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JAMES K. MAYO. Proprietor
CARL GOERCH. Editor

WASHINGTON, NORTH CAROLINA, FEB. 5, 1916.

Although we have kept careful watch, we have not yet found the paragraph who was bold enough to try to get gay with that name "Appam."

Villa is reported to have been "located" again. About the only thing that will satisfy the majority of Mexicans, however, is to see him located at the end of a rope.

Some men are so inconspicuous that they have to raise side-whiskers to attract attention.

The political aspirations of many of the coming candidates will not be entirely fruitless. Many of them will get a lemon.

"Although I did my best to show them how it was all the fault of my intelligent compositors," says the editor of an exchange, "the bride nor bridegroom, nor any of their folks, ever quite forgave me. After the notice of their wedding I had written, 'On returning from their wedding tour they will reside at the old manse.' I never blamed them for feeling a little harsh about it, for that sentence came out in the paper that evening declaring that 'they would reside at the old manse.'"

When it comes to keeping one's own counsel, the Sphinx evidently never had anything on our friend Judge Whedbee.

MR. PROFFITT'S SUGGESTIONS.

Although Mr. Proffitt's talk before the Chamber of Commerce Tuesday night was an interesting one all the way through, the one thing that struck me as being the point that means more to Washington than anything else, was his reference to the location of factories here.

A half dozen small factories, each employing about a score of men would be the greatest asset that the city could have. If the Chamber of Commerce acts upon Mr. Proffitt's suggestions, we can get these industries, although it will take work and good hard work at that.

We don't want that type of small factory of which Washington has had several in the past, where some outsider comes here, gets up stock subscriptions, runs his plant for a while on the money of local residents and finally goes to the wall. They are to be discouraged rather than sought after. But if we can secure some experienced men to come here with money of their own to invest, men who are experienced in their line of work, they can work wonders in helping build up the city.

However, nothing can be done until a start is made and we sincerely hope that the Chamber of Commerce, at the meeting of that organization next week, will inaugurate a strenuous campaign for securing new industries for Washington.

WOODCRAFT IN CITIES.

City woodcraft sounds paradoxical until one accepts Mr. Ernest Thompson-Seton's definition of woodcraft as the adaptation of a man to his environment. He is trying to encourage city men to study their surroundings as woodmen do and to learn through their study to be resourceful in adapting themselves to the circumstances in which they live.

City folk settle too easily into routine and are notably unobservant of things around them. Can you name, in the correct order, the stores or business places on any one block in your town? Do you know how many kinds of trees there are in the block in which you live? Can you name the varieties and tell which is which?

How is your residence street paved? Why was it paved that way instead of some other way? Why are poplar trees bad for city streets?

How does your town dispose of its sewage? Its garbage? Is the disposal satisfactory? Is it economical or wasteful for the taxpayers?

If you had a fire in your house and the fire department was out of commission, how would you go to work to put it out? What ought you to have first, after the family? What would you do if your town were struck by a cyclone?

Why is a barber pole red and white? Why do you sprinkle ashes on ice? Why salt?

That's a starter. If you once begin to observe things in your walks about town and the neighboring country you'll begin to find this "citycraft" as thrilling as any detective story and quite as useful to yourself as the Indian's woodcraft is to him.

THE APPEAL OF WAR.

Millions of the thousands of American citizens who are engaged in the war in Europe are probably not fighting because they have anything at stake, or because their sympathies are especially enlisted on one side, but because of their love of excitement and adventure. For this class, the war offers the most attractive endowments. The thrilling aerial feats of both planes and Zeppelins, the various heroic deeds on the battle-fronts, the daring sea raids and the many other opportunities for distinction of bravery and courage are the big drawing cards for Americans joining in a war in which they have very little real interest.

They are red-blooded men, adventurers and soldiers of fortune. The fact that they daily look death in the face matters little to them. They are not alone in Europe, but are in Mexico as well. They have played big parts in the revolutions of South America and in other parts of the world. How different a type they are from our peaceful-stay-at-home brethren who turn pale every time they see a man having a nose-bleed!

SOME BRANDEISMS

Write Sayings From Lips of Boston Lawyer Appointed to Supreme Court Bench.

Louis D. Brandeis is regarded as one of the most radical and outspoken lawyers in the country. Some of his utterances have been:

"The remedy for existing conditions is the conservation of wasted energy. The great trouble with all forms of business today is that too little attention is given to the men at the bottom of the ladder."

"The best brains should teach the non-learned down. All the powers of capital and all the ability and intelligence of the men who wield and serve capital have been used to make slaves of these steel workers."

"Capital in many instances really earns a great deal less than is safe for industry."

"There is little choice between unions and employers, when it comes to violence."

"There must be not only a division of profits, but of responsibility."

"The worker must have a voice in saying how the business shall be run. Crush the trusts and the high cost of living will decrease."

"The liberty of the working man is a hoax."

"Competition in business corresponding to liberty in political and civic life."

"To preserve the liberty of the many, we find it necessary to restrict the liberty of the few."

"Price cutting merely is one of the many methods of unfair competition. Excesses of competition lead to monopoly just as excesses of liberty lead to absolutism."

Cutting.

Rapplegb-Robson is the biggest ass in town, but his wife is the cleverest woman I know—present company excepted, of course. Miss Keen—yes. In both cases.—Boston Transcript.

CUT THIS OUT—It Is Worth Money DON'T MISS THIS. Cut out this slip, enclose with 5c and mail it to Foley & Co., Chicago, Ill., writing your name and address clearly. You will receive in return a trial package containing Foley's Honey and Tar Compound, for a cough, colds, hoarse and croup; Foley Kidney Pills for lame back, weak kidneys, rheumatism, bladder troubles, and Foley Cathartic Tablets, a wholesome and thoroughly cleansing cathartic for constipation, biliousness, headache and sluggish bowels. Davenport's Pharmacy.

NOTICE OF TAX PURCHASE. To Joe A. Perry: You are hereby notified that at a sale for taxes by W. C. Ayers, City Clerk of the city of Washington, N. C., held on Monday, April 5, 1916, at the Court House door of Beaufort County, J. K. Hoyt purchased at said sale the property which was sold for delinquent city taxes for the year 1914 due on said property, which was listed in the name of Joe A. Perry, including the cost of said sale amounting to \$13.10.

Said property is described as follows: 1-4 lot, Bryan. You are further notified that you can redeem said property by the payment of the taxes and cost allowed by the law, to the undersigned and if said redemption is not made April 5, 1916, the undersigned will demand a tax deed for said property. This January 31st, 1916. J. K. HOYT.

NOTICE OF TAX PURCHASE. To Ed Latham: You are hereby notified that at a sale for taxes by W. Ayers, City Clerk of the city of Washington, N. C., held on Monday, April 5, 1916, at the Court House door of Beaufort County, J. K. Hoyt purchased at said sale the property which was sold for delinquent city taxes for the year 1914 due on said property, which was listed in the name of Ed Latham, including the cost of said sale amounting to \$13.13.

Said property is described as follows: 1-2 lot, Rosetta. You are further notified that you can redeem said property by the payment of the taxes and cost allowed by the law to the undersigned and if said redemption is not made April 5, 1916, the undersigned will demand a tax deed for said property. This January 31st, 1916. J. K. HOYT.

NOTICE. At a meeting of the Board of Aldermen of the City of Washington, N. C., held January 31, 1916, the following ordinance was enacted: "That it shall be unlawful for any person, firm or corporation to use, turn on, or in any manner tamper with the fire hydrants, or water coming through the city hydrants, excepting in the event of fire. Any violation of this ordinance, the person, firm or corporation shall be fined \$25.00, or thirty days in jail." This 31st day of January, 1916. W. C. AYERS, City Clerk.

NOW FEELS ENTIRELY WELL. Those who have backache, rheumatism, stiff and swollen joints or other symptoms of kidney trouble will be interested in a statement from A. H. Francis, Zedith, Kas., who writes: "I had a severe pain in my back and could hardly move. I tried several remedies with no results. I took about two-thirds of a box of Foley Kidney Pills and now feel entirely well." Middle-aged and older men and women whose kidneys are weakened find these safe pills give relief from sleep-disturbing ailments. Davenport's Pharmacy.

TIPS TO ADVERTISERS

Novelized by Samuel Field From the Successful Play by ROY COOPER MEGRUE and WALTER HACKETT

SYNOPSIS

Old Cyrus Martin, the head of the American soap trust, makes a bet of \$10,000 with a friend, John Clark, a rival soapmaker, that his (Martin's) son Rodney would be a bigger success at the end of a year than Clark's son Wilbur.

Martin takes his pretty secretary, Mary Grayson, into his confidence and advises her co-operation. Rodney has been a spendthrift, and the father wants to make him return and go to work.

Mary meets Rodney, and the son proposes marriage to her. Rodney tells his father about his proposal, and the old man pretends great anger. He tells Mary he will disinherit Rodney.

Rodney defies his father, and Mary is deeply touched at the old man's genuine affection for her. Mary makes a financial bargain with Martin to encourage the son to go to work.

Ambrose Peale, press agent, meets Rodney and agrees to go into business with the lad on a salary basis. Rodney has resolved to go into the soap industry and back the trust.

Rodney, Peale and Mary go into the soap trade together. Rodney then endeavors to borrow \$10,000 as capital for his newly formed company.

The office of the "13 Soap Company" are opened, and they advertise it as "the most expensive soap in the world." Peale talks advertising continually.

The 13 Soap Company finds its expenses very heavy, and financial rocks loom ahead. Their chief business seems to have been to spend money for advertising under Peale's directions.

An alleged countess, who has appeared on the scene, desires to purchase the French rights for the sale of "13 Soap" and produces a draft for \$30,000, which she desires to have cashed.

The "countess" is shown to be an impostor and despatch settles over the 13 Soap company. The firm introduces her, however, to Ellery Clark. Father Martin visits the office.

Martin, fearing rumors that the new company would injure his business and explain that the money spent on the great firm of Brown & James of Chicago. "The tide has turned," the trio now declares.

The 13 Soap company having no factory cannot deliver. The trio endeavor to buy the cakes from branch offices of the Martin trust. They fail to get the necessary number, but send \$4,000.

Mary, in despair, calls on old Martin. Rodney also appears. There to buy out the firm for \$100,000 and give Rodney, Peale and Mary good positions. Thus he learns that the company is "dead broke."

Suddenly out of a clear sky comes an order for 5000 cakes of 13 Soap from the great firm of Brown & James of Chicago. "The tide has turned," the trio now declares.

"Very well," said the lady. "I do not want. But in Brown's interest if I do not get the \$15,000 I go to my lawyer's and you was good, he is done." Meanwhile Mr. Martin turned to Johnson.

"Did you get my son's office?" he asked. "Yes, sir. He hasn't come in yet," said Johnson.

"If you reach him while Mr. Peale's here don't mention Rodney's name. Just call him 'that party.' I'll understand."

"Yes, sir." Peale entered, and he and the soap king struck five almost at once. "Now, see here, young man," began Martin, quite indignant at the countess's story.

"Now, one moment, Mr. Martin," Peale began. "I just want to say that I am a man of a few words. This isn't advertising—it's personal. I know you don't like me."

"Why do you say that?" Martin asked indignantly. "Because I'm a pretty wise gink," said Peale.

"Well, you are a bit fresh," Mr. Martin agreed. "Fresh? Well, I guess that's right too," Peale went on. "But that's me—I'm not your style. Here's the idea. Your son has been immense to me. Great kid, and it struck me the reason you wouldn't back him was because I was mixed up in his business. So I just came to say if that's the situation, why, I've out, that's all—and you go ahead with him alone."

This was Ambrose's great moment. His big emotional sob. But when it came at last, after all his pondering and planning, it seemed very flat and unimportant. And for the life of him he could not have told how the old magnate was taking it.

"You're not a partner?" the soap king asked him at last. "I should say not. I'm just a hired hand. He could can me any moment, but he's not the kind of guy who'd do that."

"Then you haven't power to sign—to make a deal?" "I should say not," said Peale. "Why, he and Miss Grayson do all the signing. If I could have signed contracts I'd have spent \$1,000,000 in advertising. Add, believe me, you ought to back him, because honest, Mr. Martin, it's a great scheme—the 13 Soap. On the level, if it's handled right and the publicity end is—"

"Now, don't get started on advertising," Martin interposed, holding up his hand. "That's right, too," said Ambrose lamely. "Well, I guess that's all. I wanted to tell you how I stood about Rodney. That's off my chest, so good afternoon."

Mr. Martin gave a good look at this young man, who was willing to sacrifice himself for Rodney, but outwardly he did not react. "Wait a minute," he said presently. "What did you boys mean by trimming that poor countess on the French rights?"

"Jumping Jupiter! Has she been here?" asked Peale, again aghast. Mr. Martin explained that she was here now, that she said she'd put Rodney in jail for fraud unless Mr. Martin made good that \$15,000.

"I've got to pay her; can't see the boy disgraced," he concluded. "Say, if you'd like to save that \$15,000, I'll fix it for you," spoke up Peale. "But she's got a contract," said Mr. Martin.

"I'll get it for you cheap," Peale answered him. "Pardon me, sir, but I know how to handle dames like her."

CHAPTER XVIII. A Wedding. MR. MARTIN looked at Peale again. Ambrose's mission had succeeded in a way he did not expect.

"Mr. Peale, I like you," said old Martin. "Huh!" said Peale. "Have a cigar?" asked Martin. Ambrose took it, feeling better than he had felt for many days.

He wondered mildly what that butter guy meant presently when he stuck his head in and announced to his master that he had telephoned that party, who was at his office now. He heard Martin mutter: "Good, good. Peale, I've got to go out on an important soap deal. Oh, by George, I nearly forgot," he added.

"There's another matter I must attend to first. Peale, you'll find the countess in there. Do the best you can. We'll settle the details when I get back. Make tonight's ad boys." "This sign's a great company," said Peale. He strutted up and down on the thick rug. He must attend to the countess, he remembered, and no fooling. So he went over to the door behind which she was hiding and threw it open with a flourish of fake French.

She handed over the contract to him. "And now, Mr. Peale, I'll be off," said Peale, glancing at his watch. "You are an 18-year-old," said the countess. "18, 18," she added. "What's so long?" asked Ambrose. "He good." And so he remained at the disposal of one of Mr. Martin's calves that afternoon. Of the first of Mr. Brown of Chicago and his 50,000 cakes, he had not yet heard. Perhaps this was just as well. The stock of Ambrose this Saturday afternoon had grown the more genial any way.

Into the middle of this mood, just as he was showing the countess to the door, with no intervention by the faithful Johnson, burst Mary, followed by Rodney in a tearing hurry. They stopped abruptly when they saw Ambrose.

"Oh, have you seen father?" Rodney asked. "Is he here?" "I'm waiting for him now," Peale answered.

"It's most important," said Mary breathlessly. "You remember the countess?" Peale put in cautiously.

"You remember the countess?" Peale put in cautiously. They all bowed, embarrassed, and there was an awkward pause, which the countess broke.

"Well, I guess I'm not wanted," she said respectfully, looking shrewdly at the trio. "So I'll trot 'til trot. So long, you 13 countess."

"Aims for the inequalities of this world!" It for Ambrose Peale these words.

There Was a "Grand Make-up." Yest days had been blue, for Rodney and Mary they had been all the color of roses.

Much history had passed over their heads as well as the company's in the hours tending up to their visit to Mr. Martin's library and their foregathering there with Ambrose and the countess.

The order from Brown & James had begun it, and that was really the soap king's fault, since he had waded his unpopularity wad and caused the false order to spring up out of the ground, and Mary's \$5,000 contribution to the soap company's capital had developed it, which may also be said to have been the fault of the old magnate.

The Brown & James order was especially to blame, however, because it had made the future look assured and rosy and encouraging, so that together they had taken the plunge. In the illuminated moments which followed the 50,000-fish Mary's reluctance had disappeared. Rodney's ardor had reappeared, and in the reaction of a lover's quarrel and a "grand make-up," as Mary said, they had gone off to the Little Church Around the Corner and been married.

That was the whole story. Really and truly it was all old Mr. Martin's fault and pronounced by him from the beginning, as Mary told herself again and again, defending herself against Rodney's father's possible wrath when the news of his son's marriage to a typewriter should be broken gently to him.

The quarrel came, as quarrels and April showers are apt to do, out of a clear and serene sky. In the general jubilation over Brown & James Rodney had remarked, escorting Mary up-town at night, that now the first thing he was going to do with his share of the profits was to pay her back that \$5,000.

"And then," he added sentimentally, "there won't be anything between us any more."

Something in the tone of his voice, quite unintentional on the boy's part, no doubt, had piqued Mary.

"You've always fussed about that," she said. "Something in the way she said the word fussed piqued Rodney.

"And don't you think it's been something to fuss about?" he demanded. "When a fellow's best girl, his fiancée, takes money from a rich old man, and then the fellow lets her lose it all in his business—well, I don't see why you can't see that the situation's pretty raw."

"Why do you say lost? I hope you don't think it's really lost," retorted Mary. "Don't be such a gloomy Gus."

"Well, you know what I mean," persisted Rodney. "It was darned near lost. And that shows you do care about it anyway."

Business Cards. Jno. H. Small, A. D. MacLean, W. C. Rodman, Jr., H. W. Carter, M. D., Eye, Ear, Nose & Throat, and the Fitting of Glasses.

WARD & GRIMES, Attorneys-at-Law, WASHINGTON, N. C. We practice in the courts of the First Judicial District and the Federal courts.

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G. A. PHILLIPS & BLO, FIRE INSURANCE, WASHINGTON, N. C.

JOHN H. BONNER, Attorney-at-Law, WASHINGTON, N. C.

NOTICE OF TAX PURCHASE. To Charlie Randall: You are hereby notified that at a sale for taxes made by the Sheriff of Beaufort County on the 29th day of May, 1915, the undersigned purchased a tract of land listed in your name, described as follows: One lot Bryan in the city of Washington, N. C. You are further notified that said land may be redeemed by the payment of the sum of \$4.82 and cost together with interest as provided by law to the Sheriff of Beaufort County or to the undersigned on or before May 3rd, 1916. Said sale was made for the delinquent State and County taxes. You are further notified that if you fail to redeem said land on or before May 3rd, 1916, by paying the amount due on same to the undersigned, all cost that the undersigned will demand a deed for said property from the Sheriff of Beaufort County. This February 2nd, 1916. A. W. BAILEY.



There Was a "Grand Make-up."



"If I do not get the \$15,000 I go to my lawyer's."