

THE HIGHER, NOBLER LIFE

GOOD WORKS TO A SET PURPOSE

The Divine Edict That We Are Our Brothers' Keepers Has Gone North and We Must Square Our Lives to Meet It—Man's Only Hope is to Fall in With the Higher Purpose—Address Delivered by Major B. S. Robertson at Haw River, the Occasion Being the Opening of the New Y. M. C. A. Building.

The address which followed was delivered at the opening of the new Young Men's Christian Association Building at Haw River by Major B. S. Robertson, president of the Granite Cotton Mills. Besides being a thoughtful, excellent address, it is of interest as illustrating the position which is being taken by the prominent men of the State in such welfare work.

It has been said that he who causes two blades of grass to grow where only one has grown is a public benefactor. Following this idea I say he who is instrumental in lifting one fellow being to a higher, nobler, intellectual and spiritual existence, is a greater benefactor.

It is a source of great gratification to observe and realize that, in this age of great commercial and scientific development, the higher qualities of our fellow men are not neglected. Man who is made in the image of his Creator and only a little lower than the angels is the foundation stone of all permanent achievement.

Never in the history of the world did the signs point more unmistakably to the establishment of general good will and fraternal relations throughout the entire civilized world. Not only the Churches, but the numerous fraternal orders now existing in almost every community, are working to the end.

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LETTERS OF TWO LOVE-SICK YOUTHS

(The verses which follow are "readily, truly," correspondence between two young men who live in western North Carolina towns, who chance to be in love with the same young lady. They were not intended for publication, but through the kindness of a friend The Observer secured them and is glad to present them, for they measure up well with the now famous "Sonnets Of An Office Boy".)

From Johnson to Smith There ain't no nothing much no more, And nothing ain't no more to me. In vain I pace this lonely shore, For I have seen the last of thee.

Alas for I ain't one of they What hasn't got no faith in love, And them fond words of yesterday, They was spoke true by Heaven above.

O love, the things I've done I've did Without no thought of no offence. Return, return, I sadly bid, Before my feelings get intense.

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The Jacobi Memorial Building at the Odd Fellows' Orphan Home

NATHANIEL JACOBI MEMORIAL BUILDING- ODD FELLOWS' ORPHAN HOME. GOLDSBORO, N. C. CHAS. McMILLAN, ARCHITECT WILMINGTON, N. C.



The Odd Fellows of North Carolina have let the contract to Holladay & Crouse, of Greensboro, for the erection of an additional building at their orphanage plant at Goldsboro. This building, as ordered by the Grand Lodge at its last session, is a memorial building to the late Nathaniel Jacobi of Wilmington, the originator of the orphanage idea among the North Carolina Odd Fellows and a member of the board of trustees from its inception to the time of his death.

Here and There

BY TROMAN.

The Observer said during the campaign: "The New York Tribune does not think that Candidate Kern did right while in North Carolina, in withholding recognition from the editor of the Observer, who represents North Carolina on the sub-committee of Col. Henry Waterson's Democratic advertisement."

From Johnson to Smith There ain't nobody much comes 'round, And things ain't what they used to be. In vain I search this lonesome town, I fear I've seen the last of thee.

Alas for I ain't one of they What hasn't got no faith in love, And every word I spoke that day, It was inspired by Heaven above.

O love, the things I've done I've did Without no thought of no offence. Return, return, I sadly bid, Before my feelings get intense.

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LOSE YOUR VOICE

Dear Sir:—At the age of five years I contracted a bad case of Catarrh. The matter falling into my throat kept me constantly howling and crying, and my health, too, was badly affected. I was treated by several doctors, but none of them succeeded in curing me. I was then recommended to use S. S. S. and after taking several bottles, I was cured and have never since had the slightest return of the disease. I will never give up the use of S. S. S. again. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, W. E. GRIFFIN.

Dear Sir:—I suffered for a long time with a bad case of Catarrh. Several doctors told me I could not be cured. I had a continual headache, my throat was sore, and my sleep was very restless. I was then recommended to use S. S. S. and after taking several bottles, I was cured and have never since had the slightest return of the disease. I will never give up the use of S. S. S. again. I am, Sir, your obedient servant, W. E. GRIFFIN.

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S. S. S.

CURES CATARRH

During the warm Summer months Catarrh sufferers are not troubled with the effects of the disease, as in Winter. This is true because in the heated season every pore and outlet of the skin is open, and a constant, copious evaporation carries off with it a large percentage of the impurities and poisons which produce Catarrh.

Catarrh is a deep-seated blood disease, one which no amount of local treatment will ever reach and permanently cure. The beneficial effects of washes, sprays, inhalations, lotions, etc., are only temporary, and when left off the old condition returns because the blood is infected with catarrhal matter and impurities. This inflames and irritates the mucous membrane and tissues and produces the symptoms of ringing noises in the head and ears, mucus in the throat, headaches, watery eyes, partial deafness, sore throat, general impairment of the health, etc.

To cure Catarrh permanently the blood must be purified, and the system cleansed of all morbid matters, and at the same time strengthened and built up. Nothing equals S. S. S. for this purpose. It stacks the disease at its head, goes down to the very bottom of the trouble in the blood, and makes a permanent and lasting cure. S. S. S. removes every particle of the catarrhal matter from the circulation, making this vital fluid pure, fresh and healthy.

Then the inflamed membranes begin to heal, because they are nourished with pure, health-giving blood, the head is cleared, mucus stops dropping back into the throat, every symptom disappears, the constitution is built up and health restored. S. S. S. is the greatest of all blood purifiers and cures Catarrh by driving out the cause from the system. Being made entirely of healthful vegetable ingredients S. S. S. does not contain any habit-forming drugs, which really do not cure Catarrh but often ruin the health; nor will S. S. S. injure the most delicate system. Book on Catarrh and any medical advice free to all who write.

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