

# THE REAL MAN

By FRANCIS LYNDE

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## THE TAUNTS OF A HIGH-SPIRITED YOUNG WOMAN CAUSE SMITH TO MAKE AN IMPORTANT DECISION— THE PLOT AGAINST COL. BALDWIN IS AT WORK

**Synopsis.**—J. Montague Smith, cashier of the Lawrenceville Bank and Trust company, and bachelor society leader engaged to marry Verda Richlander, heiress, is wrongfully accused of dishonesty by Watrous Dunham, his employer, and urged by his guilty accuser to disappear. Smith strikes Dunham, leaves him for dead, flees the state and weeks later turns up as a hobo at an irrigation dam construction camp in the Rocky mountains, where he gets a job as John Smith. His evidence of superior intelligence soon attracts attention from the boss, and after a short time he is asked to join the official staff of the ditch company, which is in financial straits. Smith demurs because he doesn't want his past investigated, but Colonel Baldwin, president of the company, urgently seeks the ex-hobo's aid. Smith saves Miss Corona Baldwin's life and drives some claim jumpers off company's land.

### CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

Smith hesitated, it was only partly on his own account. He was thinking again of the young woman with the honest eyes when he said: "Do you know why I turned Williams down when he spoke to me the other day?"

Colonel Dexter Baldwin had his faults, like other men, but they were not those of indifference. "I reckon I do know, son," he said, with large tolerance. "You're a 'lame duck' of some sort. But that's our lookout. Bartley is ready to swear that you are not a crooked crook, whatever else it is that you're dodging for. Besides, there's yesterday—"

"We agreed to forget the yesterday incidents," the lame duck reminded him quickly. And then: "I ought to say 'No,' Colonel Baldwin; say it straight out, and stick to it. If I don't say it—if I ask for a little time—it is because I want to weigh up a few things—the things I can't talk about to you or to Williams. If, in the end, I should be fool enough to say 'Yes,' it is only fair to you to say that, right in the middle of the scrap, I may fall to pieces on you."

Baldwin was too shrewd to try to push his advantage when there was, or seemed to be, a chance that the desired end was as good as half attained. And it was a purely manful prompting that made him get up and thrust out his hand to the young fellow who was trying to be as frank as he dared to be.

"Put it there, John," he said heartily. "Nobody in the Timanyoni is going to pry into you an inch farther than you care to let 'em; and if you get into trouble by helping us, you can count on at least one backer who will stand by you until the cows come home. Now, then, hunt up your coat, and we'll drive over to Hillcrest for a bite to eat. I had my orders from the missus before I left town, and I know better than to go home without you. Never mind the commissary khaki. It won't be the first time that the working clothes have figured at the Hillcrest table—not by a long shot."

And because he did not know how to frame a refusal that would refuse, Smith got his coat and went.

Given his choice between the two, Smith would cheerfully have faced another hand-to-hand battle with the claim jumpers in preference to even so mild a dip into the former things as the dinner at Hillcrest foreshadowed. The reluctance was not forced; it was real. The primitive man in him did not wish to be entertained. On the fast auto drive down to Brewster, across the bridge, and out to the Baldwin ranch, Smith's humor was frankly sardonic. He cherished a small hope that Mrs. Baldwin might be shocked at the soft shirt and the khaki. It would serve her right for taking a man from his job.

At the stone-pillared portal he got out to open the gates. Down the road a horse was coming at a snail's pace, the rider, Corona Baldwin, booted and spurred and riding a man's saddle.

Smith let the gray car go on its way up the drive without him. "So you weakened, did you? I'm disappointed in you," was Miss Baldwin's greeting. "You've made me lose my bet with Colonel-daddy. I said you wouldn't come."

"I had no business to come," he answered morosely. "But your father wouldn't let me off."

"Of course he wouldn't; daddy never lets anybody off, unless they owe him money. Where are your evening clothes?"

Smith let the lever of moroseness slip back to the grinning notch. "They are about two thousand miles away, and probably in some second-hand shop by this time. What makes you think I ever wore a dress suit?" He had closed the gates and was walking beside her horse up the driveway.

"Oh, I just guessed it," she returned lightly, "and if you'll hold your breath, I'll guess again."

"Don't," he laughed. At the steps a negro stableboy was waiting to take Miss Baldwin's horse. Smith knew how to help a woman down from a side-saddle; but the two-strapped rig stumped him. The young

woman laughed as she swung out of her saddle to stand beside him.

"The women don't ride that way in your part of the country?" she queried.

"Not yet."

"I'm sorry for them," she scoffed. And then: "Come on in and meet mamma; you look as if you were dreading it, and, Colonel-daddy says, it's always best to have the dreaded things over with."

Smith did not find his meeting with the daughter's mother much of a trial. She was neither shocked at his clothes nor disposed to be hysterically grateful over the railroad-crossing incident. A large, calm-eyed, sensible matron, some ten or a dozen years younger than the colonel, Smith put her, and with an air of refinement which was reflected in every interior detail of her house.

The dinner was strictly a family meal, with the great mahogany table shortened to make it convenient for four. There were cut glass and silver and snowy napery. Out of the past a thousand tentacles were reaching up to drag Smith back into the net of the conventional. When the table-talk became general, he found himself joining in, and always upon the lighter side. He found himself drawn more and more to the calm-eyed, well-bred matron who had given a piquant Corona to an otherwise commonplace world.

Mrs. Baldwin saw nothing of the rude fighter of battles her daughter had drawn for her, and wondered a little. She knew Corona's leanings, and was not without an amused impression that Corona would not find this later Smithsonian phase altogether to her liking.

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"You know that isn't what I meant. Manners don't make the man. It's what you talked about—the trumpery little social things that you found your keenest pleasure in talking about. I don't know what has ever taken you out to a construction camp. I don't believe you ever did a day's hard work in your life before you came to the Timanyoni."

It was growing dark by this time, and the stars were coming out. Someone had turned the lights on in the room the windows of which opened upon the portico, and the young woman's chair was so placed that he could still see her face. She was smiling rather more amicably when she said: "You mustn't take it too hard. It isn't you, personally, you know; it's the type. I've met it before. I didn't meet any other kind during my three years in the boarding school; nice, pleasant young gentlemen, as immaculately dressed as their pocketbooks would allow, up in all the latest little courtesies and tea-table shop talk. They were all men, I suppose, but I'm afraid a good many of them had never found it out—will never find it out. I've been calling it environment; I don't like to admit that the race is going downhill."

By this time the sardonic humor was once more in full possession, and he was enjoying her keenly.

"Go on," he said. "This is my night off."

"I've said enough; too much, perhaps. But when you were walking with mamma, you reminded me so forcibly of a man whom I met just for a part of one evening about a year ago in a small town in the middle West. He was one of them. He drove over from some neighboring town in his natty little automobile, and gave me fully an hour of his valuable time. He made me perfectly furious!"

"Poor you!" laughed Smith; but he was thankful that the camp sunburn and his four weeks' beard were safeguarding his identity. "But why the fury in his case in particular?"

"Just because, I suppose. I remember he told me he was a bank cashier and that he danced. He was quite hopeless, of course. Without being what you would call conceded, you could see that the crust was so thick that nothing short of an earthquake would ever break it."

"But the earthquakes do come, once in a blue moon," he said, still smiling at her. "Let's get it straight. You are not trying to tell me that you object to decent clothes and good manners per se, are you?"

The colonel was coming out, and he had stopped in the doorway to light a long-stemmed pipe. The young woman got up and fluffed her hair with the ends of her fingers—a little gesture which Smith remembered, recalling it from the night of the far-away lawn party.

"Daddy wants you, and I'll have to vanish," she said; "but I'll answer your question before I go. Types are always hopeless; it's only the hundredth man who isn't. It's a great pity you couldn't go on whipping claim jumpers all the rest of your life, Mr. Smith. Don't you think so? Good night. We'll meet again at breakfast. Daddy isn't going to let you get away short of a night's lodging, I know."

Two cigars for Smith and four pipes for the colonel further along, the tall Missourian rose out of the split-bottomed chair which he had drawn up to face the guests and rapped the ashes from the bowl of the corn-cob into the palm of his hand.

"I think you've got it all now, Smith, every last crook and turn of it, and I reckon you're tired enough to run away to bed."

Smith took a turn up and down the stone-flagged floor of the portico with his hands behind him. Truly, the case of Timanyoni ditch was desperate; even more desperate than he had supposed. Figuring as the level-headed bank cashier of the former days, he told himself soberly that no man in his senses would touch it with a ten-foot pole. Then the laughing gibes of the hundredth woman—gibes which had cut far deeper than she had imagined—came back to send the blood surging through his veins. It would be worth something to be able to work the miracle the colonel had spoken of; and afterward—

Colonel Dexter Baldwin was still tapping his palm absently with the pipe when Smith came back and said abruptly:

"I have decided, colonel. I'll start in with you tomorrow morning, and we'll pull this mired scheme of yours out of the mud, or I'll break a leg trying to. But you mustn't forget what I told you out at the camp. Right in the middle of things I may go rotten on you and drop out."

### CHAPTER VIII.

#### The Sick Project.

Brewster had grown into city-charter size and importance with the opening of the gold mines in the Gloria district, and the transformation of the surrounding park grasslands into culti-

rated ranches. A summer hotel on the shore of Lake Topaz—reached only by stage from Brewster—had added its influence; and since the hotel brought people with well-lined pocketbooks, there was a field for the enthusiastic real-estate promoters whose offices filled all the odd corners in the Hopla House block.

In one of those offices, on the morning following Smith's first dinner at Hillcrest, a rather caustic colloquy was in progress between the man whose name appeared in gilt lettering on the front windows and one of his unofficial assistants. Crawford Stanton, he of the window name, was a man of many personalities. To summer visitors with money to invest, he was the genial promoter, and if there were suggestions of iron hardness in the sharp jaw and in the smoothly shaven face and flinty eyes, there was also a pleasant reminder of Eastern business methods and alertness in the promoter's manner. But Lanterby, sitting uneasily in the "confidential" chair at the desk-end, knew another and more biting side of Mr. Stanton, as a hired man will.

"Good heaven! do you sit there and tell me that the three of them let that hobo of Williams' push them off the map? And do you say all this happened the day before yesterday: how does it come that you are just now reporting it?"

The hard-faced henchman in the flinty chair made such explanations as he could.

"Boogerfield and his two partners 've been hidin' out somewhere; I allow they was plumb ashamed to come in and tell how they'd let one man run 'em off."

"What do you know about this fellow, Smith? Who is he, and where did he come from?"

Lanterby told all that was known of Smith, and had no difficulty in compressing it into a single sentence. Stanton leaned back in his chair and the lids of the flinty eyes narrowed thoughtfully.

"There's a lot more to it than that," he said incisively at the end of the reflective pause. Then he added a curt order: "Make it your job to find out."

Lanterby moved uneasily in his insecure seat, but before he could speak, his employer went on again, changing the topic abruptly, but still keeping within the faultfinding boundaries.

"What sort of a screw has gone loose in your deal with the railroad men? Williams got two cars of cement and one of steel the day before yesterday three hours after the stuff came in from the East."

Again Lanterby tried to explain.

"Dougherty, the yardmaster, took the bank roll I slipped him, all right enough, and promised to help out. But he's scared of Maxwell."

"Maxwell is a thick-headed ass!" exploded the faultfinder. "His entire railroad outfit, from President Brewster down, is lined up on the other side of the light. But go on with your dickerin'. Jerk Dougherty into line. Now go out and find Shaw. I want him, and I want him right now."

The hard-faced man who looked as if he might be a broken-down gambler, unjostled his leg-hold upon the tilted chair, and went out; and a few minutes later another of Stanton's pay-roll men drifted in. He was a young fellow with sleepy eyes and cigarette stains on his fingers, and he would have passed for a railroad clerk out of a job, which was what he really was.

"Well?" snapped Stanton when the newcomer had taken the chair lately vacated by Lanterby.

"I shadowed the colonel, as you told me," said the young man. "He went up to Red Butte to see if he couldn't rope in some of the old-timers on his ditch project. He was trying to sell some treasury stock. His one-horse company is about out of money. Mickie, a clerk in Kinzie's bank, tells me that the ditch company's balance is drawn down to a few thousand dollars, with no more coming in."

"Did the colonel succeed in making a raise in Red Butte?"

"Nary," said the spy nonchalantly. "Drake, the banker up there, was his one best bet; but I got a man I know to give Drake a pointer, and he curled up like a hedgehog when you poke it with a sharp stick."

"That's better. The colonel came back yesterday, didn't he?"

"Yesterday afternoon. His wife and daughter met him, and told him something or other that made him drive up to the dam."

The plot which Eastern capitalists have made to steal the irrigation ditch from the original owners is unfolded in the next installment. John Smith acts with decision.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

#### Beginning Early.

"Father, aren't little girls silly?" "Do you think so, son? Mother and I were thinking you might like to have a little sister."

"Thanks, father; but don't trouble on my account, because I've got all I can do to keep away from those girls at school. I don't mind their giving me presents, but I do hate to have them tag after me going home from school."

#### An Explanation.

Charlotte had been taught to say the grace before each meal. One day she was invited to a little friend's for dinner. When the father and mother of Charlotte were seated for dinner, Brad-dock, a three-year-old brother, bowed his head and said: "Amen, God, Char-lotte's gone."

## COUNCIL NAMED FOR LIBRARY WORK

GOVERNOR APPOINTS BODY TO  
DIRECT CAMPAIGN FOR  
STATE'S SHARE.

### DISPATCHES FROM RALEIGH

Doings and Happenings That Mark  
the Progress of North Carolina People,  
Gathered Around the State  
Capital.

Raleigh.

The North Carolina Library War Council, which will have in charge the management of the state campaign to raise North Carolina's share of the Million Dollar Fund for Libraries for the nation's soldiers and sailors, was appointed by Governor Bickett.

The council is composed of Mrs. Clarence Johnson, Raleigh, president State Federation of Women's Clubs; Mrs. Lillian Griggs, Durham, president of the North Carolina Library Association; Judge Jeter C. Pritchard, Asheville; Mr. J. Frank Wilkes, Charlotte; Mrs. B. D. Heath, Charlotte; Judge W. P. Bynum, Greensboro; Mrs. R. J. Reynolds, Winston-Salem; Mrs. James Sprunt, Wilmington; Mr. Geo. W. Watts, Durham; Hon. Locke Craig, Asheville; Mr. E. F. Aydtlett, Elizabeth City; Mr. John Sprunt Hill, Durham.

This council met in Greensboro, with the committees of the Greensboro district. At that time, the council determined the goal which the North Carolina workers will undertake.

The districts into which the state has been divided and the cities embraced in those districts for the purpose of the campaign are the following:

Charlotte District—Charlotte, Palmer; Davidson, Mecklenburg; Concord, Cabarrus; Gastonia, Gaston; Shelby, Cleveland; Monroe, Union; Wadesboro, Anson; Albemarle, Stanley; Rockingham, Richmond.

Greensboro District—Greensboro, Guilford; High Point, Guilford; Reidsville, Rockingham; Burlington, Alamance; Graham, Alamance; Winston-Salem, Forsyth; Mocksville, Davie.

Durham District—Durham, Durham; Chapel Hill, Orange; Hillsboro, Orange; Oxford, Granville; Roxboro, Person; Henderson, Vance.

Raleigh District—Raleigh, Wake; Wake Forest, Wake; Louisburg, Franklin; Clayton, Johnston; Fayetteville, Cumberland.

Goldsboro District—Rocky Mount, Edgecombe; Wilson, Wilson; Kinston, Lenoir; New Bern, Craven; Greenville, Pitt; Washington, Beaufort; Goldsboro, Wayne.

Wilmington District—Wilmington, New Hanover; Lumberton, Robeson.

Salisbury District—Salisbury, Rowan; Statesville, Iredell; Hickory, Catawba; Lexington, Davidson.

Asheville District—Asheville, Buncombe; Waynesville, Haywood; Hendersonville, Henderson; Morganton, Burke.

#### Case of Attempted Bribery.

A special agent of the department of justice here stated that papers in the case against T. M. Stikeleather, of Iredell county, had been forwarded several days ago to District Attorney W. C. Kammer, at Asheville, and that the arrest of Stikeleather on the charge of attempting to bribe Dr. W. G. Nicholson, who is chairman of the Iredell county local exemption board, should occur at once. It is alleged that Stikeleather several weeks ago offered Doctor Nicholson \$25 to exempt from the draft a negro tenant on the Stikeleather farm near Statesville. Special Agent Dorsey Phillips was sent to the state to investigate the rumors growing out of the alleged attempt bribery, and he stated that he secured both oral testimony and affidavits in the matter.

#### Regulate Cottonseed Industry.

Information has come to the office of state food administrator from Washington to the effect that the cottonseed crushing and refining industry will, in all probability, be placed under regulations similar in some measures to those governing the sugar industry. This action was discussed at a recent meeting of representatives of the cottonseed crushing industry with the food administration at Washington.

If this program is carried into effect it would seem, judging from the result of regulations on the sugar industry, that licensing must inevitably tend to the elimination of hoarding and all forms of speculation.

#### To Buy Jersey Cattle.

Mr. R. H. Mason of the office of dairy farming has gone for a trip to certain parts of Ohio for the purpose of obtaining two carloads of pure-bred Jersey cattle. Most of the cattle which he will purchase have already been ordered by citizens of Harnett and Granville counties. The establishment of the calf club in Harnett county is already bearing good results, as many of the farmers in the vicinity of Coats have ordered pure-bred cattle.

#### Feed Soldiers Carolina Yams.

North Carolina yams and every other variety of sweet potato has been added to the list of supplies composing the United States Army rations, according to a letter Governor Bickett received from Brigadier General Thomas Cruse, of the Quartermaster Corps.

Governor Bickett is happy, and so will the soldiers be after they sample the "laters," for the Governor says that, once soldiers eat them, they will fight for them. The letter from General Cruse was in answer to one the Governor sent Congressman Dough-ton, the farmer representative from this state in Congress, in regard to numerous complaints that sweet potatoes would not be allowed by the war department as a component of the army ration.

His letter to Congressman Dough-ton is as follows:

"My dear Mr. Dough-ton: I enclose herewith some correspondence in regard to sweet potatoes. All I have to say is that if the President, or anybody else fails to put sweet potatoes on the soldiers' bill of fare while in the South, he does the soldiers a great injustice. Evidently these people do not know anything about North Carolina yams. I hope that you can do something to get the sweet potato introduced in the military circles. Once the soldiers eat them they will fight for them."

Brigadier General Cruse wrote as follows:

"My dear Sir: Your letter of the 15th, addressed to Hon. R. L. Dough-ton, member of Congress, relative to the addition of sweet potatoes as a component of the army ration, has been referred to this office for action."

"In reply, I have the honor to state that the question of the addition of sweet potatoes to the list of articles composing the army ration has been under consideration by this department, and the Secretary of War has decided that this article be added to the list of supplies composing the army ration, and all purchasing officers were advised accordingly."

#### Adj't-Gen. Can't Grant Discharge.

Men who are serving in military units that formerly composed the North Carolina National Guard cannot receive discharges through the office of the state adjutant general, regardless of how meritorious may be the grounds upon which they make application. All such applications must be taken up through the regular channels of the War department of the United States. The North Carolina National Guard ceased to exist as such on August 5 last when it was drafted into the federal service, and became a portion of the armed forces of the national government.

This was the statement made by Adjutant General Laurence W. Young, who explained that a great number of applications are daily reaching his office. In most cases these applications for discharges from the service are being made on behalf of the enlisted men by members of their families, and not by the men themselves. In many cases the papers filed or voluminous. But General Young says that his office has no longer authority to act.

#### Preserve Sweet Potatoes.

Dr. B. W. Kilgore, of the Agricultural Extension Service, again calls attention to the fact that it is of the utmost importance that the large sweet potato crop in North Carolina be preserved during the coming winter months. As an aid in furthering this work, the Extension Circular No. 30 has been issued, which treats in detail of the methods to be pursued in successful storage, and gives a type of storage house which has been used by the Pender branch station at Willard with satisfactory success.

All growers of sweet potatoes are urged to write for a copy of this circular in order that they may be prepared for handling the crop this fall. Each year North Carolina produces an abundant supply of this crop, but, on account of improper methods of storage, practically none are kept throughout the entire winter.

#### Prizes for Teachers' Essays.

For the best essays on "Why the United States is at War," written by public school teachers of North Carolina, prizes aggregating \$300 are offered by the National Board for Historical Service. To elementary teachers, five prizes ranging from \$10 to \$75 each, and to high school teachers seven prizes ranging from \$10 to \$75 each, are offered. Essays must be submitted by January 1, 1918.

Similar contests are being conducted in 14 other states. The winning essays in each state will be entered in a national competition in which additional prizes of \$75 each will be awarded.

Full information, including the conditions of the contests and references to material, may be obtained from R. D. W. Connor, secretary of the North Carolina Historical Commission, Raleigh, N. C.

#### Secretary Issues Charters.

Charters were issued from the office of the secretary of state for the following corporations to do business in North Carolina:

Piedmont Hosiery Mills, of Lenoir, with \$50,000 authorized capital and \$10,000 subscribed. The incorporators are Decatur Elmore, C. J. Yelton and A. E. McKinney, all of Lenoir.

The Lawndale Auto Company, of Wilson, amended its charter to increase its capital from \$25,000 to \$100,000.