

**Uncle Sam Wants Better Children.**

The federal Department of Labor has established a Children's Bureau to teach parents how to care for children and has just issued a booklet on "Prenatal Culture" which is for free distribution.

For some time Uncle Sam has been paying considerable attention to the improvement of hogs, chickens and livestock, as well as teaching us to raise pumpkins and potatoes, and it is encouraging to find attention now being turned toward improving the human race.

**North Carolina Commercial Schools and Business Colleges.**

A report issued by the Federal Bureau of Education shows that there are six commercial schools and business colleges in North Carolina. The 1913 enrollment was 178 pupils. It is estimated that more than half this number completed commercial courses and a large number are now employed in North Carolina business institutions.

In the entire nation there are 618 business colleges and commercial schools and they accommodate 160,557 students annually.

**This is an average annual attendance of 260 per school.**

**Rather Original in its Devilment is Henderson**

The house of Moss Hill at Henderson was blown up by a dynamite explosion last week, while Clarence Richards, a 15-year-old colored swain was sentenced to the chaingang for dropping a cigarette stub down the back of another negro, burning him severely.

**When Time is Real.**  
One self-approving hour while years outwrench.—Pope

**REV. JOHN F. KIRK VERIFIES PHENOMENA**

Statesville Pastor Has Seen the Strange Light Shoot Up From Mountains.

That there is a phenomena in Burke county in the form of a strange light which shoots from the crest of Brown mountain is vouched for by John F. Kirk, pastor of Broad Street Methodist church, who has returned from a month's stay at Cold Springs and other points in that vicinity. Mr. Kirk says that the stories sent out from Burke about the light are genuine and should not be considered lightly. The minister saw the light himself twelve or fifteen different nights while he was at Cold Springs and one night from another point in the mountains.

The light shoots from the crest of Brown mountain every night, usually about nine o'clock, and some times during the night. Brown mountain is about ten or twelve miles from Morganton and about the same distance from Cold Springs, and the strange light does not always rise from the same point on the mountain. One night Mr. Kirk saw it rise from two different points, apparently about six miles apart, within a period of two or three minutes.

In appearance the light is something like a sky rocket though its actions are not always the same. Sometimes it rises from the crest of the mountain apparently only a few feet while at other times it shoots up a distance of one hundred feet. On one night Mr. Kirk says the light zigzagged as it rose, making a large letter S in the heavens. On another night it rose slowly and was visible for several minutes, a ball of fire apparently a little larger than a star and of a deeper red in color, remaining in the air possibly five minutes before finally falling away.

**BOST IS BACK AND GLAD OF IT**

North Carolina Newspaper Man Who Hit Europe When War Came

Tom Bost, the light city editor, has been to Europe and got back alive and he tells about it in the News & Observer interestingly:

W. Thomas Bost is in dear old North Carolina again, and is gazing adoringly at Old Glory as it waves in Salisbury. Five weeks he has been away doing Europe—or has Europe been doing him?—and he writes that he's glad, eternally glad, to get back, saying: "After an absence of five weeks, during which time I learned to tip my plug hat to the old orthodox idea of the last estate of the lost, I am at home. I reached New York Saturday night and Salisbury Sunday evening." And Mr. Bost tells how he was done out of some of his worldly goods, this by a "fellow who got my \$19 and watch worth one-fifth that amount."

He's had experience on this trip of his and in his letter he tells of hardships, of the hunger and loss of sleep on his homeward journey on the Baltic from England. Says he: "The trip home wasn't one long drawn out unexpiring ecstasy by any means. I ate stale bread huggled to its immortal doom in the bosom of unwashed and unwashable stewards for nine days, and believe me, you get a Benjamin's mess of it."

Mr. Bost writes that he tried to get away from London earlier, that he looked over lists of boats not appearing to be cancelled by the government, and invested in passages. Then as my money became tied up announcement came that it would not sail, the boat, of course. The money sailed easily. I bought three tickets and paid out about \$200.

Those who linger, who would abbreviate their visit with pleasure or prolong it under protest, will be lucky if they get home within a month."

Those are some of the things Mr. Bost writes in a personal letter, liberally being taken in making some extracts from it. But he has written something for the public also, and will doubtless write more when he arrives this week in Raleigh from Salisbury with his family. Here is what he has to say:

en us into his intimacy. There were other rumors of five German cruises Sunday at sea before we had a chance to run we saw a boat directly in our path. The boat was in prayer, and Methodist devotionists going on camps that afterwards developed into Protestant-Roman Catholic clash that came near resulting in a fight of 500 hotheads. But that was after the boat passed. Like the little fellow who asked Divine directions through the woods until he saw a light and crossed Omnipotence from further worrying detail—our boat had come to its way. Our fear was wasted, the other boat was a friendly one.

Saturday morning fishing fleets and birds gave us the first sign of approaching New York. Just then the pestiferous cruiser gave the fright of our lives. It came splitting the water at 27 knots and we were plodding at 15. She turned and poked her gun at us two miles away. Worst—faint and men tried to look brave. The British Essex, which had piloted us, is said, and left us to other pirates whom I need not speak. These can be found about New York at all hours of the day.

**Hard Lines For Americans**

The newspapers have not carried any exaggeration of the hard luck of Americans. There were days when multi-millionaire was as poor as the commonest street beggar. A holiday of one solid week found Americans without money, clothes, possibility of advance on their letters of credit. I ran my face, which Mr. Bryan described as "long" in getting me a passport when I left ten days at various restaurants and walked the streets with one cent in English coin. Had our Secretary of State seen the face then a new word would have gone into our vernacular.

Yet, they found friends in abundance. The American committee of the Savoy Hotel began to put up the stranded and three days before the banks opened with new paper money to save the exodus of Americans were getting \$20 and \$50 loans or payments without trouble. This committee found remedy for travelers on the continent, for those who could not communicate with the world, and all this for nothing, and made no money on any misfortune.

**Thrown Away by Government**

These innocent travelers would be flying through Germany, a veritable garden of the gods, and gorgeous France, when suddenly the train stopped, their trunks were thrown upon the ground and the soldiers in possession and the trains were gone in hundreds of depots these goods may be still, but there is no way to reach the continent by mail and many, especially, is so remotely inaccessible now.

Dr. Walter Page, our Ambassador, prevailed upon me to stay in London but I sneaked away once and found Paris and the German border officials fled back on the next train before I had a chance to touch me. If I bought a drink, a necktie or any article, and gave \$20 in payment, I might have been entitled to \$19.50 return, but you got nothing. The quite as bad as I was done, however I loaned my "Ostrich Farmer, Mitchell, \$2.50 when he couldn't raise a cent on his letter of credit. The he and Mr. "John O'Reilly" stole my watch and fountain pen, \$280 bankers' checks when I wasn't looking. But as Kipling says, that's another story.

Of course I sympathized with the Americans, those rich people who wear dress clothes, drink good liquor and stop at expensive hotels. They hadn't any sort of clothes except the worn every day, every day, you understand and too many days. Many of these had to sleep this way three or four days. But when I reflect that that none of them had to sleep with Irishman's naked feet above his head, came what may, no man is going to get more glory from the martyrdom of that trip than I do.



## Ladies Coat Suits and Wraps

Early Showing Coat Suits and Wraps, depicting the latest patterns, styles and Fabrics for Fall and Winter Wear. We cordially invite your inspection.

## Griffon Clothes on the Line.

You Men who like a good substantial suit well tailored—not extreme in style—and at a good reasonable price should investigate this line of Griffon Clothes.

Good big line of Royal Brand Clothes for Boys. Sizes 5 to 18.

## Full Line Shoes.

We have a big line of Walk Over's for Men and the Celebrated Goodman and Buster Brown Shoes for Women and Children. Big line Buster Brown School Shoes.

Big Assorted Line of Rain Coats—Come see for yourself.

School Days on the Way—Ready?

# Wood & Moring.

**QUICK ACTION SAVES UNITED STATES IN WAR CRISIS**

By promptly adopting a program of action, the administration has enabled the United States to meet the unequalled commercial and financial strain imposed by the sudden blaze of war throughout Europe.

Demands of the present have been met and the inevitable needs of the future safeguarded. The administration's proposals have been unanimously approved by Congress. These were the big steps taken:

Absolute neutrality declared.

Offer to meditate transmitted to the five principal warring powers—Great Britain, France and Russia on the one hand, and Germany and Austria-Hungary on the other hand.

Appropriations of \$2,750,000 secured to relieve the necessities of and provide transportation home for the thousands of stranded in the warring countries.

Cruiser Tennessee dispatched with relief funds and gold coin to take care of the foreign obligations of American bankers.

Unlimited issue of emergency currency authorized, thus meeting the immediate demands for currency in this country's domestic transactions and stopping the outflow of gold to Europe.

Shipping laws so amended as to enable the United States to acquire vessels in which to transport the country's huge grain crop to needy and stricken peoples.

Provisions made to use available naval vessels to carry mails and freight both to Europe and South America.

Settlement of the threatened strike of Middle West railway men effected, thus assuring railway service during the crisis.

President Wilson met the emergency with his usual cool, clear thinking decisiveness.

**BRILLIANTS**

Love, like death,  
Levels all ranks, and lays the shepherd's crook  
Beside the sceptre.—Lord Lytton.

The world was sad, the garden was a wild,  
And man, the hermit, sighed, till woman smiled.—Campbell.

When once the young heart of a maiden is stolen,  
The maiden herself will steal after it soon.—Moore.

Maidens, like moths, are ever caught by glare,  
And Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair.—Byron.

Domestic bliss, thou only bliss  
Of paradise that has survived the fall.—Cowper.

Where'er I roam, whatever realms I see,  
My heart untraveled ever turns to thee.—Goldsmith.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much  
Oh, many a shift at random sent.—Harrington.

And many a word at random spoken,  
Finds mark the archer little meant,  
May soothe or wound a heart that's broken.—Scott.

**Zola's Dreaded Number.**  
To Emile Zola 17 was always a number of evil omen, so much so that for years he could scarcely be induced to leave his house, and never undertook any important work, on that day of the month. So perilously did it dog his footsteps that the narrowest escape he ever had from a tragic death was due to a cab which bore the number he dreaded.

**Good Substitute for Bolt.**  
A small lock makes an effective substitute for a bolt on a door if the door and casing are flush with each other.

**As Usual**

Where's Jones? His vacation was up this morn'g.  
It was, but he telephoned that he would have to ask for a few days to rest up before he could possibly go to work.

**Daily Thought**

Be true to your word and your work and your friend.—John Boyle O'Reilly.

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