

**10,000 WOMEN IN SUFFRAGE PARADE**

It's up to congress now. After a campaign covering sixty-six years in this country the question of granting suffrage to women is open for debate in congress. Every one of the 531 members of congress is today giving the most serious consideration to appeals from the homes of his district telling him they want the Constitution changed so as not to discriminate on account of sex. These appeals were presented by women who came from every State in the Union, from every congressional district, some of them from thousands of miles, to hand these resolutions to members of congress. The resolutions were adopted in the most open forum that the women could convene—mass meetings in every community throughout the country, patronized after the old town meeting.

These demands for a "square deal" in this country were carried in a dramatic, spectacular manner to the legislative halls of the national capital and there cordially received by leaders in both houses of congress. The women were given every encouragement to hope for favorable action when the Bristol-Moore resolution comes up for a vote.

**ABAKELY 10,000 IN LINE**  
In one of the most attractive pageants and parades ever seen in this capital, noted for its picturesque demonstrations, the women of the country marched on congress yesterday. Those actively participating in the march numbered close to 10,000. They brought resolutions passed at the mass meetings where more than 50,000 women and men were in attendance. They were backed by 4,000,000 women, who already have the right to vote in seven states west of the Mississippi. They represented more than 4,000,000 women wage earners in the United States.

The general feeling about the capitol after the women had swarmed to its doors was expressed by one senator when he said, "It is worth while paying heed to a cause that can bring together such a demonstration, by educated women leaders in all walks of life, from every corner of our country," and one of the best known members of the House who stood beside him answered, "To legislation was ever considered serious until it became politically expedient; I am glad that in my district I do not have to question whether I can afford to antagonize such a powerful element."

**GOOD POLICE PROTECTION**  
Besides their own cavalcade of horsewomen, which included some of the most prominent society riders in Washington and famous Virginia horsewomen, the paraders were given the best of police protection. Major Richard Sylvester had nearly all his forces on duty between the White House and the capitol yesterday. In all, the policemen under orders to safeguard the marchers, numbered more than 300. And they were instructed to "face the crowd and secure peace and order and arrest for violation."

The scene after the pageant all reached the east steps of the capitol was impressive. Marching themselves on the plaza step, and with ten bands and a chorus of 100 girls at the entrance of the building, the enthusiastic paraders sang: "The March of Women," by Dr. Ethel Smyth, of England, heard once before in this country. This spectacular feature of the afternoon's demonstration was heard by thousands of persons, who filled the immense plaza.

The band then struck up the "Star Spangled Banner" and the 531 petition bearers filed up the steps into the rotunda of the capitol. Many of the women then entered the galleries of the Senate and watched the proceedings.—Washington, (D. C.) Star.

**MORE OR LESS**  
One time the ladies sported sleeves a yard or so around. Again their skirts were like balloons. Their trains next swept the ground. But, oh, 'tis different today. From what it was before: For now we see the dresses less—We see the ladies more.  
—New York Tribune.

**UNCLAIMED LETTERS REMAINING IN THE POST OFFICE AT DUNN, N. C., WEEK ENDING, MAY 16TH, 1914.**

Men:

1. Clon Looy.
2. J. W. Williams.
3. Arthur Peates.
4. John Nemo.

Oppo. John Smith.

5. Frank Hooks.
6. V. A. Hewton.
7. C. E. Daugherty.
8. J. J. Blackstone.
9. K. N. Warren.
10. W. L. Johnson.
11. O. D. McLamb.
12. Me Meecon.
13. Burrell Warren.
14. W. F. Barefoot.
15. J. B. Johnson.

Ladies:

16. Vilet Pass.
17. Miss Kate Prigson.
18. Miss Addie Ellis.
19. Mrs. J. E. McLamb.
20. Miss Leta Hunter.

Persons calling for the above will please say "Advertised" if not called for within 15 days will be sent to Dead Letter Office.  
E. T. Lee, Postmaster.

**A KISS IN THE DARK**

By EVERETT P. CLARKE

When consciousness came to me I found myself in a strange room surrounded by a number of persons, all of whom were looking at me with sympathy on their faces. I could not remember how I came to be there in that condition or why I felt as I did. The truth was that in crossing a street I had been knocked down through the carelessness of a chauffeur and severely injured. A man whom I took to be a doctor was patching me up, and as soon as I returned to consciousness he ordered every one out of the room and, after telling me that I had been run over, said that I had been carried into a house near the scene of the accident and could not be at once removed.

One of my eyes had been injured, and a strip of linen was laid over both of them. Then I suppose I was left to myself for awhile, for I heard no sound in the room, though at intervals persons came and went. After having been alone, so far as I knew, during one of these intervals I heard what sounded to me to be a faint rustling of a woman's skirts. Then there was a vague consciousness that some one was standing near me looking at me. One thing I felt sure of—a warm breath against my cheek.

Suddenly I felt a pair of lips pressed against mine. It was only for a moment, after which by the sound of skirts I knew some one was scurrying away. I had evidently been kissed by a woman.

Now, I was at an age when a kiss like that would naturally stir the imagination. Was the kisser young? I judged so by the feeling of her lips, which were soft and warm. I longed to get well that I might find her out. I remained where I was but a few days, when I was taken to my own home. I was not permitted to remove my eye covering before leaving the house, so I was ignorant of the members of the family. As soon as I was well enough to be out again I went to thank them for the care they had taken of me. I was received by the lady of the house, and I asked that I might thank every one who was in the house during my stay there. The lady told me that the members of her family were one son and a little daughter eight years old. I knew that the person who had kissed me was neither of those, for the swish of skirts I heard was not that of a child. I asked if there had been any one besides the family in the house during my sojourn there, to which she replied that no one had been staying there. The accident had caused considerable excitement in the neighborhood, and a number of persons had come in to make inquiries.

This was as far as I could go in my investigation, at least at the time, and I felt discouraged. There was a strong probability of my remaining in ignorance of what I was extremely anxious to know. I resolved to cultivate the acquaintance of the Murrays, who had housed me, with a view to a possible meeting with the kisser.

This I did. The son, Ed Murray, was about my age, and I took especial pains to cultivate him. He was nothing loath, and we soon became excellent friends. I have often thought that the kisser, seeing me going about with him, must have quaked in her boots. But, though I purposely talked with Murray about my stay in his mother's house, I gained no information as to who was there on the day I was taken in. Ed had been away at the time. However, I was doing my bit of detective work very well, and it was quite likely that by being a good deal at the house I might run across my quarry, and if I did I was quite sure she would show in her features a consciousness that would betray her.

Time passed, and, having thus far failed, I concluded to reveal my secret to some one of the family and ask assistance. Neither Mrs. Murray nor Ed could be relied on to give the girl away. I chose Ed's Murray, the daughter, as one too young to have many scruples about giving the lady away.

"I do believe it was Kit Travers," she said. "She's just the kind of girl to do a thing like that." "Who is Kit Travers?" Was she here on the day I was brought here? "I don't know about her being here, but she might have been. At that time she used to come here quite often." "At that time? Doesn't she come here quite often now?" "She hasn't been in the house in a long while."

I felt quite sure I was on the right track. I based my conclusion on the fact of Miss Travers having formerly been often at the Murrays' and having suddenly dropped off after I became intimate with them. I induced Ed to send for Miss Travers on some pretext and telephone me on her arrival. One day I received the message and hurried to the Murrays'. I had my own pretext for coming prepared, but did not need to use it. I suddenly entered a room where Ed was talking with a very pretty girl. The moment the pretty girl saw me she blushed beautifully, and I felt that I had indeed found the girl who had kissed me. I often tell my wife that it was my appreciation of me that brought about my appreciation of her and, consequently, our marriage. If she, moved by a sudden impulse, hadn't kissed me in the dark.

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**WALT MASON ON FIELD PERILS**

The farmer plants his field of corn—the kind that doesn't pop—and hopes that on some autumn morn he will start to shuck his crop. And shuck his crop he often does, which is exceeding queer, for blights and perils fairly buzz around it throughout the year. I think it strange that farmers raise the goodly crops they do, for they are scrapping all their days against a deadly crew. To plant and till will not suffice; the men must strain their frames, to kill the bugs and worms and mice, and pests with Latin names. The cut worms cut, the chinchbugs chinch, the weevil weaves its ill, and other pests come up and pinch the corn and eat their fill. And then the rainworks go on strike, and gloom the world enshrouds, and up and down the burning pike the dust is blown in clouds. And if our prayers are of no avail, and rain comes in the night, it often brings a glist of hail that riddles all in sight. And still the farmers raise their crops, and nail the shining plunk; none but the kicker stands and yawns, and what he says is lunk. If all men brooded o'er their woes, and looked ahead for grief, that gent would starve who gaily goes to thresh the golden sheaf.

**A THOUGHT FOR THE WEEK**

Those who have been clamoring for war have little idea what its horrors are. They think only of its glamour, its gilt and feathers, the blare of trumpets and shout of men; but they little think of the suffering, the tears and broken hearts, the bereaved homes and above all the demoralized society. We have had war enough. It is awful to realize that thousands of men are to be swept into eternity without preparation; that thousands are to lie feverish and chilly through the night, and wholesale murder is to be committed under the name of war. Defensive warfare is justifiable, but any other kind is wholesale murder, yet we read of resolutions passed and editorials written, advocating the seizure of territory. Let the people of God everywhere pray that this horror may be averted, and that the followers of the Prince of Peace may assert themselves.—Presbyterian Standard.

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