

NOTICE
Having qualified as Executors of the estate of S. D. Clayton deceased, of Person County, North Carolina, this is to notify all persons having claims against the estate of said deceased to exhibit them to the under-

signed on or before the 18th day of July, 1923, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery. All persons indebted to said estate will please make immediate payment. This the 19th day of July, 1922.
A. P. Clayton and F. O. Clayton,

HIKING DOWN THE LONG BROWN PATH

Vacationists With Shelter Tents and Tin Cow Learning to Walk All Over Again.

Oh! It's not the pack that you carry on your back Nor the rifle on your shoulder Nor the five inch crust of khaki-colored dust That makes you feel your limbs are growing older; And it's not the hike on the hard turnpike That dries away your smile, Nor the soles of sisters that raise the blooming blister— It's the long march.

—Plattsburgh Marching Song.
Stringing out from the suburban transit terminals of New York every Sunday and holiday goes the army of khaki-clad hikers. There may be an automobile for every twenty of the country's population, but a host of city folks disprove the theory of a future leg-enslaved citizenry and are learning to walk all over again.

To the more casual minded, the hike is just exercise, but to those who catch its real significance the hike means a great deal more. It is the cheapest form of recreation and therefore appeals to those living in crowded districts and unable to avail themselves of the more expensive amusements. And these people, be it noted, are just those the country is so anxious to have spread out and settled in the farming sections. The hike, indeed, has possibilities as a real starter for the "back to the farm" movement.

Doughboy and Boy Scout Lead Way
Just a brief survey of the rollicking groups which move off from the outlying terminals on holidays establishes a few general types. There is the ex-service man and his friends who will hear from him the story of more serious excursions on the muddy roads of France. He tightens a strap here and another there on the blanket roll adjustment or the "shelter half," in which the commissary is packed for the mid-day feast by the roadside. Expert directions come from him on the method of slinging the pack so it will not feel so heavy or interfere with the free body movement. He will pass along the information, gained in his army days, of how that same pack was evolved after numerous experiments to find the easiest way of carrying the heaviest load. With results few new compliments, but which he characterized when a doughboy as a "blinky-blank total failure."

Then there are the boy scout parties, adept at everything pertaining to "shanks mare" traveling and woodcraft. The ex-service man and the boy scout are pioneers in the hiking

Listen to one of them right off the train and making ready for a twelve mile jaunt: "Get that canteen over to the side, Jimmie, and it won't keep bouncing off your leg every step. Is it filled? Well, then, we drink. How about the eats? Let's check 'em off. You got the spuds, Bill; the bacon Jimmie, "Who has the coffee and the Borden tin cow?"

"Right here," announces a freckled comrade of the road, patting his knapsack. "Stitched the mocha and the can of milk when Sis wasn't looking."

"Well, then, let's go," snaps the commander of the expedition.

This party is traveling light for real distance. Another must expect to make a shorter hitch or else be counting greatly on its power of endurance. Perhaps the camp is not far off because the group is equipped for an over-night stay with heavy blanket rolls, hatchets, lanterns, canvas waterpails, rubber ponchos, kettles, pots, pew fangled freshhand, etc. The blankets are laid out for a better packing of the bags and cans of food. When the party commences to load up the members hustle all over with camp tools and equipment.

Back to the Farm
The veteran from the crowded city tenements has found a new territory to pour and one almost unknown to his associates. He is introducing them to this newly discovered land and teaching them how to be independent of any transportation but their own good legs and of any subsistence but what they can carry and prepare. "Walk, and cook your own," is his motto.

Who will say the heaven thus fermenting in the city crowds will not bear fruit in a keener appreciation of country delights, especially as these are added to by increased comforts on the farm. With his radio, hitched up, the farmer listens in on the best entertainment the country has to offer. Modern home devices wipe out many hardships formerly imposed upon isolated dwellers. There is, in short, a rapid cutting down of the interval between farm and city life.

In the meantime, knowledge must precede a true appreciation of what the country holds, and this is what the hike supplies. There is more appeal in one apple tree in blossom than in reams of printed matter put out to induce the citizen of the city to change his abode to the country. The hikers constitute a growing army, equipped with bacon, spuds, coffee and tin cow for merely a day's outing but nevertheless seeing sights that make them yearn to be among them all the time. It is not too much to assume that the army may one day recruit the open places.

FOREMAN SAYS THE WATCHMAN TOLD HIM OF IT

Ashby Gain 20 Pounds Taking Tanlac And Says They Can't Ring the Dinner Bell Too Quick To Suit Him—Feels Like A Boy of Twenty

"Tanlac helped me gain twenty pounds and made me feel as well as I did when a boy of twenty," said W. A. Ashby, 1093 Commercial St., Petersburg, Va., foreman for the Petersburg Trunk and Bag Co.

"For three years my stomach was so disordered I couldn't eat a thing not even milk and eggs, but what caused a heaviness and burning like fire in my stomach. Then my knees and ankles got so swollen up with rheumatism I could hardly hobble around. On top of all this I took 'flu' and when I got up from that spell I was worse than ever.

"The watchman at the factory got me to taking Tanlac, and now my appetite is so keen they can't ring the dinner bell too quick. I never have indigestion and the rheumatic pains and the swelling have all gone. I will always bless the day I got Tanlac."

Tanlac is sold by all good druggists.

AMERICAN MEN FINEST IN WORLD, DECLARES LADY ASTOR IN AN INTERVIEW

London, July 29.—American men are the only members of the male sex who truly advocate the single standard of morality according to Lady Astor, M. P. in an interview with International News Service today.

"The Englishman is the same as other men: He believes in the single standard but does not want to do anything about it," said the American-born woman member of parliament. "The young American man is the only man I know who is really clean in his attitude towards women. The Americans are the finest cleanest men in the world."

"It is true, that it is only women who put down women. We degrade women by accepting the double standard. The divorce laws of England are ridiculous but I do not believe in changing the divorce laws until women have established their rights under the civil laws. Besides, my religious views are such that I do not believe that husband and

ever should be divorced except for adultery."

Lady Astor then turned to politics, warning English women not to place hopes in the strengthening of the British labor party in the belief that it would give women any extended political power.

LIBERTY AND LICENSE

The principal argument against prohibition, if we may judge by the chatter of a pained and regretful press, is not based on the merits of the Volstead Act, but on the fact that a lot of folks violate it, and therefore, they rightly argue, it should be repealed or modified.

The logic is similar to that followed by Gap Johnson in dealing with his favorite coon dog.

"Boze, git out of the house," he orders. Boze promptly tucks his tail and starts under the bed.

"Git under the bed, then," Gap amends. And Boze does. Thus is obedience obtained and authority stuffed with the sand of self-respect.

It is not hard to understand the position of those who want prohibition changed and give as their reason that we have bootleggers, moonshiners, home hoochies, illegal withdrawals and liquor served on American ships.

We, too, are annoyed by a lot of laws we do not want to obey. The list of these restrictive measures that cramp out style is lengthy.

Many a time we have wanted to do a great public service with a ton-ton motor truck. Our idea is to bolt a locomotive cow catcher securely to the front of the truck, attach semitars to the wheels and go out to teach the road hog a thing or two. But it is against the law. That law must be amended.

Neighbor Phil has a horse that we need badly and the contrary cuss will not sell it, though he has less use for it than we have. We are bigger than he is and could quite handily go over and take the horse and give it a proper home, but the laws abridge our freedom in this regard.

And so it goes. A lot of laws abridge our liberties.

When you think of it, not many laws are popular and few are well observed: Somebody dislikes every law.

Should these laws be softened because they are violated? For us, yes. For the other fellow, no. Our own protection demands that the other fellow obey. Liberty for us becomes license for the other fellow.—Country Gentleman.

111
cigarettes

10¢
They are GOOD!

BREAKING ALL RECORDS

It may be news to say that North Carolina is breaking all her past records in the construction of highway. It is not yet generally understood, however, that at the end of this year the State Highway Commission will have completed or under contract improved roads costing \$25,000,000 an astounding record for two years' work.

No wonder other states are sending engineers into North Carolina to see how it is done. The Commission, supported by Governor Morrison and the Council of State has already surpassed its expectations and is pressing to a goal the attainment which will end forever whatever reputation this state may have had as a Rip Van Winkle.

Such movements as we now witness in road-building and in the improvement of schools and welfare institutions do not develop in a day. Aycock, Craig, and Bickett and those who stood by them in their campaigns for better schools and improved highways share in the glory of this fuller day. Those to whom has come the task of carrying forward great state enterprises have today a tremendous opportunity, and they have eyes to see it and hands for its fulfillment.—Asheville Citizen.

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As your Druggist for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS in 25c and 50c metallic boxes, sealed with Blue Ribbons. TAKE NO OTHER. For a year's treatment ask for CHICHESTER'S DIAMOND BRAND PILLS for the treatment of all ailments of the female sex. **SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.**

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At this exceptionally low price no merchant or manufacturer can afford to do without a Ford one-ton truck. A truck that has always been considered by owners as the greatest value for the money, even when sold at a higher price.
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The extremely low price is creating an increased demand for the Ford one-ton truck, so we advise the placing of your order now to insure reasonably prompt delivery. Terms if desired.
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AFTER EVERY MEAL
WRIGLEY'S P-K

This new sugar-coated gum delights young and old. It "melts in your mouth" and the gum in the center remains to aid digestion, brighten teeth and soothe mouth and throat.
There are the other WRIGLEY friends to choose from, too:

C28

The "USCO"
You Buy To-day is a New—a Better—a Heavier "USCO"
at the \$10.90 Price with No Tax added

AST Fall at the \$10.90 price it seemed to motorists as if the 30 x 3 1/2 USCO had reached the peak of tire value.
Yet the makers of USCO have now produced a still better USCO—a longer wearing tire with—
Thicker tread—thicker side walls.
Better traction, longer service, more mileage.
And the tax is absorbed by the manufacturer.
The new and better USCO is a tire money's worth that was impossible a year ago.
It is possible today only in USCO.
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Hester Block, Whitfield Roxboro
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Wilburn-Holeman Co. Hardie Mill
Longhurst Mercantile Co. Jalaon
P. T. Dodson, Yanceyville, N. C.
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