

ITALIANS ARE MAKING GOOD.

Holding Middle and Lower Reaches of Piave, and Have Thrown Back Greater Portion of Enemy Who Crossed River. Enemy Still Trying To Drive Through North.

While the Italians are holding the middle and lower reaches of the Piave river successfully against the Teutonic allied invaders, and even have thrown back the greater portion of those who crossed the stream and gained the western bank, the enemy is trying with strong forces in the north to beat back the troops of General Diaz, pierce the line and force a retirement westward from the river from the region of Vidor to the Adriatic Sea.

In this endeavor the invaders have captured several important points of vantage—namely the villages of Quero and Monte Cornelle—and have compelled the Italians under a heavy bombardment to evacuate their strongly fortified positions on Monte Tomba, almost the last stronghold barring the way to the northern edge of the Venetian plains. These captures are reported by the German war office, but the admission had been made previously by Rome that the enemy was attacking in this region with heavy effectives, doubtless among them reinforcements which it had been known for several weeks they were hurrying southward. The Germans announced also the taking of 1,100 prisoners during the fighting.

Nothing as yet has been heard of the arrival of British and French reinforcements to aid the Italians in holding their line, but the "few days" that it was announced last week would have to elapse before they could reach the front have now passed, and it is not improbable that soon the front in the north will perceptibly stiffen and bring to an end the inroads of the enemy.

All the enemy forces which last week crossed the river Piave near Zenson have been swept clear of the western bank in a brilliant attack by the Italians. Large numbers of them met death along the eastern bank or were drowned in their hurried attempt to ford the stream. Others were bayoneted or forced to surrender, and it was only a small portion of the original force that was able to make their way to safety.

No infantry action of importance have taken place along the western front in Belgium and France, but indications point to another attack by Field Marshal Haig in Flanders and possibly by General Petain's forces near Verdun. On both sectors extremely heavy bombardments are in progress—that in Flanders extending from the region of Passchendaele on past the French positions on the British left and up to the Belgian coast.

While the Bolshevik elements in Russia are threatening to make a peace on their own terms and thenceforth remain neutral in the war, dispatches from Petrograd are to the effect that the German Emperor has made it known that he will negotiate for peace only with the successor to the Imperial Russian government or with the Russian constituent assembly.

THE TEACHERS CAN HELP.

Peculiarly fitted by temperament and by training for service, and interested in the conservation of all resources the teacher has a most unusual opportunity in the months to come. If we are to win this war we must win it with food and feed as much as by guns and men. We need food for our people here at home, for our boys over there, and for the armies of our allies and their families.

Our people do not yet realize how vitally necessary food is to the winning of war. They seem to have a notion that there is a great deal of talk about something which is not so very important. They may perhaps recognize the need for great numbers of men, for ships, for ammunition, for guns, for steel and iron, but that we must provide great stores of foodstuffs and feedstuffs seems too far removed from warfare to appear a real necessity.

The teachers can talk such matters over with the children in school and make clear to them how necessary food is for an army and successful warfare.

The first great lesson the teacher can drive home is the necessity for saving what we have, using certain foods and feeds not easily transported across seas and thus setting free for transportation the wheat, meat, sugar and fats so easily carried and so necessary to a well-rounded ration for fighting men.

Some parents feel they are being asked to live on a shortened ration. Teachers can correct the error and impress upon the children the idea that we can still live as well and better by using certain articles of diet more and using others less.

The second lesson is to begin preparation now for producing more food and feed next year than ever in our

history. As time goes on the waste of war will increase and the need for us who have great untilled areas to make them produce will be ever greater and greater. Not less cotton and tobacco but more corn, wheat, hogs, cattle, vegetables, and fruits must be produced.

Geography, language, arithmetic, all lend themselves as convenient media through which the teacher can do this work. Here is a chance for the teacher to do her bit. The Bureau of Extension will furnish specific information about such work if the teachers who are interested will send a postcard request for such help.—University News Letter.

A FLYING FIELD.

(By Edwin Smith Pou.)

In reading in The Herald of the recent visit to Smithfield by an airman, and of the fine show the people at home had the chance to enjoy, I wished that you might also have the pleasure of a visit to a big flying field. There being no flying fields nearer to you than Memphis, Tenn., which is a new field, I believe even this poor attempt to describe one of Uncle Sam's Aerodromes will interest you.

The greatest care is exercised in selecting the sites for this very important work. A glance at a list of these fields would show very prominently that all are located near large cities. There is no special reason for this except that being thus located makes the obtaining of supplies more easily accomplished. Also if a map maker should undertake the job of mapping the immediate surrounding country he would have very little trouble drawing in his contours, for the country is practically level. Ravines, hills, and valleys hold unlimited supply of "bumps" and "sinking pockets." These are the names for the once called air pockets, and believe me, they live up to their name. A "bump" reminds me exactly of dropping into a five foot hole sitting alone in the back seat of a Ford, but in reality it is a gust of air pushing your machine upward. In a sinking pocket you sometimes drop 500 feet, and it only feels like 2 feet. This only one of the several reasons why flying low is dangerous.

That is taking me away from my subject a little bit so I will now undertake the task of describing the appearance of a Field to a visitor, (and if answering questions will give us an idea of their thoughts we know).

If you are lucky enough to have friends on the Field you will avoid a good bit of trouble in getting admittance to the place. As a matter of fact no one can get in this particular Field unless some officer will vouch for him—usually her. If you know in any way the nomenclature of an airplane you will readily see the reason for this. The wires of these machines are as important as the motors themselves, and with a small file one could endanger the lives of many flyers. This is the more important reason; there are many others.

Once by the guards you are still under the escort of a man armed with Colt Automatic, but you will soon forget him in your wonderment—unless you break a rule of the Field. A long row of buildings used for storing the machines by the name "hangars," will first come before your eyes, beyond which you will see a large clear field covering twenty or twenty-five acres. This field is the ground used for landing and "taking off" the machines. The machine usually runs along the ground for sixty yards in either case. A close observer would notice that all the machines or "planes" circled the same direction. This is one of the laws of the air, the direction of the turn being indicated by a big flag displayed over one of the hangars. The direction of the wind is also indicated to the men already up when the wind changes or shifts direction by a big "T" on the ground, you should land along the long arm and toward the short arm of the "T". We have plenty of rules, except for speeding and the planes are run full on at all times except in formation flying.

The Officer in Charge of Flying on the ground with field glasses is the traffic cop, and if you break a rule you usually get anything from a smiling rebuke to a regular balling out for breaking rules in the air. After tiring of watching the machines soar in the air your attention might be directed towards the pilots, which are so varied in appearance that I will not you, with himself and everything in general, but I think the nearest simile I may use in describing my feeling as I walked off the field after my first loop is by the same self-conscious feeling I had once before not so long ago when I walked down town with my first suit of long trousers.

Mt. Clemens, Mich.

BIRDDOG LOST. BLACK AND white, mostly white, old dog, answers to the name Bland. Deliver at Farmers Warehouse, and receive reward. J. C. Weeks, Smithfield.

Lower Johnston Items.

The school opened at Poplar Grove last Monday with Misses Bessie Cameron, of Cameron, N. C., and Naomi Morgan, of Lower Johnston, as teachers. The attendance was not very good on account of the people not being through housing their crops.

Mr. Oscar McLamb, from near Clinton, and Miss Bettie Jackson, of Mt. Elam, visited at the home of Mrs. L. D. Johnston Sunday.

Mr. G. P. Lee, of this section, attended church Saturday and Sunday at Mingo Primitive Baptist Church, in Sampson County.

Mrs. Barbara Baggett is very ill we regret to note.

Mr. B. L. Denning has returned after spending a fortnight in Petersburg, Va., and other points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. L. P. Lee, from near Smithfield, visited at the home of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Wilks Sunday.

There will be a singing celebration at Poplar Grove Saturday. Several classes are expected to be present.

Mr. Westbrook Lee and daughter, Miss Thelma Lee, and Mr. and Mrs. Newton Lee, of Rosin Hill, visited at Mr. Mordecai Lee's Sunday.

Lower Johnston furnished her share of people at the County Fair last week. They all report a fine time.

Mr. J. C. Gilbert, of Benson, made a business trip to this section last week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Tart, of Oakland section, visited at Mr. O. D. Johnson's Sunday.

The farmers throughout this section are greatly increasing the acreage in wheat this fall. We think it is a wise plan.

Mr. F. C. Lee and sister, Miss Leslie, spent Sunday afternoon near Blackman's Cross Roads.

Ben, the six-year-old boy of Mr. and Mrs. Zero Lee, while playing on the porch with other children accidentally fell from the porch and broke his arm, but is getting on nicely.

Messrs Carlyle Jackson and Earl Barefoot, of Dunn, were in this section Sunday afternoon.

Messrs J. K. Tart and Moses Tart who are in the United States service are spending a few days at home.

Mr. Ed. Lee, from Hood's Grove section, recently made a business trip to these parts.

Mrs. Roena Eldridge is spending some time with friends near Benson.

Dunn, R. 2, Nov. 14.

Start in the Hog-Raising Business.

To the Southern farmer, hog-raising has never before presented so attractive a financial proposition. For over three years the world has been consuming pork products faster than it has produced them, and today we are facing a shortage world-wide in its scope and unprecedented in its acuteness. Nor is this shortage merely temporary. The number of breeding animals has been greatly depleted, and it will be several years, even if peace comes soon, before these can be fully replaced. Moreover, grains of all kinds are short in quantity and high in quality and high in price, and these will, so long as the shortage exists, be used for human food rather than for feeding hogs.

In a word, then hog prices are high and likely to remain so for several years; and out of this situation, there is afforded the Southern farmer the opportunity of a lifetime. Why? Because the South is largely independent of high-priced grains in raising hogs. Here is the big fact that means millions to us if we will only take advantage of it. While farmers in the North and West are selling their brood sows rather than feed them high-priced corn, Southern farmers should be buying brood sows, because we have to feed relatively very little corn to our hogs. In Bermuda grass, bur, white and crimson clover, lespedeza, Abruzzi rye, peanuts, soy beans, cowpeas, velvet beans and chufas, we have an array of crops that makes us independent of high-priced corn except as a part of the finished ration. More than this our climate makes easily possible to have one or more of these crops ready for our hogs to harvest every month, every day, in the year.

With a good permanent pasture of Bermuda grass, bur and white clover, plus patches of rye, crimson clover, soy and velvet beans, peanuts and cowpeas to turn in on throughout the year, the Southern farmer is simply in position to beat the North or West, Europe or nearly anywhere else at the hog-raising game.

Where one sow has been successfully kept, let the farmer keep two; where two have been the rule, four may well be kept; and where four or five have been used, eight or ten may well be considered. By providing these sows with plenty of crops that they can harvest themselves and by having them bring two litters a year, they may be made one of the surest sources of net profits we know of.

The world is short of meats and fats and is willing to pay dearly for them. Let us help in the job of supplying this shortage, and reap a handsome profit while doing it.—The Progressive Farmer.

MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME.

The sun shines bright in the old Kentucky home; 'Tis summer, the darkies are gay; The corn-top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day; The young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All merry, all happy, and bright; By'n-by hard times comes a-knocking at the door— Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

CHORUS.

Weep no more, my lady; oh, weep no more to-day! We will sing one song for the old Kentucky Home, For the old Kentucky Home, far away. They hunt no more for the 'possum and the 'coon On the meadow, the hill and the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon, On the bench by the old cabin door; The day goes by like a shadow o'er the heart, With sorrow, where all was delight; The time has come when the darkies have to part, Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Whenever the darkey may go; A few more days, and the trouble all will end, In the field where the sugar-canes grow; A few more days for to tote the weary load— No matter, 'twill never be light; A few more days till we totter on the road, Then my old Kentucky Home, good-night!

In the entire galaxy of songs reflecting the spirit of the Southland, there is none of them more beautiful than "My Old Kentucky Home," nor none that is surer of a longer lease of life. Its popularity is not confined to any one section of the country, but is universal, and few American songs have been so favorably received the world over. In every civilized country on the globe "My Old Kentucky Home" has been sung, and so general has been its popularity that it is recognized everywhere as an American classic. Its author was Stephen Collins Foster, who has given to our musical literature more songs that have become popular than have come from any other American author, leading among which are: "Uncle Ned," "Way Down Upon the Suwanee River," "Old Dog Tray," "Massa's in the Cold, Cold Ground," "Old Black Joe," "O, Susannah," "Gentle Annie," &c.

"My Old Kentucky Home" was written by Foster while he and his sister were on a visit to Judge John Rowan, a short distance east of Bardstown, Ky. Judge Rowan was born in the western part of Pennsylvania in 1773, and his family were neighbors and friends of the parents of the song writer. Through this friendship young Foster and his sister were invited to visit the Rowan plantation, which was a typical Blue Grass home of an eminent jurist of Kentucky, who later had the honor of having one of the counties of that State named after him.

The exact date of the writing of the song has never been given, but it was among his earliest efforts. Like all well-kept Southern homes before the war, the house and grounds were always in first-class condition and the broad fields, that spread in every direction, must have had a wonderful effect on the mind of young Foster. Being of a sympathetic and lovable disposition, he took much interest in everything about him, and especially so in the slaves, of which the judges had a large number.

One bright morning, it is related, while the slaves were at work in the corn fields, and singing the darkey plantation songs at their work, young Foster and his sister wandered out upon the lawn of the Rowan homestead. From a rustic bench, upon which they seated themselves, they could command a fine view of the plantation. The sun was shining, the cool Southern wind was waving the golden grain. The trees all about were in their best of foliage. Flitting about were the mocking birds warbling their dulcet notes. The mellow song of the thrush added to the music of the scene, and altogether it was an ideal day for an inspiration such as came to Foster for the writing of his "My Old Kentucky Home."

A number of small negro children were playing about the place. Foster was very observant of everything that was going on about him, and as was his habit, he never was without

pencil and paper. He had received a good public school education and had devoted much time to the study of music. He had learned unaided to play on the flageolet, and thrummed the guitar and banjo as an accompaniment to ditties of his own composition.

Getting out his paper and pencil he set to work, idly jotting down notes that came to him, and words to fit them, little dreaming that he was arranging one of the most beautiful songs ever written. After a time he had finished the first verse. His sister, who had been engaged in reading a book, stopped for a time to look over the penciled page, and being the possessor of a sweet and sympathetic voice, she began to hum the melody.

When she had finished Foster was much pleased with his effort, and his sister so enthusiastic over the song, that she persuaded him to continue while she resumed reading. In a short time Foster had completed a second verse, and this he himself sang to his sister, as he was also the possessor of a good singing voice of the bass quality.

He then set to work upon the last verse. In the meantime the darkies were returning from work. They were laying aside their rakes and hoes. The little tots ran out to meet them and coming back went bobbing about the sheltering trees, with the black mummies peeping from behind the corners of the house watching so that they would not overstep the bounds of propriety expected of them.

It was these darkies, these pickaninies and the other accessories to the scene, which gave Foster the inspiration for his third verse. And it is needless to say, with such material, he was able to find his sequel to the other two verses with little difficulty. After it was finished both brother and sister sang the third verse, and then together, after inviting the colored people to come and hear his effort, the three verses were sung to them.

As the song was finished, it is said, tears flowed down the old people's cheeks; the children crept from their hiding places behind the trees, their faces wreathed in smiles, and even the mocking birds flitted about the trees chirping as if to join in the melody.

Foster wrote both the words and music of all his songs. His method of composition was to jot down the melody as it came to him, and thereafter to invent suitable words. He adhered to simple chords for accompaniments, and kept the airs within the range of ordinary voices. The subjects appeal to home life and popular taste, and the versification is smooth and musical. His negro ditties are characterized by archness, humor, and unusual refinement. He was born in Pittsburg on July 4, 1826, and died in New York City on January 13, 1864. He was a man of culture familiar with the French and German languages, and a respectable artist in water colors.

The old Kentucky home of the Rowans has had lots of attention brought to it through its having been the scene of the writing of this beautiful song. Since the death of Foster an imposing monument has been erected to his memory, but not shafts of marble, however delicately chiseled or wonderfully built, can be more enduring than this one of the many musical legacies he has left us.—"My Old Kentucky Home."—Selected.

Bunyan's Pilgrim a True Type.

"The Pilgrim's Progress" is one of those permanent books which survive their own theories. Paul, Augustine, a Kempis and Bunyan had their views of the world, natural and spiritual, and many of these views are no longer held. But they put more into their books than views—they worked life and experience into them in such a way that no remodeling of theology or philosophy will take away their value. They stand as part of the great inheritance of the race," writes T. R. Glover.

"Like all such books, Bunyan's Pilgrim takes us into new regions and opens up new avenues of experience. For many it is now the one great type of the Christian life. * * * It gives us the unspeakable feeling which pulsed through Christian's mind when 'he thought he heard the Voice of a man going before him,' and gathered from that 'That some who feared God were in this Valley as well as himself.' Above all, it is a book of Victory. There is the Celestial City, with its bells ringing, at the end, but what is more to the point for us just now, we see Christian wounded, shamed, and fallen 'with a dreadful fall,' with Apollyon 'sure of him' at last—and yet there and then consciously 'more than conquerer through him that loved us.' As Christian said elsewhere (with a smile), 'I think verily I know the meaning of this.' And when the last page is read, how often has the word of the 'Man of a very stout Countenance' come to the readers' lips—'Set down my name, Sir.'"

SEVEN KITTENS GET JOBS IN CONGRESS

Washington.—A job has been found for Congressman Austin's secretary's cat's seven kittens. They will be welcome down on the floor below in Representative Hulbert's office. Mice are overrunning the place. They are as bold as bulldogs. Frank McEnany, Mr. Hulbert's secretary, says they climb on the big leather chairs and watch him derisively as he tries to work. The other night the mice ate up all the free seeds that Mr. Hulbert had for distribution among his constituents. That is not much of a disaster, in view of the fact that his district in New York is one of the most thickly populated in the greater city and the people wouldn't know what to do with the seeds if he sent them on. What is of importance, though, is that the mice also ate up a bas-relief model of the East river, Hell Gate and Ward's island, being attracted by the excellent quality of glue in the papier mache. Hell Gate is a most precious thing in the eyes of this congressman.

MELT HEIRLOOMS FOR ARMY

Women From All Over Country Give Up Keepsakes to Send Gifts to Soldiers.

New York.—Old gold and silver contributed by women in all parts of the United States to aid in carrying on the work of the National Special Aid society, melted, sold for \$2,400.

The gold and silver represented many heirlooms from old families, from Maine to California. Many of them, in sending in their contributions, said that the articles contributed were of great sentimental value.

This money will be used to buy necessities and luxuries, too, for American soldiers in military camps urgently needed. The society received a request from one of these camps for 300 sweaters, 300 pairs of socks, 300 pairs of gloves, phonographs and other camp essentials.

DEDUCTIVE TEST IS FAILURE

Scientific Method Adopted by New York Detectives Admittedly Inconclusive.

New York.—The first real test of the new method evolved by the New York detective bureau for proving crime solely through chemical, scientific and analytical deductions resulted in failure in the court of general sessions. An indictment of Vincenzo de Stefano for ten-year-old Tillie Brown's murder was dismissed when chemists of the central testing laboratories admitted that they had been "too positive" in their statements before the grand jury that they had discovered infinitesimal fragments of the strap used in strangling the child on the blade of a knife found in De Stefano's possession.

URGES CHANNEL TUNNEL



Arthur Fell, the leader in the movement to construct a tunnel under the English channel, is now working on plans to bring the idea to a head. He recently met representatives from France and other allied powers and with them went over the situation.

DROWNS TRYING TO RESCUE

Scout Master Sinks in Mississippi River While Bringing Youth Ashore.

St. Louis.—Eugene Ferris, eight years old, of Alton, a Boy Scout, and William Strittmatter, twenty-one, scoutmaster of a boys' troop, were drowned in the Mississippi river a mile north of Alton.

The scoutmaster, a strong swimmer, had gone to the aid of young Ferris when the latter, in wading about, got into deep water and was carried out into the river by the current. He had succeeded in getting to the boy and had grasped him by the hair and started swimming for the shore, when both sank.

Strittmatter had taken young Ferris and eight other boys of his troop on a hike. The boys prevailed on him to permit them to get into the water, and be joined them.