

PAY YOUR BILLS--DON'T KEEP ANOTHER MAN'S MONEY.

THE TWICE-A-WEEK DISPATCH

A PROGRESSIVE REPUBLICAN NEWSPAPER DEVOTED TO THE UPBUILDING OF AMERICAN HOMES AND AMERICAN INDUSTRIES.

BURLINGTON, ALAMANCE COUNTY, NORTH CAROLINA, FRIDAY, JANUARY 8, 1915.

THE KING OF JUGGLERS.

Our neighbor, The News, is king of jugglers, and a professional mixer of facts. It just seems impossible for this contemporary to get things right. Our contemporary reminds us of the dog and the dog. A large bull terrier had a good strong hold on the seat of the man's pants, and possibly some of the meat. The man's good wife wanted to help him extricate himself from the grip of the dog and started to throw a rock at the dog, but the man knowing the aim of a woman was bad, hollowed, Mary, for God's sakes don't throw at the dog, but throw at me. The News trying to extricate itself and that of its party from the bad financial showing of the county affairs made a bad break in this week's issue, and got its figures badly mixed whether by design or not, we are not prepared to say. The Dispatch in its issue of December 29 gave the amount of the county indebtedness that we claimed before the last election, and then gave the amount as now claimed by the county administration, giving the figure just as they appeared in The News of December 23, 1914. But our contemporary took a part of the figures used before the election and a part of those we used from the county exhibit report and jungled them together until they looked like mixed pickles. Now here is the figures that we gave as representing the county indebtedness:

ALAMANCE COUNTY BONDED DEBT.		
Bonded debt, bond issue 1903	\$50,000.00
Bonded debt, bond issue 1909	200,000.00
ALAMANCE COUNTY FLOATING DEBT.		
Floating debt bonds, issue 1911	\$22,000.00
Floating debt bonds, issue 1912	13,000.00
Floating debt bonds, issue 1913 was \$23,000, \$4,000 paid off	19,000.00
Floating debt bonds, issue 1914	20,000.00
Floating debt bonds, issue 1914	10,000.00
ALAMANCE COUNTY NOTES OUTSTANDING.		
(For Borrowed Money.)		
E. Long Estate	\$1,000.00
Mrs. S. E. Dailey	1,200.00
Mrs. D. A. Long	4,000.00
Miss Mattie Watson	600.00
J. H. Isley	1,000.00
Mrs. Shepard	1,000.00
McNeil Marble Works	660.67
Total bonds and notes outstanding	\$343,466.67

Now, will The News say in its next issue, whether these figures are identical with those published in its columns of December 23, as representing the true condition of Alamance County? We ask our neighbor to say whether these figures were used or not, and after it says whether they are correct, it may then proceed to give the county credit for all the uncollected taxes that are due or may hereafter become due to try to show the tax payers that the county is in good condition financially. WHAT WE SAID IN OUR ISSUE OF DECEMBER 29TH, AND WHAT WE SAY NOW, APPEARED in the columns of The News December 23rd, and we ask our neighbor to say if this is true. When this is done the taxpayers will know WHO IS THE LIAR.

ALCOHOL WORSE THAN WAR.

Rev. D. C. Cox.

I am the mightiest king that ever lived. Other kings have yielded to me as a child to its sire; even have I laughed at all the gods of every land from Osiris to Jehovah.

With my breath I have wiped whole nations from the face of the earth.

For me have men discarded honor and women virtue. I destroy ambition, shame priests, debauch nuns, ruin statesmen--and still they love me.

I fill insane asylums and prisons, house my subjects in hovels and feed them on husks still they love me.

Fathers give me their sons, mothers their daughters, maidens their lovers, and beg me to stay. With one touch have I ruined great industries. Judges yield to my power, and advocates forget under my spell to plead.

I burn cities, with one touch have I sunk navies and destroyed great armies.

I never sleep.

I turn gold into dross, health into misery, beauty into caricature, and pride to shame. The more I hurt, the more I am sought. I, by turns, raise a man to highest conception and sink him to deepest hell.

I am Satan's right-hand man.

I do his work freely, cheerfully, and without pay, yet he is ashamed of me.

Satan, through me, can take a boy

from his comfortable home and loving father and mother, clothe him in rags and make him a fiend.

Satan through me can bring the virtuous daughter, who is the pride of the home, and who receives the applause of the whole community, in the choice of a companion, down to sorrow, wretchedness and poverty, and the step that at one time thrilled her with delight, now fills her heart and mind with dread, because I have changed him from a loving husband to a raving demon.

My name is Rum. Have you ever heard of me?

THE TOBACCO WAREHOUSES RE-OPENED TUESDAY.

All of the warehouses reopened Tuesday after two weeks holiday. The warehouse men have every thing in readiness to take care of the farmers' tobacco. All the buyers have arrived. The farmers are urged to bring their tobacco right along, as the prices are good and the warehouse men promise to take care of the farmers.

CRIME ON INCREASE IN NORTH CAROLINA.

Attorney General shows 3,654 more cases were tried last year than in 1913.

It would seem to us that England has her hands full just now without threatening what she will do for Turkey.

AVALANCHE OF RUSSIANS IS NOW

MOVING INTO HUNGARY

Most Significant of Campaigns Begun--Turks Has Been Crippled and Forced to Surrender Plan of Invasion. It Is Believed by Submarine Sank English Warship--Captain of Doomed Vessel Signalled Other Ships to Leave Him and His Crew to Their Fate in Order to Avoid Danger.

PARISH-THOMAS.

Beautiful Girl of Winston-Salem, and Business Man of Raleigh, Married Here Yesterday.

Yesterday afternoon our city was a scene of romance, when a beautiful girl of Winston-Salem, Miss Helen Parish, married to Mr. J. J. Thomas, one of Raleigh's prominent men, in the Methodist Protestant Church, by Rev. T. W. O'Kelly, pastor of the First Baptist Church, of Raleigh.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. Brewer, of Raleigh, autoed to Winston-Salem, bringing back with them the bride, who was met here by the groom and immediately married. All intentions of their marriage were secretly kept and the announcement of their marriage will cause much surprise by their many friends.

LEGISLATURE MEETS.

The Legislature met in Raleigh last Tuesday and elected E. R. Wooten, of Lenoir, Speaker of the House, and Max Gardner, president, Craig read his message in joint session.

GERMANY HAS MANY PRISONERS.

Over half a million captured soldiers at the end of the year. Those now in Germany number 577,875 men and 3,133 officers and civilians not included.

SEEKING DIVORCE, THEY BLAME "13" AS HOODOO.

Wichita, Kan., Jan. 1.--Many people claim that there is nothing to the superstition about "13" but in Wichita is a couple seeking a divorce in the district court that believes the number is an ill omen. They cite their own lives since they met and were married. Here is the story as told by the man:

Thirteen years ago the man and woman met in Topeka on March 13. They became well acquainted in the months following, so on October 13, were married. They were married at No. 213 East Seventh street and started housekeeping at 213 East Eighth street. The rent on the house came to \$13 a month, and they had three children.

October 13 this year the suit for divorce was filed in the district court. The sheriff served the papers in the case and made his final return October 23. The woman asked for temporary alimony and the judge granted her \$13 a week. Each is 43 years old.

On September 5, 1899, the Woman's Board of Foreign Missions of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South opened a school in Ribeirao Preto, Brazil. On the fifteenth anniversary of that day, September 5, 1914, the new building for the Collegia Methodista was inaugurated. This is a most important step in the history of the development of the woman's work in Brazil. The missionaries have a very large hold in the particular place because of the splendid work that was done some years ago during an epidemic of yellow fever. They proved their love and sympathy by staying to nurse the sick.

Having elected Mr. Sulzer last time, the Democrats of New York state were not due to win this time.

QUEEN OF THE HOBOES MAY BE A REPORTER.

Santa Barbara, Cal., Jan. 1.--The queen of the hoboies, dressed as a boy, is being sought by the officers of Santa Barbara, Ventura and San Luis Obispo counties. She is described as a dainty slender figure, with shining locks, which she keeps pinned up under a slouch hat. Who she is, is one of the mysteries of the hunt.

The first knowledge of her presence among the hobo camps was taken to the officers by an auto party. The occupants of the machine had been startled by coming upon her suddenly at Rincon. She was standing erect in a circle of hardened vagrants, combining out her long, golden hair. Her tough companions were lounging about watching the deft movements of her hands and seemingly doing homage as to a queen.

Seeing herself discovered by the auto party the girl quickly wrapped a ragged coat about her head. The auto dashed for Ventura and notified the officers. A hurried raid was made on the camp, but the girl had fled, the hoboies scattered. Evidence was found that the girl had been in several of the camps. Vagrants accosted admitted her presence, but claimed to know nothing of her.

"She just drifted into camp when we was at Fernando," said one "and she hung around there for a night or two and showed up here two nights ago. Say, but there ain't no bo can say nothing onery to her, though, or we'd kill him--that we would."

Another hobo said he had heard of her as far away as El Paso. "I think she's a Chicago girl, 'cause she's always talking about the big stores there and the streets and knows some of the 'bulls.' I'll tell you what I think--she's one of them writing women, trying to get something unusual to write about. She don't talk that way, though, except once in a while when she seems to be forgetting; then she says fine words. Once she busted this on us: 'Do you men actually like this environment?' Gee, but that was some talk for a hobo."

But the tramps say she packs her blankets and can beg a handout just as good as the best of them.

MISTREATMENT OF JURORS.

The office of juror is, theoretically, at least a solemn one, but the juror is also a badly mistreated person. In the very selection of jurors the intent of the law is often reversed in the placing of a premium on stupidity and credulity. This is done by the court excusing the busy men, and, as most people know, by lawyers holding out for venemmen who either have no are are willing to swear they have not "formed an opinion."

Another way is by trying to force verdicts, by holding juries as prisoners under lock and key for days at a time after they have frankly declared their inability to arrive at a verdict. Such an incident is reported from Scranton, Pa., where a jury in a murder case was imprisoned for seven days, though its members had told the court they could not agree. Such a proceeding tends to make jury service something to be avoided as a pest. Suppose, after a thorough deliberation upon all the evidence, 12 men finding it absolutely impossible to reach a verdict, are starved into

ACCUSES DEMOCRATS OF BREAKING PLEDGES.

Judge W. P. Martin, of Louisiana, who was elected to the next Congress from the third district of that state on the Progressive ticket, is in Washington as a delegate to the rivers and harbors convention. Judge Martin up to the last election had been a life-long Democrat. He had been elected district judge on the Democratic ticket and a Wilson delegate to the Baltimore convention.

In a statement which he gave to the press Judge Martin said: I find it to be the general impression in Washington that my election in the third district of Louisiana was due solely to a desire on the part of our people to show their resentment at the treatment accorded them by this administration. We do not resent the fact that this administration, though pledged by its platform not to reduce the tariff as to injure or destroy any legitimate industry has notwithstanding its pledge, sought the destruction of our greatest industry by entirely removing the duty upon sugar, and has threatened the existence of other industries by materially reducing the duty upon rice, corn and lumber.

LIVES DESPITE ADVERSE CONDITION.

The fact that our people are continuing to plant sugar cane and rice is owing to the small advance in price of these products, due to the effects of the European war. These industries are living today not because of anything this administration has done for us, but in spite of all it has done against us. Our people are protectionists in principle and feel that they can no longer affiliate with a party that for the second time has lost no opportunity to strike a blow at the industries of the South.

We forgave the Democratic party when during the Cleveland administration our industries were threatened, and we had hoped for better and fairer treatment at the hands of this administration which was under solemn platform pledges not to injure or destroy us; but when this administration regardless of promises and platform pledges, sought by adverse legislation the destruction of an industry in which millions are invested and upon which hundreds of thousands depend for a living our people concluded that the time had come to leave the party that had deserted and abandoned them, and join a party that held out some hope for the future.

PEOPLE IN REVOLT.

After saying he was a delegate to the Baltimore convention and supported Wilson, Judge Martin says:

When Mr. Wilson received the nomination and agreed to run upon the platform that pledged the party not to injure or destroy any legitimate industry, I felt our industries were safe and that the party would live up to its pledges, but when this administration undertook to disregard its platform which President Wilson said was not molasses to catch flies and sought to legislate our industries out of existence the people of my district, an overwhelming majority of whom were lifelong Democrats, felt that this was the last straw, and in the face of the opposition of national, state and parochial administrations, and in the face of a hostile press elected a progressive protectionist by a safe and large majority. No one who does not live in Louisiana can realize the conditions that were brought about in my State by the ruinous effects of the Underwood bill. Many of our sugar mills have been dismantled and the vast army of unemployed is upon the increase.

Our skilled labor is seeking other fields of employment; our people in desperation have been reaching out and searching for some industry to take the place of those which the Democratic party has sought to destroy. We are now hoping that the effect of the European war will enable them to survive the ruinous effects of the Underwood bill until there is a change of administration.

agreement, what possible relation could such a verdict bear to the principles of justice in the case? Where a human life is at stake it is at least defensible and yet most common. This is one thing that destroys public confidence in the courts.

PATIENT CHEWERS.

A little Boston girl who had frequently been admonished by her parents as to the evils resulting from hurried mastication of food, was on a recent visit to the zoo in the Bronx. Among the beasts that particularly claimed her attention were the camels. She watched them long and earnestly as they munched huge bunches of grass and then turned to her uncle. "Uncle," said she, "what a treat it would be for father and mother and Prof. Fletcher to see those camels chewing all day."--Harper's Magazine.

"Do you think love in a cottage could be lasting?" "Oh, yes, if it's the new kind of cottages they have at Newport."--Baltimore American.

WITH THE ADVERTISERS.

The advertisers are the best friends that the readers of this paper have. They make it possible for you to get bargains when they have them to offer. Suppose you had no way of telling what the merchants had to sell, it would be some job to come and go around to all of them who want your trade, furnish you a list of what they had to offer you and you just simply go there and get it.--Ex.

DEPTHS OF HIS LOVE.

My little son went into the living room where my invalid mother was lying on a couch and in the following quaint way expressed his love for her: He knelt down, put his little arms about her, and said: "Gamma, I dese wish they would all die so I could make pancakes for 'oo."--Ex.

"Brown, do you know the lady across the street?" asked Smith.

"Let me see," replied Brown, "she certainly looks familiar. That's my wife's dress, my daughter's hat, my mother-in-law's parasol. Why, yes, That's our cook."

PRINT

HARRISON IS OPTIMISTIC.

President Fairfax Harrison of the Southern Railway, Says Conditions Will Improve.

Washington, D. C., Jan. 1.—Fairfax Harrison, president of the Southern Railway, declared that the war's effect on business in the South was only temporary, said demand for cotton was growing and predicted a general revival of business. "The World Must Have Cotton," he said. "The demand both for export and for American mills is increasing and there has been a substantial advance in prices since the depression was at its worst. With a larger movement of cotton there will come an increased demand of merchandise of all kinds in the South and a general revival of business."

Mr. Harrison added that many of the southern manufacturers realized opportunities for export business growing out of the war and reports indicated "they were taking intelligent steps to secure a share of the trade."

ONE DEMOCRATIC TERM QUITE ENOUGH.

Governor Colquitt, of Texas, bluntly declaring the failure of the Wilson administration is only expressing what plenty of other Democrats are thinking. It is the truth that has dawned upon the party since the last election. The glamour which enveloped the President's leadership of the party was largely, if not completely, dissipated when the election demonstrated that the policies which he forced upon Congress were not acceptable to the country.

The talk of opposition to Mr. Wilson's nomination, however, has little significance at this time. It could not matter who is nominated. The campaign for the next Presidency will be made on the record made by the present Administration whose policies have been embodied in the legislation of an obedient Democratic Congress. It is both the Democratic party and the President as its self-proclaimed leader that will be on trial, and when the time comes it is not probable that any but Mr. Wilson will be thought of for the nomination, and no Democrat who has properly studied the returns of last November's election could want it.

The country has given very impressive notice that one term of a Democratic Administration is as much as it cares for, and while the President has managed to avoid any indictment of the one-term plank of the last Democratic national platform the people are likely to see to it that it is made a reality in this instance.

ANOTHER REDFIELD REMEDY.

In all of the present Administration there is no other such undaunted spirit as that of Secretary Redfield. In the economic lexicon of the Secretary of Commerce there is no such word as fear. He rushes in where other members of the Cabinet fear to tread. No situation is too difficult for him to face, no explanation too wonderful for him to make.

He has just given to the world an explanation of the cost of living, and a cure for it. He has forgotten, of course, that it was not many months ago that he was proclaiming that high cost of living was the direct descendant of a protective tariff, and that once tariff duties were lowered to a point where protection did not exist, the price of everything would be lowered accordingly, and every article be at once within the reach of all.

No such result followed the new tariff, so it was incumbent upon the Brooklyn philosopher to guess again. He now comes forth with a discovery worthy of his school of thought, that the high cost of living can be reduced if people would carry their purchases home instead of ordering them to be sent. The most important factor in prevailing living expense, this sage of the Wilson Cabinet, finds to be the expensive delivery system.

This remedy of Mr. Redfield's would be about as effective as his former one of changing the tariff. According to him all that it would be necessary to happen would be for each person to carry his or her own market basket, and into it put all of the day's purchases and then trudge homeward in

the gloaming warmed by the thought that by so doing the cost of living would be kept within reaching distance. What a pleasant thought this would be to the person who had purchased a rug, or a roll of carpet, or a bushel of potatoes, or a set of dishes, or a broom and a washing machine, or a twenty-five pound sack of flour.

Mr. Redfield forgets that the delivery system, like many other things of the present day, is an outgrowth of modern conditions, and that a very important one is the long distance between business and residence districts. If there were no delivery system, the purchaser would be compelled to hire a conveyance to carry his goods home, and that expense would not cut down the cost of living.

No doubt the cost of living would be reduced if we were to go back to the olden days and primitive ways. But that is not likely to happen. The world moves on. Customs change. To day, Noah would charter an ocean liner for his forty day excursion upon the water. Ben Hur would pilot a mighty sixty-horse-power racing car instead of a horse-drawn chariot. Demosthenes would probably be on the Chautauqua circuit. Nero would amuse himself while Rome was burning, not by fiddling, but by stepping into the parlor and turning on the phonograph.

Today William Penn would be subject to the Federal Reserve Board and its regulations in his financial dealings with the Indians. The trading of Columbus with the savages of his newly discovered continent would be carried on in fear of the Federal Trade Commission and their definition of what are "unfair methods of competition." The duel of Hamilton and Burr would be fought in the newspaper columns only. Mr. Redfield must bear in mind that a cure to be effective must be based on present conditions. He cannot turn back the clock of time and fit his remedy to an era that is gone. Mr. Redfield must try again for a solution of the cost of living problem.

TEDDY LIKED THE SOUP.

New York, Dec. 28.—Col. Theodore Roosevelt visited the Municipal Lodging House tonight. About 250 men were in line waiting to get supper tickets when he arrived in a big automobile. He shook hands with many, addressing some by name.

When he entered the dining room, where he took a seat, Colonel Roosevelt found 200 more of the city's homeless at supper.

"Gee, it's pretty hard times when a former President has to come here for something to eat," one of the lodgers remarked.

Colonel Roosevelt joined in the laugh and smacking his lips over a bowl of pea soup exclaimed: "That's bully."

The former President spent more than an hour inspecting the lodging house.

(Colonel Roosevelt is a friend to man.—Ed.)

MEETING OF UNEMPLOYED.

New York's Men Out of Work Say They Are Up Against It This Winter.

New York, Jan. 1.—Thousands of placards distributed throughout the city announced that the unemployed would gather in great numbers in the Union Square today to hear addresses on "The Man Out of Work This Winter." The placards contained this text:

"Are you going to starve this winter with the warehouses filled to overflowing? This winter will be one of the worst in the history of the city, and you are up against it. What is the way out?"

A lawyer having offices in a large office building recently lost a cuff link one of a pair that he greatly prized. Being absolutely certain that he had dropped the link somewhere in the building, he posted this notice:

"Lost—A gold cuff link. The owner, William Ward, will deeply appreciate its return."

That afternoon on passing the door whereon this notice was posted, what were the feelings of the lawyer to observe that appended thereto were these lines:

"The finder of the missing cuff link would deem it a great favor if the owner would lose the other link."



Work in a Warm Room

WHEN you take your sewing upstairs, take the heat along too. The Perfection oil heater is easily carried anywhere. You draw it up beside you and work in comfort, even if the room has no other source of heat.

PERFECTION SMOKELESS OIL HEATERS

The Perfection is solid, good-looking, easy to clean and take care of. It is smokeless and odorless. At hardware, furniture and general stores everywhere.

Look for the Triangle trademark.

STANDARD OIL COMPANY

Washington, D. C. (NEW JERSEY) Charlotte, N. C.
Richmond, Va. BALTIMORE Charleston, W. Va.
Charleston, S. C.

A Member of The Rebeccas
A Bad Case
of Nasal
Catarrh Cured
By Pe-ru-na.

That any case of nasal catarrh can be cured by an internal medicine is denied by some. Only a glance at our files would be necessary to convince any sane person that catarrh can be cured by the internal use of Peruna.

Mrs. Victoria Pickel, of Columbus, is a case of this sort. She had nasal catarrh very badly, and was cured by Peruna. We will let her tell her own story. Mrs. Victoria M. Pickel, 130 E. Mound Street, Columbus, Ohio, writes:

"I have been using Peruna for catarrh, having had a very aggravated case, so bad that it clogged the nasal organs. When I did get the nasal organs opened, the mucus would drop into my throat and make me very sick."

"A friend advised me to take Peruna, and after using four bottles I was cured. I have no trouble now, and am happy to say that I am enjoying the best of health and attending to my lodge duties, being a member of the Rebecca Lodge of Odd Fellows."

"I would recommend Peruna to those suffering with the same obnoxious trouble."

BRING

Those old chairs, beds, tables, dressers etc to BURLINGTON, N. C., at the Corner Davis & Worth Street have them repaired a stitch in time saves nine.

MASK & FISHER

VICK'S Croup and PNEUMONIA SALVE

CHURCH DIRECTORY

REFORMED CHURCH.

Corner Front and Anderson Streets.

Rev. D. C. Cox.

Sunday School every Sabbath at 9:45 A. M.

Preaching every First and Third Sabbath at 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Mid-Week Service every Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

Everyone Welcome.

Parsonage Corner Front and Trolinger Streets.

HOCUTT MEMORIAL BAPTIST CHURCH.

Adams Avenue and Hall Street.

Rev. James W. Rose, Pastor.

Preaching every Fourth Sunday at 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 A. M.

Prayer Meeting Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

Ladies' Aid Society First Sunday Afternoon.

EPISCOPAL CHURCH.

Church of The Holy Comforter.

The Rev. John Benner Gibble, Rector.

Services every Sunday, 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Holy Communion: First Sunday, 11:00 A. M., Third Sunday, 7:30 A. M.

Holy and Saint's Days, 10:00 A. M.

Sunday School 9:30 A. M.

The public is cordially invited. All Pews Free. Fine Vested Choir.

CHRISTIAN CHURCH.

Corner Church and Davis Streets.

Rev. A. B. Kendall, Pastor.

Preaching every Sunday 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Sunday School, 9:45 A. M. John R. Foster, Superintendent.

Christian Endeavor services Sunday Evenings at 6:45.

Mid-Week Prayer Service, every Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

Ladies' Aid and Missionary Society meets on Monday, after the Second Sunday in each month.

A cordial invitation extended to all. A Church Home for Visitors and for Strangers.

FRONT STREET M. E. CHURCH, SOUTH.

Rev. D. H. Tuttle Pastor.

Peace to those who enter.

Blessings to those who go.

Preaching every Sunday, 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Sacrament of the Lord's Supper with offering for Church charities, First Sunday in each month.

Sunday School, every Sunday, 9:30 A. M.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday, 8:00 P. M.

Board of Stewards meet on Monday 8:00 P. M., after Fourth Sunday in each month.

Woman's Missionary Society meets 4:00 P. M., on Monday, after 1st and 3rd Sundays.

Parsonage, corner W. Davis and Hoke Streets.

Pastor's Telephone, No. 168.

Ring—Talk—Bang Up—"Busy."

WEBB AVENUE M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.

Rev. F. B. Noblett, Pastor.

Preaching every first Sunday at 11:00 A. M., and 7:30 P. M. Second Sunday at 7:30 P. M.

Sunday School every Sunday at 10:00 A. M.

A. M. H. F. Moore, Superintendent.

Everybody Welcome.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

Rev. Donald McIver, Pastor.

Services every Sunday at 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.

Sunday School at 9:45 A. M. B. E. Sellers, Superintendent.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

The Public is cordially invited to all services.

BAPTIST CHURCH.

Rev. M. W. Buck, Pastor.

Sunday Worship, 11:00 A. M., and 7:30 P. M.

Sunday School at 9:30 A. M. J. L. Scott, Superintendent

Praise and Prayer Services, Wednesday at 7:30 P. M.

Christian Culture Class, Saturday at 3:00 P. M.

Church Conference, Wednesday before First Sunday of each month, 7:30 P. M.

Observance of Lord's Supper, First Sunday in each month.

Woman's Union, First Monday of each Month, 3:30 P. M.

THE METHODIST PROTESTANT CHURCH.

East Davis Street.

Rev. George L. Curry, Pastor.

Prayer Meeting, Wednesday 7:30 P. M.

Ladies' Aid and Missionary Societies every Monday afternoon after First Sunday in each month.

Christian Endeavor Society meets at 6:30 Every Sunday Evening.

Sunday School, 9:30 A. M. J. G. Rogers, Superintendent.

Good Baraca and Philathea Classes.

You are invited to attend all these services.

MACEDONIA LUTHERAN CHURCH.

Front Street.

Rev. T. S. Brown, Pastor.

Morning Service 11:00 A. M.

Vespers 7:30 P. M.

Services every Sunday except the morning of Third Sunday.

Sunday School, 9:45 A. M. Prof. J. B. Robertson, Supt.

Teachers' Meeting Wednesday 7:30 P. M. (Pastor's Study).

Woman's Missionary Society, First Thursday, Monthly, 3:30 P. M.

L. C. E. Society, Second Thursday, Monthly, 7:30 P. M.

Young People's Meeting, Second Sunday at 3 P. M.

Keep Bowel Movement Regular.

Dr. King's New Life Pills keep stomach, liver and kidneys in healthy condition. Rid the body of poisons and waste. Improve your complexion by flushing the liver and kidneys. "I got more relief from one box of Dr. King's New Life Pills than any medicine I ever tried," say C. E. Hatfield of Chicago, Ill. 25c., at your druggist.

N & W Norfolk & Western

NOVEMBER 22, 1914.

Leave Winston-Salem:

6:30 A. M. daily for Roanoke and intermediate stations. Connect with Memphis Special for Southwest, also main line trains North, East and West with Pullman Sleepers, Dining Cars.

2:00 P. M. daily for Martinsville, Roanoke, the North and East. Pullman Steel Electric Lighted Sleeper Winston-Salem to Harrisburg, Philadelphia, New York.

Dining Cars North of Roanoke.

5:00 P. M. daily except Sunday for Martinsville and local stations.

Trains arrive Winston-Salem 10:20 A. M., 1:20 P. M., 9:35 P. M.

Trains leave Durham for Roxboro, South Boston and Lynchburg, 7:00 A. M., daily, and 5:30 P. M., daily except Sunday.

W. B. Beville, Pass. Traff. Mgr.

W. C. Saunders, Gen. Pass. Agt.

SYNOPSIS.

Zudora is left an orphan at an early age. Her father is killed in a gold mine. She grows to be a woman of worth. She is left in the guardianship of Frank Keesee, Zudora's mother's brother. Zudora, giving promise of great beauty, reaches the age of eighteen. The uncle, who has set himself up as a Hindu mystic and is known as Hassam Ali, decides that Zudora must die before she can have a chance to come into possession of her money, so that it may be left to him; the next of kin. Hassam Ali sees an obstacle to his scheme in the person of John Storm, a young lawyer, for whom Zudora has taken a fancy, and he commands the girl to put on a show of her mind. Zudora insists that if she cannot marry Storm she will marry no one.

"Well, well," says Hassam Ali, "if you take such a stand I'll compromise. Solve my next twenty cases and you can marry him; fall in a single case and you must renounce him."

Zudora, using the knowledge gained from years of association with her uncle, unravels a baffling mystery and wins her first case—a case in which John Storm is saved from being convicted of a murder indicated by Hassam Ali himself.

Zudora and Hassam Ali visit Nabok Shan's house, where she can have a very one whenever Nabok attempts to marry a princess. Storm, seeking Zudora, is made a prisoner. Zudora foils Nabok Shan, restores the princess to her original lover and saves Storm from death.

A maker of diamonds tells Hassam Ali his secret. Storm informs Zudora that his life is being attempted frequently. Storm suspects Hassam Ali. Storm is arrested for stealing the diamond maker's gems, but Zudora discovers the real thieves—a pair of mice.

The negro help employed on Storm's father's farm are feeling because a great skeleton hand appears at night upon a hill near by. Storm is baffled in his investigation, but Zudora learns that her uncle has employed Jimmy Bolton, a half-witted man, thus to annoy Storm's parents. Zudora finds Bolton operating a big magic lantern and is attacked by Bolton. Storm opportunely appears and saves her from Bolton.

Hassam Ali asks Zudora to find a gem lost by two mysterious old men. Zudora gets a photograph of the gem and it turns in her hand. An old house is mined by Hassam Ali and the old men. Storm and Zudora are injured and narrowly escape destruction when the house blows up.

CHAPTER VI.

The Case of the McWinter Family.

In a room in an ordinary dwelling a woman sat before a sewing machine. The low hum of it filled the room with a murmur like that of many bees.

The woman's husband, seated at a table near by, was reading and smoking, and he looked up absently each time the humming ceased temporarily. He scowled, shifted and resettled his pipe.

"Are you crying again?" he growled, laying down the pipe. "I'm getting tired of your constant snivel-snivel."

He rose and walked over toward her threateningly. He shook a finger under her nose.

"That man has got to get out of this house or I'll know the reason why. He bothers me every time I look at him. I tell you he's got to seek another boarding house. I don't want his hangdog face around any longer."

"Hangdog?" she protested.

"That's what I said. There'll be a rumper if he doesn't like."

"You are wrong—you are wickedly wrong," said the wife. She wiped her eyes on her apron. "Just because he speaks kindly to me and pets the child you act like an insane man. I've slaved for you. I've done everything a woman could. What do you do? You sit and read all day."

"That's a lie!" the man roared. "I'm not an ordinary workman, and there's very little demand for my work."

"So I've noticed," drily.

"I don't want any back talk. All I say is that man Smith has got to get out. I won't have him on the premises after this week is up."

The tears began to run down the woman's cheeks again. "You were a different sort of man before you took to drink."

"Your whining'd send any man to drink. But you two are always whispering, and when I show up you break apart and begin to talk of the weather. Maybe you think I'm a fool?"

"John McWinter!" she cried with passionate indignation.

"That's right; work up the injured look. But the martyr stuff doesn't go with me, Sally. I've got eyes, and I've been using them. He goes at the end of his week, and that's all there



"Don't, don't!" pleaded the wife.

is to it. He's got the child running around after him as if he and not I was the father."

"That's because he is always kind to her and never strikes her unjustly, as you do."

"Hasn't a man got a right to correct his own offspring, I'd like to know?"

"If she gets in your way you box her ears. If she does not come instantly when you call her you use the whip. Can you blame the child for not loving you as you expect?"

For herself she did not care; she had no illusions left, but where her child was concerned she was something of a hypocrite. She did not want the fairy

tale beliefs knocked out of the little one's head before her time.

"Stop sniveling. The man's coming. It'd be just like you to play the beaten wife when he comes in. Perhaps it wouldn't be a bad idea to give you a whack once in a while. Then maybe you'd have something to snivel about."

The man who was the innocent cause of this conjugal arraignment came in, his laboring man's lunch basket under his arm. His expression was that of a man who had done his work that day faithfully and welcomed the coming of evening.

He nodded pleasantly. He saw the red eyes of the woman, squared his shoulders for a moment and passed on.

"Humph! I notice that you don't snivel while he's looking at you."

"How can you talk to me like that?"

"I'll talk to you as I please."

"You are always in the house. You are watching every move I make as if I wasn't a good woman. When I married you I loved you. You were an analytical chemist who every one said would make a mark in the world, but drink has thrown you on the reefs. And sometimes I hate you!"

He caught her by the shoulder and swung her out of the chair and raised his arm.

"Here, here, McWinter!" cried a voice from the doorway. "None of that while I am in the house. You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

"This is my woman. I'll strike her if I want to."

"Oh, will you?"

The boarder sprang forward and caught the upraised arm, giving it no gentle wrench as he bore down upon it. That was enough for McWinter. With a snarl like a wolf he closed in. Almost instantly his back met the floor with a resounding thump.

"Don't! Don't!" pleaded the wife. "It will only make matters worse. You can't help me, Mr. Smith. Please go!"

"All right, Mrs. McWinter, but I haven't any use for a wife beater."

"You'll leave this house Saturday," said McWinter, picking himself up slowly. "Saturday night, and then you and your truck for the sidewalk. I've stood all I'm going to stand. Maybe you think I'm a fool, but I know what I know."

The beaten man slunk out of the house, cursing under his breath.

He realized that he would never get any satisfaction out of Smith in a



"I guess that'll fix you."

game of hideouts; the latter was too strong for him. He'd get him where he wanted him some day, and that day wasn't going to be far off either.

He did not come home until midnight. He grinned drunkenly in the mirror as he yanked off his tie and collar.

He wasn't a chemist for nothing; Smith would see. McWinter was a madman, and nobody suspected this fact.

The next morning he remained in bed with a splitting headache.

As Smith started out for his day's work he caught up the child and swung her aloft. She gurgled with happiness. Then he kissed her and set her down.

"I'm going to bring you that stick of candy tonight."

"Goody, goody! Can I eat it, mamma?"

"Yes, dear." To the man she said: "How long? How long?"

"Keep a stiff upper lip, Sally. We'll straighten out this muddle in time. It looks to me like McWinter isn't quite right in his upper story. If we could get him away from his whiskey there might be a chance. But he's an Indian when he's boozed up. They say at the laboratory that they'd be glad to give him steady work if they could trust him."

"Sometimes I've been wicked enough to wish that he was dead!"

"None of that kind of talk, little woman."

"You've been so good to us!"

"Who wouldn't be? Remember, now, mamma's the word. Keep him in a good humor as much as you can, and when the time comes we'll light out and let the fool shift for himself."

McWinter crawled out of bed about 10 o'clock, ugly and taciturn. When his wife spoke to him he did not answer. She sighed and returned to her sewing machine.

But for the child she knew that she must have given up the struggle long ago. She did not want any shadow to fall upon that pretty childhood.

Her own had been unhappy enough, and she was determined that the little one should not be disillusioned before her time.

Sometimes the machine stopped, and the woman gazed into the blue arch of heaven. To wish any one dead, no matter how cruel he might be, was a sin.

Clickity-clickity, clickity-clickity, sang the machine. From another part of the house came the happy laughter of the child.

McWinter left the house after drinking a cupful of strong coffee and stole along the road toward the woods, where he finally came upon a shack. It was rather peculiarly constructed.

There were no windows, and the door was abnormally thick.

The man went inside and remained there for half an hour. When he came out he appeared to be in good humor. An alienist might have been disturbed by the expression in the man's eyes. McWinter raised his fist toward town, shaking it and muttering:

"Spoon about my house, will you? Interfere in my affairs, huh? You wait, Mr. Smith. You just wait. Maybe you won't have to leave Saturday night. You'll go before."

Then he trudged back home. His wife was greatly surprised to find him in an amiable mood. It was so unlike



The Two Men Set Off on Their Hunting Trip.

him after a debauch. But she was glad enough to accept it at face value, being an honest and simple-minded woman.

McWinter did odd jobs at the chemical laboratory in the village. He was an expert in certain departments, and occasionally the chief chemist risked the chance of sending for him.

It was noticeable that the derelict worked faithfully on these days, with the hope of continuous employment.

When afternoon came a telephone call arrived with it, and McWinter hurried off to the laboratory, rather pleased, too, to find himself temporarily placed over the man he hated so heartily.

The same amiability he had shown to his wife he now exhibited in a lesser degree toward Smith, who was rather astonished at the sudden turn of affairs.

"I'm sorry I lost my temper, Smith," said McWinter, rather solemnly. "But my nerves have gone to smash, and I'm imagining all sorts of things."

"Don't let that worry you," replied Smith, only too glad to bury the hatchet. "We all lose our tempers once in a while. But you ought to be a little more careful of that wife of yours."

"I know it," humbly, all the while black murder in his heart. "We'll let bygones be bygones and go out some day for a hunt like we used to. There's nothing better than a good rabbit stew, and Sally knows how to cook it."

"I'd like nothing better," said the other man, believing in his heart that this new friendly attitude would aid in making one poor woman a little happier.

"I said something about you going on Saturday night. You just forget it."

"All right," said Smith.

At 5 o'clock McWinter left the laboratory and wound his way to the mysterious shack in the woods. For an hour he experimented with a peculiar sort of contrivance and from time to time gave vent to a diabolical chuckle. The man may have been a monomaniac, but that was never to be proved.

The thick door seemed to please his fancy immensely. An enormous spring



His Enemy Sinking Helplessly to the Floor.

was adroitly hidden by the hinges, such as would close the door violently and make it difficult to open without physical exertion.

The concussion was bound to shake everything in the shack. Near the ceiling was a small platform about six inches square. He propped open the door, took an empty bottle from his pocket and placed it upon this platform.

When he liberated the door the slam of it toppled the bottle from its perch, and it broke into a thousand pieces on the stone slab below.

"I guess that'll fix you. I guess that'll show you whose house you're boarding in, you snake!"

McWinter loosened the spring so as to open the door and passed out.

The following morning the clerk in the laboratory whose business it was to account for all the deadlier concoctions

in making his daily inventory found a bottle missing, and this bottle contained one of the deadliest fumes in existence. He was greatly perturbed.

He asked Smith, but Smith denied that he had touched the bottle. That seemed to be the end of the affair.

On Sunday Mrs. McWinter's face was brighter than it had been in weeks. Her husband seemed to be an entirely different man.

He had softened so far as to tell a comic story, and you may be sure that Smith and Mrs. McWinter laughed heartily over it.

The two men shouldered their guns, whistled for the dog and set off on their hunting trip. And only one of them returned alive.

Smith came back alone and was rather surprised to find neither McWinter nor the dog. They had separated in the woods near the shack, of which Smith apparently knew nothing.

McWinter was missing all the next day. Tuesday morning they found him in the shack strangely dead.

A very peculiar case confronted the local authorities. There was one thing quite plain to them, however, and that was McWinter had been murdered in a most cunning and diabolical manner. Naturally the coroner's inquest drew the net about Smith's feet. He had gone out hunting with McWinter and was the last man to see him alive.

Then came the clerk, who swore that the bottle found in the shack was identical with that stolen from the laboratory where both men worked.

Smith, despite all protests, was held for the grand jury on the charge of murder in the first degree.

Other facts began to circulate. Some one had heard McWinter accuse his wife of being too friendly with Smith, and out of this calumny raised its ugly head.

Here and there men began to mutter about Judge Lynch, and Mrs. McWinter was shunned by all those who had posed as her friends.

A few days before the trial began Hassam Ali was poring over his crystal. Near by sat Zudora, reading and reflecting.

The two had been talking about Messner and Cagliostro, and Zudora was gathering her arguments from the book she held. The bell was heard to ring.

A few moments later a visitor was ushered in by the Hindu servant. To Hassam Ali's cold eye this client did not suggest any future profit, but Mrs. McWinter's tale caught the sympathy of Zudora.

"I will take this case, uncle," she volunteered. "It interests me. It is purely circumstantial evidence, and that



"What a Thick Door!"

is usually the most puzzling to solve. If I succeed it will add another step toward my twenty cases."

"Suit yourself," carelessly. "But, remember, it is your own case, and an ordinary case it will not count."

"I accept that risk."

Zudora, in accordance with her agreement with her lover, John Storm, wrote him explaining about the case and asked him to meet her at the McWinter house the following afternoon.

When the two arrived in the village they found the suburbs in turmoil. There had been, they found, a punitive expedition against the jail that held Smith, but it had been frustrated.

"This is going to be interesting, John," said Zudora.

"I've an idea I'd like to plead for the poor devil. I never realized how many kinks there were in life until you entered this detective business."

"The unexpected is always happening. On the face of it, this man Smith looks guilty. The very fact that the woman is eager to save him has a suspicious angle. But, for all this, we may find him innocent as a child."

Meanwhile Hassam Ali had not been idle. He was going to lose no chance to further his schemes. To be sure, he had signified his utter lack of interest in the case, but that had been to hood-wink his niece.

So quietly and unobserved he made a secret investigation of the shack. It did not take him remarkably keen eyes long to discover what had taken place. Clever, abominably clever!

Here was a criminal who had fantastic ideas. If this infernal contrivance had served one man's purpose it might readily serve another's.

So he contrived to separate Zudora and Storm and bring the latter to the shack. He wrote frankly, signing his own name and declaring that it would not be safe for Zudora to go deeply into this case, as there was more to it than could be seen on the surface.

So Storm concluded to meet Hassam Ali at the shack and find out what he had to say. He promised himself that he would be cautious and watch every move of his enemy.

Everything was ready for him, but again Hassam Ali was overanxious. He set one of the bottles he had found in a cabinet on the little platform near the ceiling.

Welcome, Mr. Storm, welcome! He laughed and his laughter might well

have been an echo to that made by the man who had built this windowless shack.

By and by he heard hurrying footsteps. Nighly he looked out and observed the unsuspecting attorney. Good! But something slipped. The spring moved too soon or Hassam Ali had not pulled it back far enough. The door slammed violently.

There came a tinkle of breaking glass, and Hassam Ali struggled desperately to pull the door open. He was already too weak.

Storm heard the door. He concluded his journey at a run. It took all his strength to force the door, which immediately closed again when he was inside. He saw dimly his enemy sinking helplessly to the floor, and almost instantly it seemed that the walls of the shack had begun to revolve.

Fumes! He stumbled desperately toward the door, but could not reach it. Doubtless the only thing that saved Hassam Ali, or Storm for that matter,



The Eager Girl Pointed to the Little Platform.

was the second opening of the door, which let in a gust of pure air and carried out a certain volume of the poison.

Fortunately for both of them Zudora and Mrs. McWinter were both starting out for the shack at the very moment the door closed upon Hassam Ali.

Mrs. McWinter dreaded to see the fatal shack again, but Zudora insisted. She must see the shack and everything in it if she was to aid Smith in the slightest degree.

After Mrs. McWinter had fully explained the conditions Zudora was quite confident that the man Smith was innocent, no matter how deeply circumstantial evidence had involved him.

She also felt instinctively that the widow was holding something back.

"There it is," announced Mrs. McWinter, with a shudder.

"Why, there are no windows in it."

"I know it. My husband built it. For what purpose I cannot say, unless it was to experiment in."

Mrs. McWinter began to cry.

"There, there," said Zudora. "From what you have told me I don't think that husband of yours was worth tears."

"But I have not told you all."

"Well, what more is there to tell?"

"The man accused of my husband's death was never my lover. He was my brother!"

"Good heavens! Why didn't you tell that to the coroner?"

"I dared not. I dared not tell even my husband that."

"Why?"

"My brother is an escaped convict. Again it was circumstantial evidence. He suffered in another man's place. For two years he has lived quietly here, and the police have lost all track of him. He was sentenced for five years and escaped during the first year of his term. If I had taken my husband into my confidence he would have enjoyed nothing greater than exposing George."

"You can trust me with your secret. He would be totally lost if the people knew this. Well, there's the shack. What a thick door!"

Reaching it, she tried to open it. It refused to budge. She called to Mrs. McWinter, and the two of them succeeded in pressing it back.

"Hold it!" cried Zudora, reaching for a log near at hand. With this she was able to hold the door.

Then she saw Storm and Hassam Ali lying senseless on the floor. She sniffed and for a moment felt dizzy.

The fresh air, however, came in strongly, and after a few moments the two men dazedly opened their eyes.

Zudora helped them both outside, shaking them roughly. It took a quarter of an hour to bring them around to anything like normality. Whatever Storm thought of the affair he kept to himself.

Zudora, believing it wise to close the door again, was about to cast aside the log when her eye was attracted by a tuft of coarse hair caught in a splinter.

"Did your husband have a dog?" she asked the frightened woman at her side.

"Yes. But he ran away the day my husband died, and no one has seen him since."

Zudora again studied the log thoughtfully. The earth about was soft, and presently she discovered the footprints of a dog. The tuft of hair and the tracks set her thinking deeply.

"Was your man quite right?" she asked, touching her forehead.

"How do you mean?"

"I mean did he act queerly at times?"

"Why, now you come to speak of it, yes. I thought he was just erratic."

"Here's a bit of good luck," said Zudora suddenly. She pointed down the road a bit where a wagon was visibly approaching. "He'll be able to give us a lift back to the village. I want to see the authorities at once. I've an idea how your husband came to die."

"How?"

"All in good time," Zudora halted the farmer. He would gladly give them a lift. "These two men," said Zudora, indicating John and Hassam Ali, "have met with an accident. Help me get them into the wagon."

"In a jiffy, miss!"

The exhausted men were bundled into the wagon, and the farmer touched his team with his whip.

At the outskirts of the town they came upon a mob. It was very disorderly. In the midst of this mob was a pale man secretly bound.

"My brother! They are going to lynch him!" cried the widow wilyly.

It looked that way to Zudora too. There was one thing for her to do. Into this mob she resolutely pushed her way. The excited men stepped aside grumblingly.

"Men, even if this poor man was guilty you are acting like a pack of wolves. He is innocent. I can tell you how John McWinter came to his death. He died in a trap he had set for this very man you would hang. His own dog was the cause of his death."

"His dog?"

"Come, come; this is no time for fairy stories. String him up, boys, before the police nose in."

Smith was backed against a tree.

"I warn you that you will be committing murder. Give me one hour, and if I cannot reasonably prove that Smith is guiltless, why, I engage to stand aside and watch you hang him."

This declaration made the more sober men pause.

"And I'll help you pull the rope!" shouted the sheriff, quick to recognize the value of a respite.

"Choose six among you to follow me," said Zudora, "or as many as you wish."

"We'll all go; Smith too!"

That settled it. The mob began to surge along the road at a dog trot. If this girl could prove what she said, why, Smith could go; if not there'd be enough trees near the shack to serve their purpose.

When the eager girl exhibited the bottles and explained what was in them, pointed to the little platform, and then to the door with its spring a calm began to settle upon the blood-thirsty men.

"To hold the door open against the pressure of the spring it was necessary to prop this log against it. McWinter and Smith had gone out hunting. Suddenly Smith missed McWinter, who was, in fact, arranging the details of the trap. McWinter's dog evidently got in his way, and he kicked it. The dog in its endeavor to escape a second kick bumped against the log, shutting McWinter in the shack and causing the poisonous fumes to be liberated. My uncle has already proved this fact to his satisfaction."

Hassam Ali nodded gravely. There was nothing else for him to do. Storm stared at him ironically for a moment.

"But there is something else to add," went on Zudora, now satisfied that she had won the interest of the mob.

"McWinter had laid this trap for Smith himself. He was an insane man, and none of you ever suspected



"He is innocent."

this fact. He imagined all his troubles. Smith had absolutely nothing to do with them. Now hang him if you can!"

The mob quietly took itself off, vastly shamed and chastened, and Smith soothed his sobbing sister, his eyes full of gratitude.

"You're a wonderful little person, Zudora," whispered Storm.

"Am I? Take me back to town. I am tired. And there's more to do. I've got to free Smith again—from prison."

But the death of the real culprit did that, and Smith walked the earth again a free citizen.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A RUSE THAT FAILED.

Comedian—While Ravenyelp was traveling in Italy he thought it would be a great press agent stunt to get himself captured by bandits and held for ransom.

Soubrette—How did the scheme work? Comedian—Robbers captured him all right, but when they found he was an actor they made him work for his board.—Judge.

Bad conduct soils the finest ornament more than filth.—Plautus.

The Twice-A-Week Dispatch

Published Every Tuesday and Friday
The State Dispatch Publishing Co.
Burlington, N. C.

Office, First Floor, Bank Building.
Telephone No. 255.
Subscription, One Dollar per year,
payable in advance.

All communications in regard to
other news items or business mat-
ters should be addressed to The State
Dispatch Publishing Co., and not to
any individual connected with the pa-
per.

All news notes and communica-
tions of importance must be signed
by the writer.
We are not responsible for opinions
of the correspondents.

Subscribers will take notice that no
account for subscription for The State
Dispatch will be honored at this office
unless it is numbered with stamped
labels.

Entered as second-class matter
May 10, 1898, at the post office at
Burlington, North Carolina, under the
Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

DON'T WORRY.

By C. L. Walker.

I am what you might call a little one-horse farmer. However, it isn't the man that runs the most negroes that winds up in the fall with the most money of his "very own." I have farmed all my life. Stayed at home and ran my father's farm for him until I was getting up a little in age. At one time we had as many as thirteen negro families on the place, and I, of course, thought it just as necessary to have negro labor as it was to have mule labor. But times are not now like they used to be. Negro labor has about played out here. They want to rent land, work when they please and quit the same, and as one old Johnnie said, he "had rather starve than work out by the day." Said it was "disgraceful," and the white man is the cause of all this. He rents them his land cheap, furnishes them with all they need, including a rubber-tired buggy to ride in, and who could blame the negro for feeling his importance as he does? I think times are going to change.

I don't need the negro in my business very much. I've learned that the least you can have to do with him, the better for you. With the exception of a little hoeing right in the pinch of time, I can get along very well without him. With one little mule, one boy twelve and one seven, and myself, I've worked my crop and gathered it. The cash I've paid to negroes would not exceed \$5 and we have made a very good little crop—six boxes of cotton, plenty of corn, peas, potatoes, and will have plenty of meat and lard. Will also have goobers to eat on rainy days. I know we can make a living without the negro if we will just get at it. I have 100 acres of land and what I don't work I sow down in pasture. It is just resting. That's it. I believe in diversification of crops. I've tried it and know it pays. I am going to build a new pasture and add some more cattle. Already have several head. They will help the land and also the pocket-book. I'm going to work my old pasture and will get good results.

In addition to our little crop my wife has sold over \$40 worth of butter, chickens and eggs from just common stock. We are going to improve our stock another year. We are going to make what we can ourselves and then it will all be ours. I am also going into the hog business on a small scale. I have the full-blooded Berkshire to begin with.

POLITICS DEFINED.

Mayor Mitchell said at a non-political banquet in New York:

"Deliver me from the professional politician. Thank goodness, there are no professional politicians here."

"A professional politician was walking along a country road one day when a farmer gave him a lift. The farmer, as they jogged along, said:

"And what trade might you be in, friend?"

"I ain't in no trade," the professional politician answered. "I'm in a profession."

"And what profession, friend, might that be?"

"Politics."

"The farmer turned his head slowly and looked his guest up and down. 'Friend,' he said, 'that ain't a profession. It's a disease.'"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

THE DUTY.

Mr. Caldwell's Editorial, Nov. 6, 1892.

It were well if, at this juncture, when circumstances are so propitious, when the bow of promise is brighter in the sky than it was ever in all our history, there would be a universal resolution to put more politics, especially small politics, away for the present, and give thought to the things which make for the uplifting of the people and of the general welfare. Material prosperity is not to be despised; we have it now in larger measure than ever before; it is necessary to contentment and to the development of the best that is in a people. Let us, by industry and thrift seek to enlarge it. But it is not all education is to be fostered; a larger charity to the unfortunate should be exercised; a better apprehension of the duties of citizenship deserves to be inculcated. It is a golden opportunity for the leaders of thought, for preachers, teachers, and statesmen; and they will deserve well of their people and of future generations who embrace it and preach most effectively the gospel of civic as well as personal virtue and lead men to the contemplation of higher things. There could be no nobler ambition in the breast of a North Carolinian than to do something for North Carolina, and there was never a time when more might be done. If those who love their state would but unite their efforts now, when the public mind is undisturbed and receptive, when safe political conditions are established and no danger threatens, there would be inaugurated an era like that in Rome, of which it was written:

"Then none was for a party—
Then all were for the State;
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great.
Then lands were fairly portioned;
Then spoils were fairly sold;
Then the Romans were like brothers
In the brave days of old."

POOR OLD FARMER.

H. S. Haskins, in The New York Sun.

The Great White Way with joy is rife
Where cutups congregate at night.
The farmer leads a quiet life,
And early bed is his delight.
(Poor old farmer.)

The urbanite sleeps late. You see
His social duties force him to it.
The farmer snores till half past three.
Then beats the morning sunrise to it.
(Poor old farmer.)

The city man wears nice kid gloves
And takes a taxi round the block.
While all day long the farmer shoves
A plow, or reaps, or feeds the stock.
(Poor old farmer.)

The city man, he rarely stops
To think about the rainy day.
The farmer gathers in the crops
And salts three billion bucks away.
(Poor old farmer.)

THE NEW PATRIOTISM.

The new patriotism recognizes the faults, flaws, and wrongs of the land as well as the brighter side and makes efforts to eradicate them. The amount of patriotism that is possessed individually or collectively is shown in the willingness to right the wrongs perpetrated, to correct abuses, to solve the problems of capital and labor, to destroy crime and vice, and to institute that which will work righteousness. There is a moral awakening for conscience is aroused, and the United States bids fair to fulfill the prophecy of becoming a great royal and prosperous nation and rising to the pre-eminence of the chief arbiter in the peace of the world.—Christian World.

IT MIGHT WORK.

Probably the most effective way to prevent our boys and girls from using slang at home would be to make it a required subject of study at school.—Youth's Companion.

"Good things, as a rule, are not cheap; and cheap things are seldom good. Quality is remembered long after price is forgotten."

RESOURCES OF A FARMER'S WIFE.

It is human nature to sigh for the unattainable, and how often it is true that the things which we sigh for are only seemingly unattainable, for in reality the means to our end are within our very grasp.

From time immemorial there have been two classes of people; namely, those who are quick to see and turn into account their available resources, and those who do not. This is especially true of the farmer's wife—a fact that was proved conclusively to the writer a few years ago when teaching in the country and boarding in the home of one of the then considered most prosperous farm homes in that community.

Being of a practical and calculating turn in mind, I naturally took account of the management of the farm—its leaks, so to speak—more especially.

This farm was owned by a widow, the mother of six children, two of whom were strong, able-bodied young men at this time the elder managing the general business of the farm.

The four girls were now getting to the ages where their wants were numerous and of course had to be supplied in some way. Mrs. D., the mother, being very averse to sewing, a seamstress in the nearest town was supplied with such produce as she needed from time to time—enough to pay the dressmaker's bill.

The lard, hams, sides, syrup and potatoes were marketed at wholesale prices and went into the general fund with corn, oats, cotton, etc., for the running expenses of the farm.

An old uncle, living with this family, had as his sole occupation the care of the garden, and the result was vegetables in waste.

One day I said: "Mrs. D., why don't you take these nice vegetables and milk and butter into town every morning and sell them? It is not far, and it would certainly pay you."

"Oh," she replied, "I haven't that much time to spare away from home. I don't believe it would pay me."

She did not realize that half the time she spent in her buggy, visiting among her country neighbors would be almost enough time for her marketing.

How often I have heard those children say, "Mama, I want this or that," and heard the usual "I haven't the money" from the mother. Then I would think of the wasting vegetables and the better prices that could be obtained by marketing the syrup and potatoes from house to house.

All of this contrasts so forcibly with a case that has come under my close observation since I have been a housekeeper myself.

The woman from whom I get my milk and butter lives in the same neighborhood of which I have just spoken, but four times a week comes into town with her buggy and a wagon following laden—and she usually goes back "with her pockets a jingle."

In talking with her on this line one day she said: "There used to be a time when I was just like Mrs. D., only had money when the crops had been laid by. When I could persuade my husband to be bothered with them he would take a load of vegetables, chickens, eggs and butter into town, sell to the merchants and trade it out."

"I knew," she continued, "that I could do better than this, and, loving to be out in the open air and with a good gentle horse at my command, I began coming into the settlement around the mill to market my produce and from there I broadened out, and now I have customers all over town."

I knew this to be true.
The raising of her vegetables cost her very little and she always found ready sale for them. The making of her milk and butter also came in at a nominal cost, consequently she could afford to undersell the merchants and other people in town, thereby drawing to herself more customers than she could well supply.

During the fall and early winter months she would always have a negro to follow her with a wagon loaded with sweet potatoes and fall vegetables; later on, sausage, spare ribs, etc. The spring and summer found her bringing the nice fresh vegetables of the season, which could be

bought much cheaper than the cost of maintaining a garden in town. Every winter she makes at least \$30 or \$40 on turkeys, to say nothing of what her chickens and eggs yield.

She finally ended by saying: "Why, I make enough on just what I sell this way to run the farm, and I always have money for anything I want."

This I deem a fine example of thrift and neglect.
A. L. J.
Quitman, Ga.

A TOLLS REPEAL VICTIM.

One of the few districts in the United States which elected a Democrat in place of a Republican was the Fourth Minnesota. This is normally a Republican district and the election of a Democrat to succeed the Hon. Fred C. Stevens is a part of the "great victory" by which the administration narrowly escaped complete disaster.

How did it happen that the Democrats captured that district? Mr. Stevens is an able and popular member of the House. He has served there sixteen years, and with all the ups and downs of politics in Minnesota, including the occasional election of a Democratic governor, he has kept his seat. Why does he lose it now, when the trend of the voting throughout the country was toward the Republicans?

Perhaps the answer may be found in the fact that Mr. Stevens was the most conspicuous Republican in the House who supported President Wilson in his policy of taxing American shipping at Panama. Mr. Stevens is ranking member of the committee on Interstate and Foreign Commerce, and he employed all his diligence and ability in trying to show that the United States had no right to pass its own vessels through its own canal. The fact that free passage through the canal would have established sharp competition with the great northern and northwestern railroads may not have deterred Mr. Stevens from advocating a ship tax at Panama.

Mr. Stevens was a tower of strength to the President in the House.

He disregarded the warnings of his party associates, who clearly perceived that the tolls repeal bill was dangerous to legislators of both parties, and particularly dangerous to men hailing from districts whose commerce would be affected by the Panama Canal. Mr. Stevens handled the debate with great skill, and on more than one occasion did what he could to rescue the President and his party from untenable positions.

And now his defeat is hailed as a "victory" by the party he so faithfully served on the tolls question! It is pure ingratitude. What the President should do, if he has any appreciation of loyal service, is to reserve one of the juiciest plums set apart for lame ducks, and tender it to Mr. Stevens, of Minnesota.

HOW FARMER'S DAUGHTER MAY EARN PIN MONEY.

Under the caption "How the Farmer's Daughter May Earn Pin Money," the department at Washington has just issued a bulletin urging country girls to can fruit, pickles and preserves to sell to city folks who have a taste for "preserves like mother used to make."

As an instance of the profitability of canning, the department cites the case of a Virginia woman who has made a national reputation putting up and selling "pin money pickles." She began a few years ago in a modest way but now her products are so popular that they can be found everywhere in the United States. Another woman, the department says, has built up a profitable business making chow-chow, which she sells for \$3 a gallon.

"These are only samples of what hundreds of young women have done to earn pin money by putting up canned goods at home," the bulletin continues. "People are continually demanding a better quality of canned goods and are willing to pay a better price for them. The farmers' daughter who desires to earn pin money may avail herself of this demand and

with care and perseverance learn to put up canned goods which she can sell at a profit."

The bulletin while encouraging the young woman in her efforts to make a business proposition of putting up fruits and vegetables, cautions against over-enthusiasm. It advises that the beginner experiment with a few cans before going too heavily into the project. If the first cans keep well, she may be encouraged to proceed.

"It is best to specialize and work up a reputation for some particular kind of goods, as did the women already mentioned," advises the department. "One girl may make a feature of catsup, another may find her best product in pickles, while another may put up an especially attractive can of peppers, cauliflower, peaches, apples or tomatoes."

"People of means are the most likely ones to want home-canned products. The managers of the best hotels, the stewards of social clubs in the cities, the managers of railroad dining cars and many retail grocery stores will be glad to use the products of the girl who does her canning at home. If a young woman knows by experience that her products are first-class she need not hesitate to put a good price on them."

And the Administration counted 23.

WOUND RESEMBLES A CROSS.

Bleeding from several stab wounds, one in the left side and others forming a peculiar design on his wrist, H. R. Lamoreaux, aged 60, was found dying early today on the city dump. The peculiarity of the wounds was first noticed at the hospital. They formed a cross. The knife which the murderer used was not found.—Minneapolis Journal.

Christian Helper
OUR 1915 Book
contains
127 pages of
1018 recipes, a
large number of
old church tunes—
1500 pages in
all—worth bind-
ing. 50c each, \$1.00 per dozen, postpaid. Send 1.00 and
25¢ more for Single Teachers, Church Leaders, Sunday
School Teachers, and all who desire a copy. Address:
The Teachers' Bible Publishing Co., Haddon, N. C.

CONSULT THOSE WHO KNOW.

When in Doubt About What to Feed, Consult Those Who Know

For more Eggs, Put it up to the Hen.
For more Milk and Butter, Put it up to the Cow.
For more work from your Horse or Mule, Put it up to them.

We have the feed that will produce all of the results,
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE, WE GUARANTEE RESULTS.

For more Eggs, Feed Chicken Chowder, if your Hens don't lay they must be Roosters,
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE, WE GUARANTEE RESULTS.

For more Milk and Butter, Feed Beet Pulp, C. S. Meal, Feed and Good Bran,
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE, WE GUARANTEE RESULTS.

For more and Better Work from your Horse or Mule, Feed Alfalfa Sweet Feed,
YOU HAVE NOTHING TO LOSE, WE GUARANTEE RESULTS.

We also have full line, Corn, Oats, Shipstuff, Meal, C. S. Hulls, Chicken Feed, Flour, Coffee, Molasses, Lard, Cakes, Candies, Tobacco, Snuff, Lemons, Canned Goods, Potatoes, Onions, Peanuts, Ground Peas, and Gobers, White, Pink, and Limon Beans, Timothy, Alfalfa, and Soy Bean Hay.

Come to Headquarters when you want anything in feed, Why hunt over town, When you can find it here without Hunting.

MERCHANTS SUPPLY CO.

BURLINGTON AND GRAHAM, N. C.

MILLERS AGENTS, MELROSE AND DAN VALLEY FLOUR AND FEED.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Ollie Kemp is visiting in Durham.

Miss Bettie Van Ward visited in Greensboro this week.

Dr. J. P. Spoon is visiting his parents near Hartshorn, this week.

Mrs. Jerry Holt, of No. 9, spent yesterday with Mrs. Jesse Holt.

Mr. Fletcher McPherson left Wednesday for Oak Ridge to enter school.

Mr. and Mrs. E. T. Bretts, of Ohio, are visiting Mrs. H. P. May this week.

Mr. Brooks Overman, of Swepsonville, is visiting relatives in town this week.

Mrs. E. B. Huffines and Miss Stella Cox, of Elon College, recently visited Miss Flossie Tickle.

Mr. W. Thornton Ingle, of Glen Raven, is spending some time out in the Ridgeville section.

Mr. Billy Brooks, No. 2 carrier, has been sick for the past two weeks. He is improving and will soon be on his route again.

Work has commenced on the Corner Store this week and will be occupied by the J. B. Jones Clothing Co., in a few days.

Mr. H. E. Rauhut began this week taking art, going one day each week to Elon College. Mr. Rauhut already does excellent painting.

Mrs. J. B. Jones, of Burlington, left Monday for a few weeks visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Beach, of Robersonville, N. C. Her many friends wish her a pleasant trip.

Mrs. A. B. Kendall entertained her Sunday School class at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John R. Foster yesterday. The evening was an enjoyable event, with recitation by Miss Nellie Fleming, and solos by Rev. A. B. Kendall, followed by refreshments.

Mr. W. F. Perry, a progressive farmer of Snow Camp, was in town yesterday, making a deposit in one of the banks of a heavy sum, later calling on the State Dispatch and renewing his subscription in advance, and also purchasing of the stores. He also stated that he yet had his cotton for sale.

Mr. Earl B. Horner has resigned his position as plant-manager for the Curtis-Thornton Bridge Co., and is now associated with the Jelliet Bridge & Iron Co., of Chicago, to represent their interest in North Carolina, South Carolina, Virginia and Georgia, with office in the National Bank Building, Burlington, N. C. His many friends will be glad to hear of this deserved promotion.

The Dispatch published a news item from High Point in our last issue which stated that 25 factories

started up Monday morning on full time. We now have a letter from a subscriber there who says that this is a mistake. That there is not 25 factories in High Point running on full time. We are sorry we were misled by the article, and also sorry that the factories are not running on full time.

SAXAPAHAW ITEMS.

Announcements have been received at this place of the marriage of Miss Sallie Durham, formerly of this place, to a Mr. Ganor, of Asheville, on last Wednesday evening, December 31st. Miss Durham is the charming daughter of Mr. Joseph Durham, of this place, and is very popular here. She lived in Asheville for the past two years. Her many friends here wish for them a long and happy life.

Mr. W. G. Lloyd returned to Guilford College Monday after spending the holidays at home.

Messrs. Ed. Winnighom and Wilson Gilliam visited relatives in Burlington Friday night.

Mrs. Reuben Lashley, who has been sick for several months is seriously ill at present, and her death is expected at any time. There is no hope for her recovery.

Miss Vera McBane, of Springs, visited Miss Mattie Wingham Saturday night and Sunday.

Mr. G. W. Roberson returned to Chapel Hill Saturday after spending two weeks at home.

Mr. and Mrs. Earl Marlett, of Hillsboro, were pleasant visitors in the village Monday and Tuesday.

Mr. Dewitt Boone went to Greensboro Tuesday, where he will enter school.

Mr. W. R. Freshwater was very lucky Tuesday. While he and some of the boys were out hunting he killed a turkey that weighed about twelve pounds. We congratulate Mr. Freshwater.

Mr. Thompson Zachary, of Guilford College, visited at Mr. J. A. Wingham's Saturday night.

Miss Laura Mann, of Chapel Hill, who has been visiting her grandfather, Dr. E. D. Mann, for the past two weeks returned home Friday.

The graded school opened again Monday after ten days vacation. Several new students have entered this week and the prospects are good for the best school we have had here.

OTHERWISE IT WAS ALL RIGHT.

"How do you like that cigar I gave you?" asked the Old Fogey.

"Next to the filler, the worst thing about it is the wrapper," replied the Grouch.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

In old Mexico they hang up the Christmas jar. In other countries the family jar is often suspended over the holiday.—New York Evening Telegram.

PROSPERITY'S INDEX.

The advertising columns of this newspaper reflect the spirit of aggressive merchandising, fighting for business.

They voice the doctrine of free, fair, open competition.

The advertiser is a good man to deal with. His prosperity depends on his keeping his printed promises.

He must deal as he preaches. He must keep faith with the public.

It is safer to deal with an advertiser than a merchant or manufacturer who does business in the dark.

No time to prove this better than the busy Christmas season.

Everything being equal patronize The Dispatch. Our advertisers want and deserve your business.

A STRIKING STORY.

We recall a striking story from the lips of a friend. A lady was summering in Switzerland. One day she started out for a stroll. Presently as she climbed the mountain side, she came to a shepherd's hut. She walked to the door and looked in. There sat the shepherd. About him lay his flock. Near at hand on a pile of straw, lay a single sheep. It seemed to be suffering. Scanning it closely, the lady saw that its leg was broken. At once her sympathy went out to the suffering sheep. She looked up inquiringly to the shepherd. "How did it happen?" she said. The shepherd answered: "Madam, I broke that sheep's leg."

A look of pain swept over the visitor's face. Seeing it, the shepherd went on: "Madam, of all the sheep of my flock, this one was the most wayward. It never would follow in the pathway, in which I was leading the flock. It wandered to the verge of many a perilous cliff and dizzy abyss. And not only was it disobedient itself, but was ever leading the other sheep of my flock away. I had before had experience with sheep of this kind. So I broke its leg. The first day I went to it with food; it tried to bite me. I left it alone for a couple of days. Then I went back to it. And now it not only took the food, but licked my hand and showed every sign of submission and affection. And now let me tell you something. When this sheep is well, as it soon will be, it will be the model sheep of my flock. No sheep will hear my voice so quickly. None will follow so closely at my side. Instead of leading its mates astray, it will now be an example and a guide for the wayward ones, leading them, with itself, in the path of obedience to my call. In short, a complete transformation will have come into the life of this wayward sheep. It has learned obedience through its suffering."—Exchange.

A HARD DATE TO PASS.

"Did you send Helen Plum a birthday present?"

"Yes, I always do."

"Which birthday is it?"

"I don't know. I'm inclined to think however, that I've sent her three presents for the twenty-second."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

AT THE COUNTY FAIR.

"Why does the tight-rope professor carry that large bent cigar in the corner of his mouth? Is it bravado?"

"Not at all. He uses that of balance with."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

WON BY WORK.

"I want you to understand," said young spender, "that I got my money by hard work."

"Why, I thought it was left you by your rich uncle."

"So it was, but I had hard work to get it away from the lawyers."—Ladies Home Journal.

RUNIN BY ADVERTISING.

The mendicant explained that he had once been a prosperous manufacturer, but he had been "ruined by advertising."

He let his rivals do it—the advertising.

They got all his business away from him.

The aggressive advertiser is the man who invariably forges ahead. He goes after business and gets it.

The wise advertiser, be he manufacturer or merchant, uses the newspapers because they directly reach the homes of the great consuming public.

Do not let your competitor ruin you by getting all your customers' place an ad in The Dispatch and get ahead of him.

NOT SUCH EASY SAILING.

Sailing over the bright blue sea, Sailing over the sea, Is not just now the pleasure sort That it is cracked up to be. For you must carefully pick your way Along the usual lines, With a watchful eye on every side For the deadly floating mines.

And when you're clear of them, you see,

Your danger is not gone,

For when all seems clear, as like as not

A cruiser armed comes on

To seize your ship, its cargo, too,

And maybe, capture you,

Or make it case of sink or swim.

A prospect you may rue.

Then there are busy submarines

To fill of wee your cup,

That creep unseen till near enough

To aim and blow you up.

O traveler fair, take sound advice.

Sail not the bright blue sea,

For I repeat, just now, 'tis not

What 'tis cracked up to be.

—Baltimore American.

WORTH OF A NEWSPAPER.

At the meeting of newspaper men at the University of Missouri one editor made the statement that he was certainly worth as much to his town as the president of the local bank and that he proposed to get it.

It is likely that his statement was true, for a really representative newspaper is worth as much to a town as a bank. The newspaper publisher who is doing all for the community that it is possible for him to do will have as much influence in the development of the community as a bank president will have. He will be creating public sentiment for a bigger and better town with each issue. He will be helping the community to help itself. The money of the bank is useless for development purposes unless backed by public pride and public spirit, and it is this that the newspaper creates.

A headline says, "Don't Keep Another Man's Money." The above is a suggestion to the farmers to pay their debts, and not keep the money that belongs to someone else. Well, that's right, guess the farmers ought to be good and pay their debts, and we believe they would if they could, but there is something wrong somewhere. The farmers have worked hard and produced the biggest crop in the history of the country and now they find themselves poorer than ever before in their lives. Looks like the farmers are being "kept" by some one. We would like to see a shaking up so the farmers can get what's coming to them and then they won't "Keep Another Man's Money."

Should be straight. "Even the honey we get is adulterated."

"Why mention that particularly?"

"Well, you'd hardly expect anyone in the bee-line to be crooked, you know."

Greetings and Thanks.

WE DESIRE to express to our large and growing number of friends our thanks for the confidence they have shown in this bank by the business they have given us, and the kind words expressed in our behalf, during the past year. You have made the year 1914 a good year for us and on January first, our stockholders will receive the usual dividend of eight per cent. and a nice amount will be carried to surplus account. We thank you for this, and we wish you a most Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

We are now members of the most powerful banking system in the world—The Federal Reserve Banks of the United States, backed by the United States Government, and as strong a financial institution as can possibly be created. Only those banks who are members of this system can participate in the benefits it extends to banks. Only NATIONAL BANKS can join the system.

We are expecting all our old friends to remain our to make many more. To those who have been depositors friends during the coming year, and, in addition, we expect of this bank during 1914, we extend thanks, sincere and true; and to those who did not patronize us during 1914, we extend a most hearty welcome to start the new year by opening an account with us.

Join YOUR NEIGHBOR and the TREASURER OF THE UNITED STATE and do your banking business with The

First National Bank

BURLINGTON, N. C.

Something for Nothing.

To get started with you we make von the following offer: Send us \$1.50 for 1,000 Frost Proof Cabbage Plants, grown in the open air and will stand freezing; grown from the Celebrated Seed of Bologna & Son and Thorborn & Co., and I will send you 1,000 Cabbage Plants additional FREE, and you can repeat the order as many times as you like. I will give you special prices on Potato Seed and Potato Plants later. We want the accounts of close buyers, large and small. We can supply all.

ATLANTIC COAST PLANT CO.,
YOUNGS ISLAND, S. C.

Some babies are brought up on the bottle and never get over the habit.

WANTED!

Plain sewing quickly and neatly done.

CARRIE COX.

Phone 390L.

EVERY STREET IN BURLINGTON

Has Its Share of the Proof That Kidney Sufferers Seek.

Backache? Kidneys weak?

Distressed with urinary ills?

Want a reliable kidney remedy?

Don't have to look far. Use what Burlington people recommend. Every street in Burlington has its cases.

Here's one Burlington woman's experience.

Let Mrs. Lettie Loy, 1018 Dixie St., tell it.

Says Mrs. Loy: "I was rheumatic. My back and limbs were stiff and lame and the action of my kidneys was irregular. I didn't sleep soundly. I finally got Doan's Kidney Pills from the Freeman Drug Co., and they made me well. Doan's Kidney Pills are the finest remedy I have ever used. All I have said about them in former statements, still holds good."

Mrs. Loy is only one of many Burlington people have have gratefully endorsed Doan's Kidney Pills. If your back aches—If your kidneys bother you, don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—ask distinctly for Doan's Kidney Pills, the same that Mrs. Loy had—the remedy backed by home testimony. 50c all stores. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y. "When Your Back is Lame—Remember the Name."

Good Things.

For your nice Cakes, Pastries, etc. Give your order to the

Burlington Bakery.

RUB-MY-TISM

Will cure Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Headaches, Cramps, Colic Sprains, Bruises, Cuts, Burns, Old Sores, Tetter, Ring Worm, Eczema, etc. Antiseptic Anodyne, used internally or externally. 25c



Protect your feet by wearing a pair of our "GOODRICH HYPRESS" rubber boots, rubber shoes, arctics or storm over shoes during the coming cold winter months.

Protect your health and at the same time your purse by buying "GOODRICH RUBBERS" STRICTLY FIRST QUALITY Prices the same as before.

Sold Only By
FOSTER SHOE CO.
BURLINGTON, N. C.

COLDS & LaGRIPPE

5 or 6 doses 666 will break any case of Chills & Fever, Colds & LaGrippe; it acts on the liver better than Calomel and does not gripe or sicken. Price 25c.

USE ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE.

The antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, if you want rest and comfort for tired, aching, swollen, sweating feet, use Allen's Foot-Ease. It relieves corns and bunions of all pain and prevents blisters, sore and callous spots. Just the thing for Dancing Parties, Patent Leather Shoes, and for Breaking in New Shoes. It is the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Try it today. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept Roy, N. Y.

any substitute. For FREE trial package, address Allen S. Olmsted, Le

BURTNER FURNITURE CO.

THE STORE OF QUALITY.

Front Street.

Phone 346

Rauhat Block.

We deeply appreciate the liberal patronage extended us since our advent in your midst. The patronage you have given us, far exceeded our expectations.

Again thanking you, and wishing you a happy and prosperous New Year, we are,

Yours very truly,

Burtner Furniture Co.

BURLINGTON and GREENSBORO, N. C.

DROPS IN BREAD LINE DUE TO STARVATION.

Man Sent to the City Lodging House for Shelter and Treatment—Leaves Again Run Short.

New York, Jan. 1.—Everything was running along in the usual way yesterday at The Sun's bread depot at 9 First street, when one of the men who had been standing in line for half an hour suddenly keeled over in a faint.

"Hey, there!" shouted the man back of him, to a policeman, "here's a guy as needs his loaf ahead of time."

The policeman ran up to see what was the matter and by the time he had reached the spot the line had broken and a swarm of poorly clad men were hovering about the prostrate figure.

"What's the matter, bo?" asked the policeman, leaning down. "Come now get up."

But the man lay on his back as he had fallen, his eyes staring vacantly into the dull clouds and his lips moving without giving any sound. So the policeman picked him up in his arms and carried him into a nearby shop. Then he telephoned to Bellevue and in a few minutes an ambulance came. When the doctor had brought the man back to his senses he said starvation was what ailed him.

The warmth of the little shop and something which the surgeon administered soon put the invalid on his feet. Tom Merry then took him by the arm and led him over to a Bowery restaurant, where a square meal was ordered. Later the man came back to the depot and as he had been directed to, and said that he was George Lewis, a plasterer, and that he came to New York a week ago from Cincinnati.

He spoke well and looked so entirely honest that Tom Merry gave him a note to Superintendent Whiting of the Municipal Lodging house and later telephoned to make sure that he would receive proper medical attention and a bed until some of his strength had been recuperated.

Although Lewis is the first man who has actually collapsed in The Sun's

bread line, there have been men, and women too, every day who looked far more haggard and generally wretched than he. Indeed, there are but few faces among the 2,000 men and women that get a loaf of bread daily who do not show marked signs of long privation.

Although only the usual amount of bread was given away yesterday the crowd was greater than on any other day. The 2,000 loaves were given away in a little less than an hour and there were still some 200 men in the line. It was hard on Tom Merry to have to announce to these unfortunate that the supply had been exhausted. Nevertheless there was no word of complaint to be heard, although there was many a disappointed face in the line.

LOOK PLEASANT.

Anonymous.

We cannot, of course, all be handsome. And it's hard for us all to be good. We are sure oftentimes to be lonely.

We we don't always do as we should.

To be patient is not always easy. To be cheerful is much harder still.

But at least we can always be nice.

If we make up our minds that we will.

And it pays every time to be kindly.

Although we feel worried and blue.

If you smile at the world and look cheerful.

The world will soon smile back at you.

But we banish our friends when we frown.

So try to brace up and look pleasant.

No matter how low you are down;

Good humor is always contagious.

A Michigan man has sung some of his own hymns into a phonograph and laid the records away, directing that they be used at his funeral. If he doesn't turn over in his coffin then he is certainly a dead one.

PRESIDENT FOR BRYAN?

Washington, Dec. 30.—The opposition within the Democratic party to the renomination of President Wilson appears to be crystallizing around Champ Clark, speaker of the House of Representatives, whose friends have always insisted that he was entitled to the nomination at the Baltimore convention, where he received a majority of the votes cast in the convention on repeated ballots, and finally failed because of his inability to obtain two-thirds of the delegates.

Speaker Clark has been receiving letters and telegrams from his admirers in various parts of the Union urging him to be a candidate for the nomination in 1916.

Mr. Clark himself is not disavowing presidential honors.

Speaker Clark's friends who are trying to start a boom for him intend to assume that the President means to abide by the one-term plank in the Baltimore platform, as they construe it, and that he will not be a candidate again.

Speaker Clark is not expected to make any public announcement of his candidacy. It would not be necessary according to those who are interested in the movement. There is a lurking suspicion in the minds of many of Speaker Clark's followers that Mr. Bryan expects to be the legatee of President Wilson in the campaign of 1916, and that at the proper time this will be made clear by the President voluntarily getting out of all consideration for the nomination in 1916, and Mr. Bryan stepping into the breach.

The State should be put upon a self-supporting basis and it is going to be up to somebody some time to pull it out of debt.

The Democrats could just as well drop all further tariff legislation until they find how the present law is going to work.

Of course the tax system is not just, but that may be the reason so many of us are satisfied with it.

HIS DARING FEAT.

"The circus her oarled the lion in his den." "Close shave, wasn't it?"—Baltimore American.

VICK'S Ointment and SALVE

CHICHESTER PILLS

DIAMOND BRAND. Beware of Counterfeits. Refuse all Substitutes.

LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in RED and GOLD metallic boxes, sealed with H.B. HOBBS. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask the CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for twenty-two years regarded as Best, Safest, a Weakly Reliable.

SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE

WORTH TRYING



Speeded up the Factory

A BIRMINGHAM Selling House received a rush order for machinery.

The sales manager called the factory at Pittsburg on the telephone, and was assured that the order would be shipped as desired.

Bell Telephone service is an essential link between the selling house and the factory.

When you telephone—smile

SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY



Summer Coughs Are Dangerous.

Summer colds are dangerous. They indicate low vitality and often lead to serious Throat and Lung Troubles, including Consumption. Dr. King's or cold promptly and prevent complications. It is soothing and antiseptic and makes you feel better at once. To delay is dangerous—get a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery at once. Mon, back if not satisfied. 50c. and \$1.00 bottles at your druggist.

Most children do. A coated, furred Tongue; Strong Breath; Stomach Pains; Circles under Eyes; Pale, Sal-low Complexion; Nervous, Fretful; Grinding of Teeth; Tossing in Sleep; Peculiar Dreams—any one of these

Indicate Child has Worms. Get a box of Kickapoo Worm Killer at once. It kills the Worms—the cause of your child's condition. Is Laxative and aids Nature to expel the Worms. Supplied in candy form. Easy for children to take. 25c., at your Druggist.

Professional Cards

Dr. L. H. Allen
Eye Specialist

Office Over C. F. Neese's Store
Burlington, N. C.

W. A. Hornaday, D. V. M.
Spoon & Hornaday
Veterinarians

Office and Hospital: Office Phone 377
415 Main St. Residence Phone 283

C. A. Anderson M. D.

Office hours 1 to 2 p. m. 7 to 8 p. m.
First National Bank Building.
Leave day calls at Bradleys Drug Store.

John H. Vernon,

Attorney and Counselor at Law
Burlington, N. C.

Office room 7 and 8 Second
Floor First Nat'l Bank Building
office 'phone 337-J Resident
'phone 337-L

DR. J. H. BROOKS

Surgeon Dentist

Foster Building

BURLINGTON, N. C.

Dr. Walter E. Walker

Sellers Building

(Up Store)

80-J 8-10 a. m.

PHONES 80-G HOURS 7-8 p. m.

DISTURBING INFLUENCES

When Disturbing Influences cause unsettled conditions in business, the investor's mind naturally turns to the most nonfluctuating and time tried investments, namely, Real Estate and First Mortgage Real Estate Loans. Look at the Real Estate we own and offer for sale.

200-ACRE FARM—Located on the public road, one mile off macadam road leading into Graham, N. C., being 8 miles southeast of said town, about 125 acres of this land is level clear of rocks, stumps and gullies, and in open cultivation. The open land is about one-third chocolate loam soil, balance gray, and an excellent farm for grain, grasses, cotton or tobacco. This farm is well watered with several ever-flowing streams, about 100 acres under wire fence, one 5-room frame cottage, also large feed and stock barn and plenty of wood and timber. All of this farm could be cultivated with machinery. There is also a good Graded School within one-half mile of this farm. We can sell this farm for \$25 per acre.

197-ACRE FARM—10 miles southeast of Mebane, N. C., located on public sand clay road, Rural Route; also 'phone line, about 100 acres in open cultivation, good level land, about 3-4 red soil, balance gray and remainder in woodland and timber. This farm is well watered with two ever-flowing small streams, also two wells of good drinking water, good 6-room frame residence, very large three story frame feed and stock barn, first floor cemented and arranged for cows, second floor for horses, third floor for feed and also large driveway through it. The buildings on this farm are worth \$2,000.00. We can sell this farm for \$5,000, part cash and balance on easy terms.

165-ACRE FARM—Two miles west of Mebane, N. C., fronting on public road for one-half mile, good 6-room two-story residence, good feed and stock barn, well watered with ever-flowing streams and adjoining Back Creek, about 65 acres in open cultivation, 50 acres open land is chocolate loam, balance red and gray soil and a good Graded School adjoins this farm. This is a good farm for grain, grasses, cotton or tobacco and abundance of wood and good market for same at \$2.25 per cord at Mebane, N. C. We will sell this farm for \$3,500.

150-ACRE FARM—12 miles north of Mebane, N. C., near Murray's Store, located on the public road, 60 acres in open cultivation, balance in wood—three tobacco barns, one packing house. This is one of the best tobacco farms in our County for sale. We can sell this farm for \$4,000.00.

125-ACRE FARM—2½ miles south of Mebane, located on public road, about 50 acres in open cultivation, balance in wood land, pine and oak, 1-2 of this farm is red soil, balance gray, good 6-room two-story residence, newly painted, very good barn, fairly good orchard of apples and peaches, well watered with two ever-flowing streams, also good well of water on back porch of residence and good Graded School within three-fourths mile of this farm. This is a good farm for grain, grasses, cotton or tobacco. We will sell this farm for \$3,750.

79-ACRE FARM—2½ miles south of Mebane, N. C., located on new graded road from Mebane to Swepsonville, being macadamized from Mebane out to within 1-2 mile of this farm, also within one-half mile of Hawthfields Church and Graded School. All of this farm lays well and can be cultivated with machinery, 10-acres in open cultivation remainder woodland, pine and oak, all well watered with several ever-flowing streams, gray soil, good farm for grain, grasses, cotton, truck or tobacco. We will sell this farm for \$20 per acre.

80-ACRE FARM—2 miles east of Mebane, N. C., located on public road, good red soil, lays well to cultivate and enough wood and timber on this place to pay for it. For quick sale, \$20 per acre.

75-ACRE FARM—One mile south of Mebane, located on macadam road leading out to Swepsonville Mills. The timber on this place has just been cut off, and would make a splendid farm when put in cultivation. The soil is mostly good red soil, and lays fine. We will sell this place for \$30 per acre.

55-ACRE FARM—One mile southwest of Burlington, on the macadam road leading out to Alamance Mills, also on the new sand clay road, 5-room frame residence, large feed and stock barn, good well of water, also plenty of running water, 40 acres in open cultivation, balance in woodland. We can sell this farm for \$4,500.00.

70-ACRE FARM—On new sand clay road from Mebane to Hillsboro, 3¼ miles east of Mebane, N. C., 5-room residence, plenty of running water, good well of water, plenty of wood and timber, about 30 acres in open cultivation. We will sell this farm for \$1,500.00.

50-ACRE FARM—6 miles south of Hillsboro, N. C., on the new sand clay road, all in wood. Will sell this farm for \$500.00.

45-ACRE FARM—One mile west of Mebane, N. C., located on new sand clay road from Mebane to Burlington, 4-room residence, tobacco barn, small store building, good orchard, about 25 acres in open cultivation, and balance in woodland. A good farm for grain, truck or tobacco. We can sell this farm for \$1,500.00.

50-ACRE FARM—Adjoining city limits of Burlington, all in open cultivation, about 3-4 red soil, balance gray, good 6-room frame cottage, large stock and feed barn, one silo, one dairy barn and good orchard. This is the best truck and dairy farm in our city for sale. We can sell this farm for \$10,000.

13-ACRE FARM—One-half mile south of Mebane, N. C., 2-room log house, well watered, about 1-2 red soil, balance gray. We will sell this farm for \$35 per acre.

We also have at this time \$10,000 to \$15,000 in First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds in denominations of \$1.00, \$150, \$200, \$250, \$300, \$400, \$500, and \$1,000 secured by double their amount in Real Estate and fully guaranteed by our Company as to title, principal and interest and we pay six per cent. semi-annually

CENTRAL LOAN & TRUST CO.

W. W. BROWN, MANAGER.

Burlington, N. C.

DORIS BLAKE SAYS:

It is fun for some wives to feed a tramp just to see a man eat a meal without finding fault with the cooking.

Two meals a day would reduce the family scraps considerably in the course of a year.

No stronger argument than the way a man uses parlor bric-a-brac to deposit his cigar ashes in is needed to prove that a course of instruction to fit a man for a husband should be made obligatory.

A divorce lawyer is a bond broken. He helps dispose of matrimonial bonds.

A man I know says he will marry the first woman he meets who, when she has nothing to say, says it.

The reason men don't kiss men is because they have something better to kiss.

The Department of the Interior is threatened with a heavy siege about the 25th of this month, according to the plum pudding statistics of the General Kitchen-ers of America.

The son for whom most is done, turns out too often to be the least comfort to his parents.

A woman I know is going to change doctors because her family physician asked her to show him her tongue when she complained of being terribly tired.

Turning a wedding tour into a lecture tour is not an unpopular pastime with brides.

It's a blessed thing for Hymen's sake the courts won't grant a woman a divorce on the grounds that a man cares more for his work than he does for his wife.

That every man is a natural born printer you can tell by the ease with which he goes to press and prints his first kiss.

When a man begins to sew wild oats the world's crop seems made up of nothing but wild oats.

A line should be drawn at the kind of a play a girl in her teens is allowed to see.

Comments by Doris Blake

TELEPHONING MEN.

Last evening I threatened the operator and pleaded with the manager in a vain attempt to communicate with a friend over the telephone. I was finally forced to take an inconvenient street car journey to her home without even the assurance that she would be there when I arrived. My friend, however, greeted me at the door and I began to inquire about her telephone service.

She has two sons, one 19 and one 21, and I could not imagine boys of their vigorous type, spending much time in senseless gossip over a telephone. I also knew their mother's disgust for useless words, and so was puzzled when she said, "Come and listen for yourself."

Tom, the younger son, was at the phone, and his conversation was a succession of weary grunts and disheartened giggles punctuated with gestures that the other end of the dialogue could not have greatly appreciated.

"But who on earth?" I exclaimed.

With a sigh, Tom hung up the receiver and answered, "Bout the biggest nunny in skirts!"

"Tom, Tom," reproved his mother, "you must never say anything about a girl." But by that time Tom had vanished up the stairs three at a time and when he was well out of hearing his mother sighed:

"I don't much blame him," she said.

"That girl calls up almost every evening and it's almost impossible to get

rid of her without insulting her. Once I spoke to her and said that Tom was out and she asked me if I could tell her where he had gone. She is not the only one, however. There are a group of girls at the school where Tom attends. He tells me he has never spoken to them in his life, but they call him up three or four nights a week at dinner time and refuse to give their names.

"It is not only because it is such a nuisance that I object, but it makes it difficult for a mother to inculcate the proper respect for girls in her sons when the girls themselves act so brazenly.

"One evening my husband had to work, so he got several tickets for the theater, intending that I should go with a friend, and he would meet us afterwards and take us home. But he was unable to reach me by phone because these silly girls were on our wire. The tickets were wasted and I was worried for several hours.

"However, I will not allow Tom to be rude to them because I do not think their foolishness would excuse any lack of respect on his part."

Girls who subject themselves to insult by unnecessary and cheapening telephone conversations with young men do not deserve the courtesy that these silly girls received at the hand of my friend's son. Did you ever think, girls, that you never know who is listening to you and that you can't even tell that the person you are talking to is not laughing at you?

There are few occasions when it is proper for a girl to call a young man up, and then a note would be more dignified and ladylike.

WHEN LOVE DIED.

"Because I am now a woman approaching middle age and because I fear many young couples are confronted by a situation much the same as that which nearly ruined the life of William and myself I make this confession," writes Mrs. G.

"We were married young, William and I. Ours was a love match—what might be called a burning love match. For the first five or six years we remained very much in love. Then slowly, insidiously, we began to fall out of love with each other.

"Neither of us could have assigned any cause for the change. It occurred however, long before we were brave enough to acknowledge the fact. What a sorry pretense it was that we kept up not simply in front of our friends, but in front of each other. We went on for a few years feigning love and imitating it.

"I do believe that nothing kills real love or real respect like this atmosphere of untruth and imitation. For myself, I believe I might have kept up this pretense forever, growing more and more self-contemptuous. But one evening with a frightened effort my husband forced the inevitable explanation.

"The plain sum of our talking at that interview was: We had ceased to love each other. His plain statement that he could no longer say he loved me and mine that I could no longer say I loved him hurt us both. Our sadness was real; it was not feigned, as our love had been. In a queer, ironical way, our grief drew us together.

"Apart from this, the definition of our situation helped to clear the air. I was acutely unhappy that evening, yet oddly relieved. The necessity for acting a part was over. could be myself. We could meet each other without adopting a role of 'affectation-ateness' and forced continual happiness.

"I remember the next day at breakfast I felt that I understood my husband for the first time for months—and quite promptly we both made the discovery that we didn't want to separate. But we changed the course of our living a little. At intervals we paid visits separately—a thing never proposed before—and soon we began to enjoy a rather novel friendship.

"With that spirit of dejection, that

playing constantly at make-believe forced me into now gone, I became busy instead of idle, and, being busy, I had more to discuss with William. He, too, seemed to occupy himself more enthusiastically. Neither of us hesitated to involve ourselves in social affairs outside the home. Hitherto we had been too secluded—to much shut off from the outer world. No wonder we wearied of each other! With the new order of things our horizon expanded and consequently our life.

"Soon we had much to talk about, and for the first time we found the possibilities of really intelligent meal time conversation an art or posttime which we, like many other young couples, had stupidly neglected. Our chat was no longer perfunctory. It was animated and eager. I looked forward to his return from the office.

"Our story is too long, too gradual in its movements, to be written here. I can only conclude that our fortunes changed almost from the moment when William and I, thinking it was all over between us, had it out, with absolute candor. Soon we began to get on well together, and instead of trying to keep up the standard of a boy and a girl, we learned the value of a man and woman friendship."

FIRST WITH A SAUCY ANSWER.

"No one knows how I have set my hopes on that boy," said a mother to me, speaking of her eldest son. "Because he is clever, his father and I have denied ourselves to give him a better education than the other will have. Yet he is the first to turn around with a saucy answer when spoken to! I begin to see now that the one whom we have done most for and on whom we have lavished so much affection will in all probability be the least comfort to us."

How many mothers have felt like this and bitterly acknowledged the truth to themselves?

This particular boy was a nice enough lad when he went to a graded school with his brothers and sisters, but success has spoiled him. He sees the ignorance of the parents and covertly ridicules it, lords it over his younger brothers, and generally makes himself intolerable.

When I heard him answer his mother back in an impudent manner my fingers itched to give him a thrashing. Fortunately his mother is a sensible woman. Instead of quietly accepting his faults as the natural outcome of success, she realizes that her son is at the critical age where these airs and graces can, with firmness, be eradicated once and for all.

Still, it did seem to me hard that such affection, pride and self-denial on the part of the parents should be so thoughtlessly and thanklessly returned. It is not at all uncommon, unfortunately, and the mother who sees trouble brewing in a like direction will be wise to deal with it promptly both for her own and her own and her child's sake.

Happily, there are always opposites. I know the mother of one young man who, through scholarships, won his way through the university, now occupying a responsible position, he is the greatest comfort and pride of her life, and the courtesy and consideration with which he treats the father who worked long hours to provide for him, and the mother who cleaned offices so that he might have his expensive school books, is a real pleasure to behold. He indeed, is one of nature's gentlemen.

WRITES ONCE A WEEK.

Dear Miss Blake: I am a young man of 22 and I am in love with a girl of 18. She does not love me as much as I do her and as we are a good distance apart she doesn't write to me but once every seven or eight days and I write her every three days. Should I ask her to write oftener, as I know she has the spare time? Am I writing too often? Do you think I will outlive my desire

to get married inside of three years? R. E. P.

One letter a week is plenty for the girl to write to you. You have no right to expect her to write oftener. You should have other girl friends and tell her that you want her to have other boy friends. It will be entirely wrong for you to expect her to stay at home all the time merely because you cannot be with her. It depends entirely upon how much you love the girl whether you will outgrow your desire to marry her. If you truly love her of course you will want to marry her. You will be just as eager to marry her in three years as you are now.

DANCES ON HIS FEET.

Dear Miss Blake: There is a certain young lady whom I have gone out with several times, especially to dances, but she is so clumsy that she always steps all over my feet when we dance and as I have very tender feet it pains me something awful. How can I tell her to walk on her own feet without offending her? Also, she always chews gum, and I would like to break her of this awful habit, as I don't like it. CHARLEY.

Why do you take the girl to dances if she does not know how to dance? You could not say to her what you think of saying without being guilty of grave discourtesy. You better get another dancing partner if your feet won't stand for the clumsy one. The best way I know of breaking a girl of gum chewing is to say something about gum chewing being an unpleasant habit. Do not say it at the exact time that she is chewing gum, for that would be too unkind, but bring the subject up at some other time and express yourself vigorously on the subject.

A BROKEN ENGAGEMENT.

Dear Miss Blake: A girl becomes engaged to a fellow and he gives her a diamond ring. For some reason the engagement is broken and she wants to return the ring to him, but he says she can do whatever she wants with it, as he does not want it. What would you advise her to do, and is it all right for the girl to wear the ring, as every one knows that they have parted and do not intend to renew the engagement? R. O. G.

No matter what the young man says the girl should return the ring to him. She has broken the engagement, and she has no right to wear a symbol of an engagement. It would be most indelicate for the girl to wear the ring. I do not see how she can bear to have it with her when she has stopped loving the man who gave it to her.

WHERE SHALL HE WALK?

Dear Miss Blake: Will you kindly tell me the proper position for a young man while escorting two young ladies down the street?

A READER.

A young man should walk on the outside when he is escorting two ladies.

SHE ISN'T DIVORCED.

Dear Miss Blake: After being married for some time, my husband left me, giving no reason whatever and making no explanation to me. As you no doubt realize, I need recreation, and I have every opportunity to make friends, but I hesitate, not being divorced. I am unable to find out anything about his whereabouts. Do you think it advisable for me to accept the company of gentlemen when an opportunity permits, and would you think it advisable to tell them that I am married and explain the circumstances?

I. C.

It would be decidedly unjust for you to accept the attentions of any man as long as you are legally bound to your husband. Until you obtain a divorce from him or know that he is

no longer living you have no right to have other men pay their attentions to you.

INCOMPATIBILITY.

"My husband and I are incompatible," writes Mrs. G. "He has irritating habits that I simply cannot get used to and never will. They are little things—but the kind of little things that magnify horribly with repetition. I never think of the long years ahead of me without a shudder."

The complaint in the above extract is one repeated so often in letters to me that I am inclined to think in compatibility must head of the list of contributions to married unhappiness.

When you think of it, doesn't it seem the oddest thing in the world that it is so hard for us to get used to the fact that certain things are going to persist in continually happening, whether we like them or not?

We don't get over our own peculiar or insistent habits. Nor do we make any effort to remove them. Nevertheless, we do expect our life partners to make the effort, and on our own account. If the "other half" does not reform, it is a matter of continual surprise.

I suppose there is nothing more irritating in a commonplace way than for one person to be usually cold while the other is warm. The husband, perhaps will say: "Dear, it's so close in here. I simply have to have the window open." "O, very well" the wife responds. "Of course, if you want to give me pneumonia." The rest you know by heart.

People may love each other. But they may sleep, eat, live, and move and have their being differently. Unless they can agree to live harmoniously, love goes. There is but one remedy for incompatibility. Somebody has to learn to give up, or give up minding that there is a difference.

I know any number of married couples who differ on almost every known subject, and yet are not the least bit incompatible, simply because they agree to differ. Neither tries to mold the other after his or her own standard. They simply learn to give up minding that there is a difference.

If you can't stop the trivial differences, there is no occasion to despair of happiness. The remedy lies in your making up your mind that they are too unimportant to wreck marital happiness.

It is surprising how many things are not of importance if you make up your mind that they are not.

GIVE AND TAKE.

Ask every happy and contented married person you know if the most essential need in married life is not the spirit of give and take, and I'll warrant every reply will be in the affirmative. I speak from experience as well of from observation. Without this leavening spirit no two mortals can live under the same roof any length of time. The sooner this truth is borne in upon newly weds the sooner the clouds that threaten domesticity will be cleared away.

The following experience from a correspondent may help the uninitiated to see the truth of my assertion: "There are certain difficulties every woman must meet when she marries. And always when one drops from the hill of romance into the workaday valley of reality the fall is something of a shock. I got up from it bruised and heart-sick."

"My husband, whom I supposed lived for me alone and love me above his own life, suddenly stood before me as he was—a creature of whims and fancies to whom a well-cooked meal seemed to mean more than a loving wife's embraces.

"We plowed along through two very rough, very unhappy years before we each learned by a series of hard, illuminating knocks to give and take. Since then we have adjusted our lives until now our first thought is of the other rather than of self.

"Today, my husband is not what I

dreamed that he was before we were married. He is more! He is a dear, devoted comrade. In our years of married life we have grown very near. But the real romance in our lives came with the discovery of the give and take policy."

HE'S A STRANGER.

Dear Miss Blake:

I am a young man not quite 20, and I have not lived in the city long. Can you tell me some proper forms of amusement to offer a young lady of my age? JOLLY.

With the consent of the young lady's mother, you may take her to the theater, or to tea in the afternoon if you are free during the day. It would be courteous of you to invite the young lady's mother to go with you to the theater, but she probably will refuse, for chaperonage at the theater is not considered so important as it used to be.

AN HONEST APOLOGY.

"I never apologize," I overheard a woman say yesterday. "Once I say a thing, 'tis said! There's no use in taking it back!"

What an unlovely friend or relative to have! Few people, be they lovers, married folks, or friends, can help occasionally hurting each other's feelings. Accidents are continually happening, misunderstandings are constantly taking place even when people are good tempered. The panacea is the honest apology.

I firmly believe that the simple phrase, "I was thoughtless, dear, forgive me!" has done more to hold brothers in homes, to endear sisters to each other, to make happy marriages, and other, to comfort mothers and fathers, to tie friends together, to placate to engender love than any other words in the language.

There is something big and splendid about a person who can apologize. And there is a joy—the warm, close joy of humanity—that comes with restoring by an apology the smile that drove away.

The misnamed pride that would strain us from confessing our wrong when we know positively that we are at fault, is born of a poor, meager nature. It is the pride that spells separation, estrangement, disgust, misgivings, heartache, and defeat. It is the pride that causes severing of home ties. It is the pride that builds sickening barriers between those who should be near.

The right sort of an apology brings into play all the finer qualities within us. Refusal to apologize emphasizes every miserable quality we possess.

Knowing this, surely we will not refuse to say to the one we hurt: "I'm sorry, dear, forgive me!"

IS SHE JEALOUS?

Dear Miss Blake:

I am a girl about 19 and I was going with a fellow. We had a quarrel and then he went with my girl friend. He stopped going with her and came back to me and said there wasn't any one like me. He and I are going together again. My girl friend is acting mean towards me and she says that I used to go out with her all the time, but lately she says she gets to see me only about three times a week. She also thinks I should go out with her on Sunday afternoons and not with him. Before we had the quarrel we took her nearly every place we went, but my friend said he could not afford it, as he could not take me to as many places. What would you do, give the girl friend up, or give the fellow up? Do you think my girl friend is jealous?

PUZZLED.

Your girl friend has no right to expect to monopolize your time. I see no reason why you should give up a young man's friendship merely because she is a little jealous. I think that is the trouble.

Continued on Page 8.

Comments by Doris Blake

FALSE PITY.

I don't believe that mothers and aunts and sisters realize the seriousness of their mistake in forever pitying the young mother-to-be. I know a number of brides who from the moment of their marriage have been the center of most absorbing pity from female relatives. And the result has been that their "happy ever after" outlook has been changed in less than a year to dissatisfaction and self-pity.

One bride especially I have in mind. She had a husband and a home that any girl might envy. But she was one of the false pity victims. She was pitied for everything. Pitied because a woman has so much to go through. She was pitied for having a baby to come and one to take care of afterward. She was pitied for having a house to look after when she had a baby too. She was pitied for having sewing on her hands. She was pitied for being tied down. She was pitied because her husband didn't realize all she had to go through—though goodness knows it wasn't because her relatives didn't tell him. She was pitied because she could not go to parties and go calling. For every ache and pain and limitation she was pitied.

The result was that the young wife's attitude toward the child she expected was one of passionate horror. She was a singer, and fear, bred of too much pity, made her believe the advent of the baby meant the end of her music. She would never be herself any more.

Instead, when the baby did arrive the mother was beside herself with joy. She wondered why she had been pitied so. She and her husband were happier than they had ever been. And it wasn't long before she started in to sing again.

This business of pitying the newly wed is wrong. Sympathy helps. The thing that makes the mistaken pity wrong is the fact that it accentuates unduly where it cannot alleviate. In spite of the pity the married girl has to keep up with the work and the responsibility and the aches and pains just the same. And the fact should not be lost sight of that the cause for all this pity has its root in the greatest joy, the greatest gain and happiness that a woman can know—that of motherhood.

IS IT REAL LOVE?

Dear Miss Blake:

Do you think a young man of 20 capable of loving a girl with real love? I have a gentleman friend of that age, and he insists that he loves me, yet I hesitate on account of his youth.

AURORA.

It is sometimes possible for a boy of 20 to fall really in love, but it is not often possible. If he truly loves you his affection will not grow less by his waiting a year or two, and he is too young now to have the right to tell you of his love.

DOESN'T SEE HER OFTEN.

Dear Miss Blake:

I am a young man of 18 and am in love with a girl one year my junior, although I do not see her often. Is it right for me to send her candy as a present, for she shows her affection toward me in the same manner?

ANXIOUS.

It is perfectly proper for you to send candy to the girl at any time. Candy is a gift which may be made with propriety to any girl.

WOMAN CAN'T COME BACK.

I read your answer a few days ago to the woman who was being urged by a married man to run away with him. I wish I had had you to advise me before I made the mistake which cost me everything in the world worth while. But perhaps my experience and suffering will keep some other reckless women from the mistake that I made.

"At 20 I married my schoolboy sweetheart. He was the same age as I, and he was an ambitious honest, steady, plodding boy. He loved me. He was the only sweetheart I had ever had. For five years everything went well. Two sons were born to us. My husband's salary was not large. But in spite of my inborn love of

luxury and ease we got along happily enough on our limited income.

"Then my husband decided to go into business for himself. This meant more economy for me, and unfortunately right at this time there came into my life a man of means. He was a neighbor and a married man. His little son played with my oldest child. That's how our friendship started.

"A couple of years went by. During that time my husband was terribly absorbed with his business. The other man was much older than my husband and he had made his money. Well, there's no use reciting in detail how that friendship grew into a dangerous passion in three years. The day that I was 28 I eloped with him. I left my home, my husband, and my two sons. We ran away to live the 'ideal life' we had both been cheated out of by our legal mates.

"I remember well every detail of the day we started. A sickening dread came over me when we were about an hour from our home city. It wasn't born of a sense of wrong I was doing my husband and my children—I was too selfish for that. It was a dread of 'what people would say.' But my lover took me in his arms and laughed away my fears with: 'People are broader minded nowadays, dear. They don't say things as they used to. Besides, what do we care what people say as long as we have each other?'

"In less than one of the ten years I lived with him I learned people are not broader minded nowadays. I learned that people say things just as they always said them about the wife who throws over duty and family to gratify the instincts that wreck and ruin and leave the woman stranded body and soul in the land of No Return.

"We took a cottage miles away from the city from which we fled. 'Twas an ideal bungalow on a lovely little river's edge. Occasionally a trip to the city was necessary. On those trips we never failed to meet an old friend who snubbed us outright, after which I sneaked back to the cottage. I was gradually and surely learning to loathe in my heart.

"But the bitterest lesson I had to learn was that love under conditions such as ours doesn't last. The mere fact that we had cut ourselves off from the rest of the world was bound to make us hate each other. We were prisoners—prisoners for life. And the worst of it was that we imposed our own sentence. There were a few days, a few weeks, yes, a few months of happiness. But after that an endless stretch of years of exile faced us. We were outcasts, just existing together, friendless and childless.

"We played the farce for ten years. Then he went back. But for me, the woman, there was no come back."

SHE'S LONESOME.

Dear Miss Blake:

I am a young girl of 18 and have no boy friends, though I am considered to be fairly good looking. How may I gain the friendship of some nice young gentleman without attending these 'lonesome clubs'?

G. L. M.

I do not see why you cannot get acquainted with some nice young men in your church. Why don't you tell your girl friends that you want to know some one nice? They will find some one for you probably. Perhaps your mother will let you give a party and you can invite some of the young people in the neighborhood. I don't think you will have any trouble finding friends.

A BIRTHDAY GIFT.

Dear Miss Blake:

I have been keeping company with a gentleman for several months. This friend's birthday is this month and I would like to know what would be a good gift to give him.

VERA S.

You must not give the young man anything. It is improper to make a birthday gift to a young man unless you are engaged to him. Why don't you invite him to your home for dinner that evening and make a birthday cake for him. That would be sure to please him and I am sure that your mother would not object. If that is not possible, then why not write a nice little letter to him and wish him all sorts of happy birthdays?

CLEVER ONES.

In nearly every family there is one "clever" member. And whenever this clever one does incur in a family the duller members of that family are unhappily prone to sacrifice themselves to the brilliance of the clever one.

I say "unhappily prone" because it is an unhappy thing. It's as bad for the clever one herself as it is for the others who aren't clever.

I have in mind especially a family of three girls, the second oldest of which is the "clever" member. In her case—as is often the case with the clever one—all the domestic arrangements must be kept rigidly aloof from her daily life, while she basks in the sunshine of popularity and directs the social wheel. The result is that this young woman thinks herself omnipotent in this direction and given a few years more—such is human nature—she is going to be an overbearing, selfish, tiresome creature. There is evidence enough of these traits now to justify my prediction.

A little domestic knowledge would lighten her talents and make them palatable.

Meanwhile her "dull" sisters, from constant withdrawing of themselves have lapsed into expressionless nonentities. They haven't an opinion on any single subject. They simply serve as backgrounds for the "clever one."

When a man turns his "marriageable" eye on a family of girls he does not choose the very clever one—nor the one who plays the part of a nondescript background. He picks out the "all around" girl of the family—the one who is as competent in the kitchen as in the parlor.

WANTS TO KISS HER.

Dear Miss Blake:

I am almost 19 and am keeping steady company with a gentleman of 22. He is always asking me when my birthday is. Would it be right if I told him and accept a present from him? He always wants to kiss me good night but I won't let him. I love him, and I think I might lose him if I don't let him.

SADIE.

It will be perfectly right for you to tell the young man when your birthday is, since he wishes to know, but do not accept any gift from him other than books, candy or flowers. You are doing right in not allowing him to kiss you. Continue in your refusal to allow him that liberty if you wish to keep his friendship.

SHE LIKES BOTH OF THEM.

Dear Miss Blake:

I am a girl of 18 and met a young man about two years my senior. I have met his parents and they think a great deal of me. My mother objects to my going with him, as we are not of the same religion. While he was out of town visiting I met another young man about 22 years of age. I also met his mother who treats me like her own daughter. Do you think it proper for me to keep company with both as I am not engaged to either? I would not like to give up either, as both treat me very nicely.

JULIA.

There is no reason why you should not accept the fellowship of both the young men. You are too young to think of marriage. There is an old saying that there is safety in numbers.

THEATRICAL QUESTION.

I'm not a prude on things theatrical. I'm heartily against any puritanical rule that forbids young girls to attend the theater. First, because there are many clean, sweet, and refreshing plays on the stage today that are good for a moral, healthy young girl to see. Second, because I don't believe that any wholesome pleasure that youth is entitled to should be made prohibitive.

But I don't believe that any person with any sense of the fitness of things can attend a matinee performance of a modern problem play without realizing that there is something radically wrong in either the watchfulness or the point of view of many mothers.

I attended a matinee recently here in Chicago. It was a problem play, and it contained a terrible lesson for extravagant and pleasure loving wives. The nastiest phase of life that even the most matured person can look upon was there portrayed in an alluring setting.

ing setting.

In the oas I saw young girls. Throughout the house I saw more young girls ranging from 12 to 16—not a few of them, mind you, but they were there by the hundreds—and they were literally drinking in situations and conversation that made even me, with my broad experience with the world, blush with shame and indignation.

Young boys were there, too, who had no more business at that performance than the girls; but perhaps because I am a woman it hurt me more to see young girls there listening to things they should not hear and seeing things they should not see.

If any mother believes her young girl is going to profit by the moral lesson of a sordid sex play she is under a terribly erroneous impression.

What a young girl really takes away from the theater after she has been dragged through realistic dirt and mire for two hours is a soiled mind and a dangerous misconception of the problems of sex.

There is no legitimate excuse for a mother allowing her young girl to see any portrayal of life that sets the married relations at defiance or that makes light of the marriage tie.

If it be true, as I have heard some parents protest, that they don't know of their daughter's presence at these disturbing performances, the great crime it is for the parents. If a mother confesses she doesn't know where her daughter goes or where she is when she leaves home, she confesses her failure as a mother.

A mother's protest that she is in ignorance of the nature of the play her young girl attends is not a legitimate excuse, for opportunity to find out is easily at hand; and even if it weren't, the pervasiveness of a young girl's morals should be a vital enough problem for a mother to make it her business to find out.—Chicago Tribune.

If North Carolinians would positively refuse to send off their good money to distant mail-order houses they would find that the new year will prove more profitable to them.—Raleigh Times.

Yes, and if Americans would positively refuse to send off their good money to foreign countries to buy goods that they should buy from home manufacturers the new year and all other years would be more profitable to them.—It's bad enough to send the money to distant towns, but it's a great deal worse to send it clear out of the country.

Just as soon as the Democrats get control of the government, and have time to get in their deadly work, newspapers begin telling the people how many debts a five dollar bill will pay in one day, provided some one will start it on its journey.—Of course everybody ought to pay their debts, but how can they pay in these days of Democratic good (?) government?

Be sure to attend the Republican State Committee Meeting called by Chairman Linney, to meet in Raleigh Tuesday, Jan. 12. The Republicans are getting in shape to sweep North Carolina along with the rest of the country in 1916.—But don't tell Josephus, it might break his heart.

But then this is not the first note that President Wilson has sent. It will be remembered that he addressed a note to President Huerta, of Mexico, in which he said something about saluting the flag.—Let us hope that King George will not treat Woodrow with contempt as did Mr. Huerta.

The farmers may be expecting to get a good deal from the next Legislature, but about the only thing that they will get will be higher taxes.—Now stick a pin here Jeshua.

HOW TO TREAT CROUP EXTERNALLY

Don't dose delicate little stomachs with nauseating drugs—**VICK'S CROUP AND SALVE** will over treat and chest; in five minutes the breathing is easy and in fifteen minutes the worst cases are relieved. The heat of the body releases antiseptic vapors which are inhaled with each breath, loosening the tough phlegm and clearing the air passages. Absolutely harmless; full ingredients on wrapper. At all druggists, 25c, 50c and \$1.00. Liberal sample on request. Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.

Dr. Wiley Prepares an Ideal Food Box For Starving Belgium

New Plan of Relief Suggested by Washington Woman—How You Can Aid the Stricken Little Sister of the World

By WILL IRWIN



MRS. JOSEPH DARLING DIRECTING THE PACKING OF IDEAL FOOD BOXES.

THIS is going to be a pretty hard winter in America. The war in Europe has disturbed business in every direction. We have a few hungry people ourselves. And yet Belgium, a brave little, thrifty little nation of 7,000,000 people, is going to starve to death this winter unless America feeds the Belgians. How are we going to take care both of our own and of the "stricken little sister of the world?"

A woman solved the problem. Mrs. Joseph Darling of Washington had been knitting stockings and scarfs for European war sufferers until it occurred to her that she might be using her brains as well as her fingers. She sat down forthwith and thought out the idea of "food boxes for Belgium." Mrs. Darling saw Dr. Harvey Wiley, who laid out the ideal food boxes for Belgian relief, and their plan has now been taken up by the woman's section of the commission for relief in Belgium, of which Mrs. Lindon Bates is chairman.

Dr. Wiley's box for Belgian adults, as slightly revised to get its weight inside the parcel post regulations, is as follows: Three No. 3 tins of beans, three No. 1 tins of pink Alaska salmon, one five-pound sack of rolled oats, one five-pound sack of yellow cornmeal, one five-pound sack of yellow split peas, one two-pound sack of granulated sugar, one three-pound sack of California prunes, one seven-pound sack of wheat flour, one one-pound sack of salt, one can opener, one box.

That, however, is only a guide to the kind of food which the Belgians need. It is intended mainly for such Americans as can afford to go and order boxes from the grocer. Belgium wants any kind of food which will stand ocean transportation, which excludes fresh fruit and vegetables.

The commission for relief in Belgium has arranged with the postoffice department to transmit all Belgian relief foodstuffs free of cost to the donor. If you put your name and address on the package and add the letter "R" the money expended for stamps will be refunded by the commission. The package should weigh not less than twenty pounds and not more than fifty.

Packages mailed from NORTH CAROLINA should be addressed to ASHE-TRANSFER AND STORAGE COMPANY, ASHEVILLE, who are collecting for this district.

RALPH'S PLACE.

The only cash store in town, nothing charged, nothing delivered

When you trade at Ralph's Place, you do not have to pay others peoples bad debts.

Full line fruits, candies, cakes, crackers, salted and roasted peanuts fresh all the time, all kinds cold drinks, tobacco, cigars, snuff, canned goods, coffees, oranges and apples.

MISS LILLIE SHATTERLY, Mgr.
RALPH'S PLACE, The Ladies Store.

It Always Helps

says Mrs. Sylvania Woods, of Clifton Mills, Ky., in writing of her experience with Cardui, the woman's tonic. She says further: "Before I began to use Cardui, my back and head would hurt so bad, I thought the pain would kill me. I was hardly able to do any of my housework. After taking three bottles of Cardui, I began to feel like a new woman. I soon gained 35 pounds, and now, I do all my housework, as well as run a big water mill.

I wish every suffering woman would give

CARDUI

The Woman's Tonic

a trial. I still use Cardui when I feel a little bad, and it always does me good."

Headache, backache, side ache, nervousness, tired, worn-out feelings, etc., are sure signs of womanly trouble. Signs that you need Cardui, the woman's tonic. You cannot make a mistake in trying Cardui for your trouble. It has been helping weak, ailing women for more than fifty years.

Get a Bottle Today!