

OPEN THE DOOR



CAN EASILY REDUCE HIGH LIVING COSTS

Prices Will Come Down When Everyone Puts Shoulder to Wheel and Increases Volume of Production.

"Past history has proved quite conclusively that you can no more legislate the cost of living up and down than you can stop the tide by building a sea wall," says Roger W. Babson, national expert in finance. "The basic economic law of supply and demand always has and always will determine prices," he declares, "in spite of artificial restrictions which may seem to interfere temporarily."

"When demand exceeds supply, prices are bound to rise. With three hungry men with one loaf of bread, but one thing can happen. When supply exceeds demand the reverse is true. Three loaves of bread to one man bring prices tumbling down."

"The real cause for the present high level prices is apparent when you realize that the United States is exporting at present twice the foodstuffs that it exported a year ago, and three to four times the amount exported in normal years. We are feeding Europe, what's more we must continue to feed Europe until it gets back on its own feet again."

"Their crop of 1919 will help some, but we must wait until the harvest of 1920 before they are wholly independent of this country. If the general public can be educated to an appreciation of the situation as it is, and can be made to see that the well-being of every one of us depends upon every man producing as he has never produced before, supply can be increased to meet and exceed this unprecedented demand and we shall weather the storm with everybody ahead."

"Under the circumstances, it is more of a religious question than an economic one. Maximum production on the part of every individual must be made a moral issue. . . . Decreased demand means depression, and employment and hard times for everybody. Increased production will meet the situation and solve the problem."

"But that can only be accomplished by every man putting his shoulder to the wheel, and producing as he never produced before. . . . When the majority of the people were made to feel that slavery was wrong, it was abolished. When the majority of the people were made to feel that drinking was wrong and were ashamed to be seen going into a saloon, we got prohibition."

"In the same way, when the people begin to look down on the man who is not a producer, or who curtails his production, we shall strike at the tap root of the cost of living problems. We must go on a 'producing campaign'."

The only road to independence—thriftiness and economy.

The power a man puts into saving measures the power of the man in everything he undertakes.

There are 1,440 minutes in every day. If you use five of them to buy War Savings Stamps, you still have 1,435 left for other things.

A quarter saved a day means \$91.25 in a year, or more than \$100 if put in War Savings Stamps.

Rain won't make crops grow unless seed is in the ground. Interest can't make War Savings Stamps grow unless your money is in them. Put your money in W. S. S.

STAMPS FOLLOWING FLAG AROUND WORLD

Thrift Campaign Goes On Wherever Old Glory Waves—Cheering News Comes From Faraway Constantinople.

Along with the men of the Navy, the War Savings Stamp is following the flag round the world. In the Mediterranean squadron, the government savings securities are as much a part of the battleships and cruisers that are aiding in straightening out the tangled affairs of Asia Minor as the ammunition hoists.

For American thrift has not stopped at home. The savings campaign organized by the Savings Division of the Treasury Department is being carried out by both officers and men through War Savings Societies, Thrift Stamps, War Savings Stamps and Treasury Savings Certificates.

A letter just received by the Savings Division from Captain David F. Boyd, commanding U. S. S. Olympia at Constantinople brings the information that the thrift campaign on that vessel has been placed in charge of Lieutenant H. K. Koebig. Captain Boyd gave assurance of the co-operation of himself and his men in the work.

PAID FOR FUNERAL

War Savings Stamps are as inevitable as death and taxes, and they benefit the dead as well as the living.

Recently John Kirkiras died in Dayton, Ohio. He left no relatives and two who sought to give him a proper burial were confronted with difficulty in financing the funeral. Kirkiras had died leaving no ready cash, and the solicitous friends were afraid that public charity would have to be charged with the burial expenses.

They discovered, however, that before he died the man had invested in about \$100 of War Savings Stamps. A trip to the Dayton postoffice and the observance of the necessary formalities enabled them to pay the undertaker's bill.

THE SOBERING BUNDLE

When you have a bunch of boodle in the bank just up the pike, you'll stand for Yankee Doodle, law and order and the like. Then no creed of devastation, such as Russian outlaws shriek, will receive your confirmation—you'll denounce it like a streak. When a man is broke and busted, with no package laid away, he is evermore disgusted with the laws we all obey. He would see our courts all leveled, and the judges on the rack, and the plutocrats bedeviled till they gave up all their stack. He would see all things upended, justice he would render spite; then his chances would be splendid to accumulate some loot. I have seen some agitators stirring up the people's souls, and they all were cast-off gaiters and their pants were full of holes. And they said their chains were clanking as they damned the plutocrat; if they'd only do some banking they would soon get over that. I have heard the spiclers thrills patting up their weary song; I have heard the weak and shiftless saying everything is wrong. But the man who saves his money thinks the Russian creed absurd, and he thinks it beastly funny that so many yawks are heard.

The Nickel Lady
By
IZOLA FORRESTER

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Stubs named her that the very first day she appeared in the square and passed out nickels to those youngsters who were lucky enough to please her.

Stubs and Mariska saw her first. Peaceably enough they were offering advice to the old man who cleaned out the dry leaves from the fountain. It was the sure mark of summer time when they started up the fountain, and the children regarded it as the signal for celebration.

"If you'll just stand still for a minute I'll give you a nickel," the girl called to Mariska, as she stood with a little pad and pencil by the edge of the circular walk around the fountain. And Mariska took up the offer instantly.

Stubs eyed the proceedings with alert suspicion, but as he managed to edge about and get a look at the sketch the girl was making of Mariska, he approved, and from that first day he had championed the cause of the "Nickel Lady," as they all named her.

One evening he met her on Second avenue in the rain. There are degrees of social status about Stuyvesant square that are quite as peculiar and as rigidly drawn as those around Washington square. Along its far western and northern boundaries it is exclusive and undemonstrative, but the park itself on either side is a flowerbed of youngsters on summer days. And they had their favorites besides the "Nickel Lady," foremost of all the "White Doctor."

He was young and always dressed in white, and when his ambulance would swing across Second avenue he never failed to wave in answer to Stubs' greeting and the rest of the "bunch."

Therefore Stubs honored him and when the "Nickel Lady" hesitated laughingly as the rain beat down upon her, and before he could stop her, had slipped across the street under the very wheels of the huge gray mail car, the first thing he thought of was the "White Doctor." He stuck by her when the crowd gathered, and it was he, too, who got Bandy Moran and Chick to carry her to the sidewalk where she lay still, and white.

When the ambulance swung around the corner and the "White Doctor" jumped down, Stubs explained the situation to him briefly.

"I'm her best friend around here," he said loftily. "Is she hurt much, Doc?"

Skillfully Rex Fuller knelt beside the slender figure, making his examination. "Just shaken up and suffering from shock, old man," he told Stubs, "What's her name and where does she live?"

Stubs scratched his head doubtfully. He didn't know. Neither did Mariska, nor Bandy, nor any of the "bunch" hanging around mournfully. She was just the "Nickel Lady." So they took her up to the hospital, and Stubs made his arrangements with the doctor to visit her as her nearest friend.

That night when she lay conscious for the first time, Rex waited until the nurse had gone down the ward, before he asked her the necessary questions to fill in her card.

Her name was Phyllis Truax, she told him. Alone in New York and unmarried, an artist by profession. That was all, only when Stubs came to visit, she sent him after stationery so she could write a few letters, and he noted they all required out of town postage.

"You and me've got to stand by her, Doc," he told Rex out in the corridor, and Rex agreed to do his part.

Three weeks she stayed there, the first rest since she had come to the city, and every day up in the beautiful roof solarium Rex sat with her, according to his promise to Stubs. But the day before she left she had another visitor. He was very confident when he first met her, but she sat with drooping lashes as he talked, and finally she said something to him, and after he had gone she smiled at Rex somewhat anxiously.

"I'm a perfect fraud, doctor," she said. "You won't care for me a bit any more or Stubs or Mariska or anybody. I'm not just a stray artist stranded in New York, I'm a regular person with a home and family and plenty of money, and I've just refused half a million more. I'm afraid I'm spoiled for that sort of thing. You've been so wonderful to me up here, I think I'll be a nurse."

"You will not," he told her sternly. "In the first place you're not strong enough to train, and in the second I promised Stubs to look after you. If you had not known that I would, why did you send away the half a million chap?"

Stubs was on his way to visit her, with two large strangely red carnations he had managed to bargain for, but when he caught sight of the "White Doctor" bending over the "Nickel Lady," with unmistakable proprietorship, he stopped and turned his back. At least he knew when it was time to umpire the game over to the winner.

CHEERFUL HATS FOR WINTER



Millinery laughs in the face of winter with hats that are most cheerful and most becoming. Many of them are made of velvet, but beaver on one hand and filmy malines on the other indicate a long range of materials.

In the group of three hats shown above there are only velvet hats but one of them has a brim of maline. It is in black with a gay wreath of silk flowers across the front. Just below it a small hat is embroidered in silk while souché braid almost covers the soft hat at the left.

BLOUSE FOR BUSINESS GIRL



Of all sheer materials used for blouses that are required to be both dainty and sturdy, fine cotton voile proves to be the best. It wears like iron, outlasting all but the strongest laces and returns from laundering as good as new as long as it lasts.

The business girl will appreciate the charm of freshness in a blouse like that shown above. It is made of cross-bar voile, having separate collar and cuffs of sheer white organdie.

NOTICE Land Owners!

Our calls for land are over-reaching the number of farms we have for sale.

WE WANT TO BUY LAND, ANY AMOUNT, ANYWHERE.

Cash or time prices. Good prices paid. See

T. W. RUFFIN, Manager. Louisburg, N. C.
Car ready at all times for business.

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A BIG SURPRISE

But a Bigger Bargain For YOU

MANNING & HUNT

The well known and prosperous merchants, of Ingleside, have decided to close out their business. They do this of their own accord—to work as well as sing "down on the farm"—over in Chatham—and may also engage in the same business later on. Aside from the trouble of moving their only regret is in leaving the good county of Franklin and some as fine people as they care to know or live amongst. But this is immaterial. What they will do before going is the most interesting part, and the public will have the benefit of their going—in one respect at least,—for the goods will be sold

AT COST

and must go at that. The stock of General Merchandise (about \$4,000) is clean and fresh, consisting of Shoes, Shoes! Dry Goods and Notions, Groceries, Medicines, etc. Sale begins with this date, and will continue until goods are sold, unless the stock is bought as a whole. The doors are open and the public is cordially invited. Even the few delinquents can come to this sale and not be afraid. You will find this a clean cut, honest proposition they are up against, and they are going to stick it out!