PLYMOUTH, N. C., FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1906.

NO. 25

THE MAKING OF MEN.

Courage or fach of it.
Work, and the knack of it.
Grit or the need of it.
Haste and the speed of it;
Purpose or none of it.
Lafe, what is done of it.
Work, or the fun of it.
Maketh a man.

Luck and the trust of it.
Wealth, and the lust of it.
Hate, and the sting of it.
Youth, and the sling of it.
Ease, and the ling of it.
Chance, and the hap of it,
Vice, and the sap of it,
Breaketh a man.

Dress, and the care of it, Cheer, or a share of it, Speech, or abuse of it, Thet, and the use of it, Worth, and the wear of it, Marketh a man.

Do, nor the brag of it.
I'p with the flag of it;
Life, not the fear of it.
Teste the good cheer of it.
Time or the waste of it.
Will, try the taste of it;
Maketh a man.

—J. W.

-J. W. Foley.

is like."

In Search of Local Color.

By Hilda Richmond.

Templeton, as his friend came into in the field," he faitered. the studio with a heavy frown on his

tors. Here's one says my style is too to be pretty careful." stilted and unnatural,' and he pulled a bunch of thick letters from his to himself. "They'll all try to have on pocket. "They either send a printed their best behaviour now for my beneslip of rejection or else find fault. fit when I wanted to see them in their I'll be hanged if I know which I like native simplicity." He watched closethe best of the two."

to try simple stories, Stoddard," said ed potatoes and other food vanished the artist. "You can see for yourself before the hearty appetites. He was the magazines are full of such stuff. Just write a natural-"

got. The editor considerately informs city man at the table wore off. me that I have not enough local color just like the farmers talk, and then noon?" he demands that it be more true to

got an old uncle in Illinois who has since you have had no experience." lived on a farm all his life, and you could lay on local color out there with I can get you an invitation for as long às you want, but I suppose you'll wind can manage a machine, I can, too." up by falling in love with some of my pretty cousins if you go and forget what you started out for."

No sweet simplicity "Not much. in the form of dairy maids and wild roses for me. I'd rather board with your uncle than visit, for I don't care to be polite to people with whom I have nothing in common."

their busy season, and I won't be bothered in the least. Shall I say two weeks?"

"What's your uncle's name?" asked Stoddard, when the letter had been

despatched. "Silas Perkins."

"Well, if that isn't luck! All the comic papers call the farmers Si or Reuben. Is your aunt's name Aman-

"Yes, but we always called her Aunt Mandy. It isn't names you want,

man, but stories." Hugh Stoddard had never spent more than a week or two outside New York city, and his ideas of farm life were drawn from stories he had read or the pictures in so-called comic papers. His own stories were a mixture of misstatements gleaned from various sources, and the result may be imagined. Instead of writing about the people with whom he daily came in contact he longed for other fields, just as people rush to Europe year after year when the beauties of their own country are all unexplored before

"I suppose they hired a livery rig to take me out," said Stoddard to himself as Mary Perkins drove home from the station with the city guest by her side. "I wish they would not take any pains to put on airs for me. I want to see exactly how they live and do."

"Cousin Guy said you wanted to get some local color for a story you intend to write," said Mary Perkins as they drove past the farms and well-

kept lawns. Yes, I am especially anxious to see the farm hands at the table and everywhere else," he answered, taking out his note-book. "That man at work over there in the field doesn't bear much resemblance to the 'Man with the Hoe.' +1 suppose you are not familiar with the poem. A man named

Edward Markham wrote it." "You can see the men at dinner without any trouble, for father has three

working for him now." guest a hearty welcome and bade him do exactly as he pleased. He found to the house. the room he was to occupy during sented about the well-spread table.

before dinner was served.

"Certainly. Why not?" asked Miss

"What luck, Stoddard?" asked Guy | "I-I thought they had their dinners

"This is Mr. Stoddard from New York, boys," said Mr. Perkins to the "Bad luck, confound it! I'd like to hired men. "He's come out here to see the person who can suit these edi- write stories about us, so we'll have

"Confound it all!" said the guest ly, but saw nothing out of the ordinary "I've told you times without number in the way the stewed chicken, mashgreatly disappointed not to see the men shovel down the food with knives "Yes," snorted Stoddard, fishing and drink coffee out of their saucers, out an extra large envelope. "I took but concluded that they would come your fool advice and this is what I later when the novelty of having a

"I'd like to help in the field," he in my work, but I'd like to know how said eagerly, when dinner was over. other people manage. I put in 'I "I want to get right into the heart of swan' and a whole lot of that truck things. Could I rake hay this after-

"The machine rakes and loads all at once," explained Mary Perkins, "I "I'll tell you what to do, Stod. I've am straid you could not do anything.

"But anybody can do farm work. I have always read that the very lowest a whitewash brush if you wanted to. class of laborers are employed in the country. If a dull, plodding workman

"Want a job?" said Mr. Perkins, in surprise, as the young man sought the hay field. "How would carrying water to the men suit you?"

"I want a real job-something that will give me an idea of the toil farmers have to endure."

"Here's what you want," said one of the hired men, handing him a shin-"Oh, that's all pisht, Summer is ing scythe, while he wiped away the imagine you great beads of perspiration. "I have been cutting around a few stumps, but they want me to drive the mower again. This is all there is to it," and he took the implement and skilfully laid long lines of heavy clover prone upon the ground.

"That seems almost too simple," observed Mr. Stoddard; "but if there is nothing else just now it will do."

For three hours he struggled manfully to master the smooth, easy stroke his tutor had given so easily, but was at last forced to give up. His collar was wilted, his coat laid aside, and altogether the city gentleman was the most dejected looking mortal imaginable when the supper bell rang that evening. And such an appetite! He wanted to shovel in the delicious food and failed to have time to notice how the others ate. Every joint and muscle ached, and almost before the sun was down he sought his bed, to be seen no more until late the next morn-

During the two weeks of his stay he never wasted a minute, but was alert day and night getting material. After his experience with the scythe he was content to look on, and his notebook was filled with references to the heavy work farmers have to perform. He interviewed the neighhors, picked up local gossip, watched the women in the kitchen and tried in every way to make his stay on the big farm profitable.

"Are you getting your local color, Mr. Stoddard?" asked Mary Perkins one day as the guest paused for a brief chat on his way to the field.

"Splendidly. I'll have you all pictured true to life before you know it." "Oh, you're going to write about us?" asked Miss Perkins, innocently, "That's what you mean by local col-

"I'm sure I couldn't find a more charming subject," he said with a bow to the pretty girl in the gingham dress and big apron. Mary turned so quickly that he could not tell wheth-Mr. and Mrs. Perkins gave their er she frowned or smiled, and just at that moment her mother called her

"The old lady saved my life," said his stay comfortably and neatly fur- Hugh Stoddard to himself as he strode nished, and he looked in vain for the away." It's a wonder I haven't made a red, yellow and green patchwork fool of myself over that pretty face. and started twisting it in the middle quilts, the bare floors and other dis- Fancy taking a country daughter to comforts his readings had led him to my fastidious lady mother! I think expect. Miss Mary donned a big I'd better stick closer to the fields apron and helped the hired girl with than ever." Then he dropped down the dinner, and presently all were on a stone under the willows by the brook to write in his note book: "The "Do the men eat with you?" he had daughter of the family hasn't an idea asked, noticing the number of plates beyond chickens and cooking. She would make a capital Maud Muller."

He pocketed the note book and hur-Perkins, granchy cutting the bread. | ried on to see old Mr. Reed hive bees, | streets in tanks.

of things he had neglected. "I haven't penetrated the gloomy depths of the parlor yet," he mused, "and I must see the red plush furniture. I wonder if Mary has a beau-that's the right

word, it seems-and where the other young folks of the family are. Guy said there are three girls and a boy, but I have never seen anyone but Mary. must think to ask a few questions. Oh, yes, and the country church. I must go next Sunday to see what that

But when his stay at the hospitable house came to an end there were many things lacking that he had intended to get. He had never seen the parlor, had not gone to church nor to the grange as he expected when the picnic was held, nor had he had time to get acquainted with the Perkins family. If an Imperative telegram from his worried mother had not called him home he would have remained indefinitely, collecting information. He did feel a little compunction over the fact that he paid so little fattention to his entertainers, but he

reflected that they would not have been interested in his conversation anyway. "I might have told them something of the wonders of New York." he reflected, "but they would not have

When he reached the city he wrote a long article in usual style drawing on the note book for local names and scenes, but allowing his old ideas to crop out in the stories of country women who go insane, the barrenness of the life, the musty parlors with their impossible furniture and all the other things with which his mind were stored from reading rather than observation. He thought he had complied with every demand and was

gratified when the article was prompt-

ly accepted. "I would like to send your uncle a

understood if I had.'

copy of this magazine, Templeton; but he might be offended at some of the things I said. I didn't use his name, of course, but still he might think it a trifle personal. This was published a month or two ago-several months in fact-and I have been debating the question ever since," said Stoddard. "What would you advise?"

"I'd advise you to look over this first," said the painter, handing him a popular magazine with most of the leaves uncut. "How does this strike you?"

"That's me," said the author, inelegantly, as he took in a clever little sketch of himself struggling with the scythe. "How in creation! And here I am with the infernal bumble bees about my head! I'll sue that man as sure as the world. What do you think of this: 'A Tenderfoot in Search of Local Color'? Who wrote this stuff? There's your uncle's house, too! Mary Perkins! Well, I call that nice! Make fun of a guest like that."

"Hold on a minute," said his friend, rolling with laughter. "You made fun of them first. Here is a letter from Cousin Mary in which she says she never would have done such a thing if you had not begun the fight. She read your article and immediately wrote this. It seems she does clever work with her pencil as well as her pen, and the whole family read current literature. Those men you met at the table were college students working during vacation and the young people of the family were away at school. Mary's engagement has just been announced to a prominent New York man, so it is quite likely you will meet her again next winter."

"Not on your life," said the unhappy Stoddard. "I've furnished her all the local color 1 intend to now and forever."-Michigan Farmer.

TWISTING A \$5 BILL IN TWO. Milwaukee Bank Cashier Says It

Cannot Be Done By The Fingers. "The paper that is used by the government in its currency is manufactured by a secret process and has characteristics with which the average man is not familiar," said Arnold Schorer of Minneapolis.

"Recently I was in a small town and witnessed an incident that demonstrates this. A well to do farmer living in the vicinity came into the bank to transact some business. In the course of the conversation the cashier began twisting a \$5 bill. The farmer watched him with interest and finally asked the man back of the counter if he wasn't afraid of tearing the bill.

"Here is an easy way for you to earn money," said the cashier, "Here is a \$1,000 bill and I will give it to you it you will twist the bill in two. You are simply to twist it, and not tear it."

"The farmer seemed dumb founded at first. He was overawed at the thought of mutilating a \$1000 bill. Upon further assurance by the officer of the bank he timidly took the money, He tugged away for some time, without being able to twist the bill in two Finally he gave it up and was certainly a surprised farmer. It is impossible to twist a bill in two, so firm and clastic is the paper used."-Milwaukee Sentinel.

In Japan fish have to be sold alive, and they are hawked through the

and as he went he made mental notes THE WOMAN PHYSICIAN

Roanoke Beacon.

HER PROGRESS HAS BEEN AIDED BY DISPENSARY CLINICS.

Two English Women Were Pioneers in the Profession in 1847-Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi's Share in the Work -Unselfish in Securing the Advancement of Her Younger Associ-

The word "pioneer" has been a much-used one in our American vocabulary for a hundred years, so much so that it is difficult to realize that the old meaning attached to it has largely ceased, says the New York Evening Post. It has served long to describe the person engaged in actual physical strife for the conquering of a new country. Nowadays it is more commonly used to describe the inaugurator of social changes."

In spite of the time-worn discussion of the "advanced woman," most of the pioneers who have created a new place for women in the social system are of the present generation. The recent death of Dr. Mary Putnam Jacobi emphasizes this fact, in a profession which of all others, in point of age and importance, has come to accept and recognize women as an honorable integral part of it. It is interesting to note, in view of the advanced position which American woment occupy in the medical profession that probably the most determined and far-reaching effort to establish that place was made by two English women, Elizabeth and Emily Blackwell; the former after repeated efforts to enter several medical colleges, succeeded in being admitted at Geneva, N. Y., in 1847. Twenty years later in conjunction with her sister, Dr. Emily Blackwell, she established the Woman's Medical College of the New York Infirmary. The elder sister, Dr. Elizabeth Blackwell, returned to England, and in 1869 founded the London School of Medicine for Woment, which was a pioneer establishment.

Dr. Jacobi was graduated in 1860 at the Philadelphia Woman's Medical College, but she also did her share of foreign pioneer work, since she secured the privileges of the Ecole de Medicine at Paris for women.

Of the thousands of women who have graduated in medicine in the past 46 years it is curious to note that in "Who's Who" about 20 women physicians are mentioned, these almost without exception the pioneers of the profession. Women writers, artists, educators and librarians are liberally catalogued, but women doctors are disproportionately few. The practice of women physicians until the last decade was quite generally confined to treating women and children, but the admission of women into the medical department of many of the great universities of the country has brought about a great change.

The clinical work of the dispensaries of the great hospitals has helped women also toward the goal of a general practice. The clinics of the hospitals in the large cities are the objective point of all progressive practitioners, and of recent years it has been increasingly possible for women to have that opportunity in common with men, Cornell University is particularly strong in its advantage of hospital experience, for it has a number of the great New York institutions available for the use of its students. The women graduates of Cornell Medical School, however, do not equal those of many other institutions. Men have no need to fear the rivalry of women as physicians, however, for recent statistics show that there are about 1000 women students per year in medical schools, against 25,000 men. Illinois leads all the other states, as shown by these figures, with 203 women medical students, Pennsylvania second, with 176 and California third, with 80: Iowa and Missouri 53 and 54, respectively, while New York has but 36 to her credit. At the same time the number of men students in medicine in New York is second in the United States, numbering 2135, to Illinois' 2911. The comparative figures of Southern states are an index to the status of women there in the professions. Tennessee has over 2000 men in the medical schools, with 17 women; Missouri over 2000 men, against 54 women.

Women have very seldom been members of the faculties of coeducation at medical schools. Dr. Jacobi was one of the few women who occupied that position. She was untiringly unselfish also in using her great influence for the benefit of the younger generation of women physicians, Several years ago she gave an interesting instance of the versatility of women in her profession. She had been assisting in one of the clinics of a large and conservative New York hospital which had not had women assistants in that capacity. Dr. Jacobi was leaving for her vacation in the summer, and set to work to secure a substitute, and thus described her experience:

"There were two young women physicians of my acquaintance that interested me by the ability and determination they had shown. I asked one of them, an Ann Arbor, Johns Hop- bluefish, sir!"-Youth's Companion,

kins graduate, who was practising in the city, to take my place. After a short time she was appointed interne at a city hospital. This is a very unusual occurrence; in fact, outside of the women's hospitals I do not suppose a half dozen women in the country have ever occupied such a posttion. It was sufficiently an innovation in New York not to be specially relished by the men physicians.

"The second substitute for my work was also practising in New York and had interested me very much owing to her unusual career. Still in the twenties, this girl, a daughter of a Unitarian minister, had been a successful concert singer in America and in London for a number of years, but having met a young physician and becoming engaged to him, she concluded to study medicine. She graduated with high honors from the Cornell Medical School and took up active practice on the East Side of New York as her first field of labor. This sort of practice afforded a general, allaround experience with men, women, and children, which is so much sought for by the woman physician, but the financial returns were not very satisfactory to build a future upon.

"About this time there was scheduled an examination for the position of tenement house inspector under the new Tenement House Commission. Women were eligible, but it was specially desired to have some women physicians on the staff; the East Side practitioner was urged to take the examination, and about 10 days before the date set she commenced to prepare for it by studying the building laws and technical structural details. Nearly a hundred other women took the examination, most of them fresh from college and with weeks of preparation given to the requirements of the examination. This doctor, who had been highly specializing in medicine through her college course and busy with a general practice, passed near the head of the list, which was a highly creditable performance, but after having been appointed from the eligible list she could not endure the thought of sacrificing her profession, so concluded to resign. About this time she resolved to leave New York city and see if a satisfactory practice could not be secured in a smaller place. Deciding upon a suburb near New York city, where there was hardly a house two years old in a village of 2000 people, she settled down as the only doctor in the place, and the record of her success within two years should inspire other plucky women to go and do likewise.

"She has had her ideal of a general around practice realized, for it comprises the men of the place who may be ill as well as the women and children. The real estate company developing the region employs hundreds of workmen-Italians, Poles, and other foreigners-and she is kept constantly busy caring for the men in all of their illnesses and accidents, of which there are many. She is, in fact, the modern successor to the old-fashioned country doctor of fiction, and there are many like her in all parts of the country. People outside of the great cities have time to read, and medical science, as well as every other science, has been well written of in a popular form and the general public has a much better idea of what constitutes a good physician than in times past, and in an emergency that demands an up-to-date and good doctor they are not going to be deterred by the sex question."

Honest Toil.

The late Patrick A. Collins, who was mayor of Boston, once told a committee of women about a missionary campaign that developed an amusing situation.

In this movement every participant was to contribute a dollar that she had herself earned by hard work. The night of the collection of the dollars came, and various and droll were the stories of earning the money. One woman had shampooed hair, another had baked doughnuts, another had secured newspaper subscriptions, and so on. The chairman turned to a handsome woman in the front row.

"Now, madam, it is your turn," he said. "How did you earn your dollar?"

"'I got it from my husband,' she

answered. "Oho!" said he. "From your husband? There was no hard work about that."

The woman smiled faintly. "'You don't know my husband," she said."

Real Luxury.

Two gentlemen dining in a New York restaurant were surprised to find on the bill of fare the item, 'green bluefish."

"Waiter," one asked, "what sort of bluefish are green bluefish?" "Fresh-right from the water," said

the waiter, offhand.

"Nonsense!" said the man. "You know well enough they do not take bluefish at this season."

The waiter came up and looked at the disputed item.

"Oh, that, sir," he said, with an air of enlightenment, "that's hothouse

UNSATISFACTORY SCEPTICISM.

A sceptic air, all rampant, now pervades And shifty eyes watch every proceeding; Old-time belief is vanished, relegated to

We dubitate o'er everything that's need-The effervescent soda fount, by marble

walls enclosed,
Doth once more energetically fizz it;
Each bubble, they assure us, is of purest
air composed.
But is it?

We tempt the green asparagus that halls from Oyster Bay, Gastronomically tickled by its savor, And puzzle if the sparse strewn chives that on its bosom lay Are merely to concent arsenfous flavor. When schrifet-berried beverage for you is duly mixed.

With watchful eyes the man behind the bar mind,
And as he stirs discover if their hue's by nature fixed. Or carmined.

And so throughout the country, thanks
to magnates of the hind.
Exists an epidemic now of doubting.
We know not what is on a true and upright manner planned.
Or what with harsh contempt we should
be flouting.
We rampage in our converse and the fabreators curse.

bricators curs And write unto the journals many a

Yet isn't it annoying, though our health should sure be worse.

We're better? -The Growler, in Town Topics.



The lap of luxury-the kitten with

Do the corn's ears listen when the beans-talk.

At a wedding do not say, "May the best man win."

The successful author's train of thought is a pay train. He-I asked her to tell me her age, and she said "twenty-three." She-Well

-did you?-Brooklyn Life. "Do you leave your valuables in the hotel safe when you go to a summer resort?" "Only when I leave."-Judge. Saphedde-A penny for your thoughts, Miss Pert. Miss Pert-They

are not worth it. I was merely thinking of you.-Philadelphia Record. "I hear your boss expects to raise your salary this month." "So he says; but he hasn't succeeded in raising all of last month's yet."-Philadelphia

Press. Mrs. Bacon-Is a hundred pounds of ice much, William? Mr. Bacon-Well, it all depends on whether you're getting it or paying for it.-Yonkers

Statesman. Clara-That man Grace married is old enough to be her father. Myrtle-Oh, I think his age has been exaggerated; very few people live to be that old!-Puck.

Husband-What has become of those indestructible toys you got last week? Wife-They are out on the scrap heap. along with the indestructible kitchen utensils .- Life.

The New Waitress-Shall I say Dinner is served, or Dinner is ready," ma'am?" Mistress-If that cook doesn't do any better, just say "Dinner is spolled."—Harper's Bazar.

"Dearest, with you by my side, I would willingly give up all I possess -wealth, position, parents-everything." "I know, George, but in that case what would there be left for me?" -Milwaukee Sentinel.

Little 'Arry (who has had a "bad," day," to driver of public coach)-Ever lose any money backin' 'orses, coachie? Driver-"Not 'alf! Lost twenty quid once-backed a pair of 'orses and a hon-nibus into a shop window in Regent street!-Punch.

"No, ma'am," said Ragson Tatters, "I ain't dirty from choice. I'm just bound by honor. I wrote a testimonial for a somp maker onet an' promised to use no udder." "Well," replied Mrs. Ascum, "why not use that?" " 'Cause dat firm failed just after the civil war." -Philadelphia Press.

Lord Dedbroke-There is one great trouble in your country in my opinion. Blood don't count, you know." Chicago Heiress-Now, don't you make any mistake. Why, we just use that, and horns, hoofs, bristles and-well, you can bet nothing's wasted in Poppa's business!-Punch.

He-I see Julia did not have the valedictory to deliver, as she expected. Was she much ruffled at the commencement? She-Yes, Indeed. Her entire skirt was covered with the loveliest little bias tucked ruffles, all trimmed with insertion -. He (faintly) -I meant her feelings.—Baltimore American.

Magistrate-You are accused of attempting to hold a pedestrian up at 2 o'clock this morning. What have you to say in your own behalf Prisoner-I am not guilty, your honor, I can Magistrate-You prove a lullaby. mean an alibi? Prisoner-Well, call it what you like, but by wife will swear that I was walking the floor with the baby at the hour mentioned in the charge,"-Chicago Dally News,