

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 22, 1915.

THE PROGRESSIVE HOME-COMING.

The prediction that "The Press" has so steadfastly made in regard to the Progressive party, is to-day verified and come to pass. The voters who in 1912 who for one reason or another cast their ballots for the Presidential candidate of the new party, are now back in the Republican ranks, enlisted in the fight to restore in Washington a government that has regard for the business interest of the country and concern for the real prosperity of its people. That this would happen has been our sincere belief and prophecy, even when for the time the Republican future looked dark and doubters were everywhere.

In the election of November, two-thirds of those who cast Roosevelt ballots in 1912 came back in a body to the support of Republican candidates for the National Senate and House. They not only gave up the advocacy of the third party to which they had joined themselves, but they declared that the well-being of the nation depended upon the restoration to power of the Republican party, and that in such a movement they would willingly give their whole energy and strength.

Since the November election day, the homeward bound march of the Progressives has steadily gone on. To the two-thirds who came back in time to vote in 1914, there has now been added a goodly percentage of those who were then still outside the Republican family circle. Even the Progressive leaders of the different localities are returning, and these are the men through whose influence the third party fight was continued during the past year. Had it not been for them the Progressive collapse would have taken place much earlier, for the rank and file of that party have long been willing, and eager, to rejoin their old friends and comrades.

The home-coming march is confined to no one section. In New York the chairman of the Progressive State Committee has given up his place, and a strenuous political man hunt is now in progress to secure some one to fill the vacancy. All of the men of prominence to whom the position has been offered have promptly and vigorously declined. The Progressive members of the Illinois Legislature, headed by Medill McCormick himself, perhaps the most active of the inner council of third party leaders, have formally joined the band of Republican legislators.

The chairman of the Progressive State Committee of Oklahoma has retired from the position to join hands with the Republicans of that State. In Massachusetts there were two Progressives elected to the Legislature in November. Both of them went into the Republican caucus for the choice of legislative officers. Several of the Progressive candidates for Congress at the same election in that State have publicly announced their return to the Republican party. And the chairman of the Progressive Congressional Committee, Representative Hinebaugh, of Illinois, has openly declared himself in favor of giving up the third party movement and advises all Progressives to go back to their old political home.

These are but typical cases among the happenings since election day. They prove the sentiment that is gaining ground with every day. The Progressives are not content to waste their influence upon a third party that cannot be an effective national force. Nor can they act as assistants to the Democratic party and so become indirect co-workers with William J. Bryan, and Tammany Hall, and the Southern domination of Congress, and the other elements that go to make up that party. To seek to continue the existence of the Progressive means the doing of precisely those things. So they are taking the course of both wisdom and of patriotism, and that leads straight to a reunion with the men with whom they have won such great victories in the past.—The Philadelphia Press.

MES S. C. BLANCHARD DIES SUDDENLY.

Mrs. S. C. Blanchard, widow of W. A. Blanchard, of the McCray neighborhood, died very suddenly early yesterday morning about eight o'clock. She arose as usual Thursday morning to get breakfast, as one of her sons was coming to Burlington with a load of tobacco, which he did bring to market, and sometime after he started and was well upon the way, received a telephone message that his mother was dead. Mrs. Blanchard was the mother of seven sons and four daughters, all of whom survive her. The burial will take place today (Friday) at Union Ridge, her pastor will conduct the funeral services. A full account of which will appear in our next issue.

ANOTHER SUIT BROUGHT.

Ellis-Stone Company Again Made Defendant of Action.

Greensboro, Jan. 20.—Summons has been issued from the Superior Court here in another action growing out of the detention of one of the clerks of the Ellis-Stone Company here by Mr. Stone, his bookkeeper, Mr. Hicks, and Policeman

Policeman McCuiston.

The suit of Miss Riley, who was arrested on the charge of larceny has started a suit in Lee county for a big sum of damages claimed. The second action is brought by Mrs. Bettie Stone, with whom Miss Riley boarded, on account of the action of the officer and parties connected with the Ellis-Stone Company in searching the room of Miss Riley at her boarding house without having a search warrant.

This action will be tried in Guilford County. It is understood that an effort will be made to remove Miss Riley's action to this county.

BIRD PROTECTION.

From these observations it would seem that the open season should still be further reduced. There are many people who will favor a law allowing no quail to be shot for three or five years.—Wadesboro Ansonian.

TWO PEACEFUL CLASSES.

These are times of scrapping. Two preachers fought in Guilford county recently. Two lawyers had a fight in Charlotte last Friday. Niggers and editors seem to be keeping the peace.—Montroze Enquirer.

Picture Of Death Before Soissons In Graphic Lines.

Thousands Still Lay in Sightless Stare As Newspaper Writer Visited Field—Victory a Wonderful Feat of German Arms—Through What Appeared an Impossible Entanglement of Barber Wire and Network of the Trenches, the Veterans of Von Kluck Forced Their Way to Victory After Four Desperate Days; Lettens Cleached in Stiffened Fingers Gave Mute Evidence of the Last Thoughts of Loved Ones at Home.

Before Soissons, Jan. 18.—(By courier to Berlin, Jan. 20.—Via London, Jan. 21.—4:35 P. M.—The following is the second part of a descriptive story of the Battle of Soissons; the first part was sent in the night report of January 20.—The delay in transmission of the second part between Berlin and London.

In the first section of the story, which was written at the field headquarters of an unnamed German general, the battle of Soissons was likened to the battle of Antietam, and the ground over which it was fought was described eight days of fighting had resulted in the French being driven from the heights, whence they had expected to launch a fresh offensive movement. The losses in these encounters were very heavy.—The Associated Press.

HAND TO HAND FOR FOUR DAYS.

The battle began January 8. A severe bombardment from field guns and heavy artillery was followed by a French charge. The Germans could not make an effective defense against this onslaught. The French with great dash carried part of the German positions, but by their success they dampened the vigor of their artillery bombardment which could not be continued without endangering their own men.

The German guns in turn opened a heavy fire on the rearward communications of the French, preventing the bringing up of reinforcements. A desperate hand-to-hand struggle, on fairly even terms, raged for four days and nights in the valley and on the wooded spur crowned by the shot-wrecked buildings of La Pierriere farm. Neither side was able to gain a decisive advantage.

REMODELED BUILDINGS.

W. E. Hay has remodeled his store room on Front street, new counters, shelves and entire new front, repainted within and without, and makes an up-to-date appearance. This is a nice store room for some enterprising merchant.

Two rooms of the Fonville Building have been thrown together, and thoroughly remodeled for an up-to-date cafe, or lunch room, and is now occupied by the Plaza Restaurant which is going to be the nicest cafe in the State, so far as the location and the building has to do with it. They certainly have an ideal place. Burlington is becoming noted for its cafes and quick lunch rooms. Our people are catering to the inner man. Now that we have several places where we all can feast, let's see that law and order prevail.

FARMERS HOLD ON TO GOLDEN GRAIN.

Scarcity of offerings on the exchange causes rise of seven cents, but the gain is later lost.

Never form your opinion of an egg until the lid is off.

Guilford Man Held Up and Shot.

Guilford Man Held Up By Two Negroes on Public Highway Near the City—Swain Tried to Escape.

Greensboro, Jan. 21.—One of the boldest crimes occurring in or near this city in years was committed about 7 o'clock last evening by two unknown negro men near the bridge that spans South Buffalo creek on the Pleasant Garden road, two miles from Greensboro and on a thoroughfare that is frequently traveled. As a result, John Swain, a white man, who resides at Pleasant Garden, is now at St. Leo's Hospital with a very serious wound, received from a pistol held in the hands of one of the negro men. Another traveler on the road passed Mr. Swain a short distance north of the bridge and this man heard the cry of distress uttered by Mr. Swain when he was shot. In fact, the man was so close that when the shot was fired that he saw the flash made by the discharge.

Mr. Swain was returning to his home from Greensboro, after spending the afternoon here on business for the concern employing him, the Pleasant Garden Company. As he neared the bridge two negro men ran out from the woods and cried to him to halt. This he refused to do and made an attempt to urge the horse into a run. The negroes were so close that one grabbed the reins and the other approached the buggy and reached for Mr. Swain. The white man bent him off and cried for help, this cry being heard by the traveler who passed him just a minute or so before. Then the negro drew a pistol and fired, the shot taking effect in the side.

The man that passed Mr. Swain shouted and this probably scared the negroes away. The horse started on his way home and crossed the bridge. At this time a party of young men of this city, who had spend the day at Pleasant Garden hunting, approached, they having heard him cry for help quickened their pace. The wounded man was helpless and the garments he wore were fast becoming saturated with blood. To this party of young men he told his story, and one ran to the plant of the Armour Fertilizer Company, within a short distance of the scene of the shooting, and phoned to town for aid.

Sheriff Stafford and one or two deputies accompanied by Chief of Police Isley, Patrolman Robert Skeenes and a physician hurried to the scene. Mr. Swain was still able to talk but was fast losing his strength. He was unable to give a very accurate description of his assailants, other than that they were medium sized negroes. The surrounding territory was secured without locating any suspicious characters. The search was continued throughout the night, but early this morning the efforts of the searching party, augmented by people residing in the community, had been fruitless. Mr. Swain was rushed to St. Leo's Hospital and the wound examined. A physician stated that the bullet had penetrated the liver and that his chances for recovery were not good. A considerable quantity of blood had been lost and the man had suffered exposure 20 or 30 hours before he could be carried to the hospital and pneumonia is feared.

The wounded man is apparently about 30 years old and last night it could not be learned whether he was married or not. He is well known in Greensboro, having been employed as driver on the wagon that runs regularly between Pleasant Garden and this city delivering and receiving the goods for his company.

COUNTRY'S FINANCES AT LOW EBB; REVENUE NOT NOW SUFFICIENT.

Administration Leaders Are Perturbed Over Situation—Fear An Extra Session—Many Believe Party Will Face Defeat in 1916 If Extra Session Is Called—Nation Is Losing Money—It Develops That Postmaster General Burleson's Report That His Department is a Money-Maker is Misleading—Not Self-Sustaining.

Washington, Jan. 17.—Administration leaders are greatly perturbed over two serious problems. One is the continued falling off of revenues and the other is the prospect of an extra session of Congress. They realize that the finances of the Federal Government are at low ebb and that unless our foreign and domestic trade increases materially that the Democratic party will have to take steps to raise more money by levying additional taxes on incomes. They also realize that public sentiment seems to be against an extra session and that the Democratic party may face defeat in 1916, when it makes its bid "for another four years of power" if the President should call the sixty-fourth Congress in extraordinary session.

Despite the new tariff law, the income tax law and the operation of the emergency or war stamp tax law, the federal government has been running behind in its finances for a long time and it is still losing money at a rate that alarms every member of the Democratic administration who has taken the trouble to examine the receipts and the expenditures of the Federal Government. It developed today that the Postoffice Department—the one cog in the governmental machine that was supposed to be turning in more money to the treasury than any other—is far from self-sustaining. Members of the Congress are wondering why Postmaster General Burleson insisted, in his recent annual report that the Postoffice Department was being operated economically and efficiently and that the postoffice was making money "hand over fist."

In an interview today with a member of the Ways and Means Committee an official of the Postoffice Department said that the falling off in postal receipts is due largely to the general decrease of business transacted in the postoffices in the larger cities throughout the country. He pointed out that the postmasters of the second, third and fourth classes are doing a good volume of business. The operation of the parcel post this official of the Postoffice Department explained is largely responsible for the deficit in the postal receipts.

"If we could have foreseen the European war, the Democratic party would have been more careful about appropriations during this Congress," said a member of the Committee on Appropriations today. "As it is, the government is running far behind in its finances and the outlook is that unless conditions change for the better very soon the administration will have to go before the people again and demand more money with which to operate the government."

Of course, the war in Europe has had much to do with the decrease in imports and exports. Reports on file at the Department of Commerce show that little merchandise is being received from foreign countries and that although a good deal of American merchandise is being exported this trade lacks the stimulus that it ought to have. Those who are in a position to know insist that the President believes that if the Congress enacts the shipping bill that our export trade will materially increase. As Secretary of Commerce Redfield expressed it the other day, "we are a good deal like a merchant who has a big stock of goods to sell and has no means of delivering his wares to eager customers."

The Democratic members of the Senate and House, who are anxious to get back home and look after their political fences many of which seem to be badly in need of repair, would take a view of the Congress that they think that the Congress ought to suspend its lawmaking for more optimistic view of the disappointing industrial outlook if they claim that the Democratic party has made an unparalleled record in placing on the statute books during one Congress more constructive legislation than any other preceding Congress and they think that the Congress ought to suspend its lawmaking for a time and give the country a chance to catch its breath.

THE DOG.

The Record has long been an admirer of The Charlotte Observer and our admiration grows stronger day by day. The Observer differs with us on political matters, but when it comes to fighting for a dog tax, we stand shoulder to shoulder and dip out of the same pot, so to speak. How many children were bitten by mad dogs last year? How much is a child's life valued at in this State? The Observer could have added that the dog tax, figured on a \$2 per head basis, would build more than two hundred miles of road on the clay roads in North Carolina every year.—The Davie Record.

And when it comes to quoting Scripture, the Colonel is not disposed to yield anything to his illustrious prototype.

MISTAKEN FOR RICHMOND P.

Senator W. B. Snow, of Raleigh, was at the Governor's Reception the other night, when another Senator stepped up and grasping him by the hand said: "Congressman Hobson, I certainly did enjoy that speech of yours at the First Baptist Church. It was fine, sir, fine!"

As the hero of the Merrimac is a distinguished and good looking gentleman, the Senator from Wake did not smile as he thanked his admirer. Neither did he tell him of his mistake.

The man who squeezes every nickel until the Buffalo grants is the same man who falls for a wad when he gets a letter from the famous Spanish prisoner with the beautiful daughter.

The Twice-A-Week Dispatch

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

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All communications in regard to news items or business matters should be addressed to The State Dispatch Publishing Co., and not to any individual connected with the paper.

We are not responsible for opinions expressed by the correspondents.

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

A BLUFF CALLED.

Some time ago a delegation representing some of the manufacturers in the Schuylkill Valley called on President Wilson and put up a howl about being ruined by the operations of the Democratic tariff.

We are not willing to allow this article to run its course without challenging its accuracy. A great daily like The Charlotte Observer ought to know what it is talking about before printing such statements.

A gentleman was talking to us yesterday and said, I have some wheat to sell and am offered a dollar and a half per bushel for it.

We are receiving many compliments from our citizens regarding our advice to Mr. Vernon, one staunch, straight laced democrat.

Some of our readers complain that we do not give enough war news. We give what appears to be new war news. Nearly all we see appears to be a rehash of what has already happened.

We might just as well abolish the convict force, there is only a few prisoners any way, yet we have two or three guards and then cannot keep some of them from getting away.

Wheat still sores, and is worth today about \$1.55 per bushel. It would seem to be around the top notch, but then you cannot always tell.

Alamance County has two hundred and sixty thousand dollars worth of good roads and bridges. But she has about ten million dollars worth of bad roads that need bridges so that you can get over them.

Mr. Editor:— I am glad to know that you have declared war on the enemy right in the beginning of the new year. The report of your first gun is still reverberating in the minds of the oppressed, and down trodden tax payers of Alamance County.

ERSTWHILE DEMOCRAT.

THE RETURN OF CONFIDENCE.

Bradstreet says: "Condition in trade and industrial quarters are awakening to improved impulses, while confidence is replacing uncertainty."

ating unexampled opportunities for our industry and trade. The ominous cloud was lack of confidence; and now that this is clearing, all the forces of prosperity are coming into play again.

Increase in commercial and industrial activities are gradual, as Dun observes, but they are steady, deep-seated and nation-wide. It is better that good times should return in this manner than with the sudden inrush of a boom; for, thus all the advantages of prudence will be retained while new opportunities are widening.

KEEP UP TO DATE.

Advertisements indicate the world's advancement in every field of progress. The talking machine, the wireless invention, the most marvelous discoveries of any period, come in for advertising.

In your own home newspaper you have a proportionate degree of useful knowledge disclosed to you through advertising.

HE COULD STAND PAIN.

New Orleans, Jan. 20.—A test of fire applied to the feet of John H. Nutting, a New York architect, in the United States Court Friday had a sequel in court Monday.

A DOLLAR PROBLEM.

Sir:—I wish readers would solve this: This is the argument: A man gets on a trolley car and hands the conductor a dollar bill and receives ninety-five cents change.

ROAD ENGINEERS THE NEED.

There is money wasted in North Carolina in the building of roads, vast sums of money, and there is no trouble in locating the cause of this. It is not a matter of deliberate waste or graft to which we refer.

by cry aloud in clear call for the service of an expert road engineer, just as do the roads of any county which has gone haphazard into the work of building roads.

There is the greatest need in North Carolina for a State Highway Commission so as to get the best in road making for the State. Governor Craig has recommended the creation of such a commission and a bill prepared by the State Good Roads Association has been introduced in the House.

THE PRESIDENT AS PARTY MAN.

Senator Borah, complaining of President Wilson's Indianapolis speech, stated the case this way: "Its purpose and purport cannot be mistaken or misunderstood. It is a most virulent attack upon one of the great political parties of this country."

WOMEN AS WAR SPIES.

Females Are An Important Part of The German Secret Service. Boulogne, France, Jan. 10.—The report that a woman is at the head of the German Secret Service Department in the eastern war zone.

CHILDREN'S COLDS TREATED EXTERNALLY.

Dr. Henry Louis Smith, Pres. of Washington and Lee University, Lexington, Va., says: "In the last few years we have used Vicks Vaporub and Salve constantly, and our children are healthy as a rule."

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ignores party lines, he would be accused of being the Mugwump that his own party leaders feared he would be. In making the government largely a Democratic party affair, and in heeding the advice of party leaders, he has laid himself open to the charge of earning more for the leadership of a party organization, than for the dignity attaching to the position of the chief magistracy of all the people.

THE RETAILER SELLS SERVICE.

The retail storekeeper sells service, charging a profit. He gathers merchandise from a multitude of sources and distributes it to consumers.

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the French frontier, I presented myself to a police official and told him my story."

I write these lines that you may see. And hear and pay attention to me. Don't throw these lines aside to waste. Because you see, hear smell and taste.

TAKE IT IN TIME.

Just Scores of Burlington People Have Waiting doesn't pay. If you neglect kidney backache, Urinary troubles often follow. Act in time by curing the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills are especially for weakened kidneys.

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mr. Brooks had. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

COLDS & LA GRIPPE

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.



Strictly First Quality Rubbers.

Again we want to call your attention to the quality of rubbers that we are selling and to urge you to buy all of our rubbers from us. It means quite a saving to you. Our rubbers are strictly first quality, that is, none better made.

FOSTER SHOE CO.

POOR P...

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Mrs. W. A. Mebane and baby are spending today in Mebane with relatives.

Miss Isabel Williams, of Fayetteville is the guest of Miss Lou Ola Tuttle, this week.

Mr. and Mrs. John E. Foster are the guests of Rev. and Mrs. George V. Tilley, of Concord, this week.

Manager Barrett has a show scheduled for the Casino on February 4—"Seven Hours in New York."

Mr. W. D. Foster, who was stricken with paralysis Wednesday night, is in a very dangerous condition.

Mr. C. E. Way, who has been very dangerous with pneumonia at his home on East Davis street, is improving.

Mr. J. D. Hightower, of Greensboro, is in town this week on business.

Miss Katie Walker left last night for Florida to spend the winter.

Rev. Lucy Little, returned Missionary from China, will address the congregation at the Presbyterian Church Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Miss Mary Wilson, who has been visiting relatives and friends at Snow Hill for the past two weeks, is expected home this week.

Miss Annie Maude Mebane left today for High Point.

Read the ad of B. A. Sellars & Son on this Page. They are offering some rare bargains.

To date no news has been received of the bodies lost in the explosion of the yacht and in all probabilities the bodies will never be recovered.

WANTED!
Corn, Cotton Seed, and All Kinds of Hay. Will pay highest cash price. Will take Corn Shelled or Unshelled.
MERCHANTS SUPPLY CO.,
Burlington, N. C. Graham, N. C.

THIS IS A GOOD RULE.
One farmer we know makes it a rule to look over the advertisements in the paper each week.

"I get a lot of information by reading them," says he. "Besides, once in a while something is advertised that I have been looking or wishing for and didn't know where to get it. Often, too, I see something I am not interested in just then but later I do want and by referring to my binder I can find it in a short time."

This is a good rule for every busy farmer to follow. It will prove to be a half hour well spent.

Death of Mrs. Coble.
This morning at six o'clock, Mrs. Bettie Ann Coble died at her home on No. 10. She was sick only a few days with pneumonia her condition being critical from the beginning. Everything possible was done for her but owing to her age the disease proved fatal.

She was 78 years of age and leaves one daughter, Mrs. Fonville, and two sons, Messrs. Bob Coble and W. W. Coble, with whom she made her home. Mrs. Coble was a good woman, beloved by all and her Christian influence will be sadly missed in her community.

She was a member of Lowe's Lutheran Church, and burial will take place there tomorrow. The funeral will be conducted by her pastor, Rev. Mr. Jeffcoat.

IMITATION.
Imitation is a most expensive form of flattery.
This is especially true when it takes the form of "substitutes" for well-known brands.
Reputable makers suffer but the buying public suffers more.
The Imitation is never as good as the real thing.
The man who sells it knows it is not—knows he is trading on another

man's reputation.
When you desire some article advertised in this newspaper—GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR.

ENGINEER KILLED, FIREMAN INJURED.

Seaboard Passenger Train Splits The Switch at Osgood, N. C.—Two Others Hurt.

Raleigh, N. C., Jan. 19.—Engineer T. S. Stone, of Raleigh, was killed and Fireman Hogan, negro, perhaps fatally injured tonight at 7 o'clock when the engine on Seaboard train No. 6 split a switch at Osgood, 36 miles south of Raleigh. Express Messenger, T. F. Radcliffe and H. B. Babcock, both of Washington, D. C., were injured about the legs and arms.

The passengers were shaken up but not injured. The engine turned over pinning the engineer underneath. The fireman is believed to have jumped. Three coaches of the train of eleven cars left the track.

Surgeons were hurried to the scene from Raleigh and Sanford. Railroad officials believe the switch had been tampered with and bloodhounds and detectives were rushed to Osgood from Columbia, S. C., tonight.

UNCLE FOGY'S PHILOSOPHY.

Acting a fool never goes out of fashion.
Religion swells the heart of some men and the heads of others.
Some sins are committed on account of their high-sounding names.
Some men spoil their piety by acting as if they had invented virtue.
Raise your children in the way other people's children should go—Judge.

A Minnesota minister lost his mind about a month ago and enlisted in the navy. Now he has recovered his sanity and is crazy to get out.

FOR SALE—5,000 bushels cut feed at 4 cents per bushel, apply to
L. J. FONVILLE.

GENERAL ASSEMBLY MAY LIMIT SESSION TO FORTY DAYS.

Joint Resolution as to the Final Adjournment of this Session of the General Assembly.

Resolved by the House of Representatives, the Senate concurring: First. That it is the judgment of the General Assembly that its work shall be completed so that it may adjourn sine die not later than forty days from the beginning of the session.

Second. That a committee shall be named consisting of three on the part of the Senate, to be appointed by the Lieutenant Governor, and four on the part of the House of Representatives, to be appointed by the Speaker, whose duty it shall be to confer with the chairmen of the various committees and with the members of both branches, from time to time, and help to expedite the business to the end that the body may adjourn as suggested in section one hereof.

Representative Vernon has been added to the Committee on Deaf and Blind, also Insurance. These are important committees, especially, Insurance. And we trust he will be able to render his State valuable service on all these committees. We hope he will not be so burdened with committee assignments that he cannot give the necessary attention to home matters.

"So your daughter married that handsome young poet who stopped with you last Summer, eh, Farmer Hayrack?"
"Yes, she married him."
"And she's going to be very happy, of course?"
"Well, I dunno, Mandy's got a powerful appetite."—Judge.

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

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.

THE JOY OF DANCING EXERCISE

Very few women or men seem to care to Tango or get Dancing Exercise unless they are assured the freedom from aching feet that Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder to be shaken into the shoes, always gives. Since the tendency to hold Dancing parties has become almost a daily and hourly necessity in every community, the sale of Allen's Foot-Ease, so the druggists report, has reached the high-water mark. Sold everywhere 25c. Trial package FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, Lc Roy, N. Y.

Good Things.
For your nice Cakes, Pies and every thing good also milk and Wash bread. Give your order to the
Burlington Bakery.

Christian Helper
our 2222 songs, 127 hymns, 157 songs, 2112 music, a large number of old church songs, 100 pages in a muslin binding. 25c each. \$1.00 per dozen, post paid. Send 12c and 12c stamps of Singing Teachers, Choir Leaders, Sunday School Superintendents and Singers, and get one same-size copy, post paid. Address
The Teachers' Music Publishing Co., Hudson, N. C.
History will accord special mention to the Battle of the Submarines.

A MIGHTY CLEARANCE SALE

OF

Men's and Boys' Clothing.

Dry Goods, Ladies' Ready-to-Wear Apparel and **WHITE SALE.** Commencing **FRIDAY, JANUARY 22nd.**

The Final Reduction Sale of the Season. If a Real Money Saving Event is of Interest to You, READ THIS.

You will find this is something more than an ordinary sale. It is an opportunity—a chance—an occasion whereby those who are wise enough to take advantage of it are going to profit immensely—a genuine money saving event, offering big assortments of strictly high class goods at decided price reductions. A profit sacrificing sale with but one purpose—to reduce stock and do it quickly. These prices will be in effect **FRIDAY, JANUARY 22ND,** for thirty days.

36 Coat Suits long and short models all of the season's best styles, colors black, blue, green, plum and brown, sizes 14 to 45. Regular price \$15.00 to \$30.00 your choice this sale \$9.90. One lot all short styles, colors black, brown and gray, sizes 14, 34 and 36 were \$10.00 to \$20.00 this sale \$4.75.

LADIES' & CHILDREN'S COATS.
5 Coats were \$12.50 this sale \$7.50.
9 Coats were \$5.00 to \$6.50 this sale \$3.50.
4 Coats were \$10.00 this sale \$6.00
7 Coats were \$4.50 this sale \$2.50.

ALL CHILDREN'S COATS at 1-4 to 1-2 PRICE.

15 Silk and Wool dresses that must go. Styles of the best colors, black, blue, brown and plum. Regular prices \$6.50 to \$25.00 Reduced 1-4 to 1-2.

About 30 Skirts in blue and blacks. Just the thing you want now and to wear with the shirt waist. Regular prices \$3.00 to \$10.00 at reductions of \$1.00 to \$5.00 per garment.

Here is your opportunity to get Wool Dress Goods at a great saving. Colors black, blue, brown and greens. One lot that were \$1.00 to \$1.25, 79c. One lot that were 75c. to 90c. now 59 c. One lot that were 50c. to 75c. now 38c. One lot remnants at 1-4 to 1-2 price.

LACE AND SWISS CURTAINS.
One lot of braided and dotted white swiss curtains were \$1.00 and \$1.75, now 75c. per pair. One lot one pair of a kind regular prices \$1.00 to \$5.00, now 1-2 price.

OUR WHITE EVENT.
We will have on display our largest showing of White Goods, Colored Wash Goods, Laces, Embroideries from the leading foreign and domestic mills.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.
We will show the newest things, German and French Val Laces of every width and style. Embroideries of all wanted kinds.

We are showing all the newest things and many special value in Long Cloth, Nainsook, Sheer Lawns, Organdies, Shadow Cloth, Waist Goods, Voiles, Ginghams and Percalates.

A few of these specials for this sale only.
A strictly 25c. Turkish Bath Towel, largest size at 19c.
A strictly 10c. Cotton Huck Towel at 5c.
L. L. Sea Island 36in. wide regular. 8 cent quality at 5c.
High Grade Prosperity Brand Pillow Cases 18c. quality at 12½c, 10c at 7½c.

Men's Suits and Over-Coats
Of The Best Makes.

- \$10.00 Quality Reduced to \$7.00
- \$12.50 and \$13.50 Quality Reduced to \$8.75
- \$14.00 and \$15.00 Quality Reduced to \$9.50
- \$17.00 and \$18.00 Quality Reduced to \$13.50
- \$20.00 and \$22.50 Quality Reduced to \$15.00
- \$25.00 Quality Reduced to \$16.50

Every Other Garment Reduced in Proportion.

Extra Special

One Table of Men's Suits and Over-Coats at **HALF PRICE.**

Only one and two of a kind, but nearly all sizes in the lot, regular prices \$10.00, \$12.50, \$15.00, \$18.00, \$20.00, now \$5.00, \$6.00, \$7.50, \$9.00 and \$10.00.

Boys' Suits and Over-Coats.
Our Entire Stock At **1-3 and 1-4 Reduction**

- \$2.50 Suits and Overcoats at \$1.85
- \$3.50 Suits and Overcoats at \$2.35
- \$4.00 Suits and Overcoats at \$2.75
- \$5.00 Suits and Overcoats at \$3.50
- \$7.00 and \$7.50 Suits and Overcoats \$5.00

65 Boys' Suits at Half Price.
Good Weight, Strong Wearing Boy's Suits at \$1.35, \$1.65 and \$2.25.

50 Men's Hats, Black and Colors.
Former Prices \$1.00 to \$3.00, choice for 50c.

EVERY ARTICLE and EVERY PRICE ADVERTISED HERE, WE HAVE IN STOCK READY TO SHOW YOU. CALL AND SEE FOR YOURSELF.

B. A. SELLARS & SON, BURLINGTON, N. C. Leading Clothiers.

RINT

THE EMPTY CHAIR.

The Pathfinder.

Once upon an ocean liner a self-sufficient youth took passage; He was togged out like a yachtsman; Used he nautical expressions; Said he loved to sail the briny—pitted those who didn't like it—Pittied and despised them for it, every body who got seasick. On the first day out the weather, as it sometimes is, was perfect; Not a ripple stirred the water, stable, steady was the steamer. "Isn't this just exquisite!" gushed the youth who loved the ocean; It reminded him, he told them, of his first trip on the water, Years before when he was sailing on the placid, broad Pacific. Not a single sea or ocean, lake or river could be mentioned Which he had not navigated at some period in his lifetime; Told he anecdotes about them, episodes and tales by hundreds; Told that old one so familiar to every one who's traveled. Of the time when in a storm of a sort unprecedented All those on the boat were sick, except himself, the mate and Captain. Thus he reminisced and boasted, this young man who loved the ocean. On the next day out, however, wind and waves rose fierce and angry. And the steamer took to pitching, rolling, writhing and cavorting. Dinner came and there was no one in the seat assigned at table To the youth who loved the ocean; empty was his chair at dinner. Empty was it all the voyage, empty as a last-year's bird's nest; All he ate was broth the steward carried to him in his stateroom. When eventually the steamer reached its final destination Slunk the youth out of his quarters. And his face was pale as ashes; He had suffered, he admitted, an at-

tack of indigestion— But about his former exploits he had not a word to offer.

THINE IS THE VOICE I HEAR.

Verla Williams.

Thine is the human voice I hear When all the earth's asleep. And close to nature's heart I bend my ear to hear her speak. She speaks not of herself, but thee And of thy love of former days, Which vibrates still within my heart In youth's impassioned, burning ways. And in the silence of the night I hear thee still. Repeat the sacred story and I feel love's thrill.

Thine is the human smile I see When all alone I tread With the mingled moon and Starlight covering my dew-wet head. And in their light I see not them But thee, Thy face lingers after Long, long days in love's memory. O, living voice! O, living smile! Which comes so gently in my dreams. Through thee I hold To boundless love and catch eternity's bright gleams.

CASUS BELL.

New York Evening Post.

She had an air belligerent, And when I asked her what it meant, She deigned me no reply, But still I preserved a wrathful look. No wonder, then, great pains I took To find the reason why. And this is what I shortly learned, By noting well this maid who spruned A spirit soft and meek; She wore French heels and Roman pearls; And all her fascinating curls Were dressed in style of greek. Her eyes as deep as Prussian blue,

Though hid by Brussels net from view, Their wrath did well assert. Her Russian tunic to the knees Had square Dutch neck. She wore with ease A Turkish trouser skirt.

Her hat was made of Irish lace And muslin—Swiss—and held in place By one firm English pin. Quite Japanese the sunshade gay. That kept persistent sun away, Her coat was mandarin.

But, ah! No wonder that her glance Was crueler than any lance! I found at last the key.

For on each article she wore She'd found a label small that bore This—MADE IN GERMANY."

SOMEHOW OR OTHER WE GET ALONG.

Anonymous.

The good wife bustled about the house, Her face still bright with a pleasant smile, As broken snatches of happy song Strengthened her heart and hand the while.

The good old man sat in the chimney nook, His little clay pipe within his lips, And all he'd made and all he had lost Ready and clean on his finger tips.

"Good wife, I've just been thinking a bit, Nothing has done very well this year;

Money is bound to be hard to get; Everything's bound to be very dear; How the cattle are going to be fed; How we're to keep the boys at school.

Is kind of a debt and a credit sum I can't make balance by my rule."

She turned around from the baking bread,

And she faced him with a cheerful laugh:

"Why husband, dear, one would think That the good, rich wheat was only

chaff. And what if the wheat is only chaff? As long as we both are well—and strong

I'm not a woman to worry a bit, Somehow or other we get along. "Into some lives some rain must fall, But when the rain and storm are o'er The after-sunshine is twice as sweet. Through every strait we have found a road, In every grief we have found a song;

We have had to bear and had to wait. But somehow or other we get along.

"For thirty years we have loved each other, Stood by each other whatever befell, Six boys have called us father and mother, And all of them living and doing well.

We owe to no man a penny, my dear, We're both of us loving and well and strong;

Good man, I wish you would smoke again, And think how well we've got along."

He filled his pipe with a pleasant laugh;

He kissed his wife with a tender pride;

He said: "I'll do as you tell me, love, She left him, then, with his better thought

I'll just count up on the other side." And lifted her work with a low, Somehow or other we get along.

NOT AT ALL PARTICULAR.

Grateful Patient—Doctor, how can I ever repay you for your kindness to me?

Doctor—Doesn't matter, old man. Check, money order or cash.—Boston Transcript.

"The Turks are crazy to fight," says a returned tourist; and our guess is that the event will prove that they were.

JUST AS GOOD.

Wild Eyed Customer—"I want a quarter's work of carbolic acid."

Clerk—"This is a hardware store. But we have—er—a fine line of ropes, revolvers and razors."—Yale Record.

A rag man knocked at Blank's door: "Any rags or bones, sir?" he said.

"No, go on away," said Blank. "My wife's gone south for the winter."

The ragman beamed. "I give three cents apiece for empty bottles, sir," he whispered.—Washington Star.

Hostess (at party)—Does your mother allow you to have two pieces of pie when you are at home, Willie?

Willie—No, ma'am.

"Well, do you think she's like for you to have two pieces here?"

"Oh," confidently, "she would out care. This isn't her pie!"—Louisville Times.

"You promised that you would give me your answer this evening," he said. "Are you ready to do so?"

"Yes," she replied, "but I want you to promise me something first."

"What is it?"

"I want you to promise me solemnly that you will not do anything rash—that you will not, when I have given you my answer, go and drown yourself or take bichloride of mercury."

"Oh, then, you have decided to say yes, have you?"

First Modern Parent—"Aren't your two children something of a problem?"

Second Modern Parent—"Yes, indeed. They go away to school for 33 weeks, to camp for 10, and that leaves four whole weeks when I don't know where to send them."—Life.

Places do not ennoble men, but men may make place illustrious.—Plutarch.

Orthodoxy is my doxy; heterodoxy is the other man's doxy.—Warburton.

THE REALITY OF WAR.

Mr. McGovern, a heavyweight gentleman of London's east end, who had never been known to work but who nevertheless has added to the population of the earth in figures up to 10, suddenly became heroic and enlisted. The following dialogue took place between Mrs. McGovern and a lady, Mrs. McGovern being happy and complacent on the receipts of her 176 from the war office:

Mrs. McGovern—Good morning miss.

Lady—Good morning, Mrs. McGovern. I hear Mr. McGovern has gone to the war.

Mrs. McGovern (cheerfully)—Yes, miss.

Lady—Well, Mrs. McGovern, what do you think of this terrible war?

Mrs. McGovern—Good God, lady. I hope it will last forever!

"Isn't she petty?"

"You mean that fat frump?"

"Hush, she's a millionaire's daughter. Isn't she pretty?"

"She sure is."

The Legislature can easily dodge the tax proposition and for that reason we are not expecting much of anything in the way of tax legisla-

When he is courting her he loves to kiss her hair and he thinks it is the finest thing in the world when a strand happens to cling to his lips. And after he gets her, if he finds one of her hairs in the comb he slams the comb on the floor and wants a divorce.

And when she is courting him she can't smell anything on his breath after he loads up on raw onions. But after she gets him, if he takes a drink on his way down town in the morning she can smell it on his breath when he comes home at night.

A statistician says that only five in every 100 marriages are happy. This will make every married couple in the country wonder who the five are.

∴ SIX OR MORE ∴

We feel confident of the return of prosperity at an early date, so we will sell a number of vacant lots in the city of Burlington, and insert in each deed our guarantee, that if the purchaser of these lots is dissatisfied with his investment at the expiration of three years from the date of the deed, we will refund to him the purchaser price of said lot or lots with six per cent interest. This is not a game of chance but a dead certainty. You have a chance of making twenty-five, fifty or one hundred per cent, and a certainty of six per cent. We know of no other investment that offers such returns with absolute certainty.

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LOVE LETTERS.

Chicago Tribune.

Dear Boy:— I gasped when I recognized your writing after eight long years, and my mind ran wild to learn its mission. So you are coming west and you are bringing your wife with you—and you want her to meet me. Not that it matters, but I am just wondering why. I believe I'd like to see her, but I am not going to be at home, I am running away from it. You remember eight years ago when you wrote me you said you were a coward for writing me to forgive and forget? Well, dear, I, too, am a coward, because I am afraid to see you. You thought, so you wrote me, that I'd forget, but deep in your heart you knew I would not. Yet, I have not been totally unhappy. I have had my work and buried myself deep into it, and then, too, there are the memories. Not often do I dare trust myself to think; but now I am going to think, going to let down the bars of my will and tell you all. You wonder I never write to tell you of myself and that perhaps everything was going well with me. I have written you a thousand letters in my heart, but could not send them. Eight years ago when the letter came I sat down and wrote you just two lines, to let you know I understood and there was nothing to forgive. And then the struggle began. It has never ended; then scent of a flower, a rare June day, the song of a bird at dusk whispering some little memory of you, and then the desire to see you, to hear you, and feel your arms about me almost overwhelms me. You wrote of your friendship unchanged and unchanging. It was not your friendship—it was your love I wanted. I gave you up to another woman, but the desire I could not stifle. It was stronger than I and through the long years I have been afraid. I am glad you are happy. You know I always wanted you happy. They tell me you are well and have prospered and your wife adores you; this, too, makes me glad, for it shows you faced your duty without faltering and that she never knew she was not first in your heart. But I cannot see you. It is enough to know that you are the husband of another; but to see you together—well, I'll ask, have you ever suffered and been obliged to laugh and talk? Have you ever pulled your very heart strings and smiled through your pain? Yet you ask this of me. I am neither strong nor brave enough to equal it. Sincerely, M.

A LA RING LARDNER.

Dear Maggie:— Seems like a hundred & 1 years insted a 2 monthes sence you shook old Chi & me fur to live on a farm. You no i wuz alwai clear bugs over you Mag, over sence we wuz kids ever back a the Yards wen i licked all the guys who woodent let you ride ole Flannigins gote, but if i wuz bugs in dem days, i is shure plum dafly now sence you beet it from hear. Wy konnitly Mag, i hain't had no fun de in nuthin no moar withe you gone a way. Say Mag i got a deel ide like 2 put ever wid youse i got a raise in celery last saterday on a count of grabbin the bosses yung kid frum in front of a joy bus wot wuz kummin like 60, an he sez to me kid you have 1 a home with me & as long as i of got a dollar you needent suffer fer nuthin He took me clear home in his bus an ma crido ven he tolled her a bout it & he sez i am a goin to nite skoo! as i can git fer my self an edukashun. It looks rozy for me & you Mag wot do you say we hook up i aint So long on the mush chatter like sum guy up in potter Farmers nayber hood but Mag you no i luv you better than a irish Man likes a fite & i will stick 2 you till they back up the black waggin. Ma sez we can have thef run: room all a lone me & you & ile so we all git korn beaf & kabbage regual & pitch choir show & soforth Ma is fer me the Boss sez o. k. & now i will klose till you say fine bizness.

Yours truly & friend, JIMMY. p s i incloze inside 25 cents for the telegram. SHE FORGAVE HIM. Dear Loved One: Your letter came today and the sweet anticipation of what it would contain induced me to refrain from opening it for a few moments. Alas, that I should read your confession of the intoxicating madness of the moonlight and flowers and the woman who in one wild moment you held in your arms and told you loved her. That she has gone out of your life forever and that you love me and me alone are not things that I can dwell on with calm thoughts now. I sat quite still reading your letter and hearing the idol of my love and fondest hopes breaking, breaking, not in a crush, but crumbling and breaking. Then came the end with its pleas for forgiveness and its repeated, 'love you, love you,' to put back my idol on the pedestal of my heart again. I can say with all truth that I love you, love you. Let us forget the grief and pain and live down and love down our mistakes. Devotedly, MERLE. FROM AN OLD SEA DOG. Dearest Ophelia: I reckon as how you'll be some flabbergasted to learn as how I jest blew in on the end of a ninety-mile gale. We had cleared the harbor for a six months' cruise and every bone in my hart was akin fur another wee smile of yours. Jest as we cleared the isle-o-rocks along blows a bloomin' gale. In about a sea gulls chirp she stripped us of every shred of canvas. Then she piled us on the rocks. All hands went down to Davey Jones' locker, but I, and I reckon as how he spared me fur you, dainty lass. You're as fair as the breeze that brings a ship home. If I had you fur my flagship I could sail into any port and make them fly colors o' welcome I have jest took observashun and by ded reckoning I'll pull alongside o' your gangway and give you a call about eight bells. My love fur you, lass, is like the great ocean. Every year it gets its ded as the thousandful, and yet it's hungry and cries fur more. I'm hoping that somewhere neer as I travels over this briny sea they call life I'll have you as my sailing mate. I've got a little octage up on Seamen's Lane and I think as how you wood like it. If I had you it would be a full rigged shipped, good enough to pilot the best skipper as ever sailed. Without you, lass, it seems like a derelict and all the rats gone. I'm about to clear ship fur action and I'll warn you fair lass I think you're about as trim a craft as ever took the salt spray o'er her bow. At the present time I'd pull my bloomin' i teeth fur a smack of your fair lips. On the morrow when the sun is o'er the mizzen-yard I'll haul along side of you with a chaplain and his grappling hooks. Then we'll sign articles fur a life long cruise and let him splice us. With love and best regards from your faithful old sea dog. First mate, BILLY SHONE. The good ship Neversink. A LOVER'S QUARREL. Dear Boy: Come back! I have been crying ever since I heard the front door shut, and knew that you had left the house. First, I said to myself that I never would call you back, that I would not speak first, that I would wait until you apologized, if I had to wait forever! I said that I wasn't so sure that I really loved you after all, and remembered the other men that I had given up for you. "I thought of all the little things that I could possibly recollect that had ever hurt my feelings, and made a mountain of them, and sobbed and sobbed. I felt as if you were a brute that had got engaged to me to deliberately hurt my feelings in as many ways as you could think of. I added everything together, and you can't imagine the staggering sum I got! And I cried and I cried and I cried 'He shall apologize! He shall apologize!' I said, clenching my hands,

and pounding a sofa pillow. And then I stopped in bewilderment, for, for the life of me, I couldn't think what it was that I wanted you to apologize for. I couldn't remember what it was that we had quarreled about! What did we start the quarrel over, any way? Or may be you can't remember, either! Why, this is awful! Lovers-ought to keep a stenographer, to take things in shorthand, so that they can always consult the notes, and find out what it was that they started quarreling about, or else how is it possible to keep quarrels going at all! Then I tried to steel my heart against you again. I tried to remember all the mountain of times that you had hurt my feelings, but instead I kept remembering all sorts of little things I didn't want to, like the time you were so good to me when I had a sick headache, and the time you carried me over a brook, and the time you spent your lunch money for a week on violets for me, and the time —O, well! And when I tried to remember the cutting tones in which you said "Very well," as you slipped the ring into your pocket, all that I could remember was the wonderful tone in which you said, "I love you, little girl," on that very first night of all. And when I tried to think about all the other men I discovered that there were no other men at all! And so I stumbled over to my little desk, and found a pen and some paper, and a stamp, and the only envelope I can find is a long business envelope, but you wot mind, and so I'm going to kiss the stamp on, and run down to the corner, and post this. and—wait! And—you don't know how empty my third finger on the left hand feels! So— Yours fur keeps, CATHIE. THE BLOCK HOUSE. My Own Tom: Six months! Eternity!! Perhaps you knew something of my weakness when you sentenced me to this exile, but what was once weakness has served to make me strong, to see things more clearly—and to realize how foolish our little quarrel was. How the days have dragged and dragged and how I have watched for the postman to bring me a message from you—just one word—"come!" But no, you were firm until the end. My nerves have wound themselves up so tight—like the springs of the clock—that another day is waithing and disappointment would have been fatal. An it was your short, sweet note threw me into one hysteric fit after another, until Mrs. P. (the lady with whom I room) threatened to send for the doctor. Well, Tom, you don't know how good it will seem to look at you again. I hope you haven't changed any. I have. I come to you so meek and penitent that you will hardly recognize your old Arn. Outwardly I don't look any older, but if you could take a wee glimpse at my heart! O, Tom, you don't know what treasures are stored there—and all for you, too, my darling. It wouldn't do to write my feelings on paper—they wouldn't sound right, and besides this is only a forerunner. Like the ancient kings, who used to send heralds ahead to announce the coming of royalty, this goes ahead to announce the coming of a heart laden with gems and precious thoughts. Do you remember the picture of "The Block House", with its walls half tumbled down and the little fellow asleep, with his mother gently placing the fallen blocks back so the little one will not be disappointed when he awakens? I always admired the picture, and I am going to replace our fallen blocks, too, only I will cement them together with love, unselfishness, truth and cheerfulness, so that they will not topple over again. I only hope that none of the blocks are missing. My poor Tom, all that I can say is that I love, love, love you—and I'll be there with lots more. Devotedly, ANN. THE ONE GREAT QUESTION. My Own Dear Boy: Your darling letter receiver, read and re-read until it is white no longer, but has grown quite dusky and its

edges look ragged and worn. It is the first in many days, but with it came the one great question that every girl waits in patience to hear. An old old story, it is true, but somehow the oftener it is told the newer it seems to grow. You have asked me to marry you, to become your wife, and if I love you, O, boy of mine, can't you see? Does not my every action, every word, speak of love when you are here? And now you wanted my answer. What else could it be but yes? A simple word, but as you say it shall carry with it gladness and every joy. You are so far away, but now I wish for you tonight. How I wish you were here holding me in your arms so tight, yes, even so tight it would hurt! But why, Frank, have you chosen me from all the multitudes of girls in your big city? Simple little me, when there are so many pretty girls! But you say to me I am prettier than all the rest. How glad I am to hear that. I could write on and on dreaming always the same thing and always coming back to the same—I love you, love you. And now, dear, may heaven's choicest blessings be yours and may the little girl you have offered your heart and hand to make make you always a true, faithful and loving wife. Always and ever, Your Devoted MARGARET. BETWEEN FRIENDS. A country editor wrote: "Brother, don't stop your paper just because you don't agree with the editor. The last cabbage you sent us didn't agree with us either, but we did not drop you from our subscription list on that account."—Boston Transcript. If the Mexicans cannot settle their own affairs to their own satisfaction the chances are that no other nation could do the job any better. If the railroads have all they can bear, it is up to the Legislature to put it on some of the other corporations. Of course the Democratic party disturbed business, but then lots of people thought business needed to be disturbed. Whiskey can still be had in most communities, but all of these prohibition laws are making it harder and harder to get. It is a safe guess that the European powers do not want the United States to become mixed up in it unless they knew which side she would take. The people should not expect the Legislature to do things for them that they refuse to do for themselves. In helping the Belgians we want to be sure that we are not feeding a German army. Of course the State is in debt, but what difference does that make so long as it can borrow more money? We are not looking for an end to the war as long as England and Germany can move a leg or lift an arm. We do not care what Villa does to Carranza, and for that matter what Carranza does to Villa. It is the business of the people to raise the money and that of the Legislature to spend it. As the matter stands it would be foolish for a man to make the race for Governor if the machine was against him. If the Democratic party is willing to be run by a clique or a machine there is no reason why an outsider should worry about it. FORT SCOTT DIVORCE CASE. A Fort Scott man is suing his wife for divorce because he says she chews tobacco. He had lived with her nine years, but evidently he found a piece of phug tobacco in one of her pockets one day while he was mending her clothes, and incompatibility immediately set in.—Kansas City Star.

PANAMA-CALIFORNIA EXPOSITION San Diego, Cal. PANAMA-PACIFIC INTERNATIONAL SAN FRANCISCO, CAL. VARIABLE ROUTE TOURS REDUCED ROUND-TRIP FARES NORFOLK & WESTERN RAILWAY March 1 to November 30, 1915. VERY LIBERAL STOP-OVER PRIVILEGES The Best Route to the WEST and NORTHWEST. First Class and Mixed Car Tickets Homeseekers' Fares to Many Points PULLMAN SLEEPERS DINING CARS. All information upon application to W. C. SAUNDERS, General Passenger Agent, M. F. BRAGG, Traveling Passenger Agent, ROANOKE, VA. VICK'S Croup and SALVE Pneumonia CHICHESTER PILLS DIAMOND BRAND LADIES! Ask your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in Blue and Gold metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbon. TAKE NO OTHER. Buy of your Druggist and ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS, for twenty-five years regarded as Best, Safest, Always Reliable. SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS TIME TRIED EVERYWHERE WORTH TESTED

Professional Cards Dr. L. H. Allen EYE SPECIALIST Office over C. F. NEESE'S Store, Burlington, N. C. Spoon & Hornaday VETERINARIANS Office and Hospital, Office Phone 377 415 Main St., Residence Phone 282 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 BRADLEY'S DRUG STORE John H. Vernon Attorney and Counsellor at Law BURLINGTON, N. C. Office Rooms 7 & 8, Second Floor of First National 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) PHONES: 80-J 80-G HOURS: 8-10 A. M. 7-8 P. M. Rushed the Order A TRAVELING Salesman while in Nashville, Tenn., took a large order, promising delivery in ten days. It would take two days for the order to reach the Home Office by mail. It took him only a few minutes to telephone the order from a pay station of the Bell Telephone system. Time saved by telephoning orders often means fulfillment of contract. When you telephone—smile SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY You Need a Tonic There are times in every woman's life when she needs a tonic to help her over the hard places. When that time comes to you, you know what tonic to take—Cardui, the woman's tonic. Cardui is composed of purely vegetable ingredients, which act gently, yet surely, on the weakened womanly organs, and helps build them back to strength and health. It has benefited thousands and thousands of weak, ailing women in its past half century of world-wide success, and it will do the same for you. You can't make a mistake in taking CARDUI The Woman's Tonic Mrs. Amelia Wilson, R. F. D. No. 4, Alma, Ark., says: "I think Cardui is the greatest medicine on earth, for women. Before I began to take Cardui, I was so weak and nervous, and had such awful dizzy spells and a poor appetite. Now I feel as well and as strong as I ever did, and can eat most anything." Begin taking Cardui today. Sold by all druggists. Has Helped Thousands.

RINT

FARMER'S UNION TO PUSH LEGISLATION.

State Council in Meeting Here Yesterday Maps Out Its Campaign Plan—Center on Four Big Issues—Rural Credit System; Land Segregation Between Races or Permitting White Communities to Limit Future Land Sales to White People and Repeal of Crop Lien.

Raleigh, Jan. 19.—The State Council of the North Carolina Farmers' Union met today in the office of The Progressive Farmer, with the following members present: Dr. H. Q. Alexander, president; Dr. J. M. Templeton, vice president; E. C. Faires, secretary and treasurer; J. Z. Green, State Organizer; executive committee, W. B. Gibson, Clarence Poe, C. C. Wright, R. W. H. Stone. It was decided to center attention upon the four big issues affecting North Carolina farming and farm life now before the General Assembly. These four measures are: A Rural Credit System; Land Segregation Between the Races, or Permitting White Communities to Limit Future Land Sales to White People; the Repeal of the Crop Lien; and the measure for Government of Co-operative Enterprises. The Farmers' Union will put all its influence behind these measures in the Legislature, but will favor allowing at least twelve months' time before repealing the crop lien law.

RURAL CREDITS DISCUSSED.

The subject of Rural Credits was thoroughly discussed before the Council by Prof. E. C. Branson, of Chapel Hill, Prof. W. R. Camp of the A. & M. College, and Mr. John Sprunt Hill, a banker of Durham, who has studied rural credits both here and in Europe. These three gentlemen were named as a committee to prepare bills for a short term Rural Credits System, and resolution was also adopted requesting the Legislature to petition Congress for the passage of the Hollis-Buikley long time Rural Credits bill.

With reference to the Torrens System the committee adopted the following resolutions:

"Whereas, That an effort has been made to discredit the Torrens System because a larger number of farmers did not take advantage of it the first few months after it went into effect last year, and

"Whereas, The information we have received is that in many cases lawyers are advising farmers that the costs will be possibly \$100, and other leading lawyers even report ignorance of the istence of the law; therefore, be it

"Resolved, That we are advised by the Attorney General of the State that the costs should not average more than about (in some cases more, in some probably less), and we earnestly urge farmers to get a Torrens title certainly every time they get a new deed, and to get a Torrens title anyhow as soon as possible in order to be ready for an improved rural credits system; and we urge lawyers to show sympathetic attitude toward the Torrens System and offer reasonable fees, and we urge farmers to give their patronage to lawyers who do show a disposition to help them in this matter."

TO CONSIDER RACE PROBLEMS.

Nearly all the officers of the Union remained in the city to meet with the North Carolina Committee on Rural Race Problems, whose officers are: Clarence Poe, president; H. Q. Alexander, J. H. Evans, S. H. Hobbs, vice presidents; J. Z. Green, secretary, General Julian S. Carr, treasurer.

This committee is organized especially to promote the plan of Land Segregation Between the Races as advocated by the State Farmers' Union, the especial object being to allow white neighborhoods that wish to remain white to limit future land sales to white people. This committee favors the same plan as that advocated by the State Farmers' Union as follows:

"That wherever the greater part of the land acreage in any given district that may be laid off is owned by one race a majority of the voters in such a district should have the right to say, if they wish, that in future no land shall be sold to a person of a different race—provided such action is approved or allowed (as being justified by considerations of the peace, protection and social life of the community) by a reviewing judge or board of county commissioners."

The State Council of the Farmers' Union voted not only to push this plan in this State, but to urge every State Farmers' Union in the South to take similar action.

SIGN THIS COUPON.

Are you in favor of Abolishing the Office of County Treasurer?

Are you in favor of changing the Road Law?

If Road Law is changed, do you favor Contract System?

If not the Contract System, what is Your Idea?

Are there people in your township who do work, r. pay?

Name

Township

Postoffice

Please answer all of these questiones except the fourth with "Yes" or "No" and answer it with Your Idea, and mail it to The Twice-A-Week Dispatch, Burlington, N. C.

SCHOOL NEWS.

The debating society of the Spring School is having some interesting discussions. The society will give a public debate at an early date.

An enthusiastic Country Life Club has been organized at Cross Roads School in Patterson Township. The club has already about fifty members. It meets twice a month—on the first and third Thursday nights of each month. Interesting programs have been rendered at each meeting.

An Oyster Supper and a Masquerade Party combined will be given at Friendship on the night of Jan. 30.

An Evening in Music will be given at the Glenhope School, near Piedmont Park, on next Friday night at 7:30. The program will consist largely of selections by "Ye Olde Time Fiddlers," but there will be other music numbers also. A prize Pound Cake made by the school girls will be awarded the best musician. Admission 10 cents. The public is invited.

Sweepsonville school had Uncle Josh visit them last Saturday night and a neat little sum was added to the school fund.

Shallowford Debating Society will have another Public Debate soon. The query is "Resolved, That Country Life is More to be Desired Than City Life."

The senior members of the Cooking Class of the Ossipee Graded School, gave a demonstration of their work at a Dime Party Saturday night, Jan. 16. There were sandwiches, hot coffee and chocolate in abundance. The informal program rendered the occasion a most profitable social hour. No part of the program was more enjoyed than the splendid music furnished by the Ossipee Band. The "Band Boys" have made rapid progress since their recent organization. They deserve all the praise and loyal support that Ossipee can give them.

The next regular Teacher's Meeting will be held in Graham the first Saturday in February.

Now is the time to be doing that School Improvement Work that you have been planning.

LIBERTYROUTE 3 NEWS.

Rain! Mud! More rain! We are having an abundance of each.

We are very sorry to hear of the illness of our friend, Mr. W. H. Kinney. He was carried last Friday to Baltimore for an operation for gallstones. We trust that he will soon recover and will soon be back with us again.

Mr. Newton Isley is looking pleasant these days. He does not even know it has rained the least bit—all because a little girl has come to make her home with him.

Mr. Flave Hornaday is looking pleasant—another girl, also.

Mr. Dolph Kimrey's youngest child is very ill at this writing. We trust it will be better soon.

We want to endorse the editorial of Tuesday, January 5 issue of The Dispatch. Say, brother, if you have already read it, look up the paper and read it again. It's worth reading twice. Think it over. Isn't it true as Gospel? and say—let each of us act. By the way, did you know The Dispatch couldn't be beat for its good editorials and all-around goodness that goes to make up a good newspaper? Well it's a fact.

ALTAMAHAW NO. 1 ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. John A. Faucette, of Durham, have moved on No. 1 to make their home with J. W. Faucette, for a while, until they get their new residence completed. Glad to have them back with us.

Miss Dollie Watlington is seriously sick at this time.

Mr. Peter Troxler, of near The Hub, died Sunday at 10 o'clock and will be buried today (Monday) at Fairview.

Mr. Calvin Matkins and Mr. George Bouldin, of west Tennessee, are on a month's visit at Mr. G. W. Matkins.

Uncle Buck Faucette is striping all colors of tobacco these days. Some grade to his tobacco.

Misses Aleck Bouldin, Besale Smith and Luxora, Faucette spent Saturday night and Sunday with Miss Kate Faucette.

Mrs. U. C. Smith is visiting her sister, Mrs. R. L. Gwynn.

THE CAUSES OF THE WAR.

As near as we can gather from a diligent perusal of current periodicals, the causes of the European war are these:

1—Emperor William's personal ambition.

2—The emperor had nothing to do with it; he was away from home when the trouble broke loose; it was caused by the military party of Germany.

3—It was not caused by the military party, but was the result of popular uprising of all classes in Germany.

4—Serbian intrigue, by which she was planning to disrupt Austria-Hungary.

5—Austria, that lusted to possess Serbia.

6—Russia, that plotted to crush Austria and Germany, and to rule all the Slavs.

7—Germany, by its invasion of Belgium.

8—Some French officers who rode over in automobiles into Belgium before the war, and thus violated the neutrality of that country.

9—Belgium, that was naughty to Germany and resisted the passage of the army over her fields.

10—England, that hated Germany, envied her achievements and stirred up the world against her.

11—England's hypocrisy and lying.

12—The war is the natural evolution of Germany's destiny, the plan of fate to spread German culture over the world.

13—Overpopulation in Germany. Too many German babies. Germany's rapidly increasing numbers had to have more room.

14—The whole war is the result of competition in commerce.

15—The conflict is traceable to the craft of the capitalist class.

16—The presence of great armaments, as in Germany and England.

17—The German desire for conquest.

18—The absence of great armaments as in Luxemburg.

19—The German desire to defend the fatherland.

20—French revenge.

21—The wish of the French to get back Alsace and Loraino.

22—It was all a question of colonial expansion.

23—It was owing to the craving of the Kaiser and his people to have their place in the sun.

24—Whoever was at fault it was somebody else.

25—Pure cussedness.

26—Nothing at all.

There are twenty-six other reasons which space does not allow to mention.

Is it not singular that for the greatest crime since men were created they can give only about the same sort of excuses a wolf gives for killing sheep?

EARLY SPRING?

Are we to have an early Spring? Many sings have been seen thus early in the winter that makes it look that way. Snakes have been seen crawling about the woods, earth worms found on top of the ground, spiders have made their appearance in residences and the song of the blue bird is heard.—Chatham Record.

The game of baseball and the game of life are alike in that the losers are always kicking on the umpire.

TWINS BORN IN DIFFERENT YEARS.

When two baby girls in the Frankford hospital grow up and write or tell when they were born, one will say in 1914 and the other in 1915.

If they remain so closely resembling each other as they are now they will not need to tell that they are twins, but if they do say it, there will be some explaining to do.

They can prove it all right, though, for the records at the hospital will bear them out. The records are to this effect.

Born to Mrs. Anna McKay, of No. 3231 Hurley street, twin girls on December 31, 1914, and January 1, 1915.

The oldest of the twins was born in the last minute of the old year and the other came to life with little M.

The bureau of vital statistics in this city has no record of a similar case, and so far as it is known these baby girls have the distinction of being the first twins to be born in different years.—Philadelphia Cor. to New York World.

Edwards—Will you dine with us this evening? We are going to have a pheasant.

Eaton—(fond of his stomach)—And how many guests?—Boston Transcript.

"His is a case where the office seeks the man."

"That so?"

"Yes; he's wanted by men from the sheriff's office."—Buffalo Express.



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Under this plan you can get one of these wonderful copper-bearing iron Ranges equipped with every modern feature.



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COPPER BEARING IRON RANGE

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Many of these ranges have been sold already, though we only made the announcement two days ago. The time is short, the allotment small, and it may be that the next few hours will see them all go. Come and get yours early today.

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