

# INSURE YOUR LIVE STOCK

## With the Southern Live Stock Insurance Company

Home Office: High Point, N. C.

A Stock Company. No assessment. Money ready when animal dies.



Paid up Capital \$50,000 in Cash

We insure your live stock against death from any cause, including accident, fire and lightning at reasonable rates. This is a home company that has complied with the insurance laws of North Carolina, and is the only company with a paid up capital of fifty thousand dollars in cash authorized to do business in this State. We are filling a long felt want and would be glad to have your application.

For further information, write the home office, High Point, N. C., and we will have our agent call on you.

# SOUTHERN LIVE STOCK INSURANCE COMPANY

### PAID UP CAPITAL \$50,000 IN CASH

George T. Penny, President & General Manager; E. M. Armfield, Secretary & Treasurer; L. Banks Holt, Geo. M. Harden, W. W. Smoak, Vice Presidents

## Home Office: High Point, North Carolina

Mr. E. Wallace, our Special Agent, will be in Charlotte several days.

### HOMESPUN PHILOSOPHY

BY THE CROQUET ON THE HEARTH.

...that they friend-  
cherished bosom friend.  
...faith is oft times sworn.  
...like April's day,  
...prill's changeful day  
...to try very own,  
...human heart,  
...will sadly prone;  
...like April's day,  
...prill's changeful day  
...sandy like thine own

...Hubbard, frankly middle-  
...nd comfortably unpretentious,  
...me over with Bo Peep for a  
...afternoon tea. "I'm so glad you  
...for me to-day," Mother  
...id said with her broad, all em-  
...smiles, "for to-morrow would  
...be too late."

...of is going to happen to-mor-  
...the Motherly Woman asked  
...the little company started, for  
...holly had settled upon the  
...ance of Mother Hubbard, and  
...ere was such ample room for  
...deleful expression made a fine

...old family friend is coming  
...days' visit," said Mother  
...nd struggling valiantly with  
...ed lines of expression and  
...a little half-hearted smile  
...corners of her lips.

...that terrible old man who  
...last spring?" the College Girl  
...ception darkening the eye  
...red in uncompromising fash-  
...the rim of the tea cup.

...the spring before and the one  
...that and—"But Mother Hub-  
...that was as the finger of char-  
...ber lips and the College Girl

...poor little Hubbards!  
...fully they hate this ancient  
...of the family. And why is it,  
...st familiar old friends of  
...are usually such extremely  
...yone? I have known a good  
...thing. They are the rudest,  
...aining people at all. Is it a  
...ing a species, a brother-  
...She looked about, eager for

...and saucers and spoons  
...with the merry laughter. "Not  
...rhood, at least," Bo Peep  
...face suddenly woeft.  
...ant Cornelia is with us."  
...ear!" the Plain Little Woman  
...warily.

...she is," Bo Peep maintained,  
...in third lump of sugar in  
..."She's very much with us,  
...couldn't she have waited till  
...housecleaning? I feel that  
...rardy going to be able to pull  
...it. She's on of those tre-  
...ly capable women who used  
...to accomplish

...itself," said the College Girl with the  
...air of one who braves the truth at  
...any price. "A sort of domestic  
...parasite that feeds upon families."  
..."Keep the pin right there!" the  
...Country Pride laughed. "One of them  
...descended upon mother last summer  
...while I was away. Just a week later  
...the old friend would have been wel-  
...come and mother would have been  
...happy. But she is such an old family  
...friend that she feels privileged to  
...come at any time with never a  
...thought of possible plans nor anything  
...but her right to come. Well, you see  
...there's not often any amusement of  
...any sort out home, but it happened  
...that a pretty decent sort of dramatic  
...company had drifted out there and  
...were playing for a week. Now you  
...know with the boys at school and me  
...getting married dear old dad and  
...mother never spend much for them-  
...selves. But the doctor had season tick-  
...ets and his wife was away, so he gave  
...them to dad and he and mother were  
...mightily set up over going. It was the  
...afternoon of the very first evening that  
...the family friend came. She was un-  
...der the weather and had come to get  
...well. Dad confided to mother his de-  
...termination to risk the expense and  
...take the old friend to the show, but  
...she's seen it in town and while it was  
...very good she never liked the same  
...thing twice, and she was much too  
...nervous to stay alone. She had come,  
...she said, for a quiet visit with mother  
...and Dad and no show that ever was  
...should spoil it. But they missed a  
...treat."

..."They are always selfish," Bo Peep  
...said as if she had made an exhaustive  
...study of the species, "and they think  
...that their love for you ought to out-  
...weigh everything."

..."Not always," the Motherly Woman  
...said gently. "But there is great  
...danger that we may take advantage  
...of those who love us. We are all  
...glad to make sacrifice for a friend,  
...but we are sometimes required to do  
...it unnecessarily. It was a very wise  
...old philosopher who said many years  
...ago: "Without much candor and  
...sympathy and making the best of  
...everything there is no living in so-  
...ciety with mankind." That is as  
...true now as it was when Seneca found  
...it out. We must make allowance  
...for the weakness of those who love us."

..."But do they really love us?" It was  
...the Quiet Man who asked the ques-  
...tion. "Yet verily I see man a marvel  
...whom truth can write a friend." The  
...theory of friendship is all right, but  
...there have been a few Johnthans  
...and Davids. There may be a few  
...more, but I don't think so."

..."By no means," the Quiet Man an-  
...swered. "But we should not make  
...friendship a marvel among men."

friendship is a marvel among men." We naturally herd with our kind. We are gregarious animals. There is, too, a seasoning of sentiment in us all. But for straight up and down practical purposes the familiar old family friend who invades a house singly or in pairs or companies, who insists upon making his impression upon the life there and takes it for granted that his friendship is the biggest thing that ever happened to you, why that friend is a humbug. He is not a friend. He destroys the peace of home."

"The Gardener set his cup down. "In all the wide world," he said gravely, "there is not a more sacred place than a home. When a man and woman go away together from all the world and build wall and roof about them-selves and shut in a little home, it is a holy place. The angel of peace spreads her white wings over it and Love lives there. Men have always been praised for defending their homes, but there are those who dare to intrude, uninvited, into the sanctity of a place like this. Those who think themselves kind when they criticize its equipment, who recognize no limit, who frankly point out the faults of the wife to the husband or open the love blinded eyes of the wife to weakness that she need never have seen. In the name of friendship many a home has been broken like a flower that opened a trusting heart to a storm."

"And it is from the confidential friend that we suffer most," the Plain Little Woman spoke with unusual warmth. "I know a woman who is suffering agonies now because another woman was admitted too far into the sacred seclusions of her home. It is such a temptation to a woman, even a very well meaning woman, to get a glimpse of the family skeleton in her friend's closet. And after the glimpse there is such a thirst for knowledge and the woman who is trying to hide the skeleton is hungering so for sympathy, though the poor little skeleton may be perfectly dead and harmless. But the curiosity of the one and the self pity of the other revivify the skeleton, exciting imagination, magnify the whole matter and make a terrible thing of nothing. But when the familiar friend goes out from the closet equally dear the temptation to tell so new and fine a story cannot be resisted. We all remember the hair-dresser who, bursting with the secret of King Midas' asses ears, made a little hole in the ground and whispered the royal secret there. But the roots told it to the stems and the stems revealed it to the winds and the winds whispered it everywhere. The confidential family friend is often a source of danger. Humanity and frailty are one. Your secret is a mere incident in your friend's day. It is an event in your life."

"And yet I am sure that you would not have us friendless, nor skeptical, nor distrustful," the Motherly Woman reasoned.

"By no means," the Quiet Man answered. "But we should not make friendship a marvel among men."

### Tanglewood



133.—GEOGRAPHICAL  
(See "Proper Names," Standard Dictionary.)  
This is Cape of Massachusetts). She put a small Mount of Oregon on her City of central New York) hair, when she went to look at her Aunt Island south of Massa-chusetts) with her cousin Alexander; a youth so tall of his age that the other boys call him Creek of east Colorado) which is really about the same as "Alexander the Great." Before Island of New York) he managed to get his River of Illinois) foot on his cousin's State, N. W. India)

face and left."  
"But the serpent in Paradise hasn't always the form of an old meddlesome woman nor a trying elderly man," said Mother Hubbard gravely. "God pity any being who would lay one faintest shadow between two whom He has joined together. Friendship becomes a vile and wicked thing if in any way it permits one of its tendrils to find entrance between hearts that are bound as one. The danger is at the little crevice that nobody guards till the tides rushes in with death in its wake and destruction where once peace dwelt." And with undiminished haste Mother Hubbard shook out her ample skirts and hurried over to the window, for a trail of little Hubbards streamed down the street. "He has arrived," Mother Hubbard said, "and the cook not coming till to-morrow—" She laughed, kissed a fat hand to a sympathetic company and trotted bravely toward one of the dilemmas for which the good soul is famous. And the College Girl sang, with Goldsmith's pessimistic Pilgrim:  
"And what is friendship but a name,  
A charm that lulls to sleep,  
A shade that follows wealth or fame,  
And leaves the wretch to weep."  
"There are those of us who are able to tell a far sweeter-story of friend-ship," said the motherly woman. "It doesn't eliminate from human nature all its faults, nor sanctify the soul nor make us always safe or wise or true or faithful. But a friend is a

dress,—it was (Mount, Rocky Mountains, Canada) just the color of her eyes—and ripped off half the blouse. So she complained of being poor (Lake of Nevada) and returned to the house, gathering some lettuce as she came through the garden to feed her two (Islands N. W. of Africa). She hand the cage—standing on the (Mountain near Cape Town), with her brothers and (two Capes of Virginia) entered, followed by (River of central Siberia) the (River of Mississippi) (Island of the Bahama-ian). He purred—loudly, and winked— (Village of Minnesota) at the cage, which the girl quickly hung upon its hook in the ceiling. "Puss," she said severely, "do you ever kill birds?" (Mountains of New York) birds," answered both the boys at once. "If you ever touch mine," she continued, "I will give you a (River of Ken-tucky.) Whereupon, Puss sat down on the rug, and gave himself one. BIB.

134.—DECAPITATION.  
When a Zeparo finds the world too narrow To hold with comfort both himself and them, better, He puts a drop of ONE upon his arrow, And finishes his foe with little labor.

Some write it "TWO," or, if you like them, better, There FOUR some other spellings even wilder; But taking off or putting on a letter Will never make the poison any milder.

As South America is distant, rather, The drug is THREE just here where I am staying; Strychnos toxifera I may not gather, Nor have I any arrows fit for slaying.

But if I had, I think it would be clever To shoot that man whose "do FIVE" keeps ringing; FIVE should be D, while he sounds SIX forever. And nothing short of ONE will stop his singing. M. C. S.

135.—AMERICAN NOVELS AND THEIR (The blank stands for a writer, the initials for one of his books.)  
1. She sat on the lawn under the bush telling the children stories; those T. T. of adventure and fairy-tale which they never tire. In the midst of the service he left the and grew rapidly worse. The doctor thinks T. C. will come to-night. 2. Near the entrance gate stands a fine old while an avenue of firs leads through the plantation of T. H. B. T. C. 4. I went to a masquerade party at her house, and had an interview in one of the private of the mansion with the in T. C. M., whom I knew all the time was my sister. 5. He went across the plains in one of the earliest emigrant trains, and was a by trade; a calling not quite so soon needed by T. E. as that of a blacksmith, but useful. 6. The old mountaineer is as cunning as a and a chief actor in the feud known as A. C. V. 7. She is an old-fashioned English dressmaker who thinks because she once worked in the great city of that her styles must still be all right; little reckoning that the irreverent say they must have been in vogue B. A. 8. She is as shy as a wild, and hardly knew how to take his jokes, but when he passed F. J. T. E. she reported to his love at once. DOROTHEA.

136.—ANAGRAMS.  
I am a ...

137.—INSERTIONS  
1. Put an insect in a circle, a wild speech. 2. Put an old sand hill and make loose bones the bottom of a ship. 3. Put a wagger and make a small station in a liquor and mas-missionary. 5. Put a part in a part of a chicken and make punishment.

138.—A RIDDLE OF THE  
To a quarter of four  
Add a quarter of nine,  
Then a quarter of five.  
You must lastly combine.  
Tick-Tock!  
What time says the clock?  
L. B.

139.—DO YOU SEE  
If a pleasant drink should  
she would have a useful  
If a well-known insect should  
known fowl, we might learn  
piled some things are  
common vehicle should see a  
wood animal, we might have  
poor "body." 4. If I should  
tain antelope, it would not  
northern country.

140.—ENIGMA.  
The student touched with  
hands,  
Its parchment worn and  
That tells of other times and  
To scholars of to-day.  
The boy had broken it in  
And spread thick jam there,  
Then munched it, as such ure  
With relish glad and keen.

It sounded through the silent  
Its urgent summons, "Come  
As by the red and smoky  
"Twas beaten on the drum."

The captain quickly took it  
The noisy drum had done  
And read it to the waiting  
Who answered one by one.

ANSWERS  
145.—Gardener, enraged, gam-  
ring, nap, an A.  
146.—1. Illinois (Ill. anagram),  
(color a doe), 2. Iowa (I. an-  
Minnesota (Minne, now T. an-  
(name), 3. Utah, Utah, (an-),  
Louisiana, Annal, 4. Mary-  
land), 5. Florida, Florida (An-),  
147.—Comparison.  
148.—1. Connecticut, 2. Yal-  
Red, 4. Mississippi, 5. Green-  
wood, Whitewood, Graywood,  
Rosewood, Redwood, Pine-  
wood, Birchwood, Gumwood,  
Oakwood, Maplewood, Lakewood.  
149.—1. Deirdre, sir, dead, 2. De-  
pend, dead, 2. Deirdre, De-  
decaned, cant, dead, 2. De-  
dead, 6. Designed, dead, dead,  
not, dead, 7. Deirdre, De-  
declined, chain, dead, 8. De-  
part, dead, 11. Deirdre, De-  
151.—So-me.  
152.—Rata, item.

The Grand Line  
Van Norden's Migration  
A clergyman at the  
every mission is authorized  
ment that the man  
free brand of the  
around the world