

## ENEMY OF LIFE IS WORRY

And It Is Also Largely a Matter of Habit, Which May in a Measure Be Overcome.

Bravery in the face of only possible death, as on the battle field, and bravery in the face of certain death, as in the case of a Titanic shipwreck, are of course two very different things. The danger of the battle field is much harder to meet because of its uncertainty. Men easily summon courage to meet the inevitable. It is the fear of the mishaps and perils of ordinary life—all our doubts, worries, anxieties, forebodings, solitudes, morbidities, apprehensions of illness or of poverty—that need most to be met and overcome. A vast literature has sprung up within the last two decades, pointing us how to be forewarned and forearmed against all real and imaginary evils.

The gist of that doctrine, boiled down into two words is: Don't worry. If you really must worry, then worry as little as you can. If you find yourself in sudden peril or emergency, regard the situation calmly and keep very cool. If you are in imminent danger of being run over by a motor car, preserve your presence of mind, for motorists assert that it is only the people who lose their heads who get run over.

Exactly how a nervous person, man or woman, is to preserve the requisite presence of mind in a great and sudden danger has never been adequately set forth, though many very entertaining volumes have been written to prove the folly of fear.

## BONE TO GO WITH THE MEAT

Moral in Hannibal's Terse Summing Up of Situation That Would Have Left Him Helpless.

A New York newspaper said the other day that Mr. Lloyd George, the British chancellor of the exchequer, fostered schemes for "the permanent participation of the people."

This newspaper had in mind the old age pension system. An old age pension is the exorbitant sum of \$125 a week, allowed to destitute persons of good character who are past seventy. It is a fact that in England farmhands are lucky if they get \$1 a week. Most of them get 25¢. That is the scale of wages.

"They who begrudge the British poor their old age pension," said J. Phelps Stokes, "remind me of the slave owner of Malden."

"This crazy Yankee had a slave who had been in the family till he was seventy years old. Seeing that there was very little more work left in the old man, the slave sent for him one day and said pompously:

"Hannibal, my friend, you've been a faithful servant to me and my father before me. I have long been thinking what I could do to reward your devotion. I now give you your freedom. You are henceforth your own master, Hannibal. You are henceforth your own man."

"Hannibal scratched his gray wool, shook his head, and answered with a sly chuckle:

"No no, massa. You et de meat, now you mus' eat de bone."

## ACTIVELY HOSTILE TO MAN

Scientist Points Out Why Instinct to Kill Insects Has Root in Self-Preservation.

Our instinct to kill insects at sight is perfectly sound, writes Dr. Woods Hutchinson. Out of the quarter of a million species now known to science, a mere handful are even remotely helpful to man, and most of these only by their power of living upon other and more dangerous insects. On the other hand thousands of species are actively hostile to man, his food plants and to his domestic animals. Whole tribes have been swept out of existence by the attack of insects carrying bacilli—as within the last two decades in Central Africa by the dread "sleeping sickness," carried by the tsetse fly. Whole nations have been weakened and crippled and whole civilizations retarded by another insect-borne disease—malaria. Indeed, recent investigators have advanced the theory that the historic decline in both Greece and Rome was largely due to the ravages of this disease, brought into Europe by armies returning from wars in Asia and Africa. It may yet come when we see things in their true perspective that the warriors of civilized nations will turn from slaughtering one another to battling against our insect enemies. Turn every battery of artillery in the world against that angel of the pestilence, the common house fly, and in ten years he would be exterminated, root and branch. With him would go half of our 50,000 deaths in the United States every year from the summer diseases of children, two-thirds of our dysenteries and cholera morbus and one-fourth of our typhoid, with not a little of our tuberculosis, our tetanus and our boils and blood poisonings.

Wasp Behind! A good story of Sir Francis Bertie is told by a French diplomatist, who set out to pay a call at the British embassy in Paris. As he drove up to the door he was horrified to see Sir Francis running down the street as hard as he could go, shouting and frantically waving an umbrella.

Fearing that there had been an anarchist outrage or something equally dreadful, the diplomatist prepared to join in the chase, but the explanation of Sir Francis' excitement was quite simple and not at all murderous.

Lady Bernie had just set out for a drive. After she left, Sir Francis had noticed one or two "street arabs" clinging to the back of the carriage and had promptly started off in pursuit with the idea of dislodging them from their dangerous position.

Saving Time. A Frenchman who meets you half a dozen times a day shakes hands each time. M. Poulbot, an artist, is tired of this eternal handshaking. In the little Montmartre cafe which he and his friends frequent he has hung up by a chain a carved wooden hand. When he enters he goes to the hand and shakes it vigorously. This makes a great noise by jangling a piece of iron inside a tin kettle at the other end of the chain. The signal is accepted by those who hear it as a sign that M. Poulbot has shaken hands with all his friends.

## HER CROWNING GLORY

By MARGARITA WILLOUGHBY.

(Copyright.) Dorothea was very happy in the first weeks of her engagement, happy in the serenely unconscious way of the newly betrothed. I scarcely understood why in this case, for marriage to the Puritan could be nothing but a marriage of convenience—that is, convenience as far as his wealth was concerned, inconvenience when it came to his piety.

Perhaps the trousseau was the source of her beatitude, for Dorothea is an artist in regard to clothes and loves them with an artist's fervor. And an artist's fervor was put into that trousseau!

In the midst of these splendid preparations came Aunt Nan's sickness, and Dorothea was called South.

The Puritan chafed somewhat at the sudden postponement.

During the months of Dorothea's absence I know very little of her, for her letters were mere telegraphic notices of Aunt Nan's condition, but the moment she stepped off the train on her return I noticed a change. It was quite evident she had met "some one" else, and I knew indeed it was "some one."

"You left Aunt Nan quite well?"

"Quite," Oh, the frigid finality of that tone!

"The Puritan will be very happy to see you again—he is out of town just now."

"Yes?"

When we were cozily at tea that evening, with a merry grate-fire and the warmth of red roses from the Puritan, Dorothea grew a little more talkative.

"Dorothea, your seclusion and Aunt Nan's troubles have got on your nerves. You are not well," I said.

"No—I am quite well. I think I must be tired. If you don't mind, I will go up now and unpack. No, I don't need any help."

She rose listlessly and walked to the stairs; halfway up she paused and looked over the rail. "No, I'm not sick," she said; "I'm just bored."

Next morning she still wore her tragic air. At breakfast, Katie, the maid, entered the dining room precipitately after answering a ring at the door—she held a yellow envelope at arms' length and the tears were standing in her eyes.

"I hope it's not so bad, Miss Dorothy, dear," she said, thrusting it at Dorothea.

Dorothea lazily tore open the envelope, read the message and sighed, then handed it over to me.

"No one is dead, Katie," she said. And Katie went back to the kitchen, quite comforted.

The message read:

"Home tomorrow. Shall have pleasure of escorting you to church."

"F. Van Doort."

F. Van Doort, of course, is "the Puritan."

Dorothea did not show any signs of enthusiasm, and I did not have the courage to make any remarks—so the meal drifted on. Once I looked up from my plate and found Dorothea looking out the window with the most mischievously amused expression I have ever seen any one wear. Then she arose, still with the smile in her eyes and the little upturn at the corners of the lips, and said: "I am going to town as soon as possible."

She went to town and came back with a few small packages, but said nothing in regard to their contents. The next morning I knew.

It was ten when the Puritan's trap dashed up to the gate. From my open door I heard Katie admit him, heard Dorothea come downstairs, and heard—a most unusual conversation. She—Good morning, Frederic.

He—Good morning, my dear Dorothea. It is good to have you back again.

She—Thank you—it seems years.

He—What have you done to yourself, Dorothea? Your hair presents a most unusual appearance.

She—Oh, that! Do you like it? It's the same old hair you've always seen, only—I've done it a bit differently, that's all. It's just pinned on—you know.

He—And Dorothea! Is it powder on your nose? Really, Dorothea, I never imagined—I loathe powder, Dorothea—it is like cheap finery, and it is such a palpable lie!

"You are right. I had not thought of it just so. Your wife must not powder her nose. But really I have to, you know, to make it match the rest of my complexion. Give your powderless lady this with my best wishes."

"Dorothea! Your ring! I did not mean—"

"Take it!"

I felt sure he took it, because you have to do what Dorothea tells you.

"You will always be glad of your discovery—about my nose," she added.

The Puritan got away somehow, after remarks which were quite incoherent, but I heard Dorothea say "Good-by!" in a very cheerful and friendly voice.

In a few minutes I went into the hall, where I found her standing in front of the grate-fire, smiling meditatively as one by one she unpinned little bunches of curls, undulating "puffs," and a fat braid, and dropped them into the fire.

"Sic transit gloria—" I began. "My crowning glory," she interrupted. "And now I must write a letter to 'some one' down South."

## THE UGLY CIRCLE

By GEORGE FOXHALL.

(Copyright.) Snarler Kelly peered through the bars into the prison cell in which sat, sullen, defiant and nursing a desperate revenge, his only son.

"How is it, Jim? Cheer up, boy. Two years don't last long."

"No, it won't be long," agreed the son. "Don't worry about me."

"Jim, I know you never pulled that job. Somebody's stuck the goods on you an' got you in queer."

The other looked up with slow inquiry. "What makes you think so?" he asked.

"Think so! Weren't you always too blamed honest to suit your dad? You'd act tough an' ugly, an' rough house it with the best of 'em; but I never could get you to be anything but honest. Somebody's crooked this on to you, an' I'm going to find out who did it."

His father leered at him through half-closed eyes of infinite cunning. "Be waiting for me when I come out," assented Jim, with more of warmth and life than he had shown before, "and let me know who it is. I guess two years won't make me love him more."

His father turned and passed into the light of the free air, while the son looked after him with a scowl of dreadful hate.

Snarler Kelly plugged doggedly alongside the railroad track and meditated on ugliness. Even apart from the dismal desert landscape he had plenty of material for meditation, for to achieve ugliness had been the ambition of his degenerate life, and in that, at least, he had not failed.

But it's the boy, Jim, with whom this story is chiefly concerned. The Snarler had built up fond hopes of being mighty proud of Jim, for at an early age Jim showed himself an apt pupil in the lessons of ugliness which his fond parent constantly instilled.

One day, the time, in the estimation of the Snarler, being ripe for more definite instruction in the training of his offspring, he had broached unto Jim the pulling of a pretty bit of villainy which was to nourish his own empty exchequer and start the young man upon his natural career.

The boy listened until the ground was through, his eyes on the man and his accustomed scowl knitting his brow. Then he looked up.

"That's thieving, ain't it?" he inquired.

The Snarler was a little taken aback for a moment. To qualify things had never occurred to him.

"Sure, Mike," he said uneasily.

"Then count me out," growled Jim. So the kid refused his career, and the Snarler, after hiding his disgust in three days of oblivion, resumed his with the careful cowardice of the petty sneak-thief.

But at length there came a time when, tempted by a seemingly easy opportunity into larger operation, cowardly overreached care, and the trail became too hot for Snarler's peace of mind. And so, with simple cunning, he had pulled the trick that saved him and sent his son to jail.

Certainly it was upon ugliness that Snarler meditated as he plugged doggedly alongside the railroad track. Night drew in, and in the distance he saw against the dark sky the panting glare of an engine's exhaust.

Ten minutes later he had swung himself thankfully into the open box car. He struck a match to find his bearings, and found himself staring into the barrel of a big revolver, too dazed to do anything but hold the match.

The other came to his relief with a short laugh. "That's all right, bo," said he, "I thought maybe you was a shak, an' I'll put a shack's light out before I'll hit the ties and starve in this desert. I'm a tough guy, I am."

"I don't blame you," agreed the Snarler. "I was kicked off myself, yesterday, after I'd lost my gun. If I hadn't lost it—I'm a tough guy myself," he finished significantly.

Overhead there was the sound of heavy shoes. Then there was the flicker of a light. With easy strength a brakeman had swung himself into the car, his lantern slung by a string around his neck.

"Hit the gravel!" he growled, as he held the light on them.

"Beat it," snapped the tramp, pushing his big gun into the foreground.

But it was Kelly on whom the brakeman's eye rested, and he lowered his lantern quickly.

"Beat it, d'ye hear!" again ordered the gunman.

Suddenly the brakeman dropped to one knee. Like a flash his hand was in and out of his overalls pocket. The gunman's bullet went high and passed through the open door, but the trainman's shot took the other between the eyes, and he lurched forward—dead.

With hardly a look at him the brakeman turned his gun upon the Snarler. "Turn around an' put your hands behind your back," he ordered.

The Snarler laughed, a trifle uneasily and sheepishly.

"What's the matter, Jim?" said he. "Don't you know your old dad? You sure are an ugly guy."

And Jim put his face close to his father's. "You bet I know you. An' you bet I'm an ugly guy. You trained me in ugliness, an' I'm learning every day. Your name's scratched on this gun, an' there's a sheriff at the next stop. It's an ugly circle, an' you've drew it yourself. Turn around."

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