A Live, Clean Newspaper For the Home.

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AND THE TRYON BEE

TRYON, N. C. FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1918.

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LIFE EXPANDS FOR DETROIT MINISTER.

as Y. M. C. A. Worker in France.

WENT TO PREACH, REMAINS AS VAUDEVILLE PERFORMER IN CAMPS

We are indebted to Mr Lebeau, one of our winter visitors, from Detroit, for the following letter from Rev. C B. Emerson, a former Congregationa minister of Detroit, who went to France to preach to the American soldiers, but instead of preaching, is now a one-night stand vaudeville performer, instead.

Incidentally Mr. Emerson shows that there are other ways of doing the work of the Master besides preach-

The article appeared in a recent number of the Detroit Free Press of Sunday, Jan. 27, 1918, and we wisl we could publish the entire letter, but lack of space torbids, and we are pub lishing only that part which will be o. interest to all our readers. It certainly shows the terrible conditions existing "over there."

"Truly we know not what we shall be, as the Good Book says, when we leave home. You think you are coming to preach the gospel and you find yourself selling cigarettes over ε counter or digging ditches or nailing your hut together. One Methodis gentleman, who was especially select ed (so he said) by his bishop to be ar evangelist, arrived with his private chauffeur epecting a limousine to be placed at his disposal—the chauf feur is running a rubber-neck wagon in Paris, and the dominie is regaling the boys with chewing gum and cigarettes and incidentally getting acres; some pretty wholesome religion during the process. If ever a clergyma: was on his mettle it is here.

Meet Hard Conditions.

"You sleep in a cold hut-you some times have a tent-sometimes a cor ner of a barracks-and often enough the barracks have mud floors-witl mud over the soles of the shoes. Some of the men have slept for weeks in places where the water and mud wet ted and caked the outer blanketsothers are most comfortably house and more and more comforts are in creasing. The "Y" man is entertain er, athletic director, promulgator o games, canteen clerk, banker for the men-often his own carpenter, ditcl digger, advertiser and heaven only knows what. Your life is your gos pel, your smile in the cold and dirt, your Cristian degree, your word and cheer and kindness your preach

"And myself, well I haven't tole you even yet what I am-it's thisan entertainer doing the one night stands-singing and playing and read ing in all sorts of places and under al sorts of conditions. If I had only known-I could have brought so much material, but I had to start with noth ing but nerve, and that was pretty cold and tremulous.

"I happened to read on the boat a the concert, and at the request of a professional quartet, whose tenor and planist were refused passege at the last minute, I was added to them a tenor and reader and occasionally a pianist. It is a sort of a reversion t type, for all the things I used to do i college I am reviving. You should have seen me and heard me delivering "The Shooting of Dan McGraw, standing behind the bar in what wa once a French grog shop but now a Y canteen—a crowd of regulars packing the room—the air blue with stale stories which I pick up in the camps—and when I get them right I give them some little poem like "if a feller was the feller that his mother thinks he is". thinks he is" or "The Reckoning" or such like in which I pack a whole sermon in three or four verses of poetry -andsometimes, as last night, for it was what is called "a bunch of rough necks," I talked a little about home and what the old flag expects of then—and drive home a lesson on the wine and women business.

Learning More Tact. "I am learning more tact and diplomacy than I ever dreamed of—how to be a vaudeville artist and a preacher at the same time. I never pfayed harder in my life before you from my beloved pulpit than I do when I strat out for some converted bar room and a concert in the smoke. Then back to a cold room and a bite to eat and bed with everything on but my most outsides-off with the shoes and putties and breeches and hat and ther into bed with underclothes, flanne! shirt, sweater, trench helmet and two pairs of woolen socks.

"No heat in the hotels, and the sheets only half dried-damp and cold and chill. And in the morning it's a little hard to shave in ice water-but it can be done. Have I taken cold? Yes-had a nice one for two solid weeks-expect to keep it until spring. Everybody has one. Sometimes we don't have a hotel. One night a cot in a corner of a shed with seven military blankets over me. But I have just one comfort that I chant day after day-"It's a whole lot worse in the trenches."

"Mud! I never saw so much mud. it's the mud and rain and cold that

One night we put an old piano on a truck and hauled it eight miles over the snow clad roads. It was a marvelous night-a frost night-every room. In one corner a dugout covered with sheets of iron and great boil-Rev. C. B. Emerson Learns Tact ers of potatoes on—some of the fellows were peeling potatoes-the mud of the dirt floor was up over our shoes—the temperature seven degrees above zero-the boys came in all huddled up, with a few candles and a lantern or two, and we gave a concert.

"When the girls stood up to sing we put a flash light on them. I never was so happy in my life, for there was a desperate need. Another nightwe gave a concert in a long hut packed full of men standing up, and we put a lamp on the piano and a few candles about and stood up on a bench so our heads were above the crowd. We got a dinner in a trar room by the station and went or again in the night and found a place to sleep in a little French; village. And after a good drink of hot chocolate life was merry again. Do you know I never realized what virtue ies in a good cup of hot, thick choc-

"it warms you up and sticks to our insides like the timbers under he roof.

"But I could go on indefinitely and must tell you low I spent Xmasi I only could tell you where. Xmas eve we gave a concert to a great crowd in a double Y. M. C. A. hut Xmas day we sang in 12 different vards in a French and American hospital. I shall never forget it-from until 5 we carried a little orga rom building to building—the stark pare stone corridors freezing cold—in learly every case open to the snow hat was blowing a gale through the penings made in the walls for addiions. The doors of the wards were hrown open and then a motley crowd f French soldiers, Senegalese, Afrians, Americans who could hobble bout in all sorts of nondescript lothing and bandages followed us about as we sang carols and song. and spoke pieces.

Flag Poem Stirs. "Never shall I forget the spirit when I read "Your flag and my flag" and all took off their hats and Aul he light in their faces. Nor shall I orget the tears in the eyes of these girl singers when they came from the pedside of that brave Virginia lad lying of pneumonia—and his little vife waiting for him back there in he homeland. I think I know where his spirit will go first when he shakes nim free from the flesh. God bless him. We rested an hour and then drove seven miles in a truck and gave a concert in a tent. A blizzard was blowing and the canvas flapped intil I thought it would fall on us. We finished there and drove on farther and gave a second concert in a but at another camp. It was a wild

"I learned the power of the sergeant, for when they walked the stage before the concert) he drove them back, and made them all sit on the floor. A lot of French men and women and children were mixed in -many of the children supported by the soldiers. There was a Xmas tree and presents, but no piano. You should have heard that concert-it nust have made angels weep and the mps roar. Then we came home and had some supper at 10:30 p. m.—a little cold turkey and mustard, bread and butter and chocolate-our Xmas

"Well, where shall I stop if not right here! So much to tell, so little permitted. And so little time, Neary time now for another concert. I have had time today because I found fire in the house of a countess—two loors of which are taken over for the time of the war for an officer's lub. A little fire of green wood siz-des in the hearth and I have sat by t nearly all day—nursing the cold.

Sunday Hardest Day.

"This is my only letter so far, and almost have no time to write. I want my friends to have the wordread it at the annual meeting. Oh! how I want to be there. Sunday is the hardest day! the longing to be in my own pulpit, I can see you all, your upturned faces, your kindly interests, your blessed appreciation and the great wish in my heart to coccessors help you all to be what you want to be. God bless you all-give my love to the children. I can hear them singing and banging the outside door when I'm preaching too long of a

"Give my love to the sick and sor- soon recover. rowing. I wish I could be there to comfort them. And bless the city trip to Tryon, Monday. which is my home. Truly I am a citizen of no mean city and I am poorly for the past week or two. proud of it as Paul was of Tarsusand why not! it is much more beauiful than ever was Tarsus-

"Benedecite! my people," "God keep you all .--. '

—W. S. S.— Asheville enjoys, in the course of a year, a number of interesting visitand yet among them, there is seldom a more interesting and helpful man than John D. Beveridge, who addressed a company of people at the Rotarian luncheon Thursday. Mr. Beveridge just "talks" but he talks with force because he knows. Having spent some time as a "bomber" on the western front in rance, his recital of events is educational as well the men fear worse than the enemy. as inspirational-Asheville Times.

FRIENDS OVER THE COUNTY

tree and every twig coated. It was Some Items of General Interest Gathered By Our Correspondents From Various Sections of Polk County

IF WE ONLY UNDERSTOOD.

If we knew the care and trials

And the bitter disappointment,

Knew the efforts all in vain,

Understood the loss and gain-

Seem-I wonder, just the same?

Should we help where now we hinder?

Should we pity where we blame?

Knowing not life's hidden force;

Would the grim, eternal roughests

Ah! we judge each other harshly,

Knowing not the fount of action

All the golden grains of good.

Could we but draw back the curtains

That surround each other's lives,

Know what spur the action gives,

Purer than we judge we should;

Could we judge all deeds by metives,

All the while we loathe the sin;

Could we know the powers working

We should judge each other's errors

We should love each other better,

See the good and bad within,

Often we should love the sinner

With more patient charity.

See the naked heart and spirit,

Often we should find it better,

If we only understood.

To o'erthrow integrity,

And we'd love each other better,

Is less turbid at it's source;

Seeing not amid the evil

If we only understood.

PEA RIDGE.

Miss Reba Field spet Friday and Saturday nights with Misses Esther and Sue Gibbs.

days furlough, returning Monday. • lumbus, and is anxious to meet the Messrs. Ralph and Witcher Moore famers of this county and discuss betwere pleasant callers at Mrs. B. Tay-ter methods of farming. for's, Sunday.

Mr. George Brisco spent Saturday in session Monday night with Mr. C. P. Brisco Luther Philips, another Sammie Invitations to the wedding of Miss boy, from Greenville, was home, Lula Rudisill and Mr. Granville Tuesday, with home folks.

Gosnell, Saturday and Sunday. Mrs. Billie Wilson is very ill at this School teachers.

Rev. J. M. Barber filled his regular appointment at Pea Ridge, Sunday. Misses Mossie Edwards and Odessa Mills spent a few social hours with Miss Bessie Thompson, Friday after- few days from Camp Sevier.

Mr. Jas. Thompson spent Fiday with his brother, Mr. E. G. Thompson. Miss Mamie Wilson called on Miss Misses Bertha Kelz and Pearl Kee-Iva Gosnell, Sunday. Mr. A. F. Corbin held Sunday

school at St. Thomas Mission, Sun-

daughter, Mrs. Birch Davis.

COLUMBUS.

Mr. Sams, from Madison county, N. C., Government Farm Demonstrator Albert Moore was home on a five for Polk county, has arrived at Co-

The county board of education was

Greer, have been received by friends Mr. Fred Skipper visited Mr. M. C. here, Miss Rudisill will be rememered as one of last year's High

Mr. J. G. Hughes has installed the Gloria lighting system in his new

Mr. Frank Elliott is at home for a

Miss Oma Elliott is visiting at Mr. Bob Elliott's, Lebarron.

ian spent the week-end at Valhalla. Mr. S. B. Weaver was in town on usiness Monday.

Mrs. John Reed is visiting her Fred Case, son of Mr. Luther Case, aughter, Mrs. Birch Davis.

SALUDA ROUTE 1.

Rev A. T. Howard filled his regular appointment at Mt. Page, Sunday. The Ladies' Aid Society has not met for some time, on account of so much bad weather, but will continue its good work, later.

L. Davis, Sunday. Lee Russell was buried at Mt. Page last week. Miss Della Wade visited Mrs. Her-

bert Pace, Sunday afternoon. John T. Staton made a business trip to Hendersonville, Monday. Nellie Ward, who is attending school at Walnut, N. C., is looking

Miss Nell Garren visited home colks, at Hendersonville, Saturday and Sunday.

—W. S. S.— SILVER CREEK.

After so many gloomy days, we are glad to see the sun shining once

Mrs. Fred Arledge, who is teaching school near Big Level, spent the week at home. Miss Nona Searcy visited relatives

on Pea Ridge last Sunday. A party was enjoyed at Mrs. Dora lay. Music and games were enjoyed until a late hour.

Mr. Dewey McMurray was visiting on the route, Sunday. Mr. Robert Toney was in this sec tion last week, looking after business

> —W. S. S.— FISH TOP.

Jeter Thompson stayed over night Sunday, with C. C. Jones. Averill Alford passed through to Saluda, last week.

The first teams went to market Uncle James Case is moving to Nun Arledge's house. He has had

Robert Walker is moving to Wal-John Thompson, of Saluda, came to he cove, Monday, for a load of

is things packed for nine weeks.

roughness. Bynum Hill passes through this section Monday, on his way to Spar-

-W. S. S.-

MILL SPRING ROUTE 2. E. C. Lynch, J. A. Ruff, W. N Dimsdale and Lawton Wilson were the first ones to cross over the Juds Gai road with wagons, since before

J. H. Ruff, Z. C. Lawter and Furman Jackson visited at home last

Miss Minnie Wilson, the teacher at Red Mountain, attended the teachers meeting, last Friday.

Mrs. Sherill Melton is very ill at this writing, and no hopes are entertained for her recovery. Messrs. Reuben Wilson and Baxter

Jackson visited at E. C. Lynch's, Sun-Mr. Noah Ruff called to see Miss

Mamie Gilbert, Sunday Well, we are having rain now, in stead of snow, and if there should be as much rain as snow, the earth will

sure be good and wet. came out but was unable to see his | These men are offering their lives for shadow, so we suppose he will stay us. All that we can do for them will

Mrs. Asbury Ruff visited at the home of W. N. Dimsdale, Feb 1st. Mrs. Mary Ann Step, of Henderson county, came to visit her brother, Mr. H. K. Corn, before Christmas, and the weather has been so bad she could not return home until Feb. 1st.

-W. S. S.LYNN.

Mr. Loyd Panther is home after spending four years in the U.S. navy. He has just returned from Ireland, and his many friends welcome him home again.

Mr. W. T. Cannon, of Converse, S. C., was a business visitor in town for a few days last week.

Oilless days, heatless days, Sweetess days, meatless days; these are unwelcome guests in our village. Let's all join together and beat Mr. Hoover at his own game and proclaim Sunday not a prayerless day, but a prayerful day, and thank God.

our Creator, for a guidance and strength, that by Hooverizing and trusting in God, we shall be returned to cut out the trouble parts of your victor over our enemies.

The many friends of Postmaster Cannon will be pleased to know of his much improved condition, after undergoing a successful operation at Despite the mud and gloomy Steadley's hospital, in Spartanburg. weather, our taithful pastor filled his For the last four years Mr. Cannon regular appointment at Lebanon, has been suffering with indigeston and complicated stomach trouble, and we will all be glad when he is able

to be out again. The Tryon Hosiery Mfg. Co., as well as the other business places, was closed Monday. We are with you, Mr. Garfield, Mr. President and the ad-

willing to do our part.

Mr. W. S. McCall and wife have If he were Wilson he'd have a plan moved to East Flat Rock, where Mr. the Skyland Hosiery Co. Mr. McCall was a good citizen, and his friends hate to see him leave. Mr. W. T. Hammett spent Sunday

friend, but now he is saying "gimme at hise home in Inman, S. C. Quite a number of our boys are in

SUNK BY U BOAT.

A. T. Howard took dinner with W. America Suffers First Big Disaster of the War When Transport is Sunk.

PROBABLY ABOUT 300 LIVES LOST.

The Cunard liner Tuscania, carrying 2,179 American soldiers was sunk off the Irish coast, Wednesdy, but official reports Thursday say 1,912 of the officers and men had been saved, and indicated that the list of rescued might prove even larger.

The troops, composed Arledge's, Friday night, Feb. 1, in chiefly of detachments of honor of her daughter, Grace's birth-Michigan and Wisconsin national guardsmen, were traveling on the Tuscania, a British vessel, under convoy of British warships.

—W. S. S.— SANDY SPRINGS.

The bad weather continues, but it is somewhat warmer. Hoyt McMurray, who came home

two weeks ago for a five days' furlough, took mumps soon after reaching home, and has not returned yet. He is getting along nicely, and expects to return to soldier life soon. His father nor mother have had mumps.

Mrs. D. C. Westbrook is ill at this

Mrs. Perry Cantrell has been having very poor health since Christmas. Most all our boys were placed in irst-class, and some of them are being called for examination. Miss Cora Westbrook is visiting her brother at Union.

It is reported that O. C. Smith has sold his automobile. We suppose the nuddy roads have discouraged him, since it has been some time since an auto has passed.

Miss Annie Westbrook spent Sunlay with Miss Myrtle Cantrell. News very scarce since the weather has been so rough.

-W. S. S.-

DON'T ORGET THE SOLDIERS IN THE CAMPS.

Mr. Editor:

From every nook and corner in the State our young men have gone to earn the soldier's life. Shortly they will represent us on the firing line, and others will be called to service in their places.

While they are training, what can Feb. 2, was ground hog day. He the home folks do to help them? not equal the sacrifices they are mak-

After talking with hundreds of them in the camps, I want to offer three practical suggestions to the people at home as to what they may do. Every person who reads this statement can easily, and should, gladly, do all of them.

First, send your home paper to at east one soldier at the camp. Pick out one of the men you know and subscribe for your home paper and send t to him. Any member of his family will give you his correct address. Write him a letter and tell him you are sending it. The cost will be trifling. The thought will be appreciated. It is not an act of charity, but an act of patriotic service.

Second, at least once a week, make it a point to write a letter or a card to some soldier at the camp. Send him a magazine or a good book occa-

Third, keep your troubles at home. The soldier has enough of his own. Be strong and unselfish enough things to write about. The soldier Miss Maude Foster and Miss Nellie Newman, of Spindle, N. C., spent Monday in Lynn, visiting relatives. to look after your troubles than he has to help you?

Follow these practical suggestions and you will render a service worth

W. S. WILSON, Secretary N. C. Council of Defense. Raleigh, January 31st, 1918. _W. S. S.—

Like Father Like Son.

He stood in the aisle of a home-bound car, In the midst of a swaying crowd, And aired his views, on the world-wide war. In accents both fierge and loud,

That would win without a chance. He'd have equipment for every man, And a million men in France.

He believed in attending to business. In striking while the iron was hot. This shilly shallying, dilly dallying Preparedness, was all rot.

"No, siree; I filled out his questionaire,"

-JULIETTE BALLENGER MOSELEY,

MELVIN HILL.

Mr. S. S. Lawter is quite sick with grippe at this time. Hope he will Mr. T. B. Morris made a business

Mr. W. B. Feagan has been very Prof. T. B. Jones and his sisters, Amanda and Florence Jones were with us last Sunday, and treated us

to some good music and singing. Last week we had three mailless days, and about six sunshineless days, but it has been a long time since we have had any mudless days. —W. S. Š.-

NEW HOPE. We are having an abundance of mud just now.

The little John Henry is getting a good rest, now. Mr. Baxter McGuinn went to Tryon Friday, to be examined, and says he was put in the first-class list. He

reports a good business in Tryon. Mr. Floyd McMurray, who is home from Camp Sevier, is returning to-Our pastor, Rev. J. M. Barber, of

Mill Spring, naust be mud-bound. Many good wishes for the POLIS COUNTY NEWS and its readers.
-W. S. S.-

-Rudyard Kipling.

MILL SERING ROUTE 1. Sunday. Miss Oma Reynolds is visiting at Mr. Walter Ediott's for a few days.

The girls who have been visiting in Cleveland county, have returned and report a nice time. Misses Odessa Mills and Oma Reynolds, were the pleasant guests of ministration. We are ready and Miss Mossie Edwards, Sunday after-

Mr. Albert Moore, of Camp Sevier, passed through here, Friday, also Mr. McCall has accepted a position with Lewis Mills. A man was heard saying that he had always thought a lot of a dog, and thought a dog was man's best

a cow or a hen."

Mr. Frank Edwards attended services at Lebanon, Sunday.

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Class A-1, and are having to report for examination. Uncle Sam will get some good timber out of Polk

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