

J. B. JONES CLO. CO.

The Big Clothing Store of Burlington where you get bargains and better values than you can get anywhere else. Why Not Come to the Store where you have the largest stock of

Remember that the State of North Carolina

is the best place to buy your clothes as much cheaper

A trial will convince you that it is the best place for you to satisfy your mind, in Style, Price, Quality and Satisfaction.

Your truly,

J. B. JONES CLO. CO.

Burlington, N. C.

On the Corner

REPUBLICAN PROSPERITY.

One of the very few of the Progressives of 1912 who has not yet returned to the old Republican home is William Allen White, of Kansas, the Rhetorician-in-chief of the third party. In a recent publication he expressed his opinion of the Republican party and of the present political situation. He admits that half of the Progressives returned to the Republican ranks in the elections of last Fall, and that a goodly proportion of the others are now on their homeward journey. And he tells the reason why he himself is still on the outside looking in.

"Prosperity rather than justice is the Republican aim," is the cause of reluctance to rejoice his former companions, according to the Kansas editor. His very excuse for his hesitations is a reason why he should wait no longer. It is true that one of the great aims of the Republican party is prosperity, and a prosperity that includes within its benefits all of the people of the United States. The aim of the party is to bring prosperity to both employer and employed. It cannot do so without acting with justice to all. It is because Republicanism is just to all classes, and legislates without prejudice or hostility to any one class, that good times are a part of its control of national affairs.

To judge from Mr. White's statement, it would be thought that prosperity was something to be avoided, that there was something about it that was bad for a country, and that the party that brought it about had to answer to a serious charge. What is there in prosperity that offends? What is prosperity, anyway? Our understanding of the term is that prosperity in a nation means good times, good wages and steady employment for all who are able and willing to work; that it spells increased deposits in the banks, plenty of money in circulation and good business for the merchants. What Mr. White's definition of the term is, of course, we do not know, but prosperity has always been regarded as a desirable asset for any nation.

Is there less of justice in good times than when times are bad? Is mankind more selfish and less generous during days of plenty than when there is business uncertainty and the bankruptcy court is crowded? Is there more of a spirit of humanity abroad when men are worried about their own affairs and fear what the morrow is to bring? Is not the average man of more service to the community when his own circumstances are comfortable? No matter how inclined a man may be to giving, how can he give if which he does not possess? The most generous impulse can be halted by business depression.

It is very true that the Republican party seeks to keep the nation prosperous. It believes in governmental policies that mean good food for the table, good clothes for the individual, good homes for the family. It believes in legislation that will give every man a chance, that will open the door of opportunity to all. That it accomplishes these things, its history abundantly proves. Its whole record has been one of national progress. Its pledges have ever been followed by performance. It does not deal in promises that are impossible of fulfillment.

Furthermore, the Republican party deals with facts, not with theories. It recognizes the law of limitation. It does its acts upon common sense, not upon dreams. It deals with realities and with actual conditions. For this reason the party is never long out of power in the United States. The people are so sensible that they cannot get on without it. After being shown prosperity under Democratic rule, the country turns to the Repub-

lican party to restore that prosperity which it deals out with just and careful hand.

COMMENCE IN OKLAHOMA.

(From Skiatook, Okla. Sentinel.)

One day a good customer brought in a large roll of fresh copyer butter to one of the stores in the town, had it weighed, and left her grocery order to be filled while she did some more shopping. The merchant thought the roll of butter was mighty heavy for its size, so he cut it in half. Right in the middle of the roll was a stone that weighed three pounds. Butter was cheap then and sugar was high, so he put the stone in the sack of sugar his customer ordered and sold it back at a nice profit.

Overheard in a southern hotel after a night of much disturbance caused by hoisy domestics.

With—Oh! What is that explosion?
Sleepy Husband—I don't know. I hope they are discharging the servants.—Judge.

LIGHTNING STRIKES CHURCH.

Pearl Street Methodist in Elizabeth City is Damaged.

Elizabeth City, July 19.—Pearl Street Methodist church was struck by lightning Saturday evening in the midst of a severe electrical storm. The building, which is a wooden structure, caught fire from the stroke, but was saved by the prompt work of the fire department, with no further damage than the burning of a few shingles on the steeple.

Saturday's storm, following a heat wave of unusual duration and extremity, was one of the most severe electrical storms seen here in some time. The thunder clap, following the bolt which struck the church was like the sharp report of a big gun.

NO LABOR DAY OCCASION AT SPENCER THIS YEAR.

Salisbury, July 19.—The Labor Day committee after canvassing the situation has decided not to have a celebration at Spencer this year. Many of the shop men have been on short time and some of those who have taken part in celebration of the past are away now. The officers, however, are continued and the committee hopes to have a celebration next year.

ROOSTER OR PULLET?

"Willie, what part of speech is an egg?"
"A noun, name."
"Yes; now, what gender?"
"Can't say till it's hatched."

"What little boy can tell me the difference between the 'quick' and the 'dead'?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

Willie waved his hand frantically.
"Well, Willie?"
"Please, ma'am, the 'quick' are the ones that get out of the way of automobiles; the ones that don't are the 'dead!'"

AS WAS TO BE EXPECTED.

(From the Chicago Herald.)

It was several days after arriving home from the front that the soldier with two broken ribs was sitting up and smoking a cigar when the doctor came in.

"Well, how are you feeling now?" asked the doctor.

"I've had a stitch in my side all day," replied the wounded soldier.

"That's all right," said the doctor. "It shows that the bones are knitting."

THE CRIME OF THE EVIL TONGUE.

Character building is a slow process evolved by tests, temptations and temptations. A good name or character is the most precious heritage that can be stowed on mortal man. It is the measure of what you are and what you have said and believed and what you have done.

The real man of character is the target for the envious arrows of inferiority. It is part of the price he must pay for being a man.

The thief and the murderer are placed in the criminal class and are dealt with severely by the law. Gossip, scandal-mongers and slanderous despoilers by their nefarious practices almost at will. Place in a balancing scale the evils resulting from the acts of criminals, and in the other the grief and tears and suffering resulting from the crimes of respectability and we find that the crimes of the tongue—words of unkindness, anger, envy, bitterness, unjust criticism, gossip, lying and scandal—are greater menace to happiness than the meanest work of criminals. At the hands of the thief or murderer, suffer, but from the careless tongue of friend or the cruel tongue of enemy, few are spared.

"They say," is always a liar, and the whispered confidence is always the most false.

In olden times our puritanical fathers branded a scold or a gossip, sometimes with a gag, and sometimes with a red hot brand. Civilization made no great step in progress when it whitewashed the guilt of the gossip.

The insidious attacks against one's reputation, the loathsome innuendoes, slurs, half-lies by which the ordinary seek to ruin the superior is a scandal and a crime. These low-life beings have dimmed their eyes to sweetness, purity and character, and have become the scavengers of society. They drone and buzz like certain common flies, that pass over a beautiful garden of lilies to feast on the garbage like a dead fish in the sunshine. They shine and stink; like the carriage of the street they can't be confined to their proper habitation.

There are pillows wet by tears; there are broken hearts throbbing in their own confines of silence and comes no protest; there are fatherless and motherless children bereft of support; there are old time friends losing their lonely ways with hope and every memory of a bitter pang; there is real murder, real crime, real grief in noble minds, and cruel misunderstandings that make all life dark,—these are but a few of the wrongs that come from characterless, sassy and scandal mongers.

The constant dropping of their stinging words of malice and envy has in too many instances worn away the reputation of a strong character.

Truth crushed to earth does not rise as fast as the poisoned arrows of scandal mongers penetrate the heart of society. Laws do not reach the detestable practice of incendiary character. "Where there is smoke, there must be some fire." Yes, but the fire may be only the fire of envy, hatred or malice, the incendiary firing the reputation of another by the lighted torch of selfishness.

In this new year, by the grace of God, let us observe the commandment of the great Nazarene, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Let us shun and discourage evil spokes of our fellow-man. Let us eliminate envy, hatred and malice and all forms of selfishness and uncharitableness. Even our hearts and minds, and our emotions will track in, as air will fill a vacuum. Let us, if we would be happy and make others happy, not enjoy the privilege of the great God, but dry the ignition—Judge.

MESA VERDE PROPHETS.

Indians Who Foretold Our Wet Summer New Say That We Shall Have a Long Cold Winter.

The season so far verifies the weather predictions of the Indians who occasionally visit the Mesa Verde National Park in southwestern Colorado for trading purposes but who never stay an hour longer than is necessary because of their dread of the "little people" whom they believe still inhabit in spirit form, the prehistoric cliff dwellings that have made the Mancos Valley famous the world over. Last Fall the Mesa Verde prairie dogs deserted their villages for new ones and the Indians have been shaking their heads over it all winter. "Rain, much rain," they say; "rain all summer." So far they seem to have predicted right.

And now they are again shaking their heads. "Cold, much cold," they say; "bad winter coming." And why? Because this summer game has been unusually plentiful on the Mesa Verde. Deer are more frequently seen than for years. Rabbits and hares are so numerous one can scarcely go about without seeing them in large numbers. Coyotes and mountain lions are also unusually plentiful, which may be explained by the abundance of the small game on which they live.

THE OLD MAN'S DREAM.

"Oh, for one hour of youthful joy,
Give back my twentieth spring;
I'd rather laugh, a bright-haired boy,
Than reign a gray-haired king.

Off with the spoils of wrinkled age,
Away with learnings' crow;
Tear out life's wisdom-written page—
And dash its trophies down.

"One moment let my life blood stream
From boyhood's fount of fame,
Give me one giddy, reeling dream,
Of life all love and fame.

"My listening angel heard the prayer,
And calmly, smiling, said:
"If I but touch thy silvered hair
Thy hasty wish hath sped.

"But in there nothing in thy track
To bid thee fondly stay,
While the swift seasons hurry back
To find the wished-for day.

"Ah, truest soul of womankind!
Without thee, what were life?
One bliss I cannot leave behind,
I'll take—my—precious wife."

"The angel took a sapphire pen
And wrote in rainbow dew;
The next would be a boy again
And, maybe, a husband, too.

"And is there nothing yet unsaid
Before the change appears?
Remember, all your gifts have fled
With these dissolving years.

"Why, yes for memory would recall
My fond parental joys;
I could not bear to leave them all—
I'll take—my—girl—and—boys."

"The smiling angel dropped his pen—
Why, this will never do,
The man would be a boy again,
And be a father, too."

"And so I laughed—my laughter wove
The household with its noise—
And wrote my dream when morning broke,
To please the gray-haired boys."
—Pauline Saunders.

LIMITATIONS.

A statement is supposed to be limited with all public questions.
"Yes," replied Miss Gowan, "but the statement was not limited."

THEODORE E. BURTON.

Philadelphia's Greater Chamber of Commerce did well to receive Senator Burton as their guest and the guest of the city yesterday. Since the adjournment of Congress he has been giving his time and talents to the investigation of the trade needs of the South American Republics. He has learned by personal observation and inquiry the conditions that prevail there and the possibilities of a great increase in American trade with the countries to the south of us. He brought a message to Philadelphia by which we may well profit. There is business, prosperity and wealth for this country in the South American trade and Philadelphia is in a position to obtain a large share of it if her merchants and manufacturers will use the necessary energy and enterprise to seize and to hold it.

Senator Burton possesses an interest for Philadelphia apart from the South American trade propaganda. In all human probability the President to be elected next year will be a Republican and Mr. Burton looms high and distinct in the small group of men from whom the choice must be made. No one at the present time has more points in his favor than Theodore E. Burton. He has been a leading man in the councils of the Republican party for many years. In his legislative work he has uniformly shown enormous industry, ability and pertinacity in whatever he undertakes. His influence has been that which attacks only to those men who speak with full knowledge and clear convictions and integrity of purpose on all the subjects which they discuss. His austere nature and high character, made it impossible to believe that he was influenced by any but the highest motives in whatever he proposed, so that his influence grew from year to year and in his special line of activity he was second to none in Congress at a time when he voluntarily retired from the Senate.

His distinctive public work that had general attention upon him was in connection with the Federal appropriations for rivers and harbors. The intimate knowledge which he accumulated and retained on all the rivers and harbors in the United States was equal to the sum of knowledge on that subject of all the other members combined in both branches of Congress. His efforts were to distribute the Government moneys impartially and justly according to the comparative needs of every port and river and in this he earnestly opposed every strong local claim. He thought nationally, not locally, and labored for what he conceived to be the greatest good to the whole country.

His talents, character and long public experience and the high esteem in which he is held all over the country place him in the list of presidential possibilities. Happily the Republican party does not lack for men of high type and experience who are in all respects of true Presidential caliber. It will be fortunate, however, if it is wise enough to choose as its candidate a man who is as capable and meets all the exacting requirements of the position as completely as does former Senator Burton.—Philadelphia Press.

Not every Democrat in Maryland is a candidate for Governor, but a good many Democrats are in the race. But what does Maryland want a Democratic Governor for? The State has a good Republican Governor now, and it would be good judgment to re-elect him, which there is rather general expectation of doing.

The freedom of this case would do us more good than freedom to ride in automobile buses.

MURDERED MAN RETURNS TO AWESTRICKEN FAMILY.

Milwaukee, Wis., July 19.—Frank Klug for whose murder Nick Georgian is serving a 25 year sentence, and whose body was identified by relatives, returned today to his awestricken family.

Klug supposedly was murdered August 22, last near Lake Station, this county. Georgian was sentenced December 5, 1914.

According to attorneys and officials, the fact that it was not Klug who was murdered will make no difference to Georgian. That a man was murdered was well established they said, and the circumstantial evidence positively connected Georgian with the crime. Georgian, however, has continually denied his guilt.

Klug left home because of discouraging domestic conditions. Fearing arrest for desertion, he said, he made no effort to communicate with his family and a recent letter from a friend gave him his first intimation that he had been "murdered."

IT'S LONELY ON THE FARM SAYS GIRL'S NOTE ON EGG.

Wilmington, Del., July 18.—While sorting over a carton of eggs he had purchased, Guy Hanby, a clerk in the office of the Recorder of Deeds, came across one on which was written this message:—

"Will the one who receives this egg please write to Sadie S. Smith, general delivery, Stroudsburg, Pa. I am nineteen years old and my friends say I am very pretty. It is very lonely up here on the farm and I would like to meet some nice fellow from the city."

Mr. Hanby has not yet decided whether he will comply with the young woman's request.

PUT EXPLOSIVES ON LUSITANIA, HE SAYS.

J. S. K. writes Letter to Chicago Daily News.

Chicago, Ill., July 20.—A man who signed himself "J. S. K.," wrote to the Chicago Daily News today that he had placed explosives aboard the Lusitania before she sailed on her fatal voyage. The writer said that he was a member of an organization but had become disgusted with it. He added that he would be dead in Lake Michigan before the letter was delivered.

The letter said: "The gang" was composed of English miners. The writer referred to "Holt's Bomb" but said his was more deadly."
H. G. Clabaugh, chief of the local Federal investigation said the massive was worth investigation because of reports that there were two explosions on the Lusitania, only one of which was caused by a German torpedo.

UNCLAIMED LETTERS.

The following letters remain in the postoffice at Burlington, N. C., unclaimed by the person to whom addressed July 17, 1915:

- Miss Mary H. Graves,
 - Mrs. M. A. Loy,
 - Mrs. Lattie McCauley,
 - Mrs. Hallie Moore,
 - Mrs. Fannie Olsman,
 - Mrs. Fannie Overman,
 - Mr. W. R. Harrison,
 - Mr. Fitch Shaw,
 - Mr. J. B. Ville,
 - Mr. Joe Lynnet Wilson,
 - Mr. Wm. H. Wright.
- Please call for any of these letters will please say "Advertised" and give date of advertisement.
O. F. GOWSON,
Postmaster.

POOR