

# 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 15, 1915.

## THE DEAD AND INJURED IN ITALY EARTHQUAKE MAY REACH 50,000.

**Train Thrown From Tracks by Violence of the Earthquake—Passenger Gives Graphic Description of the Catastrophe—Whole Towns Wiped Out—When He Climbed From Coach Villages Had Disappeared; Only Dust and Smoke—Thousands Buried Alive—Throughout the Night in Avezzano Shouts for Help Could Be Heard—Collapse of School Building Buries Over 200 Children.**

### EARTHQUAKE HORRORS GROW.

Rome, Jan. 14. 4:47 P. M.—The victims of the earthquake disaster, according to latest reports received here number about 50,000, including dead and wounded.

Official reports received from Avezzano declare that the dead in that city and in its vicinity in the earthquake yesterday number more than 15,000 persons.

The destruction of the town of Avezzano a community of some 12,000 people in Aquila province is virtually complete. There is good authority for the statement that not more than ten per cent. of the population survived the disaster.

London, Jan. 14. 4:27 P. M.—A news dispatch received from Rome says that the members of the chamber of deputies for Lipari have telegraphed to the capital that the disaster of yesterday surpasses the Messina catastrophe. The ruin is more widespread and the injury to life and limb will be greater. A news agency dispatch from Rome says that a further distinct earth shock was felt at Rome about 3 o'clock this morning. In several quarters of the city the people fled from their houses into the open air.

Paris, Jan. 14. 4:50 P. M.—A dispatch to Havas agency from Aquila, Italy, says that later news received there confirms the report that Avezzano has been completely destroyed by the earthquake. The towns of Celano and Pescina, close to Avezzano, are partially wrecked. There is a great number of dead, says the dispatch and many victims are buried in the ruins.

## THE TIME TO PAY.

It is a Chinaman's religion that he must not sleep at the end of his New Year's day until he has paid every one of his bills.

Suppose each one of us were to adopt this policy, what new life it would give trade! How the merchants would smile and glow and rub their hands, as the checks and dollars rolled in.

It is a discouraging fact that the very ones who need most to pattern after the conscientious Chinese and pay their bills promptly at New Year's are mostly those to whom bill paying means no greater exertion than drawing a check.

"If I can't pay, why, I can owe," was the sentiment expressed by the old Englishman.

However, merchants always declare that the most satisfactory customers to deal with are the people of the so-called middle class, who pay cash for goods bought, or else go without them. Of course, the latter method does not quite suit dealers, who get their stocks to sell, but, at least, they know where they stand, and do not have to wait, perhaps for a whole year, until some wealthy and dilatory patron gets ready to sit down and write a dozen words on a slip in his check book.

Get busy, friend, today—right now! Do you owe this one or that one, and are you holding back from paying, perhaps from the stingy motive of hating to lose a dollar or two of interest by taking the necessary funds from the bank? Have compassion on the men who must shoulder not only the burden of rent, clerk hire, stock expense, damage, loss, but must actually load you on their backs, to carry until you get ready to send them that sum, big or little, which is their rightful due!

Don't wait till after the 15th, for fear of skipping a trifle of interest! Here's a golden text for the new year:

"PAY WHAT THOU OWEST."

### AT THE GROTTTO.

Next Wednesday, The New York Hippodrome success "America," in six realistic reels of motion pictures, "America" with all its marvelous incomparable and unapproachable grandeur; outstanding and outstripping all productions since the beginning of the world, comes to The Grotto with its hundreds of shapely women; its scores of dashing young girls in bewitching and enchanting dances of tableaux; camel, elephants, circus acts, beautiful groomed horses and people from all parts of the globe, included to make this mammoth and unequalled extravaganza the gladdest occasion in Burlington since motion pictures came into existence.

This pictures dates from the landing of Columbus in 1492 to the opening of Culebra Cut and the passage of the first ship through the Panama Canal.

You will see The Alamo, San Antonio, Marvellous Ladder acts, Pueblo

Village, New Mexico, hundreds of Indian performers, Ponce de Leon Hotel, Florida, Fearless Filis Equestrian, New England Farm Scenes, Sufferage Parade, National Park, Grand Canyon, of Arizona, Levee at New Orleans, Australian wood choppers, and hundreds and hundreds of other things that you will never have an opportunity to see elsewhere.

Don't miss this glad occasion and bring the little ones—they will enjoy it too.

### 2523 COULYES WED IN ELKTON, IN 1914, 6 YESTERDAY.

Elkton, Md., Jan. 1.—Twenty-five hundred and twenty-three marriage licenses were issued here to couples from outside the State in 1914. Since the new marriage laws went into effect in Pennsylvania and Delaware the number of marriage licenses has increased monthly in the new Green of Maryland.

## WHEAT MAKES ANOTHER NEW SOARING RECORD.

There Will Be None for Export After March 1 at the Present Rate.

Chicago, Jan. 14.—Generally accepted assertions that unless the European demand soon diminishes the United States would have no wheat to ship abroad after March lifted the prices of that cereal here today to \$1.43 3-8, the highest in many years. Retail flour prices rose simultaneously, sacks which recently sold for 70 cents going to 90.

Five European Governments were reported today to be actively in the wheat market on this side of the Atlantic in addition to individual buyers from foreign lands. The result was figured to be exportation at the rate of eight to ten million bushels a week.

The Governments which are direct purchasers in the United States are the Swiss, Greek, Italian, Dutch and French. So far the British Government has done nothing as a government, but Great Britain's food supply is said here to be down to a 60-day basis and if Great Britain as a Government should enter the market the result in the opinion of Chicago exporters, would be hard to foresee.

## MEETING OF THE STOCKHOLDERS OF THE CENTRAL LOAN & TRUST CO.

The stockholders of the Central Loan & Trust Company, held their annual meeting, January 12, 1915, at 11 o'clock in the Directors' Room of the First National Bank. The report from the officers of the company were considered exceptionally satisfactory. One feature of the reports showed that more business was done during 1914 than for any single year past. The usual 10 per cent. dividend checks were handed to the stockholders present. The following officers were elected for the coming year: J. M. Browning, president; Dr. J. A. Pickett, 1st vice-president; Charles D. Johnston, 2nd vice-president; W. W. Brown, manager; A. V. Ray, secretary and treasurer.

Directors: J. M. Browning, Dr. J. A. Pickett, W. W. Brown, J. A. Isley, P. T. Kernodle, C. D. Johnston, Walter L. Cates, J. E. Moore, George W. Patterson.

## OVER HALF MILLION UNEMPLOYED.

New York, Jan. 11.—According to figures compiled for the public forum of the Church of the Ascension and made public tonight, a partial list of the unemployed in Greater New York totals 562,700. The number of homeless persons in the city, who have no the price of shelter, is estimated at 60,000.

Arrangements were made to turn over the report to City Chamberlain Bruere who agreed to consider it in an official capacity. The report said that about 125,000 of the unemployed were women and asserted that immorality was greatly on the increase.

## BUNCHING THE ADVERTISING HITS.

The team that led the National League in batting—did not win the pennant.

It did not bat at the right time or in the right direction. There is a lesson in this for every merchant provided you place your ad in The Dispatch.

It is not a question of how much advertising ammunition you fire as it is how you make your shots count.

Newspaper advertising properly placed always scores.

The hits can be bunched at the right time. Results are certain.

About the only sure thing we know of right now is that people are not going to take your advice unless you charge them for it.

## SYLVAN RECEIVES THE BASEBALL TROPHY.

The personnel of Sylvan High School was on the qui vive New Year's Day, in anticipation of an event of unusual importance, the presentation of the State Championship Cup, won by the Sylvan baseball team last Spring.

Promptly at 2:30 P. M., the school repaired to the auditorium for the exercises of the occasion, which were opened by singing "America." A piano solo followed, after which the principal, Mr. L. L. Lohr, introduced our County Superintendent of Public Instruction, Mr. J. B. Robertson, who was down for the presentation speech. Mr. Robertson spoke at length and appropriately, not forgetting to express enthusiastic appreciation of the honor brought to Alamance by the Sylvan victory. Hearty applause greeted Mr. Blake Isley, last year's principal of Sylvan, as he came forward to receive the cup, in behalf of his victorious team. He responded in a happy manner, concluding by calling the 1914 champions of the baseball diamond to the platform and leading them in the Sylvan yell. The cup is of silver, fifteen inches tall, upon a four-inch black base, the whole most appropriate in design and inscribed as follows:

ALEX TAYLOR TROPHY N. C. H. S. BASEBALL CHAMPIONSHIP WON BY SYLVAN HIGH SCHOOL 1914 UNDER AUSPICES U. N. C. ALUMNI A. A.

This trophy, of which Sylvan is justly and admittedly proud, is the property of the school and will be treasured carefully, awaiting future addition of the kind. "And it may not be out of place to add that prospects are good for a strong ball team for 1915, one that will not go down to defeat easily, determined at least, to make its defeat an interesting proposition to any team that may come against it.

## MISS HALL ENTERTAINS PRISCILLA CLUB.

The Priscilla Club met Tuesday afternoon with Miss Ollie Hall on Raubert Street. In spite of the inclemency of the weather, a good attendance of the members were present, and the afternoon was delightfully spent. Miss Hall proved a royal entertainer. A salad course was served, followed by candy. Those present were: Misses Nonie Moore, Ruth Lee Holt, Mamie and Sadie Fonville, Mary Turentine, Nellie Fleming, Mary, Beulah and Sallie Foster. The invited guests were Miss Mittie Lovett, of Ashboro, Miss Hall's guest, and Mrs. Patzsch.

## SPECIAL SERVICES AT FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH.

The services at the First Baptist Church next Sunday will be of unusual interest. Rev. W. R. L. Smith, D. D., pastor of the Baptist Church at Chapel Hill, will preach at the morning service, 11:30 A. M. At 3:00 P. M., there will be a service for the ordination of Deacons, at which Dr. Smith will deliver the address stating the qualifications and duties of deacons, and Rev. James W. Rose, of the Houtt Memorial and Graham Churches, will deliver the charge to the Church. Following this will follow the impressive service, with the laying on of hands and the ordination prayer. In the evening the pastor will preach as usual. Special music will be a feature of these services. A cordial invitation is extended to all interested to be present. Dr. Smith is an unusually attractive speaker, and Rev. Mr. Rose has never before addressed our people. You will be amply rewarded by attending.

## ELLIS-STONE AND CO. DEFENDANTS IN SUIT.

Miss Loula M. Riley Charges Assault and Battery Causing Her Mental Anguish—Charged With Larceny.

Greensboro, Jan. 12.—A suit for \$15,000 has been brought in the superior court of Lee County by Miss Loula M. Riley, of Sanford, against W. H. Stone, Thomas Hicks and W. T. McCuiston, of this city. The plaintiff alleges assault and battery and also that she was caused to suffer great mental anguish by being humiliated on the evening of December 4 in the store of Ellis-Stone & Company, of this city, when she was charged with theft, being detained in the store and her room later being searched.

Following this detention a case has been brought in the Municipal court of Greensboro against Miss Riley, charging her with larceny, which will probably come up for trial next week.

Her attorney is John A. Barringer, of this city, and the complaint is as follows:

"The plaintiff complaining alleges:  
1. "That she is a resident of Lee County, having been born and raised in Sanford, in the said county and that the defendants reside in the county of Guilford, in the City of Greensboro.

2. "That on the first day of April, 1911, the plaintiff being desirous of supporting herself by her own labor left her home in Sanford and went to the City of Greensboro, in the county of Guilford, State of North Carolina, and sought employment as a clerk in the store of C. H. Dorsett in the said city and was employed by the said Dorsett until the 15th day of September, 1913, and on the said date, an agent of Ellis-Stone & Company, a partnership doing business in the City of Greensboro, as merchants, sought to engage the plaintiff in the store of the said company as a clerk; that she then, after having made an agreement and contract with the said Ellis-Stone & Company, left the employment of C. H. Dorsett and went into the store of the said company as a clerk working for the said company in the employment of the said company until the 4th day of December, 1914; that on the evening of the 4th day of December, 1914, while the plaintiff was still in the store of the said Ellis-Stone & Company, about 6 o'clock in the evening she was leaving the store of the said company when the said Thomas Hicks, who was bookkeeper, of the said Ellis-Stone & Company, accosted her near the door of the store and asked her to go upstairs into a room, the plaintiff not knowing what the said Hicks wanted and he being an employe in the said store, went with him, not knowing what he desired; that he took the plaintiff onto the third story of the said storehouse and went into what is known as the boss's room with plaintiff alone and after they had gotten inside the said store the said Hicks locked the said door and being alone with a man on the third floor with the door locked she became alarmed, not knowing what his purposes were and she asked him what he wanted with her; that he thereupon, in a violent manner charged the plaintiff with stealing goods belonging to Ellis-Stone & Company and appropriating them to her own use and called her a crook, thereby meaning that she was a thief, in the meantime using profane language in the presence of the plaintiff; that shortly after the plaintiff and the said Hicks had gotten into the said room the son of the defendant, W. H. Stone, came in and sat down with this plaintiff and the defendant Hicks and attempted with the said Hicks to browbeat the plaintiff, using violent language toward her and trying to make her confess that she was guilty of larceny of the property of the said company; that the plaintiff was detained in the said room for more than an hour and was ordered to remain there until the defendant, W. H. Stone, one of the proprietors of the said store, should come, who was to arrive on the 7:10 train from Durham; that shortly after 7 o'clock the defendant, W. H. Stone, came into the said room with the plaintiff and the said Hicks and young Stone and in a very violent, coarse and brutal manner in the presence of the said Hicks and young Stone, charged the plaintiff with stealing goods from the store of Ellis-Stone & Company, and charged her with being a thief, and asserting that she had stolen goods many times from the said storehouse; that the plaintiff by the conduct of the said three men was humiliated and terrorized so that she did not know what she was doing, being carried up to the third floor of the said building and the door having been locked and having been subjected to violent, profane language and accused of being a thief; that the plaintiff was detained to 9 o'clock, having been subjected to violent, profane and indecent conduct of the three men aforesaid, who sought to humiliate terrorize and put to shame the plaintiff so that she would confess that she had stolen articles from the said store; that about 20 minutes to 9 o'clock the defendant, Thomas Hicks, went out and got his co-defendant, W. T. McCuiston, a policeman in the City of Greensboro, and brought him into the said room in the presence of this plaintiff; that when the said policeman came in the defendant, W. H. Stone said to him, "we want the apartments of this young lady searched for goods which she has stolen from Ellis-Stone & Company."

3. "That about 20 minutes to 9 o'clock at night the plaintiff was conducted down the stairway by the said policeman, Thomas Hicks, and the defendant, W. H. Stone, and made to go out on the street with them and she was required to get into an automobile with the said men while it was raining and very cold; that the driver of the automobile was directed to go to the boarding house of the plaintiff, which he did; that when they arrived at the said boarding house, the defendants W. T. McCuiston, W. H. Stone and Policeman O'Briant took the plaintiff upstairs to her room and in her presence again charged her with theft and larceny of the property of Ellis-Stone & Company, and searched the bureau drawers, closet, table and trunk and all the said room for stolen  
(Continued on Fourth Page)

PRINT

### Bright Sayings of the Children

The Chicago Tribune.

My 4-year-old daughter was expecting her four little cousins to spend the day with her. She sat by the window watching the cars until she was tired. At last she saw one stop, and said: "O, mamma, I am not tired now. I am only curious."

Mrs. S. E. P.

Johnnie, 5 years old, is taking piano lessons, and the following conversation was overheard:

Teacher—Now, Johnnie, what note is in the first space?

Johnnie—F.

Teacher—That is fine. You certainly are doing well. I am proud of you.

Johnnie—If it wasn't F I was going to say G.

R. G.

I met a little friend of mine whom I had not seen for about a year. I inquired for the members of her father's family and was told that they had a new baby at their house. I said: "This is the first time I've heard that you had a little new sister." She replied: "I just know you hadn't heard it, 'cause papa didn't send out any invitations."

A. E. H.

Clarice, age 10, was proudly walking about the house trying her new shoes. Maxine, her 3 year old sister, was intently watching. Presently she said, "My! Clarice, wouldn't you be glad if they made music?"

Mrs. C.

One day a woman tried to tell Jane over the phone that she had two doll bonnets for her. Jane could not understand what it was and said: "I don't hear you, but thanks, I'll like them just the same."

W. L. V.

Once when ill I asked my little daughter to please hand me a glass of water from the dresser, she said: "Wait a minute and I will get you some fresh; this is as warm as Luke."

Mrs. H. W. C.

Eva, aged 3, was happy when she could have the button box and play with the buttons, but she insisted on putting them in her mouth, so of course her mamma would not let her have them. One day when mamma came suddenly into the room she found Eva on the table reaching for the button box on the shelf. Hearing her mother, she turned and cried: "O, you dear mother, you haven't had a kiss today. Turn here till I kiss you."

Miss L. W.

Maggie, aged 3, had a bad habit of climbing on the backs of chairs, and when caught at it was liable to get spanked. I caught her one day and called mamma, and she, starting to cry, said, "Buddy, y-you looks at everything you sees."

M. M.

Merriam was 7 years old and mother had a birthday dinner for him. When he had eaten all he could, he said to his father: "Dad, I wish this day would never end."

Mrs. W. H.

A little girl 3 years old was taking her daily bath. When in the course of the operation her nurse said: "Why, Jane, what makes your neck so dirty?" Jane answered: "Well, don't I wear it all the time?"

J. S.

My little daughter, 3 years old, and I while attending a moving picture show remarked upon seeing a child in the pictures who was ill and it could be seen was seized with violent coughing spells: "Mudder, why don't her mudder grease her?"

L. M. L.

Dorothy was asked by her uncle how much she weighed, and she said sweetly: "I don't know; I never lifted myself."

Mrs. D. A. F.

#### DORIS BLAKE SAYS:—

"Love is the Universal Language—Not Esperanto."

#### HOW TO TREAT MEN.

Recently I heard a gray haired woman discuss the subject of how to treat men friends. I was interested

to hear her viewpoint because it was so modern despite her years and I knew that she had acquired it from experience and not from training. "When I was a girl," she said, "I was trained very strictly. I was taught that under no circumstances was I to permit a man to know that I liked him. He must have all the joy of a blind pursuit. I was not to treat him frankly and as a friend the way I did my girl friends. I was taught to look upon him as some being utterly foreign to myself. If I saw a man friend on the street I must not deviate by a hair's breadth from my course lest he think that I wished to speak to him.

"After a time I realized that the men I liked and would have liked to have known better passed me by and called me cold and that the girls who treated men differently, who treated them with the same front friendliness they showed their feminine companions won their liking and their love.

"The man I married often refers to the way I treated him before we were married. He said that he did not love me the more because of it, but that he loved me in spite of it. And in the years that followed when I lost something of my long-instilled attitude and was able to show him how I cared he seemed to love me in increased proportion.

"I have brought up a large family of girls and there is one thing I have always tried to inculcate in them: That is, that the best and happiest course to pursue with men is one of honesty and sincerity. For an attitude of affected aloofness is quite as unlikable and disastrous to pleasant friendships with a man as it is with a woman; quite as unproductive, too, of results in the case where one might genuinely care for the man as the other extreme—that of too great coquetry and too great familiarity."

#### DORIS BLAKE SAYS:—

"When a Man Thinks of the Cost of Love It's a Sign His Youth Has Fled."

#### HUSBAND'S EVENINGS.

"I wish you'd give me your views, Miss Blake, on whether a man has any claim on his evenings and Sundays, or whether his wife has full share there," writes John C. "I love my wife, and she knows it. But she kicks like everything if I'm not on the job every evening and all day Sunday. I like to play billiards and pool once in a while with the boys."

There are two pretty lively sides to the argument of whether a man's evenings belong to him or his wife.

When I had the problem to face with my husband I rebelled at first. But I found rebellion didn't help a particle. Then I saw plainly that if there was to be joy in the household I would have to give in.

My husband had the coin collecting hobby. So I made up my mind that since he would neither be coaxed nor driven from his absorbing study I had better try to make his interest mine.

I found his hobby anything but the uninteresting topic I expected it would be. I learned more about the countries of the world, their rulers, the values of their money, and other features than I ever thought possible to learn. Best of all, I found this common interest helped to cement the love between my husband and me.

There's nothing in married life that will cement the love bonds as a common interest will. That's why I advocate that the wife make an effort to adopt a lively interest in her husband's diversion, providing it is a wholesome, healthy diversion.

If a wife cannot enter into the spirit of her husband's pet diversion it isn't fair that she should wage warfare against it. Instead, she should go in for some special line of reading or work entirely different from the work her day is occupied with, so that discontent and restlessness will not be given time to grow.

#### ANATOMICAL.

"There is the enemy's wing."

"Yes general."

"See if you can't make it yield a feather for your cap."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Laborers in Bombay, India, get 20 cents a day.

### RUB-MY-TISM

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

Children need a lot of toys To complete the tale When it comes to Christmas toys. Better buy a bale.

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

#### THE MODERN FARMER.

"But a change has come. The country life today has been transformed. The farmer lives the life of an actively intelligent and useful citizen. His home is lighted by electricity. The best magazines lie on his center table. The rural telephone connects with the nearest town. The rural mail carrier leaves the morning metropolitan daily at his gate, so that it is read before retiring at night. He drives to town in a four-cylinder car. What he raises he sells. What he sells he is paid for in cash, not 'trade.' His product is in demand. He closes his year with a balance in the bank.

"His daughter goes to high school; his son to the university. His home is modern, cheery, inviting.

"If the son of his household has ambitions, they are not born of hardships. They are the natural longings for bigger, newer things. But they are not bred of discomfort and grinding toil, and distaste for earl surroundings.

"The American farmer is a king. He dominates the market. He dictates prices. He fills the vaults of the bank. With this remarkable reversal of conditions, it is a small wonder that the city-bred man is looking toward the open country.

"The pressure from the country on the so-called learned professions ought to relax. More than that, the current should begin to run the other way.

"Modern country life is full of attractions. The retired business man goes there to refresh his flagging energy in new work. Lawyer and doctor pride themselves on the ownership of a piece of land they can call their own, where a week's vacation sends them back to practice, buoyant with the magnetism of the soil.

"Half the men who are 'rising young lawyers' would do well to turn to the country. In the commercialism that dominates the profession, the great bulk of the young men freshly admit-

ted, who remain in the city, lose their identity and submerge their individuality in the commercial activities of a busy law office.

"No man is justified in sinking his identity even in return for a good salary, if he can own and manage his own property with a fair prospect of rearing with a fair comfort.

"That a profession is more 'honorable' than tilling the soil is a flabby theory descended from the aristocracy. It is better to follow a plow and pay your bills than wear a silk hat and dodge your creditors.

"This does not mean that the successful lawyer should desert his desk to become a land owner. There is no profession that yields such fruitful returns and affords a greater joy of contest than the law. But it is simply a refutation of the theory that the unsuccessful must stick to his desk, when, by turning to the country, he may, under proper conditions, rear his family in independence of mind and fortune.

The above splendid article was taken from the October 11, 1914, issue of the San Francisco News Letter and deserves careful reading and study.

It is freely admitted that the disreputable practice (some of which is committed by lawyers who stand well in their communities) for which the legal profession has become noted is caused by the over-crowded condition of the legal profession; and still, the University of Texas alone, is turning out every school year about 95 per cent. more lawyers than can possibly earn a living by clean and honest practices.

It is this condition to which the legal profession has sunk that has caused warnings of rebuke to be administered to the profession by some of the leading attorneys of this nation, including ex-President W. H. Taft, Judge J. C. Walker, of Galveston, and Judge Lively, of Dallas, and Mr. William Capps, of Fort Worth, and many other high class lawyers all over the United States.

If a halt is not called the outrages committed by the legal tricksters (who overwhelmingly out-number the honest lawyers) it will cause a revolution in this country yet. An honest and peace-loving people cannot stand such miscarriage of justice very much longer.

Elect more farmers and business men, and other laboring men to public office.

### Grip Left Me With a Cough

If during the winter you had the grip and are still suffering from the after effects, now is the time to get rid of it. Peruna is your remedy.

A Very Bad Cough. Mrs. S. J. Kountz, 1015 Sevel St., Nashville, Tenn., writes: "I have had a very bad cough nearly all my life. I have taken almost every kind of cough medicine, but none did me much good. I would have spells of coughing that I thought I would cough myself to death. I took Peruna, and last winter and this winter I have had no cough and I know that Peruna cured me."

A Severe Case of Grip. Mr. W. S. Brown, R. F. D. 4, Box 32, Rogerville, Tenn., writes: "I recommend Peruna to all sufferers of catarrh or cough. In the year of 1905 I took a severe case of the la grippe. I then took a bad cough. Everybody thought I had consumption. I had taken all kinds of cough remedies, but got no relief. I then decided to try Peruna. After taking five bottles my cough stopped and my catarrh was cured. Any one suffering with catarrh in any form I will advise them to take Peruna."

### BRING

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

### MASK & FISHER

#### Something for Nothing.

To get started with you we make you 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 Bolgina & Son and Thorbon & 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.

### VICK'S Croup and 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.

#### HOCUTT MEMORIAL BAPTIST CHURCH.

Adams Avenue and Hail 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.

#### 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—Hang Up—"Busy."

#### WEBB AVENUE M. E. CHURCH SOUTH.

Rev. E. C. Durham, 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 Melver, Pastor. Services every Sunday at 11:00 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday School at 9:45 A. M. B. R. 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. I. C. B. 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.

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Most children do. A coated, "urrted" Tongue; Strong Breath; Stomach Pains; Circles under Eyes; Pale, Sallow 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.

POOR P

**SYNOPSIS.**

Zudora is left an orphan at an early age. Her father is killed in a mine explosion, and the fortune from the mine, which grows to be worth \$250,000, is left in the guardianship of Frank Keene, 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 convinces the girl to put the man out 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; fail 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 perpetrated by Hassam Ali himself.

Zudora and Hassam Ali visit Nabok Khan's house, where sleep-overcomes every one whenever Nabok attempts to marry a princess. Storm, seeking Zudora, is made a prisoner. Zudora foils Nabok Khan, 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 being 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 burns in her hand. An old house is mined by Hassam Ali and the old men. Storm and Zudora are lured there and narrowly escape destruction when the house blows up. John McWalter, endeavoring to trap and kill George Smith, is killed himself, and Smith is charged with murder. Hassam Ali conspires to have John Storm meet the same fate as McWalter, and he and Storm are overcome by powerful fumes. Zudora saves them, proves that McWalter's own dog trapped and killed him and saves Smith from a band of lynchers.

Germany and Russia came to New York, with millions to their credit. But neither they nor the home secret service could find out anything. You cannot track the going or coming of the wind. You cannot follow an ocean ripple.

In an interview the secretary of war declared that the government had not been approached by any inventor of a heat ray. All it could do was to wait and see if the magician had struck accidentally and experimentally or with deadly intent.

For three days the newspapers ran scare heads, but nothing further developed. The foreign agents wasted their gold and the home agents their time.

Then came the blowing up of one of the J. B. Starr colliers or, rather, the sinking. The plates showed the same terrible agency which had destroyed the submarine. But this time there seemed to be a slight clue. The Starr

plates. It was quite evident that the strikers had taken advantage of the confusion. After this nothing more was heard of the heat ray. And by and by the public forgot, as it always does, and turned once more to the ever increasing war bulletins.

"Uncle, what do you think of this new ray talk?" asked Zudora one evening, after reading some editorial comment upon the half forgotten subject, which had not, however, been forgotten in the least by her. "Could there be such a thing?"

"My dear child, in these days nothing is impossible. They fly in the air; they swim under water; they speak from ship to ship without any visible means. A ray to penetrate steel under water is not only possible, but probable. I'll wager that a hundred men across the world are trying to accomplish this."

"And evidently one man has accomplished it."

"Evidently," agreed Hassam Ali. "But why should he blow up ships in our own harbor? Why should he deal death without just cause?"

"Ah, these men of true science! What is the death of a man or two compared to the achievement? I dare say that this man could not resist the impulse to try his infernal ray upon the living. All scientists are egotists. Why don't you dig into it? There's international fame for any one who solves this."

"What! Pit my forces against the whole of the secret service?"

"Yes, but you have facilities that not every human being has. And then you've something that not even I have."

"And what is that?"

"Luck."

"Then you think I am lucky instead of skillful?"

"Both, my child, in an extraordinary degree. No one knows that better than I," with a smile which she did not see nor would have understood if she had. Hassam Ali rose. His fingers were itching to fondle his gold.

Zudora remained in the mystic room and reread a letter she had received from Storm that day. The poor boy had lost his only photograph of her and desired a new one. Well, he should have it and just as soon as she could have it taken. She sat down before the crystal globe. So her uncle thought she was not only skillful, but lucky? Was he regretting his bargain?

She stared into the globe, and presently a strange fantasy appeared in its clear depths. She saw herself standing upon the crest of a hill, in silhouette against the setting sun, garbed in flowing white. Presently she was joined by another Zudora, dressed in black. Then the two shapes came slowly down the hill in separate paths, and at the end of each path stood a somber Hassam Ali. The white Zudora, when she reached Hassam Ali, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The black Zudora repelled the seer, her face expressing doubt and suspicion. The forms faded and disappeared. Zudora rose, troubled in mind. She doubted her uncle. There was no use in



"Gentlemen, there is a madman somewhere in New York city."

people were on strike, and it was deduced that some personal enemy had destroyed the collier. A collier had been anchored in the vicinity of the submarine, and it seemed quite possible that the inventor had thrown his ray toward the collier and the submarine had had the misfortune to pass in between.

Immediately the government announced that it had received a communication from the inventor stating that he deplored the fatal accident to the submarine. It was postmarked Jersey City. The secret agents went over that city as with a fine comb. Nothing was found. The leaders of the Starr strike were persistently shadowed, but nothing came of this endeavor. It was even ascertained that the strikers were as deeply mystified as any one.

John Storm was the attorney for the Starr company. On the day after the sinking of the collier he received a note, typewritten and postmarked Boston, that the collier had been sunk accidentally. Immediately he went down to the Starr offices and laid the note before the directors.

"Gentlemen, there is a madman somewhere in New York city. This postmark merely proves to me that the man went to Boston for the express purpose of sending the note from there. I honestly believe that it has nothing to do with the strike."

"I wish the Lord we knew, Storm," said the vice president. "If this man can burn steel under water he has in his hands the terrible power of being able to demolish the whole city if the whim strikes him. They tell me that Washington has gone crazy over the affair. It would give a million for the secret, if only to take it out of the hands of an irresponsible person."

"Shall I send this note to the secret service people to compare it with the other?" asked Storm.

"Not a bad idea."

Twenty-four hours later Storm received a call from the secret service people. The two notes had been written upon the same machine. It was a cul-de-sac. Every one seemed to blunder into a blind alley. Several times Storm thought of Zudora, but he resisted the impulse. He did not care to have her tangled up in an affair like this. Ah, if she would put take his advice—marry him openly and defy that sly devil who called himself her uncle! Four different times the man had tried to kill him, but the basic cause for this desire of his death was the most puzzling mystery of all. Why should Hassam Ali wish his death so earnestly as to risk his own security in the effort to accomplish his ends? So far it had never occurred to Storm that Hassam Ali might be wishing the death of Zudora also.

Storm and Zudora were having tea at the Claridge one afternoon, and when they were through she suggested that they take a look at the bulletin board. Every one was war news man.

"What is that?" she cried. "They have caught the Emden at last and destroyed her."

"It's a pity," said Storm. "That commander was a brave sailor. Well, he'll have a niche in history all his own. By George!" he exclaimed suddenly. "What is it?"

"Another Starr collier gone down! Girl, can you get back home alone? I must go down to the Starr office at once. This is no accident."

But there was no evidence this time of any mysterious heat ray. An infernal machine had been hidden in the engine room, in the starboard bunkers, and had blown a great hole through

**CHAPTER VII.**

**The Phantom of the Future.**

A GREAT crowd was assembled before the bulletin boards in Times square. It was a remarkably serious looking crowd too. There were much dubious shaking of heads and shrugging of shoulders. It was not a baseball crowd, not an aggregation of sports awaiting the results at the faroff race tracks.

"What do you know about that?"

"Give me a bear that floats on top of the water!"

"Take it from me, some one got fresh with the torpedo tube. We're not at war with any one."

"But what's this ray business? I never heard of anything like that before."

Sandwiched in between a bulletin announcing a German check in Poland and another telling of the French being repulsed at Osmode were a few lines which stirred all America for a fortnight. The news was three days old, because the government had not seen fit to disclose the catastrophe to the public until it had located the cause. A submarine had been blown up in the bay. There had been no sign of either mine or torpedo, as one of the surviving officers took oath. They had been skimming along with only half speed when suddenly one of the engineers complained of suffocation, caught on that he had touched the port side with his hand and burned it badly. The commanding officer signalled to the engine room to stop. The order had hardly reached the engine room when the explosion occurred. All but five of the crew were killed. It was a mighty serious business to the United States government. It might have been purely accidental. It might have been done with sinister purpose. The navy department was, in the parlance of the day, up in the air.

Subsequent investigation showed that the port side, near the torpedo tube—

denying the fact. She doubted and feared him. She had given her word, and her very loyalty to that word sealed her lips. She must go on until the end. Twenty exploits, and her life in her hand each time! So be it. And she sensed that John had his suspicions also. Indeed, he had once been outspoken enough.

She left the mystic room and passed on into the living room, where Hassam Ali, having satisfied the craving to play with his gold, sat smoking his pipe and dreaming. She did not disturb him for a time.

The remarkable control this man had over his features was one of his greatest assets. His expression at this moment was of absolute contentment, and yet in his mind's eye he saw the mine, this girl's father struggling for breath and life. He saw the will which made her one of the greatest heiresses in America. He saw his own sinister ends accomplished. And all the while Hassam believed that some happy recollection had served to give that face its benign appearance.

"Uncle!"

He lowered his pipe as if he had not been conscious of her presence.

"What is it?"

"Do you know of any unusual photographer? I mean a genius of his kind, something out of the way."

"Hum! Let me see. There used to be a chap in Third street who had some new tricks. I believe that these were too expensive for the general public. Besides, he was one of those cranks who slave for an idea and to whom money is nothing. I've got the

**Presently the Cracking of Electricity Was Heard.**

name somewhere. When I come across it I'll let you know."

He gave the name to her the next morning and immediately left the house. He had an idea. He was always having ideas. About half after 9 he arrived downtown, stopped before a building, went into the corridor and searched the wall directory. He found Fal Green, the eccentric photographer, on the twelfth floor. He was about to seek the elevator when another name caught his attention.

"He!" he murmured. "And I had forgotten all about the man! Well, the



"Behold!" he said enthusiastically.

world moves fast. I believe I can make something out of this little journey."

He did not stop at the photographer's. He went on up to the next floor and knocked at a certain door. A tall, gaunt individual opened the door.

"Hassam Ali?"

"I, my friend. And so I find you at last."

"You have been looking for me?"

"And not alone, my friend."

"Hush! Not so loud! In God's name, not so loud!"

"So we haven't given up that great idea, eh? It is four years since I saw you last. And you're got it?"

"Yes, yes! I've got it! I have done what no other man in the world has done. A revolution in the world of science! At the sight of this man, Hassam Ali. To me falls the honor of bringing a world peace! There will be no more war after this."

"But the colliers and the submarine, my friend, especially the submarine?"

The inventor suddenly hid his face in his hands.

"God knows it was accidental! I meant no harm, only I had to test it; I had to!"

"A marvelous invention!" mused Hassam Ali, glancing around the room and noting the array of retorts, the queer generating machine, the glass side and top to the room. "We shall become rich."

"Even so, my friend. Rich beyond all dreams—that is, if you obey my will."

"Ah, I know you, Hassam Ali! It is some devil's work you want me to do."

"Devil's or angel's work, you will do it or pay the penalty of twenty odd men in mere caprice. Take your choice." The voice was not suave now, but cold and deadly.

"What is it you wish me to do?"

Hassam Ali whispered his directions. "Death!" said the inventor, horrified.

"That's what is one more?"

"But that was experiment; this is murder."

"What you have done is to law one and the same thing. Oh, I have you, my friend; I have you. You will do my will and in a very short time too."

"I will do it under compulsion! Upon your head be the result."

"This laboratory is directly above Green's."

"Yes."

"We will cut a small hole through the ceiling," suggested Hassam Ali.

"Quite unnecessary. I can adjust this ray to any distance up to five miles. I can pass it through wood and iron and burn what I wish on the other side. It is all a matter of mathematics. I made a miscalculation and the submarine would never have been touched."

"Show me how the infernal thing works. I don't mean the chemical analysis of it. I mean just the simple mechanism."

The inventor, true to his class and kind, instantly forgot his personal danger. His whole soul was bent upon one service to humanity—a world without war. And he was positive that he alone possessed the thing that would make war so horrible, so annihilating that humanity would no longer dare to make war. Presently the crackling of electricity was heard, and the strange odor which always follows the path of lightning filled the room. Far out in the bay was a series of empty barges being returned from the deep sea. The inventor turned his ray upon that, after carefully measuring the distance, something after the manner of a civil engineer. There was a remarkable glare under on the top of the machine, but this the inventor used only when objects were below the horizon.

The two men watched the rear barge. Presently it listed; then it began to sag, and a cloud of smoke burst from the hatches.

"Good heavens!" gasped Hassam Ali. "Did you strike that barge under water?"

"Oh, no. I am powerless against

the world under water, but all metals are like so much paper."

"What are you going to do with it?" Hassam Ali was dazed by the colossal power of the machine.

"When the time comes I am going to present it to the United States government."

"Man, there are millions and millions in it!"

"I am a patriot," said the inventor simply.

It was about this time that Zudora arrived at the photographer's studio on the floor below. At the sound of the interior bell the photographer came out of his dark room. To Zudora he did not look like any photographer she had ever seen. His big head was covered with a shock of rusty colored hair; he needed a shave; his necktie was awry; his coat was speckled with tobacco ash, and chemical stains invited attention. But his forehead was all right and his eyes kindly, if keen.

"Ah, you are Miss Zudora. Your uncle telephoned to me that you would be here. I don't take the average run of photographs." His voice was energetic. There was a Teutonic burr to it, for all that his name was Green. But Zudora did not notice this at the time.

"You see," he went on. "I'm something of an inventor. One of these days I'm going to revolutionize photography. Now, if you'll just sit down for a moment until I finish the plate I'm working on I'll be at your service."

He returned to the dark room. But he did not loiter with any plates. Instead, he placed his ear against a telephone-like object and listened. Hassam Ali was not alone, evidently, in the secret of the man in the room above. A scowl crossed the face of Green, and he muttered an oath, in German. When he came back to Zudora he was smiling.

"Now, then, you want full length or head?"

"Just the head. I want something unusual."

"You've come to the right man, then."

He took a piece of wood from his flat desk. The wood was highly polished. From a shelf he took down a beaker and poured some of the liquid upon the piece of wood. Then he took some liquid from another bottle and spread it over the wood, at almost the same time holding the square in front of Zudora's face. Next he threw on some dark liquid.

"Behold!" he said enthusiastically.

"Why," she cried, astounded. "I never saw anything like that!"

"Few have," he declared. "Now, come tomorrow at 3 and I'll have six for you on wood, steel, copper, iron, cloth and celluloid. When I can make this cheap I'll put the average camera into the dust bin!"

And Zudora believed him.

Meantime the secret service was barrowing and finding nothing. The Starr company was still at loggerheads with its men, and Storm was striving with might and main to adjust the differences. Two more colliers had gone to the bottom mysteriously.

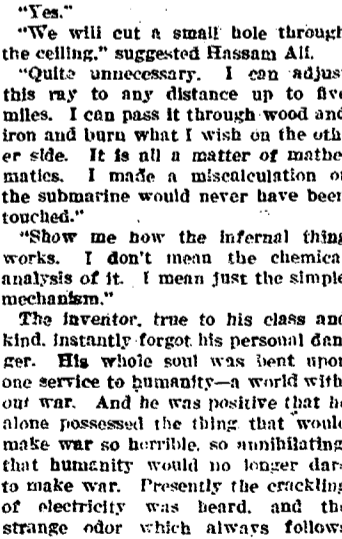
The day that Zudora came for her photograph was to be a red letter day among her experiences. Hassam Ali had preceded her, and while she was conferring with the photographer he was working to gain his ends. That the inventor should be made the scape goat was nothing to him. He saw nothing but unaided millions in the near distance. But unfortunately for his schemes he had reckoned without Fal Green's photography.

Hassam Ali, despite the inventor's protests, had cut an aperture through the door, so that he could see what was going on in the room below. At a favorable moment he thrust a revolver toward the inventor.

"It is murder."

"Now or I will shoot!" Hassam Ali had taken the precaution to disguise himself. The elevator boy would never swear that such and such a man had asked directions, and the law would never be able to find such a man. "Hurry!"

Just before this, however, Zudora, being alone for a moment, thought she



Hassam Ali Had Cut an Aperture Through the Floor.

would try an experiment herself. She picked up one of the beakers to learn if the sensitizing liquid contained ether, when the bottle slipped from her hand and crashed to the floor. Almost instantly she saw a strange face form upon the liquid. She looked up quickly, in time to see two heads suddenly withdraw and heard a rattle of wood as the aperture's covering fell into place.

What could that mean? She stepped back to the wall. She waited breathlessly, but nothing happened. Her first thought was that some one was trying to steal the photographer's secret, and

she became determined to frustrate this base plan.

When Hassam Ali looked again in order to direct the ray of the inventor Zudora was gone! She had evidently seen something. He felt an urgent need of getting away at once.

Oddly enough, she passed him in the upper hall as he was making for the elevator. So intent was she upon her own quest that she gave the man but a passing glance.

Inventors are careless generally in all things save that upon which their thoughts are set. It never occurred to the inventor of the destructive ray to lock the door after the fight of the man who professed to be his friend, but who in reality was the worst enemy he had. So Zudora had no difficulty in entering the room. She did so as noiselessly as a cat.

What she saw confused her at first. There were the noble bay and the ships going down to the sea. But what signified all these retorts, wires, keys and squares of black rubber? No man with all these strange things about him would contemplate the robbing of another man's secret. She heard the man mutter a few words. Her heart missed a beat! Quietly as she had entered she stole forth. What should she do? How should she act in face of this tremendous discovery? She must see Storm and ask his advice.

The inventive photographer had not been inactive all this time. He sensed danger when he saw that weird photograph on the floor. He detected his actions at once. If he could not have the secret of that magical ray for the fatherland no one should have it.

Storm was greatly pleased when Zudora disclosed her discoveries. Together they went to the local secret service office.

They found the poor inventor, who in his soul wanted only the welfare of humanity. They found him a broken reed. Some one had destroyed the very heart of the machine it had taken

the plates. It was quite evident that the strikers had taken advantage of the confusion. After this nothing more was heard of the heat ray. And by and by the public forgot, as it always does, and turned once more to the ever increasing war bulletins.

"Uncle, what do you think of this new ray talk?" asked Zudora one evening, after reading some editorial comment upon the half forgotten subject, which had not, however, been forgotten in the least by her. "Could there be such a thing?"

"My dear child, in these days nothing is impossible. They fly in the air; they swim under water; they speak from ship to ship without any visible means. A ray to penetrate steel under water is not only possible, but probable. I'll wager that a hundred men across the world are trying to accomplish this."

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"Yes, but you have facilities that not every human being has. And then you've something that not even I have."

"And what is that?"

"Luck."

"Then you think I am lucky instead of skillful?"

"Both, my child, in an extraordinary degree. No one knows that better than I," with a smile which she did not see nor would have understood if she had. Hassam Ali rose. His fingers were itching to fondle his gold.

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two fortunes and twenty years of labor to conceive. They could do what they wished with him.

That night, unknown to Zudora, Hassam Ali had a visitor, a visitor who was cold and murderous in his wrath.

"You have despoiled me of my labors!"

"Indeed?" said Hassam Ali.

"You have robbed the fatherland of an invention that would have made us the greatest power in the world!"

"And perhaps that is the very reason why I despoiled you," said Hassam Ali coldly. "You come to me and threaten when by lifting a hand I could send you to prison for so many years that it would be the sum of your life."

"I know that. But this I say to you: Some day you'll slip, and then beware of me!"

"Ahmed!" called Hassam Ali. "show this gentleman to the door!"

And Fal Green, so called, passed forth into the night. A week later his body was found in the East river.

By whose hand?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

He Obeyed.

Murat Halstead, the great journalist of warimes, went to General William T. Sherman's headquarters once for the "latest news from the front." Halstead was armed with many fine introductory letters, but decided to rely mainly on one given him by Thomas Ewing, Sherman's brother-in-law. He found the general and presented Ewing's letter. The general opened it somewhat impatiently, read a few lines, folded it and said:

"Ah, you come from Ewing, and you desire to have 'all the latest news,' the 'next probable move' of our army, eh? Well, there's a train leaving this town for Cincinnati at 2 o'clock. Here, take this ticket and step over there and get your dinner and then get on that train."

"Well, but, General Sherman—" began the newspaper man. But Sherman waved him off.

"Go over and get a good dinner. We have plenty and always strive to treat our friends well. But be sure you don't miss that 2 o'clock train!" And Halstead obeyed.

The Witch's Worst.

"You defy me, do you?" hissed the witch. The victim trembled.

"'Twill be worse for you. I will cause fortune to rain a perfect shower of gold upon you, and then—"

"Then what?" gasped the victim.

"And then the income tax collector!"—

With a shriek of agony, the victim turned and fled.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.



She Saw a Strange Face Form Upon the Liquid.

would try an experiment herself. She picked up one of the beakers to learn if the sensitizing liquid contained ether, when the bottle slipped from her hand and crashed to the floor. Almost instantly she saw a strange face form upon the liquid. She looked up quickly, in time to see two heads suddenly withdraw and heard a rattle of wood as the aperture's covering fell into place.

What could that mean? She stepped back to the wall. She waited breathlessly, but nothing happened. Her first thought was that some one was trying to steal the photographer's secret, and



A Submarine Had Been Blown Up.

unfortunately loaded for target practice—had been melted, absolutely melted, after the manner of melted metal exposed to some terrific heat. And all this with the plates protected by the water—an agency that had been capable of sending a heat ray through water! This news not only aroused the United States, but set warring Europe by the ears. Secret agents fro-

Germany and Russia came to New York, with millions to their credit. But neither they nor the home secret service could find out anything. You cannot track the going or coming of the wind. You cannot follow an ocean ripple.

In an interview the secretary of war declared that the government had not been approached by any inventor of a heat ray. All it could do was to wait and see if the magician had struck accidentally and experimentally or with deadly intent.

For three days the newspapers ran scare heads, but nothing further developed. The foreign agents wasted their gold and the home agents their time.

Then came the blowing up of one of the J. B. Starr colliers or, rather, the sinking. The plates showed the same terrible agency which had destroyed the submarine. But this time there seemed to be a slight clue. The Starr

plates. It was quite evident that the strikers had taken advantage of the confusion. After this nothing more was heard of the heat ray. And by and by the public forgot, as it always does, and turned once more to the ever increasing war bulletins.

"Uncle, what do you think of this new ray talk?" asked Zudora one evening, after reading some editorial comment upon the half forgotten subject, which had not, however, been forgotten in the least by her. "Could there be such a thing?"

"My dear child, in these days nothing is impossible. They fly in the air; they swim under water; they speak from ship to ship without any visible means. A ray to penetrate steel under water is not only possible, but probable. I'll wager that a hundred men across the world are trying to accomplish this."

"And evidently one man has accomplished it."

"Evidently," agreed Hassam Ali. "But why should he blow up ships in our own harbor? Why should he deal death without just cause?"

"Ah, these men of true science! What is the death of a man or two compared to the achievement? I dare say that this man could not resist the impulse to try his infernal ray upon the living. All scientists are egotists. Why don't you dig into it? There's international fame for any one who solves this."

"What! Pit my forces against the whole of the secret service?"

"Yes, but you have facilities that not every human being has. And then you've something that not even I have."

"And what is that?"

"Luck."

"Then you think I am lucky instead of skillful?"

"Both, my child, in an extraordinary degree. No one knows that better than I," with a smile which she did not see nor would have understood if she had. Hassam Ali rose. His fingers were itching to fondle his gold.

Zudora remained in the mystic room and reread a letter she had received from Storm that day. The poor boy had lost his only photograph of her and desired a new one. Well, he should have it and just as soon as she could have it taken. She sat down before the crystal globe. So her uncle thought she was not only skillful, but lucky? Was he regretting his bargain?

She stared into the globe, and presently a strange fantasy appeared in its clear depths. She saw herself standing upon the crest of a hill, in silhouette against the setting sun, garbed in flowing white. Presently she was joined by another Zudora, dressed in black. Then the two shapes came slowly down the hill in separate paths, and at the end of each path stood a somber Hassam Ali. The white Zudora, when she reached Hassam Ali, threw her arms around his neck and kissed him. The black Zudora repelled the seer, her face expressing doubt and suspicion. The forms faded and disappeared. Zudora rose, troubled in mind. She doubted her uncle. There was no use in

denying the fact. She doubted and feared him. She had given her word, and her very loyalty to that word sealed her lips. She must go on until the end. Twenty exploits, and her life in her hand each time! So be it. And she sensed that John had his suspicions also. Indeed, he had once been outspoken enough.

She left the mystic room and passed on into the living room, where Hassam Ali, having satisfied the craving to play with his gold, sat smoking his pipe and dreaming. She did not disturb him for a time.

The remarkable control this man had over his features was one of his greatest assets. His expression at this moment was of absolute contentment, and yet in his mind's eye he saw the mine, this girl's father struggling for breath and life. He saw the will which made her one of the greatest heiresses in America. He saw his own sinister ends accomplished. And all the while Hassam believed that some happy recollection had served to give that face its benign appearance.

"Uncle!"

He lowered his pipe as if he had not been conscious of her presence.

"What is it?"

"Do you know of any unusual photographer? I mean a genius of his kind, something out of the way."

"Hum! Let me see. There used to be a chap in Third street who had some new tricks. I believe that these were too expensive for the general public. Besides, he was one of those cranks who slave for an idea and to whom money is nothing. I've got the



Hassam Ali Had Cut an Aperture Through the Floor.

would try an experiment herself. She picked up one of the beakers to learn if the sensitizing liquid contained ether, when the bottle slipped from her hand and crashed to the floor. Almost instantly she saw a strange face form upon the liquid. She looked up quickly, in time to see two heads suddenly withdraw and heard a rattle of wood as the aperture's covering fell into place.

What could that mean? She stepped back to the wall. She waited breathlessly, but nothing happened. Her first thought was that some one was trying to steal the photographer's secret, and

RINT

The Twice-A-Week Dispatch

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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.

Entered as second-class matter May 10, 1908, at the post office at Burlington, North Carolina, under the Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

The Wilson administration is hypocritical, and it is trying to fool all the people who are not informed, by calling that hundred million dollar revenue tax, a "war tax" while we are at peace with all the world.

All along last year before the war broke out and times were hard and getting harder every day, the Democrats said that as soon as business adjusted itself to the new conditions brought about by the Underwood tariff law, that everything would be lovely and the "goose a hanging high."

It will be observed that the Democrats are not saying a word about the "high cost of living" these days. You will remember that they promised to reduce the high cost of living, and give the farmers more for their produce and give the working man shorter hours and higher wages.

"At least two more years," says Woodrow, yes and that's what we dread so much. Just to think that this country has got to suffer under the Democratic yoke for two more years is enough to make the yaller dog in the back yard howl.

If the State finances are in as bad shape as Governor Craig would have you believe, there is absolutely no necessity for a bond issue by the present Legislature and if such a thing as a "bond issue" is even hinted at Governor Craig should put his foot right down on it at once.

Farmers had better plant something that they can eat this year, and cut out cotton and tobacco, until the Republicans get in control of this government again. Then they can plant just as much as they please with no thought of reducing the acreage.

WHY ENGLAND NEEDS MORE COTTON IN WARTIME THAN IN PEACE.

J. C. Welliver, Washington correspondent for Farm and Fireside, the national farm paper published at Springfield, Ohio, writes a most interesting article in the current issue of that paper on the present cotton situation. His article is optimistic. An extract follows:

"We must remember that the British manufacturing capacity is almost half that of the whole world. The British and American capacities together are considerably over two-thirds of the world's. British mills are not going to be shut down; the war will not draw away their operatives because not over 10 per cent of these are subject to military demands. The country is full of experienced operatives who can be drawn back to the mills if they are needed. On the whole, it is confidently to be expected that there will be a big increase in the output of the British manufacturers; they will be after the trade the

ELLIS-STONE & COMPANY'S DAMAGE SUIT.

(Continued From First Page.)

property and remained in her room for more than an hour and a half, attempting to force her to confess she was guilty of stealing the property of Ellis-Stone & Company, which she absolutely refused to do.

"That on said occasion, on the said date, to wit: the 4th day of December, 1914, the defendants charged the plaintiff in the presence of other persons and at her house where there were other people living and in the hearing of said persons, falsely, and maliciously spoke, published of and concerning the plaintiff, false and malicious words aforesaid, charging her with the larceny of the goods and chattels of Ellis-Stone & Company, while she was in their employment.

"That the said charges made against the plaintiff as aforesaid were absolutely false.

"That the plaintiff is a poor girl and had no kinspeople in the City of Greensboro and had nobody to appeal to for assistance having been raised at Sanford in Lee County and bore a good reputation, never having been charged with any offense whatsoever previous to the 4th day of December, 1914.

"That by reason of the speaking, publishing and uttering of the said false, malicious and slanderous charge and by the conduct of the defendants toward her was greatly humiliated and put to shame and damaged in her reputation in the sum of \$15,000.

"For a further cause of action against the defendants, the plaintiff relying upon the above cause of action and not waiving any part thereof, alleges.

"That on the 4th day of December, 1914, the defendants committed an assault upon the plaintiff without any warrant or process of law whatsoever and by force and arms, by locking her in a room on the third story in the storehouse of Ellis-Stone & Company in the City of Greensboro, forcing her to accompany them to her apartments on Gorrell street in the City of Greensboro and entering said room as set forth in the first cause of action in this complaint and thereby imprisoned the plaintiff for a period of five hours, depriving her of her liberty and terrorizing her by their conduct so that she was put to great shame and humiliation and fear, whereby she was damaged in the sum of \$15,000.

"For a further cause of action against the defendants, the plaintiff not waiving any of the cause of actions set forth in this complaint, alleges:

"That the defendants committed an assault and battery upon the plaintiff on the 4th day of December, 1914, by locking her in a room and by requiring her to go with them to the house where she boarded in the City of Greensboro on Gorrell street and locking her by their conduct and numbers to permit them to enter her room in the said house where they searched her room and every part therein for stolen goods without any warrant or process of law whatsoever, whereby the plaintiff was caused to suffer great mental anguish by being humiliated, put to great shame and terrorized by the conduct of the defendants in this case, whereby the plaintiff was endangered in the sum of \$15,000."

That same is true of the American mills. As soon as things get adjusted to the new conditions the demand for cotton will be limited only by the capacity of the mills to turn it into cloth.

"And the market for it will be found. Millions of men are on the battlefields, and they are the greatest consumers of cotton. They wear khaki—all cotton. A soldier wears about a suit a month on the average. At home, in ordinary occupation, he might use three suits a year, and those mostly wool at that. Now, he becomes consumer of four times as many clothes and four times as many cloth clothes, and those largely of cotton."

A Texas paper says that the best way to boost a city is to make it worth while to those who are already its residents. At least ninety percent of the energy which a town has to devote to boosting ought to be spent in making it a good place to live in. More attention given to the prosperity, comfort and happiness of the people already in a town will produce greater and more enduring results than all the literature ten printing presses working ten hours a day can bring about.

A town that grows big at the expense of its fiber will not retain its health. It will sicken and, if not at least suffer a long season of enervation. A town that has an efficient government may be sure of widespread advertisement without cost. The mere rumor that a town has made any considerable advance in methods of municipal management will proclaim it everywhere and bring inquisitive pilgrims from distant states and cities. A city has only to attempt a big task for its own betterment to assume itself more advertising than otherwise it could buy, and advertising of a kind that will inspire confidence and bring results.

This is applicable to Burlington, and is along the line of a true Bigger and Better Burlington.—Ed.

IT'S THE ADMINISTRATION THAT COUNTS.

The city manager of Dayton, Ohio, tells the National Municipal League that the system of municipal government which he represents has proved a success, but adds: "Its permanency depends upon intelligent citizenship and their continued determination to keep partisan politics out of municipal affairs." Just so, but isn't that also true of any and every form of municipal government? Without an intelligent citizenship and one alert to the performance of its civic obligations and without the elimination of partisan politics from municipal affairs, no form of city government can hope to be even approximately successful. On the other hand, when such conditions are present, a large measure of success will attend almost any form of municipal government. It's the administration that most largely counts after all.

AT THE RACE TRACK.

There could be no dispute in the matter. The jockey was just overweight—only the merest fraction, but enough to disqualify him. The disappointed owner glanced from the little rider to the scales and then to the little rider again. "Williams," he said, "can't you do something to lighten yourself a bit?" "No, sir; ain't had a bite of any sort these two days." "Hum! Shaved?" "Yes, sir; five minutes ago." "Finger nails?" The jockey held out his hands. The nails were clipped close to the quick. For a moment the owner was silent. Then a bright idea occurred to him. "Run away and have your tonsils cut," he shouted. "Hurry, lad, hurry!"

Christian Helper. Our 1915 Year Book contains 257 pages of large matter, a large number of old church tunes, 1000 names in all, many of which are new. Price, 50c each, \$1.00 per dozen, postpaid. Send 12c and 4c names of living factors, Good Leaders, Study Social Reform, and Singers, and get one each by copy, postpaid. Address: The Teachers' Week Publishing Co., Hazleton, 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.



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 your rubbers from us. It means quite a saving to you. Our rubbers are strictly first quality, that is, none better made. So if you have been having any trouble in the wear or fitting of your rubber footwear, try us next time and see the difference in the fitting and wearing qualities of our rubbers with those you have been wearing. Our rubber footwear always fit the feet. New supply just received. Boots, Shoes, Arctics and storm styles. Prices right. FOSTER SHOE CO.

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 State 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.

SHAKE INTO YOUR SHOES. Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder. It relieves painful, smarting, tender, nervous feet and instantly takes the sting out of corns and bunions. It's the greatest comfort discovery of the age. Allen's Foot-Ease makes tight or new shoes feel easy. It is a certain relief for sweating, callous, swollen, tired, aching feet. Always use it to Break in New shoes. Try it today. Sold everywhere, 25c. Don't accept any substitute. For FREE trial package address Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

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

STOCK-HOLDERS MEETING. The annual stockholders' meeting of The State Dispatch Publishing Co., will be held in the office of the Company, Thursday, January 21st, at 3 p. m. J. ZEB WALLER, President.

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.

POOR P

LOCAL AND PERSONAL

Miss Mittie Lovett returned home at Asheboro, today.

Mr. D. Burton May, of Mississippi, arrived home yesterday.

Mr. Orlando Barnes, of Greensboro, is in town today on business.

Mr. S. A. Horne, of the Foster Shoe Company, is out on the sick list.

Mr. Charles V. Sharpe was in Greensboro Wednesday on business.

Miss Mamie McEane is visiting her parents this week, near Saxapahaw.

Mr. J. N. Bird left Wednesday for Chicago, where he has accepted a position.

Mr. J. C. Crutchfield and family are moving today near Hawfields on the Carr farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Ausley are visiting in the southern part of the county this week.

Miss Georgie Garrison, of Route 2, is visiting Mr. and Mrs. W. A. McEane, for a few days.

Mrs. Ed. Farrell, of Mebane, visited her parents here yesterday, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Newlin.

Mr. Charles Malone returned yesterday from Raleigh, where he spent a few days on business.

Miss Williard Ingold, of Saxapahaw, is the guest of Misses Ella and Georgie Boone this week.

Dr. and Mrs. T. S. Faucette returned yesterday from Granville county, where the Doctor enjoyed a hunting trip.

Mr. W. P. Baldwin, of Gibsonville, a good old Republican friend, called on The Dispatch today, giving his renewal for The Twice-A-Week Dispatch.

Mr. H. Goldstein returned Wednesday from the Northern market, with a complete line of Spring goods. He is ready to take your order and fit you up in that new Spring suit.

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.

DIED.

Near Altamahaw, Alamance County, N. C., January 6, 1915, Isabel Geringer, wife of Peter Geringer, departed this life at the age of 71 years and 17 days. She died trusting in Jesus, whom she served about twenty years. A good woman has gone from us. Burial services and interment at Bethlehem Church, conducted by Rev. J. W. Holt.

DEATH OF MR. ED McPHERSON.

Mr. Ed. C. McPherson died last Thursday after several months of suffering with tuberculosis at the home of his cousin on Main street, where he has been since returning from Montrose, one month ago. It was thought by taking a treatment at a sanatorium he would be benefited, but it was found that the dreadful disease has developed too far. Mr. McPherson was a Christian young man. He leaves a mother, one sister, and one brother in Kansas City. He was carried Friday to Cane Creek for burial. Funeral conducted by Rev. D. J. Cox, of the Reformed Church.

OF COURSE.

"I see a college girl is suing some schoolmates for painting her face with red ink."

"Naturally a lady prefers to perform those little services for herself."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

CHOICE OF EVILS.

Miss Young—"I warn you against marrying that man, dear. I'm sure he will lead a double life."

Miss Older—"Well, if I don't marry him I'll have to lead a single one, and that's worse."—Boston Transcript.

This would be a better world if mother got more help and sympathy when she is alive and less bawling and flapping when she is dead.

IT WILL BE WILSON AGAIN.

The Observer's idea about the next Democratic nomination for the presidency has been that Mr. Wilson would be compelled to stand for it as a matter of vindication. The larger part of the Democratic party and a faction of the Republicans have contended that he has made the best President the country has known in many years—certainly that his Administration has been an immense improvement on the Republican Administrations of the recent past—and these will properly insist on Mr. Wilson's retention in the White House for the further opportunity of the try-out of his policies. The sentiment over the country seems to be in accord with admitted justice of a fair trial for the Democratic policies. But what the President had in mind when he threw out the intimation in the Indianapolis speech was, quite likely, an expressed determination to meet the challenges of the Republicans that his Administration has been a failure, and prove by a triumphant re-election that it has been a success of approval by the country. We believe it may be safely counted on that Mr. Wilson will be a candidate for re-nomination, that he will make announcement of the fact in ample time, and that he will be returned to the White House by a majority over which there can be no contest. As we view the matter Wilson's hat has never been taken out of the ring, and he could not get it to take it out, if he desired to do so.—Charlotte Observer.

SECRETARY BRYAN TO BE PROSECUTED.

May Be Charged With Violating the Game Laws of Virginia.—Warden Determined.

Washington, Jan. 9.—"Secretary Bryan will be prosecuted the same as if he were an ordinary wood chopper." This was the statement today of H. C. Cockerell, game warden of Fairfax county, Virginia, in announcing that he will swear out a warrant against the secretary of state for violating the Virginia game laws, if he can find witnesses to back up the charge.

It is alleged that the secretary went hunting in the Virginia hills for rabbits on Christmas day. It is reported that he did not shoot any game, but a Virginia law prohibits hunting while snow lies on the ground. Christmas day brought snow in Virginia and Cockerell proposes to proceed under this law. He added: "Can we officers of the law trail into court humble woodchoppers, see them pay their hard earned money and then wink at violators of the law when they are men occupying exalted positions. I had no desire for notoriety, but I fail to see how any officer of the law can offer excuse for failure to enforce the laws as they stand."

SITUATION WELL DEFINED.

If you intend to go to work there is no place better than where you are. If you do not intend to go to work, you cannot get along anywhere.—Abraham Lincoln.

The original Sept. A. M.'s are all married now and have children of their own. They were the girl babies who had their pictures taken while sitting in an old-fashioned wash bowl.

Along about this time of year the June bride wonders what she was thinking when she promised to play a mutt that she could lick with one hand.

A woman writer who evidently has a lot of it announces that the greatest need of her sex is common sense. Right here is where we fess up and admit that it is also the greatest need of the male sex.

Highwayman—Law! Why, I know more law than most of your lawyers!

Hise Side-Partner—So? Well, most lawyers have got you skinned as a highwayman.—Puck.

The woman who is said to enjoy ill health is the same kind that is never so happy as when she is heartbroken.

MARK TWAIN'S WAR PRAYER.

An unpublished article by Mark Twain, called "The War Prayer," was recalled by Dr. Henry Neuman, leader of the Ethical Culture society of Brooklyn, in an address on "Mark Twain" in St. Louis recently.

The article tells how a regiment on its way to the front assembles in a church and prays for victory. A white robed stranger then enters with a message that the petition will be answered, if the men care to repeat it, after understanding its full import.

Hence he bids them listen while he outlines these unspoken implications of their desire.

O Lord, we go forth to smite thine foe: Help us to tear their soldiers to bloody shreds with our shells; help us to cover their smiling fields with the pale forms of their patriot dead; help us to lay waste their humble homes with a hurricane of fire; help us to wring the hearts of their unoffending widows with unavailing grief. For our sake who adore Thee, Lord, blast their steps, water their way with their tears.

Because he was told that this article would be regarded as sacrilegious Mark Twain did not have it published.

OPIE REID'S WISDOM.

Opie Reid thinks this would be a dreary old world if everybody in it had a million dollars.

"Thing of it, just think of it," he said in an address the other night. "If everybody was worth \$1,000,000 and a man asked another to do some work, he would just put on a high-top air and tell him to change climates."

"There was never a false belief than that money and ignorance can make a man happy. I would like to impress this on the young man who hasn't got a dollar.

"Poverty doesn't mean virtue, any more than ignorance means righteousness.

"The world isn't nearly so bad as most of the 'God help us, we're going to pieces' chautauqua lecturers would have us believe.

"When we're beginning to hear about evils they are more likely to be going than coming. In pessimism there can be nothing but stagnation and death."

LOVE IN A COTTAGE: UP-TO-DATE.

Clinton Scollard, in Judge. I rented me a cottage Within a woodland nook; I bought me pans and pottage, I captured me a cook. All life seemed rapt and rosy: Birds sang in every tree. "Here, with my sweet, how cozy," I thought, "the days will be!"

My love has lips like peaches. As sweet as ever kissed; But she is fond of speeches— She is a feminist! And so my pans and pottage, They failed to hold her thrall. She said: "Fie on your cottage! You'd better hire a hall!"

The pink oyster, which has made its appearance in Washington and which is said to have a peculiar deliciousness of its own, will no doubt be welcomed by those hostesses who strive to make everything harmonize at their pink teas.

Don't kick about the small things of life too much. Some day you may have a Big Kick coming and will want to have it count. If you acquire the habit you will not be taken seriously.

People who think money will buy happiness generally commence by trading their happiness for money. Later they are surprised to find that money will not buy it back.

VAPOR TREATMENT FOR COLD TROUBLES

Are now used in all hospitals. The vapors are inhaled direct to the spot without injuring the stomach as do internal remedies. The vapors are contained

VICKS' Croup and SALVE so that they are released by the heat of the body when applied to the throat and chest. One good rub will relieve a cold; croup is cured in fifteen minutes. At all drug stores, 50c. and \$1.00. Sample on request. Vick Chemical Co., Greensboro, N. C.

Starting Next Wednesday, Jan. 20,

at 10:30 A. M., and for One Day Only That Glad, Glittering, Gloriously Great, World Famous

NEW YORK HIPPODROME SPECTACLE

"AMERICA"

In all of its Marvelous, Incomparable and Unapproachable grandeur; outshining and outstripping all productions since the beginning of the world, comes to

THE GROTTTO

With its hundreds of shapely women; it's scores and scores of dashing girls, in bewitching and enchanting dances of tableaux; camels, elephants, circus acts, beautifully groomed horses and people from all parts of the Globe, included to make this mammoth and unequalled extravaganza the gladdest occasion in Burlington since the motion picture film came into existence.

ONE DAY ONLY

NEXT WEDNESDAY JANUARY 20TH.

Admission 10 & 20 Cents.

Starting Promptly at 10:30 A. M.

See "Zudora" Next Tuesday. Each Episode is going to be better.

PRINT

**A FREQUENT CALLER.**  
A swellsish young man was cutting a dash at a seaside hotel. At the dinner table a quiet-looking gentleman sitting opposite him said:  
"How do you do, Mr. Jones?"  
"Oh, I am quite well," replied the young man haughtily, "but I really do not recognize you."  
"Dear me," said the gentleman, "and yet I used to call very frequently at your mother's house."  
"Indeed!"  
"Yes, I was there every week, and your mother always gave me a cordial invitation to call again."  
"And who are you, may I ask?"  
"I am a bill collector."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Ethel—"Oh, Jack, be careful tonight. Papa's brought home a bulldog."  
Jack—"That's all right. The dog used to belong to me, and I got the dealer to sell him to your father."—Boston Transcript.

"You used to send me candy before we were married," she said bitterly.  
"Yes," he replied, just as bitterly, "and before we were married your father would occasionally hand me a few good cigars."—Washington Star.

"So your husband kept house and cooked his own meals while you were away. Did he enjoy it?"  
"He says he did; but I notice that the parrot has learned to swear during my absence."—Boston Globe.

Father—"I hear that Prof. Wiseman, the prophet, declares that the world will come to an end next Christmas day."  
Tommy—"Before or after dinner, pa?"—Life.

"You didn't stay very long on the water wagon."  
"Not very."  
"I thought you said you would not drink a drop?"  
"Got my phraseology mixed. Meant that I wouldn't drop a drink."—Washington Star.

**REHEARSING PA.**  
—E. A. Guest, in Detroit Free Press.

When Pa and Ma are going out to fashionable people's places, Ma always spends an hour or two in putting father through his paces.  
She gets the social rule book out and reads a chapter on deportment, and then she reads a page or two about the silverware assortment.  
Which spoons to use for consommé, and which the proper fork for fish is.  
She shows him, and describes the way that he must eat the fancy dishes.  
She tells him where to keep his hands when they are not engaged in feeding.  
She shows him how to hold a cup in manner that denotes good breeding.  
Each stylish trick, each stern decree of fashion in the heart of entering.  
Each method new in table ways she keeps him constantly repeating and always, ere they start away, she gives him positive instructions on how to make, or recognize in proper form all introductions.  
Ma's very fond of Pa, but still she fears his methods easy-going.  
She's always scared to death that he will make a very common showing.  
And deep within there lurks the fear that he will make a break that's frightful  
And spoil an evening, otherwise that would have really been delightful.  
They're going out tomorrow night, O, no, that rumbling isn't cursing  
That noise you hear is only Pa—Ma's got him upstairs rehearsing.  
We suppose the German emperor has sense enough to know what is liable to happen in case the fortunes of war go against him.

**IMPOSSIBLE OF COURSE.**  
"Quick, quick, my dear; everybody else is in the lifeboat! The ship is sinking!"  
"Wait a moment. A cannot be seen like this. The lifebelt makes my coat pucker."—London Bystander.

We are willing enough for the Republicans to keep on thinking that the country believes in their policy of a high protective tariff.  
—O—  
She—"How will those poor soldiers keep warm this winter?"  
He—"Oh, the shellfire will keep them from freezing."—Philadelphia Ledger.

"Paw, doesn't 'reverse' mean 'back'?"  
"Surely."  
"Then, what did Uncle Bill mean when he said that he busted up in business because he had too many reverses and not enough backing?"—Chicago Post.

After a man has been married for a while he imagines that when a woman's feet are not hurting her she is having a headache.  
—O—  
You can always find Hospitality in a hotel because you are expected to pay what it is worth.

A woman always judges a new neighbor by the way the furniture looked in the moving van. But a man remembers how HIS furniture looked last time he moved.  
—O—  
If things keep going up, they may cut out the lingerie shower for the bride and substitute a Canned Pork and Beans Shower.

**ARTISTIC DISCOUNT.**  
Merchant (to portrait painter)—How much will you charge to paint my portrait if I furnish the paint?—Figende Blatter.

Age is opportunity no less than youth itself, though in another dress.—Longfellow.

**RUMOR.**  
—London Chronicle.

What ran from lip to lip to tell How Jellico, though fighting well, First of the British seamen fell?  
A Rumor.

What was it that inspired the pen Which told of our defeated men, And losses more than nine in ten?  
A Rumor.

Who saw the Russians going through From Bering's Strait to Timbuctoo By way of Cork and Waterloo?  
Dame Rumor.

Who told us we had brought to book The German right, and soon might look Upon the face of beaten Kluck?  
Tma Rumor.

Who, wisely mixing good and ill, And giving balsam after chill, Contrives to keep up happy still?  
Why, Rumor.

So, as she brings us smiles and tears, And plays upon our hopes and fears, To fill us with excitement, here's To Rumor.

**NOT QUITE CERTAIN.**  
"What's this malady which has suddenly attacked the nations of Europe?"  
"There is some doubt as to that. Some say it is the German rash, others that it is the Russian germ."—Christian Register.

**WOULD BE LONG WAIT.**  
Lingerlong—Shall I be keeping you up too late if I stay until your clock strikes eleven?  
Miss Weereigh—I'm afraid so; it is not a striking clock.—Boston Transcript.

There is however a limit at which patience ceases to be a virtue.—Burke.  
There are no points of the compass on the chart of true patriotism.—Winthrop.

Fortune Teller—"Beware of a dark man, whom you will soon meet. He will be a villain."  
Girl—"How perfectly delightful. How soon will I meet him?"—New York Globe.

**WHY NOT?**  
If a superior court judge can summon the mayor of a town before him because he noticed a drunken man on the streets, by the same token why can't a mayor summon a superior court judge before him when the said judge is loafing on the job?—Wilmington Dispatch.

**THE JUDGE TURNED HIM DOWN.**  
He was a timid little man. He entered the police magistrate's office and sidled up to the desk. "Your honor," he said, "my wife has a hired girl who insists upon putting three times as much coffee into the percolator as the recipe calls for. In spite of all we tell her, she keeps on making the coffee too strong and bringing us to the poorhouse with her extravagance."  
"What's all that to me?" demanded the magistrate.  
"I thought," explained the little man, "that you might let me issue a complaint against her and have her up before you, judge, to see if you couldn't make her do the way we want her to."  
"Whatever put such a notion into your head?"  
"Well," said the little man, "I've been reading in the papers how the citizens of Newark have to go into court to compel their public servants to do their biddings, and I thought the same thing might work with private servants, too."  
"Nothing doing," replied the judge.  
The man who leaves the house with a frown in the morning, and slams the door behind him, has a bad day coming.

If Mr. Wilson wants the nomination next time we do not see how the party is going to get around giving it to him.

**HE TRIES TO KISS THE JUDGE.**  
Judge Roosa, of Roselle, refused this morning to fine Louis Orrman of New York City, for peddling without a license, but when the delighted prisoner attempted to show his gratitude at the leniency of the judge by kissing that dignified official, a fine of \$2 was immediately imposed.  
After the fine was paid by Orrman Judge Roosa demanded that the offender leave the city immediately.—Elizabeth, N. J., Dispatch to New York Sun.

**DIFFERENT.**  
Clerk—I would like to marry, Mr. Broker, but on my salary I cannot.  
Junior Partner—Well, I could on your salary, but I can't on my share of the profits.—Chicago News.

**INTERESTED AT LAST.**  
"My dear, you ought to pass up frivolous things and take an interest in deep subjects. Take history, for instance. Here is an interesting item. Gessler, the truant, put up a hat for the Swiss to salute."  
The lady a trifle interested.  
"How was it trimmed?" she inquired.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Emberg—"How did the manager reduce that militant suffragist to join the company?"  
Watkins—"He promised her the position of leading man."—Judge.

The going to war of Turkey and Egypt doesn't mean that Turkish and Egyptian cigarettes will not continue to be turned out in this country.

When desperate ills demand a speedy cure, Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.—Dr. Johnson.

A lot of people are inclined to knock the junk the English Poet Laureate is grinding out ament the war. But the stuff isn't so bad if you will read it with the knowledge that the P. L. gets the munificent salary of \$3200 per year.

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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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J. A. ISLEY

N. Y. FASHION LETTER.

The Dress to Wear Beneath the Top Coat—Shades of Tan in Covert Serge and Gabardine—Scotch Caps and Flowing Veils.

New York, Jan. 11.—January always calls for a refurbishing of one winter wardrobe. Usually the clothes that have been bought in the fall for winter wear are beginning to look shabby and there is a general feeling of wanting of something new.

As the separate coat holds such a strong place in the up-to-date woman's wardrobe, it is safe to say that it is a new dress to be worn under this coat which she needs most.

For this dress come many materials both practical and smart. At present the chosen fabric is covert in one of the light tan shades which it is always to be seen in. Simple of style are most of these frocks. I saw one not long ago with a plain bodice so short-waisted as to be almost Empire. The waist was double-breasted, buttoning on one side with round half-buttons covered with the material. The high military collar also buttons at the side with these buttons. The skirt is gored and flares at the sides. It is untrimmed and fastened to the waist with a four-inch belt.

Another frock developed in beige-colored gabardine, a fabric which holds a strong place next to covert cloth I am using for my illustration. The waist is made becomingly simple with long close-fitting sleeves. The skirt is the popular short length and very full. There is no belt, as the waist is worn over the skirt and finished like the old-fashioned short basque of the normal waistline. A gunning little hat which reminded one of a bottle of a Scotch cap was worn with this dress. It was of the same color as the dress and trimmed with a band of grosgrain ribbon which ended in streamers in the back. A veil was worn over the hat, coming down well below the chin and allowed to float away with the face.

Another material which is used for this type of frock to wear beneath a top-coat for street or outdoor wear is serge. The finer weave of serge is better for a frock, as it is usually lighter of weight and more supple than the heavier twilled qualities. Navy blue is the most popular color in this fabric at the present time and is often trimmed with black satin bands and satin-covered buttons.

in one with the panel, is about two yards in width. The fronts and sleeves of the bodice are of blue chiffon over gold, while the back of the waist is the chiffon velvet and is cut with narrow belt-like extensions which meet in front directly over the waist-line.

Another frock which would be serviceable for the above mentioned occasions is made of black charmeuse. The wrist of this dress is long and loose-fitting, similar to a jumper with a guimpe of brown chiffon, and a band of fur around the neck and the cuffs of the long sleeves. The skirt was long and full, faced up on the right side with the satin, giving the appearance of a hem on the right side instead of the wrong. At the top of this hem or facing was a cording.

There is a great hut and cry about buying cotton fabrics. The result is that there are many very handsome cotton materials put on the market which can be used in the winter. Corduroy is a notable example of this. Stunning corduroy costumes with a luxurious trimming of fur defy the winter's cold and give the wearer the comfortable feeling of having done his best to support the home industry.

Poplins, serges, gabardines are popular fabrics this season. Serge has become a standby—it may be bought as low as fifty cents a yard in narrow widths up to four and five dollars a yard for the wider widths. But the most popular of all suitings is covert. The colors are usually in the tan shades which seem to belong to covert cloth, but it is also made in other colors, such as dark blue, black and green.

Why is it that our cattle Are troubling us so much Just at this time of uproar In fact to beat the Dutch; That trouble comes in bunches, Fate's humor grim to please. Alone explains this raging Of foot-and-mouth disease.

For cattle, unlike humans, Do not such silly things, Indulgence in which surely Dire consequences brings. But lead their lives sedately, Nor let wild follies bud, Just roam fields ruminative And chew their pensive cud.

Now, if, like foolish humans, They lifted up their voice In rag songs, and in tangoes Did ever rejoice, Then one could understand it Without their brains to tease. How they could fall the victims Of foot-and-mouth disease.

PUT IN HUMAN INTEREST. An old negro preacher says The Atlanta Constitution, gave as his text: "De tree is known by its fruit, an' it's des impossible to shake de possum down."

"What are her favorite extracts?" "The flattering paragraphs about herself that she cuts from the society columns."—Judge.

"I suppose it is annoying when a man goes out because you haven't something cheaper." "Yes," said the small merchant, "But what gives you heart disease is when a fellow goes out because you haven't something more expensive."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

THE DIRECT CAUSE. Baltimore American.

THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN. (Not the slightest apology to old Bill Shakespeare.)

At ten he loves his Sunday School teacher. At eighteen he loves the dame (aged twenty-seven, next door).

At twenty-five he loves the girl that sold him a pair of gloves. She's along about twenty-five too. At thirty-five he loves a little squab that's in the chorus of the "Dizzy Dainty Dolls" show.

At fifty he is a nice, juicy quince for the same girl he loved at eighteen. At sixty he plays Safety First and sticks around home most of the time.

At eighty he cackles about what a whale of a guy he was when he was young. The higher they fly the farther they fall.—Tacoma Times.

We are drifting toward a paternal form of government," said the economist. "Pardon me if I correct you," responded the suffragette, gently, "to be accurate, you should say a maternal form of government."

"How's your wife getting on with her social-settlement work?" "Great! She's had her picture in the paper twice this month."

OBSERVANT BOBBY. "Come on, Bobby, let's play house," suggested four-year-old Betty to her twin. "All right," he agreed, "you get the broom and be the mother, and I'll get the newspaper and be the father."

IN HIGH SOCIETY. New Parson—And what is your husband, Mrs. Brown? Mrs. Brown—Well, sir, 'e ain't exactly a policeman, but 'e goes with 'em a good deal.—Tattler.

RUNNING NO RISK. Waiter—What will it be? Sauerkraut or pate de fois gras? 1818—Ham and Eggs. I'm neutral.—Harvard Lampoon.

VERY PARTICULAR. "You seem very much concerned about this outfit." "Um." "Why all the fuss? Some society lady going on the stage?" "No," said the modiste as she shifted a mouthful of pins, "these gowns are being made for a murder trial."—Kansas City Journal.

WHY SHOULDN'T HE? Miss Gottrox—Do you believe in fortune tellers? Sharpleigh—You bet I do. I have reports from Dun and Bradstreet at my rooms that have told me the size of your father's fortune to a dot.—Richmond Times-Dispatch.

I wish I was a rook A-sittin' on a hill, A-doin' nothin' all day long But just a-sittin' still. I wouldn't sleep, I wouldn't eat; I wouldn't ever wash; I'd just sit still a thousand years, And rest myself, by Gosh. —Exchange.

NOT RECOGNIZED. "What excuse did he give for shooting at you?" "The filmiest ever. Said he thought I was a deer, wheneverbody in this community knows I'm a Bull Moose."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

"What's your basis?" "Well, I'll trade with you, plug for plug."—Judge.

THE BIG FIGHT. There will be a fight in the Legislature over many things, but the one to stop shipment of whiskey into dry territory will be bitter. Many of the members say they do not propose to go that far.

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Marriage is a lottery. That's why many a man buys a certificate discovers that he has drawn a lot of cotton and excelsior.

Any woman can tell you that the Heroes in the serial stories she reads never act anything like her husband.

Friend Wife will wear an old raggedy skirt that came over in the Mayflower, and a greasy waist that any soap factory would like to have and she will tie a rag around her head and put an old pair of slippers on her feet. Then she will start in cleaning up the house. And she will run across a magazine and sit down to look it over and will laugh heartily at the pictures showing the funny costumes worn by Immigrants when they arrive in this country.

When a woman begins to believe that the rest of her male acquaintances Understand her better than her husband, some divorce lawyer is going to get the price of a new suit and overcoat.

It doesn't matter how cold the weather may be, a new hat will keep a girl a whole lot warmer than a new union suit.

The fellow who couldn't find work because the Porch Climbing Trust had put the country on the toboggan, has not time to hunt for a job these days because he has to fight the European war all day.

You can't mend a broken word. While many of our exchanges are devoting their editorial space to discussing the whys and wherefores of the recent election, The Wilson Times renders valuable advice on how to make money by raising hogs—something really worth while.

Another reason why we have so much trouble in this world is that there are too many married women and not enough wives.

He (wondering if his rival had been accepted)—Are both your rings heirlooms? She (concealing the hand)—Oh, dear yes. One has been in the family since the time of Alfred, but the other is newer—(blushing)—it only dates from the conquest.

Old Adam didn't ask for a divorce because it jarred him to have to name a snake as co-respondent. But modern husbands are not so thin-skinned.

Every time a Princess sees a picture of the Venus de Milo, she wonders why the fool didn't wear a five-dollar corset and look stylish.

The old fashioned woman who used to have a dress that she put away because it was "too good to wear" now has a daughter who kicks because she can't find anything good enough to wear.

MUST HAVE BEEN CROWDED? An Alaskan pioneer was telling how crowded a certain ship was during the gold rush. One day a man came up to the captain and said: "You will have to give me some place to sleep."

"Where have you been sleeping?" "Well, the passenger replied, "I have been sleeping on a sick man, but he's better now and he won't stand it any longer."—St. James Gazette.

Somehow or other the things that you get for nothing always manage to figure in the high cost of living.

If you will say nothing, be nothing and do nothing, you can always be reasonably certain that you won't have any enemies.

A girl can make love to a man and make him imagine that he is doing all the love making.

One reason why we should love our enemies is because they let us alone. It is our fiends who eat onions and then buttonhole us and spit into our faces for an hour while they give us a first page on the war in Europe.

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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.

STOMACH TROUBLE FOR FIVE YEARS Majority of Friends Thought Mr. Hughes Would Die, But One Helped Him to Recovery.

Pomeroyton, Ky.—In interesting advices from this place, Mr. A. J. Hughes writes as follows: "I was down with stomach trouble for five (5) years, and would have sick headache so bad, at times, that I thought surely I would die. I tried different treatments, but they did not seem to do me any good. I got so bad, I could not eat or sleep, and all my friends, except one, thought I would die. He advised me to try Theiford's Black-Draught, and quit



Made a Quick Sale

THE Investment Department of a Baltimore stock exchange house had a caller who wished to buy fifty shares of a certain investment stock. While the customer waited, the manager called up the firm's Philadelphia agent on the Bell Long Distance Telephone and secured the stock, with the promise of delivery next day. Quick trades are often made by the Bell Telephone service. When you telephone—smile SOUTHERN BELL TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

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Beige-Colored Gabardine is Used for This Frock With Round Waist and Full Skirt.

It may be an afternoon dress that the suppositious lady needs, a gown of frillier possibilities for dressy occasions—to wear to a reception, to an informal dinner and other similar occasions. A dress which would fit charmingly into any of these places is one of the Callot sisters' latest creations. The skirt is of midnight blue chiffon made with a tunic reaching only to a back panel which extends from neck to the edge of skirt. Where this panel and the tunic meet, however, is not clearly defined, for the fulness is so arranged that it is hidden beneath a fold. The lower skirt,

PRINT

OAKDALE ITEMS.

Rain! Rain! Did you ever see the like? Everything seems to be on the stand still since Christmas, except Tom Robertson and Floyd Spoon. Tom has a phone and those of the line say Tom tried to tear the line down or do something else, ringing all because of a sweet little girl who came to make her home with him. Floyd they say has no phone but a mighty good horse that he rode and drove mighty hard to tell his neighbors about the sweet little boy at his home. Good luck to them both. We hope they will live to be useful man and woman.

Miss Lula Stallings has taken charge of the primary department of our school since Christmas. The school seems to be moving along nicely.

The heavy rain a few nights ago did considerable damage by washing the fields that were very soft from recent rain.

Dr. Jesse Spoon and brother Carl, of Burlington, spent a few days hunting at their old home last week.

Mr. Leroy Stuart, who spent last summer in Greensboro, is at home with his parents. Roy says there is no place like home and thinks he will help his father the coming summer.

Mr. Bob Shatterly has moved to the J. S. Patterson place. We welcome Mr. Shatterly. He has some mighty nice girls "and if they say so," we might visit them and sing as they are mighty good organists. The young folks like to get together where they can sing around here.

Mrs. David Smith has been very sick for a few days. We hope for her a speedy recovery. She is a mighty good neighbor.

Mr. Asa Fogleman's oldest child has been right sick with pneumonia but glad to say it is better at this time.

RESOLUTIONS.

Whereas, God has blessed us, we, the members of Graham Council, No. 36, at the last day of the year of our Lord, 1914, do bow our heads and our hearts returning thanks unto our kind and Heavenly Father for the many good and wonderful blessings that He has bestowed upon us during the many years of our meeting together in our Council chamber:

First: We thank God for being born in a land of Liberty, where we have the privilege of serving God as we choose, and have the privilege of belonging to such a great and grand fraternity as the Junior Order United American Mechanics.

Second: For being born in a land of Freedom, free to speak and free to act, providing we choose to act right.

Third: Because we are in a civilized country, where we can hear the sweet Word of the Gospel.

Fourth: Because our Nation has been blessed from the great struggle of war.

Fifth: Because we have been blessed with health, strength, raiment and food.

Sixth: Because we are the greatest Nation the world has ever known.

Seventh: Because God has given us hearts of sympathy to send the Gospel to foreign lands.

Eighth: For sparing our lives and the life of our great Order.

Ninth: And may our Order grow as the Nations grow and may the protecting care of God's hand rest on each and every member of the Jr. O. U. A. M. And when this life is past may we meet around the Council Chamber in Heaven with Jesus and His as the Councilor.

Signed) J. A. BAYLIFF, A. N. NEESE, H. T. BAYLIFF, Committee.

THE WHOLE BOOK.

"The senator who has just sat down," whispered the guide in the visitor's gallery, "began his public career as a page."

"Indeed," said the visitor. "I judge from his speech that he has developed into a volume."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Out in Iowa they claim to be showing some improved 1915 models at the baby shows.

MY MOTHER WAS A LADY.

Two drummers sat at dinner In a grand hotel one day; While dining they were chatting In a jolly way. But when a pretty waitress Brought them a tray of food; They spoke to her familiarly In manner rather rude. At first she did not notice them, Or make the least reply; But one remark was passed That brought the teardrops to her eye;

And facing her tormentors With cheeks now burning red, She looked a perfect picture As appealingly she said:

CHORUS:

"My mother was a lady, Like yours, you will allow; And you may have a sister, Who needs protection now. I've come to this great city To find a brother dear, And you wouldn't dare insult me sir, If Jack were only here."

It's true one touch of nature Makes the whole world akin; And every word she uttered Seemed to touch their hearts within.

They sat there stunned and silent Until one cried in shame: "Forgive me, miss, I meant no harm; Pray, tell me, what's your name?"

She told him and he cried again: "I know your brother, too; We've been friends for many years. And he often speaks of you. He'll be so glad to see you, And if you'll only wed, I'll take you to him as my wife, For I love you since you said:"

CHORUS:

"My mother was a lady, Like yours, you will allow; And you may have a sister, Who needs protection now. I've come to this great city To find a brother dear, And you wouldn't dare insult me sir, If Jack were only here."

SAXAPAHAW ITEMS.

Mr. Robert Isley and Miss Bertha Hancock, both of this place, were married Sunday morning at the home of Mr. John Holt in South Alamance. Rev. H. S. B. Thompson officiating. The bride is the daughter of Mr. Fletcher Hancock, of Graham, while the groom is the son of Mr. George Isley, of Swepsonville. Both are popular here and their many friends wish for them a long and happy life.

Sunday afternoon at the home of Rev. H. S. B. Thompson, Mr. George Holmes, Jr., and Miss Fannie Thompson were united in marriage, Rev. H. S. B. Thompson officiating. The bride is from Friendship and is very popular there, while the groom is the son of Rev. G. W. Holmes, pastor of the M. P. Church at this place. The happy couple have our very best wishes.

It seems that Rev. Mr. Thompson was kept rather busy Sunday.

Mr. Rufus Woody and Miss Ollie Pickard were married Sunday afternoon. However, we cannot give the details as the marriage was a surprise.

Mr. Woody lives only a few miles from this place and has many friends here, while the bride lives in Snow Camp. She has spent several months here with relatives and has made many friends here. To all of these young people we extend our very best wishes.

Messrs. James E. and Wilson Williamson, W. R. Freshwater and Prof. J. Glenn spent a few hours in Graham Sunday.

Messrs. Charles Gilson and Loraine Turner, of Hawfields, visited at Mr. J. A. Wingham's Sunday.

Mrs. Reuben Lashley, who was reported sick last week, continues seriously ill.

Messrs. Jerome Coble and Porter Lee, of Swepsonville, were pleasant visitors in the village Sunday.

"Uncle Josh" will give a performance here Tuesday night in the school building. Admission will be ten and twenty cents.

Vardaman said he would like to attend the funeral of every king in Europe, but we dare say that the death of the Mississippi Senator would not draw a tear from a single royal eye anywhere in the world.

"GLENN'S SOFT BERTH.

Those who are familiar with Robert Broadnax Glenn's love of soft berths will not be surprised at the recent news from Washington concerning Mr. Glenn's enjoyment of the greatest government sinecure known—a place on the international joint boundary commission, generally known as the "Lame Duck Roost." And we are here to tell that things have rolled smoothly for Robert Broadnax since he laid down the reins of governorship in this State and took to the lecture platform. Besides the amount of shekels that he has raked in, the governor's salary which he drew for four years is not a drop in the bucket. Oh, lucky Glenn!

Coming down to cold, glittering facts, ex-Governor Glenn again comes into the limelight because the House Committee on Foreign Affairs has experienced an economical streak and, if you please, has had the nerve to pry into the affairs of the boundary commission. And, according to Washington dispatches, the committee was astounded to find that the members of the commission, including our own illustrious Glenn; had been drawing \$10 per diem for subsistence every day they were away from their home town on business of the commission. Now get this right. Still relying on the same dispatches, it was brought out that former Governor Glenn, in addition to his annual commission's salary of \$7,500 a year, peeled \$10 a day off the government for living expenses while he was in Washington attending to duties of the commission! Can you beat it?

But that is not all, for in return for the princely salary of \$7,500 a year and \$10 a day for living expenses Robert Broadnax from March 1 to October 1 gave only 98 days of service to the commission. But there is still more whereon to ponder and marvel. The thrifty Bob (dinna ye ken that he mane aye be a braw and canny Scot?) raked in several thousand dollars a year more than the figures named because he continued to lecture here there and everywhere. You see, giving only 89 days in seven months to the government from which he was drawing \$7,500 a year, he had ample time wherein to inform the enlightened north how the poor mountaineers of the South had lived for years without ever having seen a piano or tasted ice cream. Oh, thrifty "Bob!" And lo, and behold, the House Committee on Foreign Affairs has yearned to lay eyes on the lecturer and commissioner, but it has yearned in vain for Glenn cometh not to lay bare to the committee the secrets of successful financiering.—Asheville Citizen.

It is not the hard work or the exposure or even the poverty of the farmer or his wife which makes farm life so unattractive to so many of our people. It is the lack of team work. I have never known men and women, particularly young men and young women, of our race to shrink from hardships if they could feel the touch of elbows and have the sense of comradeship which the soldier has. Our boys and girls as well as the men and women of the farm should develop team work. They should get together and work together for a common cause as the soldiers.

Touch elbows with your neighbors, and get the sense of comradeship as soldiers do. Organize farmers' clubs, not merely for the sake of having clubs but for the sake of team work, for the sake of accomplishing something for the building up of the rural community, for the study of the problems of your community. People seldom get together by merely saying, "Go to it now, let us be united." They are more likely to get together when they tackle a hard job which they think important, and then begin working on that job. After they have been working for a while they find that they are thinking together and are developing the feeling of comradeship.

HE SAVES FREEZING HORSE.

Mrs. William Bonner, a nurse of Copake, Dutchess County, N. Y. was sitting up last night with a patient when she looked from the window and saw a horse, unharnessed, standing in the snow at the railroad station. An hour later the horse was still

there, and fearing he would freeze, kindly Mrs. Bonner telephoned to Constable Reynolds. He left his warm bed, walked three miles through the snow, and threw a blanket over the animal, saying: "Whoa, boy; I'll take care of you." When Reynolds started to lead the animal away he discovered it was a wooden horse consigned by freight to a local harness maker. Curtains.

TOO THOROUGH.

Farmer Jones, finding help scarce in his neighborhood, was forced to visit the city, where he finally obtained a man bold enough to desert the attractions of the glittering town for the lonesome life of a country dweller, says the New York Press. The fellow proved exceedingly dull, but plodded along, stolidly obeying instructions. The third day Farmer Jones said: "I want you to clean the pigsty and the stables and the hen house and all the other houses of the stock."

The new hand worked vigorously for hours. Then he appeared before his employer with both eyes nearly closed, his mouth swollen and red lumps all over his face and neck and hands.

"Gimme my money," he said "I'm a-goin' to quit."

"What's the matter?" asked the farmer. "I don't know what's the matter," said the victim, "but it happened when I started to clean the beehive."

A GIRL'S SACRIFICE.

History keeps on impressing mere man with the fact that when it comes to sacrifice, woman knows and practices more than man ever dreamed. The latest homely example is that of a French peasant girl, who, having a wonderful suit of blonde hair much in demand, proceeded to cut it off and sell it, that the proceeds might be used in the national fund for the comfort of the men in the trenches.

After this war France ought to search out that peasant girl, and somewhere in Paris erect a monument to her. The glory of woman is her hair. It is the thing that distinguishes her more than any one physical feature. And when a peasant girl, with tresses of which a queen might be envious, voluntarily sacrifices her hair for love of her fellow-beings, she compels the sort of admiration that is given only for acts of true nobility.—Richmond Times Dispatch.

"Will you be my wife?" pleaded Harold.

"On, I couldn't do that," replied Gwendolyn. "What would people think of my marrying a man who drives a last season's car!"

"Marry me and I will purchase a 1915 model," implored Harold.

"Darling," exclaimed Gwendolyn. "I am thine!"

And so they were married and lived happily until the 1915 models made their appearance.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

ONE WEAK SPOT.

Many Burlington People Have a Weak Part and Too Often It's the Back.

Many people have a weak spot. Too often it's a bad back. Twinges follow every sudden twist. Dull aching keeps up, day and night. Backache is often from weak kidneys.

In such cases a kidney medicine is needed.

Doan's Kidney Pills are for weak kidneys.

For backache and urinary ills. Good proof of merit is the following statement.

A. T. Webster, mail carrier, 97 S. Maple St., Graham, N. C., says: "I suffered from pains in the small of my back and there seemed to be soreness across my kidneys. I finally used Doan's Kidney Pills, and soon they made me feel much better. I am sure that this remedy is all that it is claimed to be. All I said about Doan's Kidney Pills when I recommended them before, still holds good."

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

GIRL ELOPED WITH HER FATHER-IN-LAW.

New York, Jan. 9.—Dr. Franklin D. Wood is only twenty-three years old; his wife, Lela, age twenty, and his father, Henry Jackson Wood, is forty-seven; but the charms of the elder Wood so overshadowed those of his son in the eyes of the young woman that she eloped on her wedding night with her father-in-law.

This was the strange story that young Doctor Wood unfolded today in Justice Cahalan's branch of the supreme court, wherein he named his father as co-respondent in a bill for divorce. The narrative was corroborated by Mrs. Henry Jackson Wood, whom the elder Wood deserted.

The wedding took place two years ago and for part of that time the fugitives lived in Chicago, but now are said to be in St. Louis, where they are living together as man and wife, and waiting for Mrs. Wood and her son to obtain divorces, so that they may marry.

Give the agriculturist ample working capital and you increase the national stability.

Governor Bleasie's action in pardoning a convict two years dead should occasion no surprise. It's so easy to pardon the dead; it's what we all do.

Said old Bill Shiftless: "There was a time when I could have bought the whole blame town-site for fifty dollars; but I didn't think it would ever be worth it."

"It wouldn't have been if you had bought it," replied Box-car Ben.

An Illinois woman has been divorced eight times in ten years. And yet there are people who say the courts are slow!

If you can't be interested in the stone, the stream, the plant, and the bird, why pretend that the preacher can interest you in the things he has to say.

"It goes far towards reconciling me to being a woman when I reflect that I am thus in no danger of every marrying one!" remarks Lady Mary Montague. Dear! Dear! what perfectly dreadful things these perfectly lovely ladies can say about their own sex!

The automobile may put the horse out of business, but if it puts the mule out of business it will be the first thing that has ever been equal to the task.

The human race is just like a horse race. There are always a lot of good starters, but only one good finisher.

CALOMEL DYNAMITES YOUR LIVER! MAKES YOU SICK AND SALIVATES

"Dodson's Liver Tone" Starts Your Liver Better Than Calomel and You Don't Lose a Day's Work

Live up your sluggish liver! Feel fine and cheerful; make your work a pleasure; be vigorous and full of ambition. But take no nasty, dangerous calomel because it makes you sick and you may lose a day's work. Calomel is mercury or quicksilver which causes necrosis of the bones. Calomel crashes into your bile like dynamite, breaking it up. That's when you feel that awful nausea and cramping. Listen to me! If you want to enjoy the nicest, gentlest liver and bowel cleansing you ever experienced just take a spoonful of harmless Dodson's Liver

Tone tonight. Your druggist or dealer sells you a 50 cent bottle of Dodson's Liver Tone under my personal money-back guarantee that each spoonful will clean your sluggish liver better than a dose of nasty calomel and that it won't make you sick. Dodson's Liver Tone is real live medicine. You'll know it next morning because you will wake up feeling fine; your liver will be working; headache and dizziness gone; stomach will be sweet and bowels regular. Dodson's Liver Tone is entirely vegetable, therefore harmless and can not salivate. Give it to your children. Millions of people are using Dodson's Liver Tone instead of dangerous calomel now. Your druggist will tell you that the sale of Calomel is almost stopped entirely here.

Belgium Helpless Anyway Till Spring, Says Commission

Need of Relief Still Very Urgent, According to Latest Reports From Stricken Land—How Americans Can Send Their Mite By WILL IRWIN



BELGIAN REFUGEES IN THE RUINS OF TERMONDE.

ACCORDING to the Commission for Relief in Belgium, the American people will probably have to feed the Belgian people all this winter. "We have taken pains to investigate," said one of the commissioners last week, "and the best informed Europeans tell us that there will be no change in the military situation this winter. It means that we must keep up the work until spring breaks or longer." It has been a race with hunger, this business of feeding 6,500,000 people with supplies gathered a half a world away. All Belgium depends on American food. Half of Belgium is never more than a week ahead of starvation. Often it has come closer than that. Once the province of Limbourg, remote and hilly, was starving. In some communities the people had not eaten for two days, when one of our United States consuls managed to borrow from the Germans enough bread to keep the people alive until an American shipment arrived to repay the loan. Once Captain Lucey, the shipping agent in Holland, had to borrow 10,000 tons of wheat from the Dutch government. Lige and Namme and historic Ghent were crying for bread, and it was still several days before the next American ship was due at Rotterdam. This was a noble thing for Holland to do since the Dutch themselves are short on food. Yes; it is a race with hunger, and America, now that she has faced the starter, must win! This is America's great and glorious part in the world war of 1914-15. That every American may have a personal chance to help some Belgian the Commission for Relief in Belgium has arranged its "parcel post plan." Any one who wants to send a package containing between twenty and fifty pounds of nonperishable food need only put a tag on the package, address the tag to the nearest collection depot of the commission, stamp it in the regular way and drop it in the mail chute. If the giver puts on the package tag his name and address. TOGETHER WITH THE LETTER "R," the money he has spent for stamps will be refunded. Packages mailed from NORTH CAROLINA should be addressed to ASHGLEYVILLE TRANSFER AND STORAGE COMPANY, ASHEVILLE, who are collecting agents for this district.

POOR P