

BAPTIST MEETING AT BETHEL CHURCH WAS BIG SUCCESS

Wednesday and Thursday Sessions Marked by Notable Reports.

CHRISTIAN WORK FULLY DISCUSSED

Addresses on Christian Education and Mission Work Were Outstand Features.

(By W. R. Surlis.)

Bladenboro, Nov. 11.—The twenty-first annual session of the Bladenboro Baptist Association met with the church at Bethel for a two-day session beginning Wednesday.

The introductory sermon was delivered by Rev. J. D. Howell, of Clarkton, N. C.

After a bountiful dinner served on the grounds by the members of the local church and community the delegates from the various churches re-assembled to hear the various reports and to transact the business of the association.

On Thursday the report on Sunday Schools was submitted by Rev. J. D. Howell, who said that "the average number of members in each church was 89; the average number of members in each school was 62 and only 23 per cent of the church members attended Sunday School."

All churches were urged to arouse greater interest and a larger enrollment in this work. This report was also discussed by Rev. J. T. Tyner.

Reports on Periodicals was submitted by N. A. Layton and discussed by Rev. R. L. Byrd, J. L. Holland and Rev. J. T. Tyner. Mr. Holland said that he was born in 1848 and learned his letters from his church paper; that he had taken it at \$3 a year and \$1.50 a year and that under the present circumstances he thought it was cheap at \$2 a year and that no good Baptist could afford to do without it.

Among other things the Rev. Mr. Tyner said: "You did not have to tell the people how to vote last Tuesday, because they had been reading and were informed. We would not have to tell our duty along other lines if we would keep posted—read the right kind of literature."

A report on education was prepared and sent by Dr. R. T. Vann. This report was discussed by Prof. L. B. Ojive, of the Delway school, and G. E. Lumbery, president of Chowan College. It is seldom the pleasure of an audience to listen to an educational address so entertaining and inspiring. President Lumbery discussed the "What and Why" of a Christian education. He said among other things: "The greatest work of Elijah's life was that of establishing the 'School of Prophets.' Orphan children will never suffer if our boys and girls go to college. The young lives of today have the opportunity of starting right. We must teach them in our denominational colleges because there we can teach them what the Bible teaches. The last message of Dr. Frost was to see that inroads were not made on our denominational life. Lay upon the hearts of the people the duty of soul winning; teach them to give them-

selves to Christ; to go out and save. The State of North Carolina will never know what it owes to Wake Forest. The men from Christian colleges blocked the liquor traffic. The women have been the greatest influences in the world. The Hannahs, the Marthas, the Marys in North Carolina can be numbered by the thousands, who are giving their lives as missionary teachers and the like. The children in our homes represent our all in this world. Girls need education to be mothers as well as teach. A boy or girl raised in idleness until 21 years old is never any good. Train them under influence at tender ages."

He recited the story told by Dr. Moody, of the mother who raised a boy to see him hang.

The roll of the churches was then called and the pledges were made for the various benevolent objects of the church.

After another bountiful dinner the association resumed its work. State Missions, Home Missions and Foreign Missions were combined and discussed as a whole by Rev. Walter N. Johnson, of Raleigh, who emphasized the following points: "We are all seeking to save the world. \$150,000 is the amount designated for North Carolina to raise. We need in our North Carolina churches a ministry that will give their whole time to the churches.

"Our country churches are in peril. If something is not done to get a thousand of our country churches gripped in the order of things they are going to emigrate."

He urged the people to give to the Lord's cause every time they meet; explained the difference between hospitality and liberality and illustrated the two by telling the story of a man who after hearing a touching appeal made for an orphanage causing the tears to flow down his cheeks, when the hat was passed dropped in 15 cents, his hospitality by a barrel of syrup.

The report on the orphanage was prepared by Rev. I. P. Hedgepeth and discussed by Mr. Hamerick from Thomasville. The members of the churches were asked to contribute one day's earnings for the support of the orphan children.

Rev. R. L. Byrd was selected to preach the introductory sermon at the next annual meeting. The association then adjourned to meet at White Oak Wednesday after the first Sunday in November, 1917.

The Bladen Baptist Association has for its moderator Mr. N. A. Layton, of White Oak; clerk, F. S. Averitt, of Abbottsburg. It is composed of 25 churches, all in Bladen county; 17 Sunday schools; has 6 active pastors; 1,528 members who last year contributed \$15,000.

Bethel church, the place of the present session of the present association, is about one mile from the progressive town of Dublin. The people in this town are clever and have not departed from the old-time way of southern hospitality.

At Bladenboro everything seems to be on the move. The cotton mills are running night and day. The new oil mill is in operation. The merchants are busy and fine roads are being built.

It was our pleasure while here to meet that staunch citizen, A. M. Kelly, the newly elected senator from Bladen. Senator Kelly says that 20 years ago S. D. Meares ran against him for office in Bladen county and beat him, an old told Mr. Meares that some time he would get even with him, that last Tuesday they both ran for Senator, and Mr. Kelly, a Democrat. When the votes were counted Mr. Kelly was about 600 ahead. Now he is even.

THE LIGHTWEIGHTS LIFE HARD IN BRITISH TANKS ARE VERY SCARE

Time Was When There Was Superfluity But This Has Passed.

(By Ringside.)

New York, Nov. 11.—Where once there was a surfeit of legitimate lightweights, there now is a dearth of them. Look over the lists of boxers pretending to be 133-pounders, and it will be found that the number of those capable of attaining that poundage can be counted on the fingers of Miner Brown's right hand—and that once mighty pitching paw contains just three fingers.

There are just three men hovering around that figure who can make it without the occasion demanding it. They are Johnny Dundee, Joe Wellington and Irish Patsy Cline, each a leading contender for Freddy Welsh's coronet. Give any one of these three a day's notice and he will make the desired notch without the least difficulty. Each can make 133 pounds ringside without amputating a limb. Which is more than can be said for a host of others masquerading as lightweights.

Take Benny Leonard, for a notable example. It has been the general belief that Benjamin can make 133 pounds ringside without drawing a long breath. However, such is not the case. Benny would have a hard time making 135 pounds ringside—we have it on reliable information. The best Leonard can do is 136 pounds at 3 o'clock on the afternoon of an important battle. His weight demands for recent fights bears this out. He steadfastly refuses to consider any weight arrangements other than 135 pounds at 3 o'clock.

Another instance, Mr. Frederick Welsh, the champion of the lightweight domain, whose duty it should be to fight at 133 pounds at the ringside, or several hours before the fight. But Fred is content to saunter into the ring tipping 137 or 138 pounds; for then his title is not at stake. Just before his last fight with Charley White at Denver, Welsh had a picture taken of himself on the scales, with the indicator registering 129 pounds. Figures do not lie, they say, but here was one instance where they were made to fabricate. Of course, some one tampered with the scales, for it is four or five years since Freddie saw the day he tipped 129 pounds.

On the afternoon of the fight Welsh and White weighed in under 135 pounds—not much under, but under, nevertheless. Assuredly, Welsh did not train to take on weight, for he was drawn fine to go the twenty rounds with White. Now we are certain Welsh cannot make 133 pounds at any time of the day. When he next defends his title it will be at 135 pounds at 3 o'clock.

White cannot make 133; so that eliminates him from consideration with Welling, Dundee and Cline. The Queensbury rules place the lightweight limit at 133 pounds; yet in the wide expanse of these United States we have put three men who can make that weight, and in this list the champion is not included.

Battling Nelson won the championship from Joe Gans at 133 pounds—as a matter of fact Gans had to weigh in at 133 pounds with his fighting togs. Ad Wolgast had to make 133 pounds when he relieved Nelson of the title in that memorable Port Richmond struggle of 41 rounds, and Wolgast, in turn, made Willie Ritchie

133 pounds before he handed over the title on a foul in the sixteenth round. Ritchie, however, permitted Welsh to inveigle him into a championship match at 135 pounds at 3 o'clock, and sage Freddie relieved the Californian of the title after 29 rounds of left-jabbing.

What is the matter with our lightweights? Just what is ailing this division when only three men can be found to live up to the requirements? There is not even an overgrown featherweight of class who might invade the lightweight division, outside of Featherweight Champion Johnny Kilbane, and he is hiding his time for a battle with Welsh alone of all the lightweights.

There is nothing left for Welling, Dundee and Cline to do but arrange a triangular series of matches, and have the ultimate winner force Welsh into a titular match. Welsh may not approve of the idea, but public demand will bring about such a meeting—and then we may have a new lightweight champion; a fighting champion, for a change.

FORECLOSURE SALE. By virtue of the power of sale contained in a certain mortgage deed made by Walter H. Svespion and wife to Joseph Tate, bearing date the 20th day of October, 1914, duly registered in Book 89 of the records of New Hanover County, the undersigned will on Monday, December 14th, 1916, expose for sale at public auction, for cash, at the Court House door of said County the following described real estate: Beginning in the western line of Twelfth street at a point one hundred and ninety-nine (199) feet south from the southern line of Dawson street, and runs from thence south in said line of Twelfth street thirty-three (33) feet, thence west and parallel with Dawson street one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet, thence north and parallel with Twelfth street thirty-three (33) feet and thence east and parallel with Dawson street one hundred and sixty-five (165) feet to the point of beginning in the western line of Twelfth street, same being parts of Lots 4 and 5 in Block 41 of the plan of the City of Wilmington, N. C.

This the 11th day of November, 1916. JOSEPH TATE, Mortgagee. S. M. EMPLE, Attorney for Mortgagee. 41-11-36015

It Pays to Advertise

If our satisfied patrons were not forever advertising us by telling their friends and acquaintances about the fair treatment they get at this store we'd not do SUCH A NICE BUSINESS.

JAMES M. HALL, Druggist, 5th and Castle Streets.

SAFEST AS AN INVESTMENT. CHINA MORAL VISITORS THE NEW HANOVER TRANSIT COMPANY CAROLINA BEACH LOTS YOUR SUMMER OR WINTER HOME

dreds of rivets were being hammered into the h'ds of the tank. We rushed through. Soon the music had charms and we got to like the regular rhythm of it. Suddenly a jolt, and our hearts jolted in our mouths in sympathy. Nothing doing in the mid-ship line. Only some unwonted obstacle. Heavier "strumming" on our keyboard outside, and more regular. Machine guns at it now. Straddle on as though we liked it. A tremendous thud. The whole outfit seemed done for. Nearly jumped out of my skin. Looked at each other and wondered what it was. Still a roof over our heads, thank God.

Wednesday—Early start. Roughest voyage yet. Waves of fire seemed to break over us. Tremendous crash. Then another, and several others at intervals. Silence for a time. Party of Huns came to meet us outside the village. Very stout old gentleman in front. Thought it was the mayor and village biggots to give us a civic welcome. Mistaken. They meant to give warm reception, but not as we understood the word. Let fly with machine guns. Then tried silly boarding tactics. We laughed. Our guns answered theirs.

Tank reception committee dispersed in a cloud of smoke and flame; no trailing clouds of glory. Fat old gentleman only visible members of deputation. Stood open mouthed. Purple with rage. Tank bore down. Old gent started to run. Funnier than a sack-race. Old gent fung himself to earth with many signs of surrender.

Thursday—Got into the village, and passed down between two irregular rows of wrecked houses. Hundreds of Huns came rushing up from cellars and from behind ruins to see us. Some had eyes staring out of head. Looked surprised and even frightened.

One blighter made a run at us with a clubbed rifle. Made a terrible swipe at the tank. Smashed his rifle, and made a nasty noise on our roof. Hurt himself more than he hurt us. Off for a joy-ride after: some nice Huns who took to flight as we came up.

Friday—Early afloat. Usual showers of bullets and a few shells on the way. Got right across a trench. Made the sparks fly. Went along parapet routing, out Huns' everywhere. Enemy terrified. Tried to run, but couldn't keep it up under our fire. Threw up the sponge, and surrendered in batches.

Took about 200 prisoners. Killed and wounded as many more. Tired out when through.

Saturday—On the move before breakfast. Terrible crash first go off. Thought we had collided with a wandering world. Weathered the storm. Got busy on enemy trenches. Rare old sport. Enemy tried a surprise for infantry—Yorkshiremen—advancing to attack. We tried a surprise, too, and ours came off first.

We waddled into their ambush for the attacking troops. Never saw men so frightened. Fled panic-stricken in all directions. Only a few chaps stayed behind and tried to stop us by machine-gun fire. Smashed them to bits.

Went snorthing after the enemy wherever we could find them. Their losses were terrible. Later strong detachments tried to make their way back supported by big guns. Lined across the road, and gave them hot time. Every time they tried to rush through we ripped their ranks to bits. At last they gave it up.

Sunday—Fritz got fits. No fight left in him. Prisoners scared to death. Some of them acted as though they believed that we used our tanks for making sausages out of prisoners. We had a lot of trouble explaining that once they surrendered they were safe.

QUALITY STATIONERY 30c; 35c; 50c; 75c FOUNTAIN SYRINGES 75c; \$1.00; \$1.25; \$1.50 HOT WATER BOTTLES \$1.00 to \$1.50 Prompt Delivery. THE PAYNE DRUG COMPANY, 5th and Red Cross Streets. Phone 520.

Butter From the Mountains of North Carolina Sounds good, doesn't it? It's shipped to us every week by express from Hendersonville. Try pound of two and see how good it is. Just Phone 294 THOMAS GROCERY COMPANY, 4th and Campbell Streets.

SENSATION SELF-RISING FLOUR is the best Selfrising Flour on the market. Get it at TIENCHEN'S and don't forget to stop in on your way to and from the Corn Show. We assure you that every courtesy will be shown and prompt delivery made of your order. Remember, we are only half a block from the Corn Show. TIENCHEN'S GROCERY STORE, 408 Castle Street.

Suburban Schedule In Effect October 9, 1916. WINTER PARK, WRIGHTSVILLE, WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH And Intermediate Points EASTBOUND WESTBOUND SPECIALS FOR SUNDAYS

TWO CARS JUST RECEIVED IRON BEDS BEDS PRICED \$4.85 UP GOOD VARIETY OF STYLES WE BOUGHT THIS STOCK OF BEDS MONTHS AGO BEFORE THE RISE IN PRICES WENT INTO EFFECT. BUY IT HERE FOR LESS STERCHI-BANCROFT COMPANY 108 North Front Street The Home of Furniture Values