

Sutton Tells How He Saved Miss McCombs.

Hartford, Feb. 8.—Charles Sutton, the young deck engineer of the ill-fated Monroe, whose thrilling rescue of Miss Sally McCombs, the pretty ingenue of the Maric Theatre Co., from the sinking steamer has placed his name in the ranks with Jack Binns and other heroes of recent ocean disasters, arrived at his home in Hartford Saturday night and is now resting up from the effects of his exposure in the cold waters of the Atlantic.

Although appearing a little tired, Sutton was able to meet the numerous friends who dropped in on Sunday to congratulate him and shake his hand.

His story of the details of the disaster and his heroic efforts to save Miss McCombs was told in a simple and modest although graphic way. "I was in my berth in the engine room when the crash came. I am a light sleeper and, quickly realizing that we were in danger, pulled two of my companions out of their berths. We could not find the engineers, so we went out on the deck.

"The boat had already listed to starboard and things looked pretty bad. One of the men suggested that we all shake hands and die together, but I said 'No, we are not lost yet.'

"About that time Miss McCombs came up to our party and asked to be taken to her friends and I said, 'We are all your friends now. It is every man for himself.'

"She then asked one of us to help her and I noticed she was thinly clad and had no life-preserver. I fastened a preserver around her and told her to stay by me, that I would do what I could to save her.

"George Sturgis, of New York, another member of the crew, was standing near by and said, 'That's right, Charlie. I'll stick to you and help save the lady.'

"By this time, the boat had listed so far that we were compelled to climb over and stand on the side. Miss McCombs did not show the least sign of fear and her composure and bravery in the face of danger went a long way towards keeping my own spirit. As we stood there with water splashing around our feet, she wanted to start right off; but there was a great suction as the water was pouring into the hold and staterooms and I made her wait until this had subsided.

"We took to the water just before the Monroe sank, Sturgis and I supporting the girl between us. At first she grasped my neck so tightly that I had to tell her to let go. After that we got along all right until Sturgis began to weaken. We supported him for a while but he finally dropped out, although he was picked up by the same boat that got us.

"The sea was calm, although there was a heavy fog close to the water, but I could see the stars in the clear sky above.

"We had been in the water about an hour and it was bitter cold, when I saw a sulphur candle burning in a boat. I said to her, 'I see a lifeboat, and she actually laughed as she answered, 'Do you reckon we are saved?'

"I don't know. It's a long way off yet," I replied and we were pretty nearly exhausted. I started to call to them and she joined me, her voice carrying about as strong as mine. They finally picked us up.

"My feet were almost frozen. Some men threw their coats around her, but she was badly bruised and trampled on, for the boat was overloaded. When she reached the Nantucket, she was taken to a stateroom and I asked them to send me to the engine room. It was 10 o'clock before I got my feet thawed out.

"I did not see Miss McCombs any more until I called on her at the Monticello Hotel just before leaving for Hartford. She was in her room and pretty badly exhausted, but before I left she made me promise never to go on a ship again."

Mrs. Sutton, Charlie's mother, is a widow. The first news she had of the accident came in the shape of a telegram from a relative in Norfolk, saying: "Monroe in collision, but Charlie is safe." Three minutes later the paper was delivered to her door relating her son's heroic action.

Thousands of Chicago Women Desire to Vote.

Chicago, Feb. 8.—Women citizens of Chicago turned out in their full strength today to take advantage of their first opportunity to register as voters. Perfect weather conditions favored a large registration and estimates vary at from 150,000 to 200,000.

Polling places were made clean and attractive, flowers were not wanting and as a rule except where the privilege was urged upon them by their women associates, the men election officials refrained from smoking.

The requirement that women registering must state their ages, expected to be a cause of some awkwardness, proved to have been overrated as a stumbling block. Women gave their ages nonchalantly and without any

particular effort to keep those in ear-shot from hearing.

Mistakes of women were few, and in the opinion of many of the judges and clerks, they were no greater than mistakes which have been made by men on every registration day. Many women of advanced age registered, several octogenarians being among the number.

Two election officials, men, a judge and a clerk, in a first ward precinct were disqualified and sentenced to 60 days in jail for leaving the polling place for an extended period.

A Winter Cough.

A stubborn, annoying, depressing cough hangs on, racks the body and weakens the lungs, and often leads to serious results. The first dose of Dr. King's New Discovery gives relief. Henry D. Saunders, of Vavertown, Va., was threatened with consumption, after having pneumonia. He writes: "Dr. King's New Discovery ought to be in every family; it is certainly the best of all medicines for coughs, colds or lung trouble." Good for children's coughs. Money back if not satisfied. Price 50 c. and \$1.00. At all druggists.—H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

Wilson Citizen Is Mysteriously Shot.

Wilson, Feb. 2.—Ruffin Watson, one of the well-to-do citizens of the town, is in a critical condition at his home on West Nash street as a result of a gunshot wound received under peculiar circumstances, and is unable to give any explanation of the affair which is likely to cause his death.

Early this morning Mr. Watson went to the barn to look after his stock. He was alone, and shortly after he staggered into the house, his lower part of his face shot away, his tongue cut off, and yet unconscious. He could not speak. Physicians were hurriedly summoned and everything possible done for him.

One of the men employed by Mr. Watson states that the shotgun belonging to him was in the loft of the barn Sunday. It was seen there, but no one seems to know how the gun came to be there or how long it was in the loft. This morning it appears that Mr. Watson fed his mules, put the hay in the racks and was seen in the lot entering the barn a few minutes before the accident.

From the wound it appears that the gun must have been upright, the load entering under the chin, blowing away a part of the jaw and a portion of the tongue. Directly above the spot where Mr. Watson stood the ceiling is peppered with shot. It is rumored that it is attempted suicide, but there is absolutely no known motive. Mr. Watson is in comfortable financial circumstances, owning considerable farming land and his home here in town. He has several policies of life insurance.

Then any friends of the family are puzzled and shocked. The opinion held by most of them is that of accidental shooting, and this seems most plausible, although the fact that the gun was always kept in the house is hard to explain.

Fashions Always Beautiful.

The other day I heard a group of women at luncheon discussing with the charming gravity which they always bring to bear on matters of personal adornment the fashions of the immediate future. One of them had just returned from a shopping expedition to Paris, and the others listened to her reports much as the headquarters staff of a great campaign might listen to news brought in by scouts and patrols, on whose depositions their information must be based.

This lady electrified the others by assuring them that they would all be wearing bouffants next year. Everything, she said, was going in the direction of bouffants, whereupon two of her auditors expressed disappointment and protest, but the third and prettiest said, "But the fashion is always beautiful." For some reason his not very striking expression remained in my memory and haunted me as I went about my affairs, and as the only way to get rid of such an idea is to think it out, I set myself when I got home to consider what amount of truth might be in it.

If you pass in review through your mind all the fashions in dress which you have known in your own time, you will, I think, find none that seems so beautiful as that of the present moment. By dress I mean, of course, women's dress and adornment generally, because that is the highest and most artistic form which dress takes with us. I do not mean the extreme of the fashion or that exaggerated style which likes to overstep the modicum in every direction, but, rather, the style of dress worn by women whose clothes are perhaps their chief preoccupation, and who have means to cultivate and give expression to their own individual taste as applied to the mode of the moment.

Always, then, the latest fashion which has seemed to us most beautiful. If one leaves out the fashions of the last year or two or that succeeded them, one may, true, make critical discrimination

among them. This the early Victorian fashions were obvious; prettier than the late Victorian, which were, indeed, probably the ugliest that human beings have ever devised. Yet at the time one thought them beautiful; at any rate, I know that I did, although now when I turn over those old volumes of Punch, which were my chief sources of information upon social matters, I wonder how we could have borne to see our friends so disfigured and bedecked.—Saturday Evening Post.

China to Arrange With Red Cross.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 2.—China has named a special commission to arrange with the American Red Cross and the State Department details of the project for reclamation from the floods of the river Hwai valley which will involve an expenditure of \$20,000,000.

The head of the commission is Dr. Chen Chin Tao, a member of other commissions that have visited the United States. He is on his way to London to conclude negotiations for a Chinese loan district from the new project. The commission is expected in Washington about a month. Chas. D. Jameson, the American engineer retained by the Red Cross to solve the flood problem, probably will accompany the commission.

The Chinese Government regards it as essential that the State Department should manifest confidence in the project, and an effort will be made for a declaration to that effect.

Bet Your Life He Is.

The winner is the man who bets that he can whip old Sorrow; For you can never pay your debts With trouble that you borrow.

—The Cincinnati Enquirer.

Don't Gas With the Cook.

Cook (at the stationer's) "Three reams of paper for Doctor Schmidt, the same as he always has." Stationer—Certainly, and how if the doctor today? Cook—People as I cook for are always well.—Fligende Blaetter.

About People and Things.

By Ella M. Walker, in Greensboro News.

I once sat by the side of a man about to die. His breath was short and irregular, and he understood, "I didn't want to be going away—like this," he said, "I wanted to go easy-like."

And so had we all. If we go away we must, we had rather make our exit without pain and with cheer. Somehow, we'd rather go away naturally, smiling and waving our hands to our friends. We'd rather go away slowly, serenely as the Autumn leaf that grows more beautiful day by day, showing no sign of suffering or sorrow, only joy and gladness—leaving no pang of anguish behind, only making the world brighter, as it is wafted shimmering-like toward the gorgeous glow of an Autumnal sunset.

We had rather go like this, leaving a trail of light behind to guide others on their way, and with our voices dying in soft sweetness through the years.

Also, we had rather go cheerfully, without cringing and without tears. We want to be sweetly brave and assured, and we'd rather make a sort of celebration of our going, and have all our friends to see us. We'd like to take each by the hand and assure him that we have no misgivings as to that yonder-place. We'd like to assure them: all that in the land to which we are going we shall sleep and wake, and work and rest, and grow better and broader, and with more capacity for enjoyment, according to the law of all life.

And we want to be so radiant with hope, and we want our going away to be so dignified, that no one will need to pity us, and that no one will dread to follow after us.

We had rather bend with the burden of our years as a kind and grand old tree, drooping with each Summer and Winter, ever nearer to the earth that had nurtured it. And we do not want the old tree to be dying in the top—no! we prefer that our brains remain clear and our voices melodious, so that our last days may be our most beautiful. We had rather let the old tree have a rotten root, or a diseased heart, so that it may remain stately to the end.

But if our minds do grow weak, we pray that we may not be weakened by the cynicism of age. We had rather be weakened by a second youth, with the wonder and trust of childhood to sweeten and savor us.

And if our voices do become old and cracked, we do not want them to be as the rasping creak of a witch-like crone. Like the Stradivari of the early master, we hope that our tones may become mellowed with age, so that even Youth may marvel at the beauty of Age.

If our eyes do grow dim, we would only have they dimmed against the evil and the unseemly. We may be alone, before we go

away; still we hope that we may not be lonely. We want great thoughts and wonder visions of the future to come to us and make us company.

And if we must go away, we had rather just fall asleep, naturally, peacefully, and wake up to find ourselves in company with the kind and tolerant philosophers who had gone before, and whose sayings we had so loved to read and repeat. And we should like to tell them how much we had enjoyed them since they went away—and just then we might have the sneaking hope that the folks back in the world were enjoying something we had left behind.

We would recognize Franklin, no doubt, and tell him how the people back there enjoyed and repeated his soothing philosophies, and how they had still joked about the size of his head and his appearance at the French Court.

And we would felicitate with Shakespeare, and tell him that that shelf-ful of badly-spelled plays he had left to the world, had made his the greatest name in literature. We would tell him how that every little actor aspires, some day or other, to act Macbeth, King Lear, or Hamlet.

We might wake to see Napoleon reconciled to Josephine, walking with her through the palmy groves of the spirit-land. And we might go and sit at the feet of Charlemagne and Alcuin and drink in their chaste and elegant flow of language.

A full blooded Choctaw, Rev. A. S. Williams, has been chosen by the American Bible Society for Bible Work in Oklahoma among the Indian population. He has already begun what promises to be an effort of great usefulness.

Feel Miserable.

Out of sorts, depressed, pain in the back—Electric Bitters renews your health and strength. A guaranteed Liver and Kidney remedy. Money back if not satisfied. It completely cured Robert Madsen, of West Burlington, Iowa, who suffered months. After four doctors gave him up, he took Electric Bitters and is now a well man. Get a bottle today; it will do the same for you. Keep in the house for all liver and kidney complaints. Perfectly safe and dependable. Its results will surprise you. 50c. and \$1.00. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis.

United States Civil Service Examination for Rural Carrier.

At Burlington, N. C., for Alamance County, Saturday, February 14, 1914.

The United States Civil Service Commission announces an open competitive examination on the date and at the places named above, as a result of which it is expected to make certification to fill a vacancy in the position of rural carrier at Mebane, N. C., and other vacancies as they may occur on rural routes as post-offices in the above-named county, unless it is found to be in the interest of the service to fill any vacancy by reinstatement, transfer or promotion. The compensation of rural carrier is based upon the length of the route. Salaries range from \$484 to \$1,100 per year.

Age, 18 to 55 on date of the examination. The maximum age is waived in cases of persons honorably discharged from the United States military or naval service.

An applicant must have his actual domicile in the territory supplied by a postoffice in the county for which the examination is announced.

The examination is open to all male citizens of the United States who can comply with the requirements.

Application Form 1341, and full information concerning the requirements of the examination can be secured from the secretary of the local examining board or the postmaster at any of the examination points named above, or from the United States Civil Service Commission, Washington, D. C.

Applications should be properly executed and filed with the Commission at Washington. An examination papers are shipped direct from the Commission to the places of examination, it is necessary that applications be received in ample time to arrange for the examination desired at the place indicated by the applicants. The commission will therefore arrange to examine any applicant whose application is received in time to permit the shipment of the necessary papers.

An eligible register for the position of rural letter carrier for each route will be maintained. A person must be examined in the county in which the post office that supplies his home is situated. As a result of such examination he may become eligible to appointment as rural carrier at any post office in such county. A rural letter carrier after one year's satisfactory service may be transferred to the position of clerk or carrier in a first or second class postoffice, to the position of railway mail clerk, or to the position in the classified service, subject to such examination as may be required by the civil service rules.

J. A. McLEHERRY, Pres.

New Undertaking Business.

J. H. Rich and W. A. Wilson of Greensboro, N. C. have purchased the stock of undertaking goods from the estate of the late Wm. A. Rich of Graham, N. C., and will carry on the business at the same place.

J. H. Rich is the brother of the late William A. Rich and Mr. Wilson is an expert undertaker and embalmer. We are prepared to give the very best of service on short notice.

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Two Valuable Farms For Sale. We Offer

Tract No. 1. One mile from town, containing 30 acres. On this farm are three buildings:—a three room dwelling house, almost new, well on the porch, crib and barn shedded on two sides. The soil is a sandy loam and is especially adapted to the growth of tobacco, watermelons and all kinds of garden products. An ideal location for a truck or poultry farm. Price \$1600.00

Tract No. 2. Containing 125 acres with good room house, barns and outhouses. The soil is a chocolate loam and is well adapted to the growth of grains, cotton and grasses. About 50 acres in cultivation, remainder in wood and pastures. This tract adjoins the lands of Fred Garrest, Seymour Alread, S. L. Spoon and others. Price \$2250.00 EASY TERMS

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