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GREENSBORO

CAN WE PUT THE SUN TO WORK?

By K. P. Frederick

The power and heat which go to waste today would light every home, run every factory, keep the street car systems and railway systems going, run all the automobiles and then there would be some left over. This power comes from the sun's light, and is only awaiting some

Twentieth century Franklin to discover how to utilize it.

Every boy and girl in the country knows how the ordinary rays of the sun can be so concentrated by an ordinary reading glass or watch crystals as to burn holes in paper, light matches, and the like. There is a practical demonstration of the sun's heat, but this is not a solution of the manner of harnessing it.—Scientific American

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ing and dreaming of for the past month.

So Edwin departed before the astounded Herbut had time even to find himself or devise some method of appealing to his roommate. Edwin left, boiling over with fury and madness, and without even a last good-bye.

Herbut sat at home by the window, thinking. He saw only destruction before him. How he had tried to live a Christian life no one but he himself knew and no one seemed to sympathize with him. It seemed as though his terrible past would ever loom up before him to retard and discourage him on his upward journey. Herbut worried—he knew he had loved his pal despite his recent maltreatment but now he felt that he almost hated him. He almost hoped, too, that the train which Edwin was on would wreck and kill him, for it was his only chance to win the girl of his heart. This was Christmas Eve, everything about him was merry and cheery, but he was sad and forlorn, with disappointment staring him in the face. He remained at home all day, not preparing for the glorious wedding as he had anticipated, but thinking—not about one thing in particular—but just thinking.

At noon what he had expected came. It was a telegram from Mr. Furgeson stating that the wedding was called off. Herbut's heart was smattered. He was upon the verge of cursing Edwin, but he caught himself facing Jesus and stopped. Edwin, he knew, had revealed everything. He was lost.

But that night brought a surprise to Herbut. It was another telegram from Mr. Furgeson asking that Herbut come to New York immediately.

A strange thing had taken place after the arrival of Edwin. Alice Furgeson, Maria's elder sister, had asked Edwin to accompany her on a shopping tour. He had consented not without some embarrassment. But, nevertheless, when he returned he had to secretly admit that he had had one of the most pleasant afternoons he had ever spent. He was amazed at his own audacity. After he had got started talking to her, the technic that he had possessed before he and cree which hung in his room above the mantle seemed to come back to him surprisingly. Alice had introduced him to a number of her girl friends. Edwin had surveyed them all critically in an effort to discover