will be asking
What I did for my country, so great.
I will tell them we whipped the old Kaiser
That's the story they'll all wish to hear;
And then I shall feel greatly honored
For being a plain volunteer.

Then come on soldiers, and join me,
Until the old Kaiser is killed.
You'll find me out here in old Kansas;
I'm waiting just now to be drilled.
If you'll take my place, I am ready
To sail on the seas, deep and wide;
To join our boys in the trenches,
Who are fighting there side by side.

MAKING CAMP AT SEVIER

By LeRoy Willis, Co. A., 115th Machine Gun Battalion

I've use all sorts of shovels
And can swing a pick like sin,
To make a hillside cornfield
A place worth living in.
I've sweated like a jenny
For Uncle Sam down here;
All day, without a whinny,
Improving Camp Sevier.

A humming 'round the landscape,
Without a place to light;
The little "busy bee" boy
Is what I am, all right.
I've dug a raft of ditches,
Under a Sergeant boss;
I've carried cars of lumber,
And carried off a hoss.

I've put my blooming ten up
And raked both front and back;
And stacked a waist-high rock pile
And made a rifle rack.
I lit a wicked bonfire
Which filled my eyes with smoke,
And kept it fed with rubbish
Until my back near broke.

I've frolicked with supply chests
Which weighed a hundred pounds;
I've lifted them from wagons
All over these rough grounds,
I've moved the kitchen ice box,
And helped set up the stove;
And yanked a bunch of stumps out,
Where once there was a grove.

I've built a fine dirt-side walk,
And helped to grade our street;
Until it seemed that it was fit
For only angel's feet.
I've been a reg'lar white wing
Around this little yard;
A fourteen carat working man,
Without a union card.

A stevedore and stoker,
An engineer and groom,
A fellow that is useful
With mattock, axe or broom.
This making camp is sure some job
And I am here to say,
That by and large, I reckon,
I've earned my buck today.

Johnson.

Mrs. Annie Caldwell is now taking treatment from a doctor. Hope she soon will be well.

Miss Eulala Palmer spent Tuesday with Miss Ellipabeth Johnson.

Miss Ethel Woody visited home folks, she was accompanied by Mr. High Parton.

Misses Fay and Magola Caldwell spent Sunday with Misses Elizabeth and Ida Palmer and reported a nice time.

Miss Della Palmer and a crowd of her school of Iron Duff visited Mrs. G. H. Palmer.

Mrs. T. L. Palmer and Mrs. Eliza Evans spent Sunday with Mrs. Will Palmer.

Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Caldwell made a business trip to Waynesville last Wednesday.
SHINE SHINE.

Searching Test.

As a people we are awakening more and more to a true social consciousness. "Am I my brother's keeper?" is a question which is being revivied today with encouraging answer. The theme is a potent one in fiction and a searching test of a writer's sympathy and art.

Absolutely.

"Poor Madge! Her marriage was an absolute failure." "How so?" "Why, she hasn't been able to collect a cent of alimony since she got her divorce."

COOL HEADS SAVED LIVES OF MANY PERSONS

Cool heads and a little common sense probably saved the lives and limbs of several hundred persons, as usual mostly women and children, in Raleigh recently when burning insulation on electric wires filled a motion picture theatre with smoke. The theatre has a seating capacity of about 800 and it was crowded. When there were indications of fire nobody got excited and the theatre was emptied without incident. Concerning the incident The Raleigh Times carried the following editorial:

"An unpleasant incident which marred the first exhibition of the Red Cross films, the tanks in action, Monday afternoon nevertheless served to display a quality in Raleigh people that is deserving of the highest praise.

"The Strand Theatre was crowded, practically every seat on floor and in gallery, when a pungent smell was succeeded by wisps of vapor creeping along the ceiling. Some few rose from their seats and made for the door. The audience as a whole, very largely composed of women and children, remained in their seats. Those who had started to leave returned. The pictures continued to be flashed upon the screen. The piano accompaniment never hesitated. The crowd smiled at its temporary nervousness. Then it came! The smell increased in pungency, ribbons of smoke became darker clouds that commenced to fill the theatres and to make the air stifling. It was only then that the crowd began to move—but without suggestion of fright, in order, without undue pushing or crowding. It was as if the program were complete and the audience filing out after uninterrupted entertainment."

"One wondered what might have been the consequence of a single fear ridden person. Suppose there had been the fool,—once inevitable in such a gathering,—to yell 'Fire!' Nothing of the sort happened, but that it did not was not remotely connected with the fact that the "fire" was the burning of a small piece of insulation,—a big smoke, and a mighty stink!

"The happy issue of this incident was due, no doubt, in part, to the years of steady education from official sources and through the press as to the obligation of keeping one's head in the threat of fire in public places. The very school children knew the fire drill. Older members of the audience had mental pictures of the holocausts of human life of which they had read, and knew that they had been caused almost invariably not so much by fire as by the panic that goes with it. But we wondered if this efficient calm did not represent, also, something of the effect which war is having upon the people. Did it not mean that there was sunk into the mass consciousness a duty of preservation that is not so much naturally selfish as it is nationally economic? Did it not mean that, even to the minds of small children, the sufferings of humanity, even then reflected in part upon the screen, have brought a new courage, a sensible fatalism?"

"However that may be, it was a pretty sight to stand in the theatre and watch the filled aisles empty themselves slowly and without flutter, while the brown smoke eddied over their heads!

"So looking, one could imagine what an American army will be in action,—drum-fire, charge, or gas at tack,—as the case may be."

CLEAN UP ALL THE SCHOOL HOUSES

Schools will open shortly, but now that they are idle an excellent opportunity is afforded to have them thoroughly inspected and piles of old papers, rubbish and other litter cleared out and all fire hazards removed or properly safeguarded. Stove pipes and furnace equipments should be investigated and all defects corrected, and every method adopted which spells protection against and prevention of fires. The annual average of 520 school houses damaged or de-

stroyed by fire can easily be lowered if a little foresight and caution are exercised in a thorough cleaning up and inspection campaign before the school term opens. It is to be remembered that the lives of children are involved in the necessity of carefulness in this important item, and no amount of expense or caution should be spared in protecting these little ones against danger or injury by fire. A hint to school officials and janitors ought to be sufficient.—Fire Facts.

To The Patrons of The Waynewood Theatre

The war has hit the motion picture theatres very hard and a large percentage of the smaller houses will no doubt be driven out of business. There is the tax on seating capacity, ranging from \$25 to \$100. There is the new tax on admissions; there is the War Income Tax and the surtax on profits. In addition to these extraordinary burdens of taxation, every single thing needed for the motion picture entertainment has gone up in price. The cost of raw stock has increased, the cost of production has increased, the operating expenses have increased. Labor costs more than ever and is becoming scarcer and more expensive all the time. The management of this theatre proposes to meet its obligations to the Government cheerfully and conscientiously. The increase in the price of admission has been as slight as possible and was decided on after a long hesitation and only when it became absolutely necessary if we want to stay in the business

Beginning NOVEMBER 1st, our regular prices of admission, unless otherwise advertised, will be as follows:

ON TUESDAYS and SATURDAYS: Admission, Children, 9 cents, war tax 1 cent, total 10 cents. Adults Admission 13 cents, war tax 2 cents, total 15 cents.

FRIDAYS—Children 9 cents, war tax 1 cent, total 10 cents. Adults 18 cents, war tax 2 cents, total 20 cents.

Show Opens at 7:30
Saturday Matinees 2:30

J. T. DUCKWORTH

Ads. as Reputation Props

Let us build you an inch ad. in this paper; a column ad., a page ad., or any old size ad.

Let it tell in forceful terms: What you've got to sell What it's worth Why it's best at that price

Such an advertisement in this paper will bring buyers who hardly knew you existed before you advertised.

Say, You!



HOW about that printing job you're in need of?

Come in and see us about it at your first opportunity. Don't wait until the very last moment but give us a little time and we'll show you what high grade work we can turn out.

A MOTHER'S MEETING

The pupils of the fifth grade entertained its patrons Tuesday, Oct. 30, 1917 with the following program.

Opening song, "America," followed by our Flag Salute.

Welcome address by Hazel Ferguson.

Recitation, "God's Gift," by Mint Reed.

Recitation, "Only One Mother," by Dorothy Seaver.

Recitation, "Mother's Are the Queerest Things," by Jno. Osborne.

Solo, "Tell Mother I'll be There," by Elizabeth Matney.

Recitation, "Home," by Louise Green.

Recitation, "Which Loved Mother Best," by Edward Howell.

Recitation, "Baby Gone to School," by Eleanor Bushnell.

Song, "Home, Sweet Home," led by Elizabeth Matney and Wilda Crawford.

Reading, "Love for the Mother," by Elizabeth McLean.

Recitation, "A Boy's Mother," by Clarence Barnes.

Song, "The Dearest Spot," by grade.

Recitation, "The Boy Who Loved His Mother," by Millard Revis.

Recitation, "Some Mother's Child," by Natalie Atkinson.

Recitation, "A Kiss for Mama," by Viola Miller.

Reading, "Dear Old Dad," by Hugh Campbell.

Recitation, "Why Don't Parents Visit The School," by Elizabeth Matney.

Closing Son, "Twilight," by grade.

After rendering the above program, candies were distributed to the guests.

The faculty and graduation class were special guests.

All present seemed to enjoy the evening.

N. M. DAVIS, Teacher.

NELLIE NEWS

Mr. S. L. Woody and daughter, Miss Elizabeth visited Mrs. C. M. Caldwell Sunday.

Miss Hattie Caldwell is now on the sick list, we hope she will soon be well and back in school again.

Miss Fay Caldwell spent Sunday with Miss Elizabeth

Johnson.