

COLORED MINISTERS OF CITY EXPRESS THANKS

Adopt Resolution for Material Aid Furnished to Their People

(By Geo. F. King)

The colored people of the city who received the worthy consideration they received from charitable sources during the severe weather recently encountered in this section, are especially grateful to all contributing to the sources from which they received needed food and fuel at that time.

There is seemingly a desire that those in charge of the management of the Associated Charities among the colored people, with their own officials, that a report should be made relative to the activities of their department. It seems that no monthly or quarterly reports are made, and a better administration of the affairs of charity work by the colored men in charge of same is written for many.

The colored ministerial union of the city at a meeting held last Tuesday morning at St. Stephen's A. M. E. church as an expression of their gratitude and sincere appreciation of the charities extend to their people, unanimously passed the following resolutions:

"Whereas, The colored ministers were in position to realize the unusual and deplorable conditions of need and suffering, brought on by the intense cold of the past week, and whereas, we are sure that suffering among our people would have been fearful to a degree, painful to contemplate, had not the Associated charities extended its benevolent hand to feed the hungry and warm the cold; we sincerely appreciate the splendid benevolence of this organization. Be it resolved:

"First, That we most heartily commend the manifestation of the Christ spirit, which seeks to do good to all men.

"Second, That we give sincere thanks to Miss Carrie Frite, the patient, willing and sympathetic secretary, who seemed to find pleasure in relieving suffering.

"Third, That we hold in pleasant memory the noble zeal and untiring efforts of the Rev. T. P. Noe, whose heart was big enough to take in the need of every one who asked for aid.

"Doted in behalf of a grateful people: Signed—Drs. W. H. Moore, A. J. Wilson, James A. Bonner, John E. Jackson, E. L. Maddison; Revs. J. H. Rhoe, D. B. Mdoona, M. L. Dawson, Elms and others."

MAN AND HIS TROUBLES.

Man that is born of a woman, is of but a few days, and full of microbes. He hoppeth out of bed in the morning, and his feet are pierced with the tacks of disappointment. He walketh through the Streets of the City, in the pride and glory of his manhood, and slippeth on the banana peel of misfortune, and disjointeth his neck. He smoketh the cigar of contentment, and behold it explodes with a loud noise, for it was loaded. He slippeth down the banister of life and encounters many slivers of torture.

He lieth down to sleep at night, and is stung by mosquitoes of annoyance, and his frame is gnawed by the bed bugs of adversity. What is man but the blind worm of fate? Behold, he is impaled upon the hook of despair and furnishes bait for the Leviathan, death and the fathomless ocean of time. Sorrow and travail follow him all the days of his life.

In his infancy he is afflicted with worms and colic and in his old age he is afflicted with rheumatism and growing toe nails. He marryeth a cross-eyed woman because her father rich and neth she has not sense enough to fry the festive chuck steak; and then the father-in-law monkey with options and goeth under.

What is man, but the tumour on the rock of existence? He playeth the rices and betteth on the brown mare, because he received a tip, and the sorrel gelding winneth by a neck. Behold, he runneth for office, and the deadbeat pulleth his leg ever and anon, and then votes for the other man; but he exalteth himself among the people and swellth with pride, but when the votes are counted, his name is MUD. He had boasted of his strength in Israel, and is beaten by the red-headed man from the Bloody Third. He goeth forth to breathe the fresh air, and meditate upon the vanity of earthly things, and is accosted by a Bank Cashier with a Slight Draught of \$492.00; and then a political enemy lieth in wait for him in the market place and walketh round him, crowning him like a cock. Verily, man is nothing but a wart on the nose of nature, a bunion on the toe of time and a freckle on the face of the universe.

CONTRIBUTED.

COMMISSIONER'S SALE By virtue of a decree of the Superior Court, made on the 27th day of December, 1917, made in the case therein pending between Alice Larkins and husband John Larkins versus Thomas Harriss, et al., the undersigned will sell, to the highest bidder, at public auction, for cash at the Court House door in the City of Wilmington, on Monday, the 4th day of February, 1918, at twelve o'clock M., the following described lot of land in said City of Wilmington: Beginning at a point in the Northern line of Queen street 80 feet East from Northern intersection of Queen and Second streets; runs thence Eastwardly along the Northern line of Queen street, 42 feet; thence Northwardly and parallel with Second street 66 feet; thence Westwardly and parallel with Queen street 42 feet; thence Southwardly and parallel with Second street 66 feet to the beginning, and being part of Lot 6, Block 24, according to the official plan of the said City of Wilmington.

WILLIAM M. BELLAMY, Commissioner.

GERMANS CONTINUE TO MISTREAT BELGIANS

Hun Now Depriving People of Belgium of the Necessities of Life

(By Geo. H. Manning)

Washington, Jan. 10.—The Belgian people in the territory overrun by Germany continue to be abused, harassed and suffer severely at the hands of the iron handed and "cultured" German oppressor.

Not content with destroying their work of art, stealing their wealth and treasure and driving their men and girls into Germany to undergo conditions of slavery, the Germans are now taking from the long-suffering but brave and patriotic Belgians the few meagre necessities of life they possess.

Information leaking into the United States from Belgium through Holland and given out today by an official of the Belgian Official Information Service shows that the Belgians have recently been robbed of their cows, milk and eggs, articles which were already so scarce in Belgium; that they were reserved for children and invalids. These necessities of life were taken from them by large bodies of German troops on their way to the Flanders front.

These outrages follow seizures by the Germans through Imperial edict of all the woolen mattresses and cushions, shoes, tobacco, clothing and copper, brass and bronze cooking utensils owned, highly prized and sorely needed by the poor Belgians.

Heavy fines and imprisonment were announced by the Germans for non-compliance by the Belgians with these outrageous demands. On October 18 a German edict ordered that a declaration should be made of "all shoes, such as walking shoe, sport shoes, ball shoes and slippers of all kinds."

Two weeks later four out of five of the declared articles were to be delivered to the Germans. In the meantime, wool was seized all around the country. The inhabitants had to give all kinds of wool, "pure or mixed, including mattresses and cushions."

They had to be replaced by bags of sea grass, according to two private letters from different sources, dated at Brussels, at the end of November, 1917, received just now at the Belgian legation, only one change of clothing has been left to the Belgians by the German authorities.

The kitchens did not escape the requisitions and rapacity of the Germans. The glory of the Belgian housewives, the huge pans and kettles in red or yellow, always polished and kept in a brilliant state of cleanliness had to go to Germany with the bright jars and jugs of milkmaids, a picturesque feature of Brussels' streets. Nearly every conceivable brass, copper and bronze object which enters into the construction or furnishing of a house has been requisitioned.

Those dismal edicts invariably end with a threat of the most terrific penalties for those who fail to comply by the delivery of often minor articles. A fine of ten thousand marks and one year imprisonment for holding back marks, 50,000 marks and three years imprisonment for hiding wool, 25,000 marks and two years imprisonment for not delivering all tobacco that one happens to own, etc., were threatened as penalties.

THE VALUE OF A SMILE.

The thing that goes the farthest in making life worth while, that costs the least, and does the most, is just a pleasant smile.

The smile that bubbles from the heart, that veses its fellowmen, will drive away the clouds of gloom and coax the sun again.

It's full worth and goodness, too, with human kindness bent; it's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

There is no room for sadness where we see a cheery smile; it always has the same good look, it's never out of style.

It nerves us on to try again, when failure makes us blue, the dimples of encouragement are good for me and you.

It pays a higher interest, for it is merely lent; it's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

A smile comes easily enough; a twinkle in the eye is natural, and comes more good than any long-drawn sigh; it touches on the heart-strings all they quiver, blithe and long, and always an echo that is very like a song.

So smile away! folks understand by what a smile is meant; it's worth a million dollars and it doesn't cost a cent.

DO NOT SAVE KINKY HAIR Use Exelento

NEW YORK—DAY-BY-DAY. (O. O. McIntyre.)

(Special To The Dispatch.) New York, Jan. 10.—It is funny what a goldfish can do to disturb the peacefulness of placid lives. Some one sent Miss Baird Leonard, the pungent paragrapher of The Morning Telegraph, a gold fish for a present the other day. When the elevator man informed her that he had put a fish in her apartment she looked at him sharply to see if he were registering impertinence or imbecility.

She opened the door of her apartment and beheld a glittering three-fourths of an inch object darting through the channels of a Bocklin picture in a Japanese bowl. Caesar's cryptic triple-verb message about his conquest of the Gauls went double for that gold fish. Miss Leonard was changed more quickly than the Geni in "Marouf" from an independent voter to a slave beset by responsibility.

First the fish had to have a name. So she christened him "Stuyvesant." Secondly, he must be cared for. Everybody, except Miss Leonard, it seemed, knew all about gold fish. Some said to be careful and change the water every day and others said to change it three times a week and then some said feed it twice daily and others thrice weekly.

An apartment neighbor dropped in and saw the lone goldfish and shuddered. There was only one thing to do—said the neighbor—get a companion for Stuyvesant or he will die.

So she started out and drifted into one of those drugless drug stores that keep everything in the world but drugs.

"I am looking for a minnow to play with my gold fish," she said to the clerk. The clerk turned her over to the chief of the minnow department. There was a paucity of companionable minnows. The clerk believed it was the war—at least everything was being blamed on the war.

So Miss Leonard went home to see her gold fish die of loneliness. While she had gone something had happened. There was Stuyvesant and two little gold fish. And now it seems that she will have to change Stuyvesant's name.

Theatrical managers are huddling into their fur coats these days. Dirty weather, mates, along the Rialto. Ticket speculators go about with tears in their eyes wishing they had stuck to burglary or sneaking milk cans where it would be possible to have a dinner at Child's now and then.

W. A. Brady said recently that it would be only a short while before at least twenty theatres in New York would be dark. A. L. Erlanger the same day said about the same thing.

When Brady and Erlanger say the same thing it means something. For years they have increased the working hours of lawyers to prove the ancient adage that there are several sides to each question. If Mr. Erlanger says it is going to rain, Mr. Brady predicts a long dry spell.

The theatre is in an alarming state. Seventy new productions thus far and forty-nine have expired with low gurgles. And the poor stars are as free of money as an unwashed Russian is of a clean collar. William Faversham and his lovely eyes lasted two weeks. Henry Miller, one. Billie Burke survived thirty-three performances. Alice Nielson achieved only two.

A new song on Broadway that is quite popular is proving a big mouthful for convivial souls who always chirp ditties homeward bound in the morning dawn. It is a rousing song and has the words: "We'll knock the Heligo into Heligo, out of Heligo-land." Three young blades in evening clothes and silk topers, arms linked, were weaving up Broadway chasing late pedestrians with tune. One started the Heligo song. The others tried to follow and after several false starts they suddenly switched to "Over There". And not one of them smiled—but the late pedestrians got a good laugh.

Beating war bread is not a fad. It is a true patriotic service in the interests of your fighting men and of food conservation.

Pyorrig TRADE MARK NO CURE FOR RIGGS DISEASE

All Depends Upon Whether You Consult a Dentist or a Physician. New York, N. Y.—Ask any dentist and he will very likely tell you there is no cure for riggs disease. Physicians say there is, and that it is a germ disease of the gums, caused by cattarrh and cold bugs. Anyway, the following distinctive features are observable in the treatment of riggs disease by patients using pyorrig. The progress of the disease is promptly arrested and soon stopped. The color of the gums is restored to a healthy pink condition in the course of a few days. Undue redness of gums disappears. Inflammation, soreness and sensitiveness disappear. Gums build up and fill out, receding spots. Separated teeth come together. Loose teeth tighten up and bleeding of gums ceases. Shrunken gums are invigorated and healthified. Pyorrig is a prescription specially for riggs disease which comes in the form of a medicated massage unguentum which stays where it is put, unaffected by saliva and is being dispensed in original packages, price one dollar, at best drug stores, including Jarman & Futrelle, in Wilmington.

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SUBURBAN SCHEDULE IN EFFECT NOVEMBER 19, 1917. WINTER PARK, WRIGHTSVILLE, WRIGHTSVILLE BEACH EAST BOUND. WEST BOUND.

SPECIAL FOR SUNDAYS Leave Front and Princess streets every half hour from 2 to 5 P. M. Leave Beach every half hour from 2:45 P. M.

HERALD SQUARE HOTEL 34th ST. JUST WEST OF BROADWAY NEW YORK EVERY comfort and convenience. On direct car lines from all R. R. Stations and Ferries.

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Mary Pickford is adored the world over for her ability, character, and youthful charm. Miss Pickford has again honored the makers of Pompeian toilet preparations by posing exclusively for the 1918 Pompeian Beauty Art Panel.

Black, Purple, Brown, Gold, Grey and Taupe Satin Hats. Velvet Hats at Cost MISS ALMA BROWN

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