

THE PEASANT BOY'S DREAM

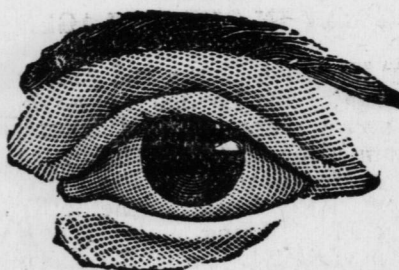
A Christmas Allegory.

A peasant boy lay upon his cot after his day's hard labor, crying out against the oppression which kept him a slave. It was Christmas Eve when all the world should have been happy, but the lad, who lay shivering with cold until he could not sleep, knew no happiness. His heart was filled with rebellion. Each breath he drew was a curse against his Masters, for surely it seemed to him no other life could be as bitter as was his. If he could only break this cruel bond and find the happiness his Masters had, but he was a slave. It was his lot to sacrifice his life in bitterness—a life which he knew was fitted for nobler things. "Oh! God," he breathed, "give me rest, give me happiness." And as he spoke the words he fell asleep and as he slept an angel stood before him, and looked upon him with tender, pitying eyes. "Who art thou?" asked the boy. The angel answered, "I am God's messenger, come to grant thy wish. What is it thou wouldst have?" And the boy said, "I would have happiness." "What wouldst thou call happiness?" "The riches my Masters have." "And thou art sure that these will make thee happy?" The angel's voice was strangely sad. "What more could mortal wish? My Masters clothe themselves in velvet garments. They wear rich jewels and servants do their bidding." "And this is happiness?" the angel questioned. "Aye, happiness enough," the boy said simply. "Thy boon is granted," and the vision faded. And the boy became a Prince; he ruled great estates; his garments were velvet; he wore rich jewels and servants did his bidding; but he was weighted down with cares and life for him was a burden. The nobles of the land made war against him. Other princes struggled for his estate. On every side intrigue and deceit beset him. Even his life was endangered and he was ever weary. "Oh! God," he cried at last, "my burdens are so heavy. The peasants who labor in my fields call me harsh, but even they are happier than I, and it is because I am so tired that I am harsh. Would that I were a peasant boy, for, though the poor lad labors hard, he can walk through thy fields at will and enjoy the beautiful sunlight and I—I cannot leave my castle without danger." And then again the angel stood before him and again the boy queried, "Who art thou?" And the angel answered him, "I am God's messenger. What is it thou wouldst have?" And the prince answered, "I would have happiness." "But hast thou not happiness?" the angel questioned. "For when I came to thee, a peasant boy, and asked thy wish, thou answered, 'Give me riches—rich garments and precious jewels. These will make me happy.' And then when I have given thee thy wish, thou criest again, 'Give me peace and happiness.' What wouldst thou ask me now to make thee happy? If rich estates have failed to satisfy thee, would thy peasant's lot again content thee? But I will listen once more to thy plea. Speak then, what is it thou wouldst have?" and the boy answered, "It is but a little thing and easy it will be for thee to grant and if 'tis granted, I will be content, yea, even happy, with my peasant's lot. The gift I ask is but the gift of sight." "Thou hast thy sight," the angel answered him. "Thine eyes are keen." "But I would see into the hearts of men and understand their trials and lift their burdens." And then the angel smiled a radiant smile and spoke to him in tones of heavenly music. "Thy wish is granted, happiness is thine. For thou hast found the one true road to peace—the one true road to joy and contentment." Christmas morn was dawning and a faint streak of light lifted into the cabin. The boy awoke. He lay upon the same hard cot, within the same lowly hut, but somehow his discontent was gone. He arose and started across the fields and as he went he whistled. When he met a companion he smiled and the sorrow lined face always smiled back at him, and when he chanced to meet his lord riding across the fields, he smiled so sweetly that the Master stopped and wished him Merry Christmas. The boy grew to manhood. He was still a peasant, still labored hard each day but he was always cheerful and always he had a smile for his fellow-man, whether he were Master or servant. He was the friend of all the people and all the people loved him. He was still a servant, but he had ceased to be a slave and he was even happy, for he had found the secret of happiness—the secret which lies in making others happy.

Stranger (to office boy): I wanna see the editor.

Office Boy: What editor? We got all kinds of editors around this joint, nothin' but editors; just like the Mexican army, all generals and no privates.

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Dr. J. C. Mann, the well known eyesight Specialists and Optician will be at Dr. Farrell's office in Pittsboro, N. C., every fourth Tuesday and at Dr. Thomas's office, Siler City, N. C., every fourth Thursday, in each month. Headache relieved when caused by eye strain. When he fits you with glasses you have the satisfaction of knowing that they are correct. Make a note of the date and see him if your eyes are weak.

Next trip to Chatham County: Siler City: Thursday, December 20th.

"THINKING"

If you think you are beaten, you are. If you think you dare not, you don't care. If you'd care to win but you think you can't, It's almost a cinch you won't.

If you think you'll lose, you're lost, For out of the world we find Success begins with a fellow's will, It's all in the state of mind.

If you think you're outclassed, you are; We've got to think high to rise, You've got to be sure of yourself before You can ever win a prize.

Life's battles don't always go To the stronger or faster man; But soon or late the man who wins Is the man who thinks he can.

IT'S A WISE MAN THAT KNOWS

When Dempsey and Firpo faced each other in the prize ring a few weeks ago they were competitors and they knew it, too.

When two contractors submit bids for the erection of the same building they are competitors usually.

When the makers of Old Crow vied for sales with the makers of Old Taylor they thought they were competitors. That was a mistake. Their real competitor was a proposition to pass an amendment to the Constitution, now known as the Eighteenth Amendment.

Twenty years ago the competitors of a manufacturer of oil lamps were not other oil lamp makers; they were the electric light companies.

In a similar way playing cards are arrayed against modern dances, phonographs against player pianos, automobiles against real estate. The obvious competitor is the fellow who is making or selling the same kind of thing you make or sell. More dangerous sometimes is a business you never regard as a competitor. That is the reason it is more dangerous. You pay no attention to it.

How was the manufacturer of petticoats ten years ago to know that by 1923 most women would not be wearing petticoats?

Who was the carriage and buggy maker's competitor when Roosevelt was President?

What barber worried about safety razors during the Spanish-American war? Not one man in ten shaved every day anyhow. The man who could not shave himself either had to go to the barber or grow a crop of goshing-it whiskers.

Yet there are men that took advantage of the very things that were putting their fellows out of business. The safety razor remade barber shops. A few years after Mr. Gillette's handsome face became familiar to the nation, barber shops took on a new appearance.

The old-fashioned, gloomy, fly-ridden hole-in-the-wall disappeared. The colored barber retired to the back-ground. Instead came the spotless white coat, the gleaming white chair, the splendid mirrors, a fresh towel for every customer and many mysterious and interesting forms of cleanliness and sanitation.

Are you old enough to remember when the town butcher used to think that Armour and Swift were his competitors? Driving a cow out to his slaughter house once or twice a week and driving back with chunks of warm meat in a spring wagon was his idea of being a butcher.

Those Chicago houses wouldn't ever run his business for him, he insisted.

Yet butchers today have better meat and nicer business because they have realized that this suspected competition was really service—service to themselves and their customers.

The lively stable that became a garage knew what to do about competition. Like the Japanese wrestler, it threw its opponent with his own strength—a very pretty trick for a small man to use on a big man.

What is the country newspaper's competitor?

To begin with, it probably isn't the fellow with another paper of the same kind.

Roughly speaking it is anything that is doing more to gain the interest of the readers of that paper than the editor is doing.

Sometimes this competitor is a farm paper. Sometimes it's a city daily. Other times it is some of the hundreds of weekly and monthly magazines with their different departments. Even the telephone has played a part in changing conditions under which the editor works. Certainly the automobile has; so also have the moving pictures and the illustrated publications.

Our competitor, any man's competitor, is the person or thing that gives your customers something they want more than the thing you have to give them.

You must hold people's interest. Hold their interest and you hold their affection, you hold their trade, you hold their admiration. Lose their interest and one by one you lose all these other things. Everything that lives and grows must have a reason for its existence.

YOUR DOLLAR

From the Thrift Magazine. Don't expect impossibilities of your dollar.

It can't turn handsprings or do tricks of any kind. It's just a dollar. Nothing less; nothing more.

It will be your tireless slave, your constant coworker, your unswerving friend.

It neither eats nor sleeps, but works on for you twenty-four hours a day, including Sundays and holidays.

It is prosaic and ponderous, but its patient, plodding industry makes it the ruler of the destinies of nations. It never has the blues, a cold in the head, nor an attack of temperament.

It is capable of earning in an honest way just a few pennies a year. It will do this consistently and steadily, but if you try to drive it to a greater effort you are most apt to find it suddenly transferred to wiser hands. No man has ever been smart enough to fool his dollar very long.

FARMER GOT NEWS BEFORE CITY FOLK THIS TIME, BY RADIO

Since radio started to equalize things in the matter of keeping folks posted as to what's going on, farmers have not only been placed on the same footing with city dwellers, but on occasion they have even "beat 'em to it." One such case occurred on the evening of July 4, when a party of city men, returning from an automobile trip in the Adirondacks, began to speculate on how the Dempsey-Gibbons prize fight resulted.

Passing a farm and noticing that there was a radio antenna stretched between the house and the barn, they stopped to inquire if any news had been received. The farmer was found just coming in from the barn. He listened to their question calmly, and immediately answered: "Dempsey won on points."

He had heard the report of the fight as broadcast by WGY, the General Electric Company's station at Schenectady, N. Y.—and he had got the news as quickly as anyone in the United States. Even the metropolitan newspaper offices did not have it any sooner.

BEST ENERGY IS POWER LINE KIND

Agricultural Engineer Says This Sort Gives Farms Volume of Power Needed.

IS FLEXIBLE SERVICE, TOO

Steadily the trend of electrical development in the United States is reaching out to embrace the electrified rural sections and the great farming areas, according to C. A. Atherton, chairman of the power lines committee of the American Society of Agricultural Engineers. Mr. Atherton, who is in the engineering department of the General Electric Company's National Lamp Works, is positive that the various difficulties now retarding the extension of electric transmission lines into farming districts by electric light and power companies will be successfully met.

"American farms," he said, following the recent annual convention of the National Electric Light Association, "are now using three hundred thousand isolated electric light and power plants. Such plants will probably always be used in the more remote districts. But it is only natural that what the farmer really wants is the convenient, flexible and less limited service from the big city power houses.

Farming a Big Industry

"The electrical interests themselves want to know how far electricity can be economically carried into the rural districts. Farming is the biggest and most important industry in every country. Not only does it employ more people, but it uses more power than any other. It is comparable in size with general manufacturing of all commodities.

"Undoubtedly the chief factors in creating the present strong demand for electricity on the farm are the growing realization of the labor saving which may be effected for the farmer's wife and a newly awakened pride in having the most up-to-date living conditions. Yet the part of electricity in the industry of agriculture is by no means small, only there must be adequate farm machinery for electrical application.

"Electrified farm machinery must be quite different from the heavy farm machinery of the past, intended for use a few hours each year, and then allowed to stand without attention until the next season. It must be made small, efficient, probably operating at a higher speed, and must be automatic.

Division of the Energy

"It must be arranged so that each morning the raw material may be fed in, a switch turned and without more attention the finished material piled or stored automatically. An entire process with such a machine might consume several weeks, demanding a quarter horsepower to do what formerly took four or five men and a sixty horsepower steam engine two days to do.

"But sixty horsepower, two days a year, is very impractical and unprofitable on an electrical line, whereas eight weeks of a quarter horsepower is quite practical and may be made a profitable part of the producing equipment of the farm."

Better Than the Mine Mule

In a Wyoming coal mine there is an electrical mine locomotive that is still going strong after 27 years. It was built by the Thomson-Houston Electric Company, predecessors of the General Electric Company, and has hauled 3,712,500 tons of coal an average of 1.5 miles. Many a mule has gone to a quiet grave in that period, for mules may come and mules may go, but an electric locomotive goes all the time.

THE AGE OF WONDERS.

We are living in the age of wonders. Where ten years ago folks would scoff at a new idea and say, "Impossible," they now consider it seriously and admit, "Well, that may be done. Nothing is really impossible."

Especially does this seem true of the wireless. The latest discovered use of wireless is its ability to make the deaf hear. Many people who have never heard any sound, have listened to music and the human voice for the first time in their lives, because the ear drums were effected by the finer vibrations of wireless when the ordinary tuning fork vibration made no impression.

In a most remarkable book, "A Dweller on Two Planets," dictated by Phyllos, one who lived on this earth 12,000 years ago, through the medium of automatic writing, we learn that wireless was developed beyond our present conception by a civilization far superior to the generation of our day. In ancient Atlantis an instrument called the "naim" enabled one to see distant events as they transpired and to talk face to face with friends, thousands of miles separated their physical bodies.

We are about to rediscover this remarkable wireless mirror. At the present time Edouard Belin, distinguished French scientist, is working on an invention which he calls the telephoto device, that when perfected will equal the "naim," product of a forgotten civilization.

Nicola Tesla, American electrical wizard, is also experimenting along the same line and says that the means of seeing by wireless as well as hearing can and will be accomplished in a short time.

Imagine sitting in your home and seeing some world event take place as vividly as if you were actually present, even to hearing of the things that transpire. Distance is no barrier. The device will work at a distance of five thousand miles as easily as five miles. The vibrations will pass through the earth's surface unbroken.

This is a subject which would stand columns of writing and not decrease in interest. We are led to make another worn expression at the future possibilities of our world today, "Will wonders never cease?"

THE MAN WORTH WHILE

It is easy enough to be pleasant When life flows by like a song, But the man worth while is the one who can smile

When everything goes dead wrong.

"COLD IN THE HEAD"

is an acute attack of Nasal Catarrh. Those subject to frequent "colds" are generally in a "run down" condition. HALL'S CATARRH MEDICINE is Treatment consisting of an Ointment, to be used locally, and a Tonic, which acts Quickly through the Blood on the Mucous Surfaces, building up the System, and making you less liable to "colds." Sold by druggists for over 40 Years. F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O.

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Chimes 'n' Everything. A \$20,000 hearse, decorated with thirty-five wooden angels and equipped with chimes and amplifier to carry

the music to the graveside, is in use on New York's East Side. And only last week Capper's Weekly said funerals were getting simpler.

Humming Bird PURE SILK HOSIERY WEARS LONGER

For Active Girls

We recommend Humming Bird Silk Hose. Pure in fabric and dye, and with extra elastic double-lisle tops, lisle heels and toes, these fine hose give exceptional wear. We have Humming Birds in a brilliant array of fadeless colors, at attractive prices.

It is time to begin to think of Christmas and if you want to please your wife, sister, mother or cousin with some nice, useful gift, we can sell you HUMMING-BIRD PURE SILK HOSIERY for \$1.50 a pair. We have all colors to match any dress or pumps. Best and prettiest Silk Hosiery in the U. S. A., for the price.

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