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WHAT'S THE USE?

What's the use of crying?
The sun will shine again.
What's the use of sighing?
Life isn't wholly vain.
You will not always have to stand
The cold old world's abuse;
Some day you'll get the upper hand—
So what's the use?

What's the use of moaning?
It will not alter things.
What's the use of groaning?
Beneath misfortune's stings?
Perhaps you'll be an ace some day,
Though now you are a duce;
But no one makes complaining pay,
So what's the use?
—Los Angeles Times.

LADY FAY.

By
WALTER E. GROGAN.

Lady Fay Ference looked in at the big north window. Her slight, silk clad shoulders shivered with a delightful excitement. She tapped at the French window, and laughed. It was a pretty accomplishment; it suggested spontaneity rather than practice. The man within, frowning over an easel and sucking at an empty pipe, started. He came forward and threw the window open.

"Lady Fay, by all that's wonderful!" he said.

"Frank Derwent, by all that's—! You see, I know my Sheridan." She stepped in daintily, a very little figure outrageously frilled and flounced. "Shall we establish a new 'School for Scandal' if we only could! But nowadays scandal requires no school. I knew you were here. You long to ask me how but you can't get a word in edgeways. My maid. She recognized you in the village—after ten. Really, maids have so many opportunities. They are allowed out by themselves until ten once every week. And if they smile at the butler the privilege is extended. I should go about grinning at him always. She said, 'The mysterious artist, Mr. Jones, at The Den, is Mr. Derwent.' Don't frown. No one else knows."

"But a woman and a secret!"

"That's unworthy of you. Don't you know that we only tell secrets when they are to the disadvantage of other females? And I wanted to keep this, and Elise wants to keep her place. Why do I want to keep this secret? Oh the country gives me primitive impressions that it is improper. I come to see you in a studio—horribly untidy place, Frank—alone. And you are here incognito. It's thrilling—and dear Lady Jane—have I told you I am staying with the Hollingtons? I am, it's my penance for a season wickedly delightful; my doctor said, 'You're run down' (which sounds like something to do with a motor car, which is absurd), 'go and be as dull as you can be.' So naturally I thought of dear Lady Jane. I've been a thorn in her flesh—she has so much that one has to be a huge thorn to be at all impressive—and now she has her reward. She will be shocked! Think of it, Frank! Isn't it Cranfordish? Shocked! She will sermonize, and I shall be flippant, and both her Nonconformist conscience and her droll, evil thinking heart will rejoice!"

"But I am your cousin," Frank Derwent interposed. He was a tall lazy looking man, young to be an Associate, old enough to be interesting. Many people said that he was handsome, some that he was ugly, a difference of opinion which invariably suggests danger.

"When was cousinship a bar to scandal? Don't you want to know why I have come?"

"No."

"Why not? That's a horrid remark." She pouted piously.

"I know," he looked at her steadily, half quizzically, and she looked away. Her hair, as light as spun silk, had brought a memory of sun into the studio.

"You don't!" she said, hastily.

"We naturally gravitate toward each other. In other bodies it is called the law of attraction." He gave the sentence a caressing finish. A smile flickered over her face. "Ever since you came out we have obeyed the law. You have confessed to me as many of your sins as you could remember. I have invented as many peccadilloes as my imagination could compass to match your confessions. Each time you have been engaged I have been the first to experience desolation. How many times have you broken my heart? You have even criticized my work frankly, very frankly, and I have quarrelled with you over a frock."

"Yes, we've been chums, good chums for a long time," she said, pausing in front of the easel. "Don't you find painting monotonous, Frank? You are shocked. But I should get so tired of canvas—and oils smell like a garage. Why don't you do things like Max? He's much funnier. I am sure his caricatures are lovely—when you know who they are. Did I tell you Lady Jane won't allow me out alone?"

"But—"

"Oh, I started with a girl. She's staying with Lady Jane, too. She (the girl, not Lady Jane) has a passion for views—one of those extraordinary beings who go to Davos Platz for the scenery and not tobogganing. I told her the view from the Beacon is lovely—it is, isn't it? It ought to be, it's such a steep hill. She went at it

eagerly and I came on." She made one or two lunges with her parasol at a canvas standing with its face against the wall. Derwent moved it out of reach.

"Then, when you go back alone Lady Jane—"

"Oh, no. The girl will come on here, I am afraid she thinks you are a woman. I said I was going to see a friend."

"She does not know you very well."

"No," Lady Fay acknowledged very frankly. "She never would."

"Then we may be interrupted at any moment?"

"Yes—and when Lady Jane knows that you are here— She is scandalized at the idea of your painting. She says there is no excuse for a man in Burke doing such a thing, that Jezebel painted, and we all know what happened to her. So I shall not be able to see you again down here."

She really was very pretty. Derwent moved slowly over to the couch on which she sat.

"Has it occurred to you, Fay, that whenever we want to see each other one has to go in search of the other? It—it is a waste of time."

"There is the expectation."

"There is always the danger of a rainy day."

"Or a sunny day. The sun is terrible this afternoon, and I freckle so easily. But I don't see how we can obviate the difficulty. You couldn't set up a studio at our place. There is the question of models—and mother loaths the smell of paint. We always go to Monte when the painters come."

"No, Grosvenor Square is out of the question. There is only one way."

She scratched meaningless ciphers on the floor with the point of her parasol, watching the operation intently.

"Don't you think the 'only way' is always—well, heroic?"

"Every one has prophesied it," he suggested. She really was attractive and, after all, it would be eminently prudent and practical. It seemed incumbent upon an Associate to be married. Much can be done in the interest of art by an interested wife, who is not artless. Dinners open doors.

A lifted cheek showed an added glow in its coolness.

"It would be rather hard upon them to—make them false prophets. On the other hand, if we establish them"—

She paused suggestively.

"It certainly would be a compliment to their intelligence at once subtle and delightful."

"And later Lady Jane would be glad. I feel that I owe Lady Jane much. She has been my skeleton at the feast so long. It is refreshing to be familiar with one's skeleton."

"But she—she hates me!" Derwent remonstrated.

"Yes. She has always prophesied a bad end for me. Think of her delight in the contemplation of an end out-marching her imagination. Don't frown. It really is a beautiful trait in my character. I am being unselfish. Is that the wrong word? I always do say the wrong thing on these occasions. Never believe that experience teaches, Frank. Experience, when varied, muddles. But it does seem hopeless, doesn't it? Everybody has expected it for ages—and the worst of it is that I can't quite dislike you."

"No, that is hopeless—no one can."

"I have never seen enough of you to discover your worst faults—that may be remedied. Oh, if it is, Frank, if, seeing so much of you—the Lollerts will insist upon lending us their country house. I know, they offer it every time—I grow to dislike you!"

"I think it will be impossible," he said. "But in any case we need never see too much of each other. Of course I could never see too much of you—cetera va sans dire—but for your own comfort I suggest calling to recollection the married couples we know. They are never bored with each other's society—the occasional times when they meet must ever keep their freshness. There is not one circle in London, there are several; there is not one country house, but several; not one yacht, but many. I really think—I speak for your consolation—that we need never meet except possibly at our own functions and—er—Christmas Day. I throw in the latter as a sop to popular sentiment."

"You are so considerate, Frank. You understand more than any man I know. Whether you are considerate for me or for yourself I am not quite sure." She spoke a little wistfully, which he did not notice.

"As long as the end is reached I

hardly see that that matters," he said, cheerfully.

"And I suppose we have reached a real, definite, decisive end?"

"Yes—or a beginning. There is always a haziness about these matters."

"Then we have decided. It must be diamonds, Frank. I never accept anything else—half-hoop, of course. You had better get a few down to choose from. That is what I generally prefer. And you must be very, very attentive to me while we are engaged."

"I insist upon a short engagement. And you will dismiss your cavaliers."

"All of them, Frank?"

"I think all. I have a sympathetic heart, and I really could not bear to see them."

"There are sacrifices!" She sighed, and then lifted smiling lips to him. A tap at the window startled them.

"Go round to the door, Sydney!"

Lady Fay called out promptly, without turning round. "There's always something wrong with the catch of a French window. How like a woman who is fond of views to come blundering at a window like that!" she added, as she heard footsteps retreat toward the door.

"Sydney?" Derwent inquired eagerly. He had not noticed the face of the woman at the window.

"The girl, you know. Oh, yes, it is an absurd name. But appropriate."

"Sydney Egmont?"

"Yes." Her voice had a surprised cadence. "Do you know her?"

"I did—I saw a great deal of her at one time." Derwent spoke in a constrained manner, yet there was a strange note in his tones. She looked up at him quickly.

"Ah!" she said, and then mused for a while. "Can't you order tea? We shall not want it, really—housekeeper's tea is terrible. But I think I had better explain. You see, naturally she will be surprised at finding that you are not a woman."

He jumped at the chance of escape quite eagerly, and Lady Fay smiled a little forlornly at his retreating back. She smiled again, but quite brightly, however, when Miss Egmont entered.

"You are alone, Fay?" Miss Egmont demanded. She looked white. Lady Fay noticed that quickly.

"Yes—isn't it stupid? I waited for you an eternity. I do hope you found all the trees and fields and things lovely to look at?"

"You were with a man?"

"I—I am afraid so, Sydney. It generally happens to be a man. I really don't know why—coincidence, I suppose. Frank has gone to order tea, but I told him distinctly that we should not drink it."

"Frank?"

"My cousin, Frank Derwent. He is a lucky man—he was made an Associate a few months ago and now"— She broke off and waited.

"Then I am to understand"— Miss Egmont murmured, perfunctorily.

"How dear of you to guess! I'm afraid it is foolish of me, but every one said it would happen. I suppose it will be in the autumn—that will mean rushing off to town and Paris at once."

"I—I am very glad, Fay," Miss Egmont said, unenthusiastically. "I hope you will be very happy."

"Of course, there is always a chance. And I love shopping. Mother doesn't—it tires her. I believe she is unique."

Lady Fay watched her friend under her eyelashes.

"But Fay—are you never serious?" Miss Egmont demanded.

"I sincerely hope not. Only the middle class are serious. It's what they eat, I think. I am told their cooking is atrocious, owing to the Education acts. I can't tell why it should be, but it is."

A door opened and Frank Derwent entered very stiffly.

"Oh, Frank," said Lady Fay, "this is Miss Egmont. She wants to congratulate you. I think she said you knew her?"

"Some time ago. I dare say Miss Egmont hardly remembers me." He spoke as stiffly as he held himself.

She gave him one quick glance. The little color left in her cheeks fled.

"Mr. Derwent, I believe?" His stiffness appeared to be communicated to her. "I think we met."

"Three years ago. There was a river—"

"Ah, yes. I have some recollection of the river. You were painting, I think?"

He bit his lip. Her elaborate indifference piqued him. Lady Fay sat watching both under the screen of a charming detachment.

"I was painting," Derwent assured her. "It was not my only occupation. I was dreaming of—more important things."

"Really! It's so long ago." The indifference was a trifle too obvious.

"Three years!" cried Lady Fay, shuddering. "An eternity! Time is a horrible monster—I am always killing him, and all the while I have the knowledge that he must turn the tables one day."

"Miss Egmont has found that time obliterated impressions," Derwent declared, with unnecessary pique.

"Time's one redeeming feature," Miss Egmont said, with conviction.

"We are growing morbid," Lady Fay declared. "It is hardly a compliment to Frank's work. I told him he wasn't

amusing, Sydney. He won't do nice black and white caricatures like Max—he won't even do portraits, which is nearly the same thing. Don't you ever do portraits, Frank?"

"I tried once—it was never finished—it was not a success." He was looking at Miss Egmont, not at Lady Fay.

"The beauty of portrait painting is that when the sitter is aggrieved all his or her friends rise up and call the picture lifelike," Lady Fay said, sagely. She rose and wandered around the studio—a gay little figure like a straying butterfly. "Why is this canvas turned with its face to the wall? Is it?"— She looked, raising eyebrows, at Derwent. "I believe it is—and I shall be horribly shocked." She picked it up.

"Don't touch it!" Derwent cried, striding forward. He was to late to prevent her seeing it. A half finished study of a woman's face smiled out of the canvas. The woman's face had the features of Sydney Egmont.

"This is three years old, Frank?" she said quietly.

"Why didn't you finish it?"

"The sitter went away."

"Why did the sitter go away, Sydney?" Miss Egmont, twisting a glove, looking out of the window at the broad sunlight and biting a tremulous lip, gave a shrug of the shoulders that was meant to convey indifference and was merely pathetic.

Lady Fay smiled a little wry smile at her friend's back. Men were unobservant animals, so Frank did not count. Besides, people in love, what did they ever see? Her left hand went straying to her left side. Her friends unanimously held that though charming she was heartless. Yet undoubtedly there was a pain there; a throb, a catch, what you will, but certainly a pain.

"And you let her go, Frank? Why? It—it really is not a bad attempt." She looked at the canvas quizzically, and under cover of her little hand again pressed her side.

"She—she did not care—to finish it." He found phrases hard of making.

"She allowed me to commence—and then went away." Evidently, it was not the unfinished portrait that rankled. He was watching the effect of his words upon the impassive back. There was a light, half hopeful, in his eyes, that Lady Fay had never before seen. "I should never have missed it if I had not seen," she whispered to herself. "I shall always miss it now."

"What a silly reason! If she had not cared she wouldn't have gone away. Oh, don't tell me. I know. I have had quite an extensive experience of such matters. You hardly remember now—I'm sure I am very hazy about all mine. Of course I've had so many quarrels—and when there is only one it makes a difference—But you don't know—you're just two children quarrelling about something you are neither clear about, and sulking in two absurd, uncomfortable corners. Frank, you look diabolical when you frown." Derwent turned away angrily. "But I'm glad I saw you like that; if it had come afterwards it would have been a shock. Like marrying a prince and finding him turned into the beast. You might smile at him, Sydney, encouragingly—anything to alter his expression."

"But Fay"— Miss Egmont was unable to keep joy entirely absent from her voice.

"My dear child, I'm a sportswoman—not a poacher. He's your bird. Of course, I'm glad to be able to add Frank to my list—though brief, it counts one. I believe you think—well, absurd things. I have discovered that Frank can be serious. Just imagine a butterfly being unaccountably yoked to a tortoise! Quite absurd. And we were agreeably and mutually accepting each other to be rid of each other—at least, we found out how very little we needed see of each other. And now I've chattered away all the awkwardness, haven't I?—and Frank completes the dozen, and I'm off to sing comic songs to hymn tunes for the horridification of Lady Jane!"

Half an hour afterwards Frank Derwent, looking absurdly happy, said, "Pshaw! Lady Fay! She has no feeling at all—shallow, quite shallow."

"I wonder!" mused Miss Egmont.—Black and White.

His Ambition.

A new vicar was being shown round the parish by his warden.

"The natives are a hardy lot, sir," he said; "but you haven't seen Peter Sparks—he's the quaintest character in these parts."

This individual turned out to be the sexton, and he was discovered ringing the church bell.

"Is not this bell ringing almost too much for you, my friend?" asked the vicar, sympathetically noting the bent figure of the old man. "You must be a great age?"

"Yessir, yessir," mumbled the old fellow. "Ow many years I've tolled the bell I can't tell ye, but it's beginning to tell on me. Oxysoever, I've tolled the bell for five vicars."

"Dear me!" ejaculated the clergyman, unconcernedly.

"And," continued the sexton, "I'll be happy when I've made up the 'all dozen. I think I'll retire then."

FUN ON THE PARTY WIRE

LONELY FARMERS' WIVES BE-GUILE THE HOURS WITH 'PHONE CHATS.

How One Telephone Was Gradually Moved from Hen House to Barn and Then to the Kitchen—Sewing Circle on the Wire—Weather Reports Useful.

"I never realized what a henpecked race we American husbands were until I began to canvass for telephones in the rural districts," said an agent for a "farmers' telephone" company to the Aurora (Ill.) correspondent of the New York Telegram. "It's the farmer's wife every time who decides whether an instrument shall go in or not, and I have to make arguments accordingly. If she says 'no,' that settles it. The farmer will have nothing more to do with me unless she changes her mind, which she frequently does when her neighbor, Mrs. Jones, a half-mile down the road tells her what a 'solid comfort' her telephone has been."

"To tell the truth, I depend greatly on the neighbors who have put in 'phones to plead for me. They can think of more advantages to be derived in fifteen minutes than I could conjure in a fortnight. And sometimes a farmer's wife will advise her husband to put in a 'phone for no other reason than that she doesn't want her dearest enemy to get ahead of her. But for the most part we have to meet the objection of extravagance when we approach the lady of the house, for these women have learned to count their pennies carefully, and they are horrified at the idea of putting as much money into a thing to talk through as it would take to reshingle the barn. Once the telephone goes in, however, it is the wife who sees that the bills are paid promptly, and would give up her precious egg money rather than be without one again."

"I know of only one case where a farmer put in a telephone in spite of his wife. He argued and argued, but she was obdurate. Finally she said: 'He'll just have to put it in the hen house, for when we married we agreed that he was to have charge of everything outdoors and I of everything indoors. I ain't going to have a telephone always ringing in my house. Henry says the telephone will help him in his business, and if that is so he can have it in the henhouse and attend to it himself.' So the bell jangled merrily amid the crows of the roosters and the cackle of the hens for a month, when it was moved into the barn. From there it soon made a jump to the kitchen, where it was almost at the good wife's elbow. She said apologetically that its ring was 'so sort o' cheerful that she hated to have it wasted on the cows and horses in the barn."

"The president of a sewing circle found a new use for her 'phone one stormy day. The weather was too severe to hold the regular business meeting, so she called the women up, for they were all subscribers, and the meeting was held over the 'phone, each member holding a receiver to her ear and concurring or dissenting, as suited her."

"One of those pleasantly garrulous women confided to me that her husband's taciturnity had always been a thorn in her flesh. 'Those long, silent evenings with him used to drive me nearly wild,' she said, 'but now I call up my daughter Maria, or the minister's wife, or my nephew Tim, and discuss all the news of the day. I save up all my telephone talk until after supper, so I can make the evening pass pleasantly.'

"The practical ways in which the farmers' wives use the 'phone and trolley are numberless. For instance, last summer I called on a thrifty housewife who was preparing to can some cherries. She telephoned to her daughter that she was having them pickled, and if her daughter wanted to do her canning that day she'd send along a mess of cherries by the next trolley. The daughter did, and put her syrup on to boil at once. For a nickel the next trolley car brought the cherries, and the daughter had her canning all done before dinner."

"In one town the wife, as usual, decided that a 'phone should go in, but in the end she was not used once. Consequently, the man who went out to renew the contracts thought it hopeless to ask these people to renew. But his proposition to take it out was not indignantly. 'Well, I guess you don't take it out,' said the farmer's wife. 'We wouldn't know how to do without it.' The contract was renewed, but the mystery remained unsolved until a few weeks later, when the stork paid a visit to the farmer's house. Then the frequent wailing of an infant, heard by other subscribers talking on the line, explained that the people had got their fun out of the telephone, not by talking themselves, but by hearing others talk."

"Funny thing happened in a town where there was a long string of telephones. A woman at the lower end of the town telephoned her neighbor that a mad dog was coming up the road to

ward the neighbor's house, and he declared he would kill the beast before it could get further. But he was so eager to hear the particulars that the dog got past before he was ready for it. Accordingly he telephoned to his next neighbor, where the same thing happened, until it had about every one on that entire line yelling 'mad dog' over the 'phone, and meanwhile the animal vanished utterly."

"A minister's wife in a gossipy, humdrum village rather suffered from the rural telephone, I'm afraid. The minister was new and this was his first parish. His wife was a young, gay, fun-loving person, who liked to go to town as often as possible. Accordingly, she was put down as frivolous said 'teetle too lively' by the sisters in the church, who set out to make life a little less joyous for her in the way some women have. They took turns calling up the house and asking for her, and invariably she was out. Sometimes they would call up as late as one o'clock, and express dismay when the minister explained rather faintly that she had decided to stop in town all night with some old school friends. It ended in the young couple going away, for they couldn't stand this telephone comment, so to speak."

"Sometimes there are rather warm fights over the 'phones when one subscriber uses it a little too long. I know of one case where a woman insisted on giving the crochet pattern of a tidy over the telephone, the woman at the other end requiring her son to hold the receiver to her ear while she crocheted according to directions. The other subscribers were getting so hot that the operator at the switchboard had to butt in and call the tiddy off. Those two women were so mad that they threatened to have their instruments taken out, and said it was for just such things as that they had consented to a 'phone in the first place. Of course, numberless recipes fly over the wire in the country, but, far from resenting it, the other subscribers run to the instruments when they get wind that a recipe is in process of dictation, and they all calmly copy it down."

"Some smart Alecks who drove out from the city and tried to bulldoze a shrewd farmer's wife have the telephone to thank for their failure. They wanted to buy some eggs, and they assured her that eggs had dropped several cents that day in the city. The woman was puzzled to know why, for at that particular season of the year eggs were no drug on the market. These mart Alecks claimed they knew what they were talking about for hadn't they just come from the city? The woman just skipped into the house and telephoned to a large produce store and came back with the information that not only had the eggs not fallen off, but they had gone up two cents. So the smarties had to pay a little extra for their trickery."

"The custom of the telephone companies of calling up the subscribers every morning and giving them the correct time is much appreciated by the farmers' wives, for country clocks generally keep ragtime. The weather reports that are given to the subscribers every day are much appreciated by the women, for often on these reports depends whether they'll make a trip into town or not, or whether the church picnic will be held or not."

Labor in Barbados.

The island of Barbados in the British West Indies, familiarly known as Little Britain, is one of the most densely populated areas in the world, said by some to surpass even Belgium in this respect. The constructors of the Panama canal are endeavoring now to get laborers from the British West Indies and their efforts have been concentrated largely upon Jamaica and Barbados. These raids upon labor in Barbados are now developing a scarcity of labor even there and this is referred to in a recent issue of the Barbados Globe in which it adverts to the fact that the scarcity of men as cane cutters has led to the employment of women for cutting cane. This is regarded as rather an exceptional condition, and yet the editor says the fact that women should be asked to labor like men is not an innovation of which Barbados should feel in the least ashamed. He says, further, that the cost at which sugar should be manufactured at the present day suggests the employment of women laborers as far as practicable and hopes that the advent of the central factories with labor-saving devices will economize human labor to so great an extent as to lessen the demand for it.—Louisiana Planter.

Wrong Training.

Dealer—How does your wife like the sewing machine you bought for her?

Young Husband—She hasn't learned how to operate it yet. She had a tea it worked something like at type writer.—Chicago Tribune.

Work has been started on the \$5,000,000 plant of the American Smelting Company, at Point Sta Bruno, Gal.