

BREST-LITOVSK MAY BE RECONSTRUCTED

American Funds Offered to Rebuild Polish City.

Washington.—American funds have been offered for the restoration of another war-ravaged European city—Brest-Litovsk, Poland, according to a news report from Warsaw.

Brest-Litovsk, which is famous for the separate treaty which representatives of Soviet Russia and Germany signed there, today consists of a fine railroad station and practically nothing more. Buildings which housed 50,000 people were laid waste and the large refugee population lives principally in caves and huts.

"Before the war Brest-Litovsk was one of Russia's most important trading centers and fortresses on her eastern borders," says a bulletin of the National Geographic society from its headquarters in Washington.

Center of Communication Web.

"Complete restoration of Brest-Litovsk would mean recreating a city busy with buying, selling, carrying and transferring the products of a large agricultural region. Railways from Odessa, Kiev, Moscow, Warsaw, Vilna and East Prussia intersect at the lonesome new railroad station. But Brest-Litovsk is more than a rail center. It lies upon the inland waterway from the Baltic to the Black sea. A canal east of the city connects the Mukhovets river and the Pripet river, which are, respectively, fingertips of waterway arms reaching from the north and south toward each other. Thus the city is served by a well-nigh perfect system of communication, extending in all directions.

"Brest-Litovsk lies 100 miles due east of Warsaw. Normally half its population was of Jewish blood, and it long has been a Jewish stronghold. It never developed an industry, but depended instead upon commerce. During the Sixteenth century the synagogue of the city was regarded as the first in Europe.

"Grains, hides, soap, wheat and timber were the staples of its extensive trade. The lumber in which it dealt was floated in great rafts down to Danzig. Flax, some of which went to Ireland and Belgium to make Irish and Flemish linen, was extensively grown in the country surrounding the town and formed another important article of its trade.

"The familiar geographic reason for the existence of a town, namely two rivers meeting, gives Brest-Litovsk its excuse for being. The navigable Bug and Mukhovets rivers join and at the point of confluence once stood the city fortress. Older fortifications were east of the city and covered four square miles. The defenses were the pride of Russia.

"But the World war showed what history had been reporting for years; that Brest-Litovsk was far from invulnerable. It was first mentioned in ancient documents on the occasion of its capture by a Polish monarch in 1020. Next Casimir the Just of Poland built a tight castle. Princes of Galicia, Volhynia, Lithuania, grand masters of the Teutonic Knights, Tatar chieftains and kings of Poland held and stormed the city in turns, and going out from it gathered spoil from the countryside.

Climax of Russian Tragedy.

"All of Brest-Litovsk history, however, records no such high moment as it experienced late in 1917. Things looked black for the allies, Russia, which had been holding Germany on the east, had collapsed internally under the pressure of war. Kerensky, who still espoused the allied cause, was soon displaced by the Soviet regime. Germany had driven deep into Russian territory. With this setting the last act of the Russian tragedy took place in Brest-Litovsk, which by that time had degenerated into a war camp and nothing more.

"At the headquarters of Prince Leopold of Bavaria, Soviet representatives signed a separate peace with Germany which put the entire burden of carrying on the war on England, France, the United States, Italy and their allies."

Sparrow Finds a Way to Get Meal on Auto

Berkeley, Calif.—The irrepressible English sparrow has learned to make the automobile contribute to its bill of fare.

According to ornithologists' observations in such widely separated regions as Illinois and California the resourceful birds have been making a practice of collecting toasted grasshoppers and other insects that have become wedged in the fronts of automobile radiators. In central California large numbers of sparrows were observed "working" the front of car after car parked along the streets, says H. S. Swarth of the department of zoology of the University of California.

In spite of concerted drives to head it off, the indomitable sparrow's march across the continent has proceeded unimpeded and the rowdy ragamuffin has ingeniously turned to its own advantage the machine that, by eliminating the horse from the streets, had deprived him of an important source of food.

Claims Sea Record

Swansea, Wales.—Miss Anna Dale, an immigration inspector, claims the marine travel record of all time for passengers with a total of 1,500,000 miles.

GAME OF LOVE BY TELEPHONE

By LUCY G. BARROWS

(© by W. G. Chapman.)

"NO!" SHOUTED Simon Barclay in a thunderous tone, crushing out the fondest of human hopes, immovable as a rock.

His pretty niece, Hetty, covered her face with her hands and broke down utterly in a storm of tears.

"Cruel—cruel!" she sobbed.

"And a last meeting with this gay gallivanting young man—understand?" pursued her callous-souled relative.

"You are breaking my heart!" moaned Hetty, and really believing it.

"It isn't because Ned Monroe is after your little fortune, as most young fellows are nowadays."

"What—what is it, then?" faltered poor Hetty.

"It's because he's an electrical maniac. Huh—telephone! Who heard of such a thing in my young days? Gossip-branders, I call 'em! Worse than that—catering to laziness. Tried to get me to put one in my house. I'd like to see 'em! Now I've said my say. Drop this beau, or I'll send you off a thousand miles to my sister, where you can't see him."

Antiquated, narrow-minded Simon Barclay had invented a new name for the most estimable young man in Redfern. He hated all innovations, especially a telephone. There was a reason. Simon had bargained too slowly in the purchase of a piece of property he coveted, a shrewd neighbor had got to a telephone and outbid him. He hated telephones after that, and Ned Monroe in the bargain, for was not that energetic young man the head linesman of the district telephone plant?

Hetty nipped around the house all day. She was disconsolate. If ever a girl loved a bright intelligent young fellow, it was she. As to Ned, she knew that she was to him as the apple of his eye. She dreaded meeting him, but she was loyal to a promise she had made to her uncle that there would be no exchange of notes, no clandestine meetings. Hetty knew that promptly at 5:30 Ned would pass the old orchard road near the farm. Fifteen minutes earlier she repaired to the old tree that had been to them a favorite trysting place.

Ned came spinning along on his bicycle, not a moment late, a fine specimen of a healthy, buoyant young man interested and happy in his work. He swung a coil of wire and his tool bag to the road and was over the fence in a joyous leap.

"Dear girl!" he said fondly, and then stared at Hetty in alarm, for she was weeping.

Bit by bit the miserable story came out. He consoled her, he reiterated his love. He said nothing of revenge, elopement or discouragement.

"Little lady," he observed in his hopeful sanguine way, "all right! If I can't see you, I can keep on loving you, can't I?"

"Yes, yes," murmured Hetty brokenly, "but I shan't hear—those loving words! Why, not to have you tell me how you think of me every day—"

"But you shall," announced Ned definitely. "You have agreed not to write to me. Don't. You have promised not to meet me. Keep your word. I'll arrange all that, but—trust me to break down this wall of prejudice. Oceans shan't part us. In the meantime, until things settle down—this."

Ned drew from his coat pocket one of the tools he used in putting in wires. He waved it buoyantly.

"Yonder," he said, pointing to the barb wire fence, "is a conductor right at hand. I'll connect up half a mile down the road with Farmer Moore's house line. The feeder will go up there," and he pointed among the branches of the old apple tree.

"Oh, Ned!" cried Hetty, clasping her hands in ecstasy, "you—you don't mean—"

"That I am going to put a telephone specially for you up in that tree. Why, every evening we can talk over the line for hours, if we want to."

"You darling!" exuberated Hetty breathlessly. "Oh, how fortunate it is that you know all about telephones!"

"I'll be at my task bright and early tomorrow before your uncle is up and about," planned Ned. "Come here tomorrow evening, climb up in the tree. There's a comfortable seat on the second branch. Take down the receiver. Call up 'XX.' I'll arrange with the switchboard girls as to what that means. Then—last kiss here, but I'll send you a dozen over the wires every evening!"

Oh, the delight of it! That blissful twilight hour! The deft hand of the master workman had arranged the wires so that only a suspicious, searching person could have guessed the mission of the double wire loop running from the fence up into the old apple tree.

For three consecutive evenings Hetty sauntered carelessly down the road. Her uncle supposed she was going to visit the daughter of the farmer just next to them. Hetty had noticed him standing at the door of the house the last evening of the three, watching her till she was out of sight. She made a cautious detour to reach the old tree.

The fourth evening Hetty did not start away until she saw Mr. Barclay busy in what he called his little office, looking over his business papers.

It was quite dusk by the time she reached her destination.

She had climbed into the tree and had herself comfortably disposed, when she was startled by a low quick whistle. A man came over the fence, rough looking and sinister. He stood directly beneath her leafy shelter.

It was he who had uttered the whistle and in a few moments a comrade of the same type slouched into view.

"Well, how's the outlook?" queried the first comer.

"Capital."

"Girl gone?"

"Half an hour ago."

"And the old man?"

"In the room where his safe is, all alone. There's a rich haul, partner. Come on."

"Mercy!" gasped the startled Hetty, as the two strangers disappeared in the direction of the farmhouse.

"They are going to rob uncle!"

Her wits worked quick. She was aware that the men folks on the next farm were not at home. Then a bright idea occurred to her. She snatched free the receiver of the telephone.

"X-X"—oh, quick, please! please!" she breathed frantically.

And then as the connection was made: "Oh, Ned! come quick, with help. There are two burglars here who are going to rob uncle!"

"Will they never come?" she cried, standing out in the road and looking toward. Then her heart took hope. Two distant sparks grew brighter, the lamps of a speeding automobile. Then she could hear the chug-chug of the flying machine. She ran out into the road and waved her neck scarf.

Two town officers accompanied her lover. One guarded the front door of the house as they reached it. Ned and the other man went around to the porch that opened into the office of old Simon.

"Just in time!" announced Ned, and he and the officer sprang into the room. One of the burglars was guarding their victim with a revolver. The other had just lifted his strong box from the safe.

The officers departed with their prisoners. Ned explained.

"A telephone did it?" muttered old Simon, closely hugging his treasure box. "But for that—Join hands!" he said abruptly. "I'm converted, Hetty. This young man may put in a phone in the morning. As to coming here regular, I fancy he's earned the privilege."

And so love by telephone led to love directly under the home roof.

Not Easy to Obtain Admission to Tribe

Appreciation of the beauty of the ceremonies and the sincerity of the religion of the Navajo tribe led Chissie Nez, a white man, to investigate the meaning that lay back of what he saw enacted and as a result of his interest he was adopted into the tribe. He went to Denver from New England in search of health, and drifted to New Mexico to find diversion. Winning the friendship of the Indians, he was asked to become a member of their tribe and he submitted himself to the nine-days' ceremony.

The candidate for tribal membership must first of all be purified. He lies in a trench filled with herbs and charcoal and the steaming is believed to purify him. A daily ceremony is addressed to the four points of the compass and sand paintings that must be completed during the circuit of the sun are made on three different days in the lodge of the medicine man.

The candidate must gain certain things for his fetish bag, including 24 feathers from a live eagle. To do this he lies in a trench covered with brush. On top is the bait, a rabbit, and as the eagle swoops down, the man seizes it. He also must obtain a deer and kill it without bloodshed, and must find "a bear of turquoise and a horse of white ivory with blue eyes."—Denver Post.

Industry

It is that only that conducts us through any noble enterprise to a noble end. What we obtain without it is by chance, what we obtain with it is by virtue. . . . It is the gift of tongues, and makes a man understood in all countries and by all nations. It is the philosopher's stone that turns all metals and even stones into gold, and suffers no want to break into its dwellings. It is the northwest passage that brings the merchant's ships as soon to him as he can desire. In a word, it conquers all enemies and makes fortune itself pay contribution.—The Earl of Clarendon (1727).

To Induce Sleep

Napoleon's method of overcoming wakefulness is reported to have been as follows: Imagine the inside of the head as a circular room, the walls of which are lined from floor to ceiling with small file drawers. In each drawer are thoughts. When sleep will not come, Napoleon fancied it was because these drawers were continually opening out into the room and projecting their contents, or thoughts, on his mind. To induce sleep he had to keep these drawers in their places. The mental effort used in pushing back the drawers brought the desired unconsciousness to him in a short time.

More Important

"You say your husband's life is not insured?"
"No, it takes all our spare money to insure the car."

BOILS FOR YEARS NOW ALL GONE

Alabamian Says Dodson's Liver Tonic Gave Him Brand New Liver worth Fortune

Experience seems to indicate that people store up in their systems certain poisons that break out all at once in a series of boils. Sometimes they are fatal.

Wittie Hapes says: "Ever since I grew up boils broke out on me just when the planting season began, and I had to lay up. Blood remedies were worthless. The only remedy was calomel, but it seemed to turn my stomach inside out. This spring I got a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic and I feel sure it put a new liver into me worth a fortune, for it cleared off the boils and for the first time in years they didn't come back."

The reason for this is the fact that a spoonful of Dodson's Liver Tonic loosens up the liver, lets go of a gorge of impurities, sour bile, fermented food and gas and breaks up the most obstinate constipation. And yet it never makes you sick—no gripe, no pain—even though it may drive out quarts of sour bile as black as ink. And this result is absolutely guaranteed.

Ask your druggist for a bottle of Dodson's Liver Tonic and take a spoonful tonight. If it doesn't start your liver and straighten you right up better than calomel did in all your life and without griping or making you sick, go back to the store and get your money."

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Clean Child's Bowels with "California Fig Syrup"



Hurry Mother! Even constipated, bilious, feverish, or sick, colic babies and children love to take genuine "California Fig Syrup." No other laxative regulates the tender little bowels so nicely. It sweetens the stomach and starts the liver and bowels without griping. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs. So "California" to your druggist and avoid counterfeits. Insist upon genuine "California Fig Syrup" which contains directions.

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