TRIBUTE TO MAN AT HEAD OF GOVERNMENT

PRESIDENT HAS NICHED HIMSELF INERADICABLY IN PUBLIC CONFIDENCE—HAS THE VISION TO SEE BENEATH THE STAGNANCIES OF MATERIALISM.

(George Creel in the Century.)

America is a nation of incurable dreamers. The heart of the people is not found in ledgers, their aspirations are not expressed in profits, and never at any time have schemes of purely material advancement possessed the largest appeal.

This is the explanation of Woodrow Wilson. To attempt an interpretation of his hold upon the popular iminagination in terms of strict mentality is to commit one's self to the patent absurdity that he is the first President with brains. Others have matched him in intellectual grasp, and what sets him apart, even as it set Lincoln apart, is nothing else than an exact comprehension of passionate idealism as the animating impulse of America.

Vision, spirit, ideals, without the echo afforded by these dream words Woodrow Wilson is a blank, the United States stammering and untellible. Democracy never has been, and never can be other than a theory of spiritual progress, and those who view it as a mere program of prosperity place their feet in a blind path.

It may not be denied that almost from the first these truths have been challenged with persistency and skill. A base and destructive sordidness masquerading as practicality, has been offered as a substitute for the sublime abstraction that Jefferson molded into form, and derision has been trained continently upon everything that could not be handled by jolting machines. It is true, indeed, that the world has come to regard us as a race of money-grubbers, unthought in hills and horizon measured by inches.

This is only the work of a few, however. A commercial aristocracy, sinister control of government, press and pulpit, has been able to cast its surface of things in shapes of its own desires, and it is only in spasms of revolt that the real thought and purpose of the great mass of people find genuine expression.

The soul of the many is found in the far-flung idealism of the Declaration of Independence, not in the cautious phrases of the Constitution. False prophets and strange gods have worn more than lip-service, for deep in the heart of the nation abiding faith in the ultimate triumph of love, justice and brotherhood remains untouched. Financial greed may be given its sorry day of honor, yet its right to control the destinies of America has never failed to be resisted, and the great money masters do not live in memory beyond the reading of their wills.

What larger confirmation is needed than the present impregnable position of Woodrow Wilson? He lacks color, exhibits no mastery of spectacular values, makes no dramatic tours, contributes little to the thing called "human interest," that queer newspaper compound of anecdote and unconventional incident; yet no man since Lincoln has niched himself so ineradicably in the confidence of the people.

The President's Hold On His Party

The Democratic representation in Congress contains many men who are not only incapable of understanding the deeper meanings of the President, but who are constrained to invincible antagonism by years of secret service to secret masters. In numbers sufficient to block every proposal, there are Democratic Senators and Representatives who hate Woodrow Wilson and his policies, and are eager for rebellion and attack. They stand assured of the ardent support of at least part of what is called big business and the powerful aid of a certain portion of the daily press.

How may the obedience of these men be explained except by their fear of popular wrath? That behind the President, believing in him, commanding through him, they see the awakened people of America, free at least from the cords of Lilliput? A confirmed idealist expressing a nation of long-repressed ideals—in nothing else is there any possible explanation of Woodrow Wilson's record of amazing achievement.

He has had the vision to see beneath the stagnancies of materialism down to the motivations of an intensely spiritual people. He has not waited upon events, he has not waited for the living stream. The insistence that he is the last word in well-meaning intellects, a personality as cold and remote as through Kant's "Critique of Pure Reason" were pulverized into dust in the impunity of manifestations he has lain all touch with the elemental verralities. As we follow the man from his entrance into public life, the "thing-must-be" theory becomes increasingly absurd, for at every point there is plain evidence of a sublimest passion, and indubitable evidence of an instinctive devotion to democratic ideals far more overwhelming than the mere conclusions that proceed from conscious thought.

These have been his contributions to the successful revolution against the sham practicability that was slowly destroying the creative genius of the American people. They are his strength. What has happened is the release of the national mind from its slavery to unrelieved materialism, and the recovery of ancient faith in the projectile force of spiritual truths. Under his leadership, idealism has been restored to its imperative place in American life, and indispensable standards are lifted anew.

It may well be that historians of the future will write this day down as one of most tremendous significance to the United States. The slightest study of human progress makes plain that the things which count in the evolution of civilization to higher levels are ever and always those flames of the spirit that blaze without regard to intellectual formulas or certainties of profit.

When has this so-called practicality ever entertained the visions that turned arid wastes into smiling orchards, spun steel gossamer across dizzy chasms, sent airships aloft, or gave new lands to the foot of civilization? When did the multiplication-table mind ever free a captive, crush an evil, liberate justice, or bless the world with music, art, and beauty? All that is fundamentally big and fine has been the work of visionaries who ran gauntlets of ridicule and opposition. In the outset every great movement, every wonderful idea, is a dream, and democracy was evolved to make these dreams come true.

It is to this pushed-aside, covered-over verity that Woodrow Wilson is leading us back, and it is almost as though some strange combination of unseen forces had come to his aid. For purposes of striking illustration, the European conflict could not have been precipitated at a more dramatic time. What the Mexican problem was to the United States, the Balkan problem was to Europe, and at the moment when frank idealism has safeguarded against the horrors of needless war, European materialism has dragged Old World civilization back to the jungle stage.

Across the sea the youth and flower of great races are being rushed to death. Millions of precious lives, rich in possibilities of creation and production, are being blown away on the winds of a vast destruction and the march of human progress ends in bloody trenches. In the red light that streams from this death-grapple it has become possible for the people of America to see clearly old paths and new roads, to mark the abysses that have been edged and the heights may be gained.

The Mexican Problem

There can be small doubt that a practical President would have recognized Huerta, for it was obviously the course dictated by self-interest as well as by the surface ferment of opinion. Backed by the approval of the United States, the dictator could have strengthened himself in a manner as to restore a semblance of peace and to protect American concessions, requisites that would have permitted President Wilson to wash his hands in approved Pilate style.

Nothing could have been more skillful than the fashion in which these concessionaries working through a venal press and equally venal public men, identified their threatened profits with "the nation's honor." Jingoes were aroused, likewise those whose only estimate of national greatness lies in military achievement, also the youth of the country, whose youth's usual reckless passion for the hazards of adventure.

There is every certainty that in the beginning intervention would have been supported instinctively by the people. Even as we have seen the Socialists of Europe, pledge to peace, swept away by high tides of racial feeling, so would every particle protest in the United States seen drowned out by the boom of the first American gun. War is always glorious until the lists of dead and wounded begin to come, and it must be remembered also that for years it had been the custom for public men to soothe the people with the laudanum of brag and bluster.

Judged by every fact in the case, Woodrow Wilson's repudiation of Huerta was in no sense the result of a carefully reasoned determination, but unmistakably the instinctive recoil of the democratic spirit. Mental processes are never free from the impingements of self-interest. It is only in the unthinking passions of idealism that there is found the courage to do the right thing rather than that which is expedient and opportunistic.

While recognition of Huerta was the wise course, as practicality defines wisdom, it was not the right course. The acknowledgment that he asked involved a sanction of assassination and acquiescence in the legitimacy of murder as a substitute for constitutional procedure. His official existence promised a restoration of the tyrannies of Diaz and a continuance of the virtual slavery of the great mass of the Mexican people. President Wilson's address at Mobile is more than any mere explanation of his course; it is the most illumination exposition of the spirit of democracy since Lincoln bared his soul at Gettysburg. He said:

> Human rights, national integrity and opportunity as against material interests—that is the issue we have to face." * * * This is not America because it is rich. This is not America because it has set up for a great population great opportunities for material prosperity. America is a name which sounds in the ears of men as there is a synonym with individual opportunity because a synonym of individual liberty. I would rather belong to a poor nation that was free than to a rich nation that had ceased to be in love with liberty. * * * I can not think that the questions of the day are mere questions of policy and diplomacy. They are shot through with the principles of life. We do not turn from the principle that morality and not expediency is the thing that must guide us, and that we will never condone iniquity because it is most convenient to do so.

If further proof were needed of Woodrow Wilson's reliance on idealism rather than on logic, it is furnished by his attitude in those trying days when "Watchful waiting provided laughter for cynics and an open avenue of attack for jingoes and concessionaries. With almost incredible hypocrisy, intervention was urged "in the interests of civilization" by the very class most responsible for industrial strife in Colorado, West Virginia and Michigan, for the child-labor horror, for housing evils, and the existence of slums. No effort of unscrupulous activity was spared and at the moment of extreme tension the blunder of an over-zealous admiral seemed to throw a lighted match full into the powder-barrel.

"Two years ago I was greatly benefitted through using two or three bottles of Chamberlain's Tablets," writes Mrs. S. A. Keller, Elida, Ohio. "Before taking them I was sick for two years with indigestion." For sale by all dealers.

A GOOD REPORT

HONOR ROLL, RANDLEMAN GRADED SCHOOL FOR PERFECT ATTENDANCE, NEITHER TARDY NOR ABSENT FOR 4 MONTHS, ENDING JAN. 8, 1915

First Grade.—Jesse Allred, Robert Bain, Thomas Barnes, Wood Farlow, Loe Ferguson, Lester Jarrell, Byron Lamb, Joe Lovette, Clarke Marsh Jas. McCaskill, Jesse Swaim, Robert Tucker, Charlie Stagg, William Brown, Edgar Bullard, Melvin Elmore, John Ferguson, Almeta Cornelison, Perry Ferguson, Thelma Hicks, May Hanner, Irma Lassiter, Madge Rosson, Vella Swaim, Fannie Page, Virginia Swaney, Ruth Slack, Margie Vestal, Herman Allred, Glenn Russell, Glenn Burgess, Johnie Williams.

Second Grade.—Lima Bean, Harvy Sink, Ethel Coffin, Fletcher Turner, Treva Davis, Charlie Tysinger, Laura Ellington, Obed Wrightsell, Hazel Elmore, Ray Lovette, Gracie Holland, Chas. Jarrett, Ophilia Kirkman, Jno. Taplor, Gracie McCaskill, Ila Williams, Patty Wright, Jennie Lucas, Mamie Page, Gracie Fields, Chas. Everhart Clyde Lineberry.

Third Grade.—Mary Burgess, Mary Bulla, Ellen Brown, Roselle Cooper, Tassie Coble, Henrietta Caudle, Mabel Carlisle, Beulah Davis, Peer Hicks, Katie Holland, Nettie McCaskill, Margaret Richardson, Mamie Russell, Alberta Robbins, Nellie Spencer, Ruby Allen Sumner, Mary Webster, Jesse Linthicum, Jeter Barker, Clarence Boling, David Bullard, John Bullard, Robt. Millikan, Eve Redding, Everett Russell, Bernard Richardson, Ruby Talley, Alf. Parsons, Clarence Barker, Norman Vestal, Donald Ivey.

Fourth Grade.—Allen Spencer, Thos. Bullard, Gary Ferguson, Ira Gentry, Guy Bennett, Blase Boone, Arthur Swaney, Wilbur Martin, Chas. McCaskill, Connell Mason, Noah Millikan, Eugene Lamb, James Gaston, Cletis Barker, Grady Hughes, Burla Hinshaw, Wade Russell, Charlie Nelson, Chas. Cline, Margie Hanner, Roselle Smith, Othelle Smith, Margie Bain, Guy Hinshaw, Ottie Stevens, Ruth Farlow, Fay Glass.

Fifth Grade.—Edison Brown, Jas. Bulla, Roy Burgess, Essie Carlisle, Sallie Caudle, Ida Davis, Robert Davis, Ash Dennis, Howard Ferguson, Bessie Graves, Paul Gray, Ila Hinshaw, Onelda Kirkman, Leola Lassiter, Anna Marsh, Hal Millikan, Elberta Nelson, Joe Parsons, Irene Sears, Jas. Swaim, Clifton Vestal.

Seventh Grade.—Pauline Caudle, Oma Richardson, Frances Bowman, Hazel Floyd, Blanche Caudle, Grace Kirkman, Thomas Hanner, Mattie Ivey, Maude Bradshire, Jewel Sumner, Tilla Bowman, Iona Hicks, Ina Swaim, Louisa Sherwood, Grace Sears, Atsie Millikan, Banks Whitesell, Jas. Kirkman, Kirby Lamb, Merl Daniels, Claude Neelin, John Barker, Clarence Hayes, Jack Talley, Charles Ivey.

Eighth Grade.—Louise Bowman, Katie Ferree, Alice Hinshaw, Mamie Holladay, Clara Lamb, Mary Page, Grace Sinclair, Wilbur Brown, Roy Coble, Robert Hanner, Percy Kirkman, Bonnie Lamb, Ray Talley, Robert Bike, Ollie Coble, Mable Mary Hanner, Maria Ferguson.

Tenth Grade.—Chas. Christenberry, Glenna Floyd, Roure Hayes, Ruby Hughes, Chas. Sheffield, Freda Sinclair, May Parsons, Elsie Wrike, Neal Sheffield.

MORE DOUBLE TRACKING

Washington, D. C., January 16—Southern Railway will proceed at once to revise and double track the 28.7 miles of its Washington-Atlanta line lying between Orange and Charlottesville, Va., the work to involve an expenditure of $1,500,000.00 and to result in a greatly improved line both as to grades and curvature. Bids for the grading are being received from contractors today in the office of Mr. W. H. Wells, chief engineer of construction, under whose direction the work will be done.

The completion of this work together with other work now under way will give the Southern a continuous stretch of 121 miles of double track out of Washington and a total of 368.7 miles of double track between Washington and Charlotte, leaving only 443 miles of single track, divided into four stretches the longest of which is 20 miles.

The revision between Orange and Charlottesville will eliminate 1303 degrees of curvature or nearly four complete circles and will give a maximum grade north bound of .9 percent and southbound of 1 percent as against 1.41 percent in both directions at present.

The work to be done is very heavy and will furnish labor for a large number of men and cause heavy expenditures in the territory immediately affected. In undertaking it at this time when receipts from both freight and passenger traffic are much below normal the Southern Railway Co., is giving striking evidence of President Harrison's faith in the business future of the South and his determination to furnish adequate facilities, the necessary capital fortunately having been provided before the outbreak of the present European war.

AT GLENWOOD PARK SANITARIUM, GREENSBORO

Dr. Thos. R. Evans, of Richmond, Va., a graduate of the medical department of the University of Virginia, and a recognized authority on mental and nervous diseases has moved his residence to Greensboro. Before going to accept a position with the Glenwood Park Sanitarium Dr. Evans had years of experience as resident physician of a number of institutions treating mental and habit cases.

Miss Maria Ruffin, who was struck by a freight train near Henderson's crossing, in Salisbury, last Friday is doing well at the Whitehead-Stokes sanitarium and it is stated she will likely recover. The train was running slow when it struck Miss Ruffin and the injury to her head—her skull was a fractured—was made by falling against a crosstie.

LETTER FROM MR. FRALEY

FORMER RANDOLPH MAN WRITES ANOTHER INTERESTING LETTER ABOUT HIS ADOPTED HOME, FLORIDA—HE CORRECTS SOME FALSE STATEMENTS REGARDING THIS COUNTRY

Lakeland, Fla, Jan. 19, 1915.

Editor The Courier:

The publishing of my letter in your valuable paper in the issue of Nov. 19th, has caused me to try my hand again to give to your readers a few more lines from the Peninsular State, the land of sunshine and golden oranges. It was some thirty years ago when I, a farmer boy in old Randolph had my first case of real Florida fever. One of those glowing land companies by chance happened to get my name and postoffice address and mailed me a lot of literature concerning the wonderful town of Silver in Florida. I have never forgotten how I read every line of their glowing circulars, and how I longed to go that wonderful land of promise.

Florida was almost a wilderness at that date and if perchance I had wandered to this land then and discovered the present site of this beautiful city of Lakeland and had the force to have taken up some of the homesteads then to be had for a mere and stayed with them, I now might have been rich enough to have a fine winter home in Lakeland and a fine summer home in the mountains of Western North Carolina.

Lakeland was last thirty-one years old January, 1915 and has a population of 6,000. This is a beautiful spot, situated upon a hill 235 ft. above sea level and only about 35 miles from the Gulf coast. Nine beautiful lakes are situated in and around the city of Lakeland and all stocked with various kinds of fresh water fish.

On account of our favorable location, we seldom have frost in Lakeland. While you in Carolina have had lots of cold weather so far this winter we here, have had only one light frost this season.

We have ripe strawberries every day in the winter and our tomato vines are blooming and bearing, being cold enough to kill them this winter. While we have such lovely winters you would imagine that we would have awful hot summers. This is a mistaken idea. The summers are long but not any hotter than in the Carolinas. The thermometer scarcely goes over 90 in the summer time and there is nearly always a good breeze. The nights are fine for sleeping all the summer. Some may say the mosquitoes are so bad here you could not stand them. This is another mistake. There are always some here during the summer, but all you need is to have your house screened and then you can sleep under the gentle breezes with perfect delight. There are many wonderful springs in this country that are worth a trip of many miles to see. Sulphur Springs near Tampa, Florida, gushes up out of the ground and at the first leap from the spring flows a stream of water much larger than either Thoms Creek or Second Creek, which I remember so well in my boyhood days. Also Silver Springs in about four miles of Ocala, Florida. This spring is the head of the Ocklawaha river and steamers run from Palatka to Silver Springs and anchor in this spring. The water is said to be about 80 feet deep and so clear that you could see a ten-cent piece on the bottom.

You might sum it up that Florida is a good place to live and that would be right. At the present time the war has struck us hard and business is very dull. Lots of people out of work. We would like to have all to come and see for yourself, but would not advise you to come just now unless you have money enough to stay after you get here or enough to return if you should so desire. My remarks are so scattering that I would not be disappointed if they should be cast into the waste basket. I will close with best wishes to all my Tar Heel friends.

T. J. FRALEY.

HONOR ROLL MILLBORO GRADED SCHOOL

First Grade—Grace Davis.

Second Grade—Lester Farlow, Dennis Winslow.

Third Grade—Rufus Davis, Annie Farlow, Pearl Spencer, Lester Snyder.

Fourth Grade—Pauline Winslow.

Fifth Grade—James Davis, Stella Nance, Ila Snyder, Elva Farlow, Minnie Spencer, Bertha Spencer, Flossie Snyder.

Seventh Grade—Lucy Lowe, Nellie Farlow, Jesse Farlow, Oliver Farlow, Cora Edwards, Clifton Davis, Stanley Spencer.

Eighth Grade—William Farlow, Lester Wall.

COOL SPRING ITEMS

Your correspondent read with much interest the article which was printed in The Courier a few weeks ago, written by the late J. R. Bulla, his uprightness and his industry, and how he struggled for, and obtained an education. We know there is a saying: "wherever there is a will, there is a way," and it seems this must have been so with Mr. Bulla.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Foust, recently—a daughter.

Mr. Jack Pugh died at his home on Milliboro Route 1, Jan. 10, 1915, aged 72 years. He leaves a wife and three sons, all of whom live on Millboro Route 1. He was buried at Gray's Chapel cemetery January 12. Rev. D. A. Vuncannon conducted the services.

CHAMBERLAIN'S COUGH REMEDY— THE MOTHER'S FAVORITE.

"I give Chamberlain's Cough Remedy to my children when they have colds or coughs," writes Mrs. Verne Shaffer, Vandergrift, Pa. "It always helps them and is far superior to any other cough medicine I have used. I advise any one in need of such a medicine to give it a trial." For sale by all dealers.

TO PROTECT CHILDREN

NORTH CAROLINA PHYSICIANS WANT BETTER CHILD LABOR LAW—ENDORSE 14-YEAR AGE LIMIT AND 8-HOUR DAY

That the premature employment of children is injurious to the child and to society, and should be forbidden to children under 14 is the opinion of over 300 physicians of North Carolina. A questionaire sent out by Mr. W. H. Swift, secretary of the North Carolina Child Labor Committee, brought back hundreds of replies, indicating the wide-spread interest which people all over the State are taking in the question of child labor reform.

"345 physicians were asked to give their opinion on the vital question of whether children under 14 should be employed in mills, factories, stores or any other similar place," said Mr. Swift, "and 338 of these physicians were interested enough to reply. Nearly two-thirds of them advocate a 14-year age limit, and an even larger proportion believe that the employment of children under 16 should be limited to 8 hours a day and prohibited entirely in dangerous occupations. They also recommend that power be given to the Commissioner of Labor and Printing to enforce the child labor law because a child labor law without enforcement is a 'farce and a swindle.'"

The replies received by Mr. Swift reveal an interesting fact—that the abolition of child labor depends solely on intelligent public opinion.

"When a physician argues that 'in regard to children under 14 years of age, do not think it would be injurious for them to work 10 or 11 hours a day in mills, factories, etc., as it would be employment for them and possibly learn them to realize their duty to their God first and then their worldly duty.' I know that he has no conception of what 11 hours a day in a cotton mill means to a 10 or 12 year old child," said Mr. Swift, "and that he has never seen a child-labor-adult, that pathetic, insufficient, ignorant remnant of a man who would work as a child, cheated of an education and a chance for bodily development.

"But he ought to know. Every citizen in this State ought to know that we are employing 10,000 children under 14 in the industries of this State exclusive of agriculture (according to the United States Census for 1910) and that we are turning out 10,000 damaged citizens as a result—undeveloped, unskilled, uneducated. The leading physicians of North Carolina unanimously confirm this fact. Is it not time for us to pass a better law?"

RHEUMATISM PAINS STOPPED

The first aplication of Sloan's Liniment goes right to the painful part—it penetrates without rubbing — it stops the Rheumatic Pains around the joints and gives relief and comfort. Don't suffer! Get a bottle today! It is a family medicine for all pains, hurts, bruises, cuts sore throat, neuragia and chest pains. Prevents infection. Mr. Chas. H. Wentworth, California, writes:—"It did wonders for my Rheumatism, pain is gone as soon as I aply it. I recommend it to all my friends as the best Liniment I ever used." Guaranteed. 25c. at your Druggist.

JOHN GLASGOW, A RANDOLPH COUNTY CITIZEN DEAD

Mr. John Glasgow, a citizen of Grant township, died last week after an illness of several weeks. Mr. Glasgow is survived by one daughter, Miss Kallie. His wife preceded him to the great beyond many years ago. He and his daughter lived together, at his old home on the Glasgow homestead where he was born and reared. He was an upright, honorable, Christian gentleman. He had a large number of friends, one of whom has said, "every one spoke well of him." He came from a large family of children, being the son of Thomas Glasgow.

The brothers and sisters surviving him are: Peter, Frank and Calvin Glasgow; Mrs. Martha Burrow and Misses Mary and Tamar Glasgow.

The deceased was buried at Giles' Chapel where a good crowd of relatives and friends assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to a good man.

TWO KINDS

There are two kinds of people on earth today:
Just two kinds of people, no more, I say.
Not the sinner and saint, for 'tis well understood
The good are half bad and the bad are half good.

Not the rich and the poor, for, to count a wealth,
You must first know the state of his conscience and health;
Not the humble and proud, for, in life's little span,
What puts on vain airs is not counted a man.

Not the happy and sad, for the swift flying years
Bring each man his laughter and each man his tears.
No, the two kinds of people on earth that I mean
Are the people who lift and the people who lean.

Wherever you go you will find the world's masses
Are always divided in just these two classes:
And oddly enough, you will find too I ween,
There is only one lifter to twenty who lean.

In which class are you? Are you easing the load
Of overtaxed lifters who toll down the road?
Or are you a leaner, who lets others bear
Your portion of labor and worry and care?

—Henry P. Lyman, in the Christian Herald.

A HUSTLING ENTERPRISE

GARDNER-HILL MINING COMPANY, GUILFORD COUNTY, DOING FINE BUSINESS

The Gardner-Hill Mining company in Guilford county nine miles south west of Greensboro has recently been reopened. As soon as the weather permits a shaft will be sunk and a vein opened. Already the operations have been sufficient to show profits and the prospects for the future of the mine is very bright.

This mine was in operation before the Civil War, then it was worked for copper, but not to a great depth. The plant is now running night and day, with a capacity of three tons.

The stockholders and officers of the company are: W H Harris, of Virginia; president; F. A. Silver, of Greensboro, vice president; J. M. Millikan, of Greensboro, secretary and treasurer. The company has an authorized capital of $100,000 and a paid in capital of $6,000.

EASY MONEY FOR FARMERS

Farmers, fresh eggs are selling in the cities at 50 to 60 cents a dozen. If any resident kicks, his grocer tells him that the prices asked leave only a fair profit. He also tells the city resident that if he will accept storage eggs they will cost him only 32 cents a dozen. It is admitted that these eggs have been in storage since last spring. So the city man, with visions of stale eggs for breakfast, pays the 50 or 60 cents and takes it out in cussing the farmer. What part of this 50 cents does the farmer get? If he gets less than 35 cents it is his own fault. Any farmer or any member of any farmer's family old enough to read and write can build up a market for every egg that can be spared from the farm and can get higher prices for the hen-fruit than any country egg buyer will pay. Eggs can and are being shipped safely by parcel post every day. If the farmer will write to the postmaster of the nearest city the postmaster will supply him with a list of prospective customers. The United States Bureau of Agriculture or the Postmaster General will supply him with pamphlets telling all about how the eggs should be packed. If the farmer is willing to meet the city buyer half way he can build up a cash business that will mean a constant income. Later the trade can be extend to butter, home-made cheese, early vegetables and so on down the line. Get busy, farmer, farmer's wife, farmer's sons and farmer's daughters. There's money waiting to be made if you will go after it.

KEEP IT HANDY FOR RHEUMATISM

No use to spurm and wince and try to wear out your Rheumatism. It will wear you out instead. Apply some Sloan's Liniment. Need not rub it in—just let it penetrate all through the affected parts, relieve the soreness and draw the pain. You get ease at once and feel so much better you want to go right out and tell other sufferers about Sloan's. Get a bottle of Sloan's Liniment for 25 cents of any druggist and have it in the house—against Colds, Sore and Swollen Joints, Lumbago, Sciatica and like ailments. Your money back if not satisfied, but it does give almost instant relief. Buy a bottle today.

SAY BOYS!

Want to go to war? Of course you do if you are anything like the average healthy, enthusiastic young American lad. How many times have you day—dreamed and night—dreamed, too, for that matter about leading a gallant company on to victory. In your fancy you can hear the roar of the shells, the rattle and clatter of the swords, the shouts of victory and all that sort of thing, BUT—

If you want a real true-to-life illustration of what modern warfare is, just get up about four o'clock some cold, damp, foggy morning, walk ten or twelve miles to hit of swamp land, dig a trench until your back aches like an ulcerated tooth; let the trench fill with water until it reaches your waist. Then stand in this cold, almost freezing water all day and all night and all day and all night with nothing to eat and nothing to drink but the murky water while the rest of the boys throw stones at you.

Doesn't sound so nice and glorious, does it?

But that's only about one tenth as bad as REAL war would be.

Better stick to the farm, eh?

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

Have you ever stopped to reason why it is that so many products that are extensively advertised, all at once drop out of sight and are soon forgotten? The reason is plain—the article did not fulfil the promises of the manufacturer. This applies more particularly to a medicine. A medicinal preparation that has real curative value almost sells itself, as like an endless chain system the remedy is recommended by those who have been benefited, ot those who are in

A prominent druggist says "Take for example Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root, a preparation I have sold for many years and never hesitate to recommend for in almost every case case it shows excellent results, as many of my customers testify. No other kidney remedy that I know of has so large a sale."

According to sworn statements and verified testimony of thousands who have used the preparation, the success of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is due to the fact that it fulfils almost every wish in overcoming kidney, liver and bladder diseases, corrects urinary troubles and neutralizes the uric acid which causes rheumatism.

You may receive a sample bottle of Swamp-Root by Parcels Post. Address Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., and enclose ten cents; also mention the Asheboro Weekly Courier.