

# NEWBRO'S HERPICIDE IN TIME AND YOU WON'T NEED ANY FALSE HAIR

Fearing artificial hair is a harm-deceit of which many ladies are guilty. These women are all objects of sympathy rather than criticism. Early neglect in the care of the scalp has caused the loss of so much hair that their personal appearance is marred. To correct this defect resort to artificial hair. Most ladies would resent any imputation of personal carelessness and neglect. And yet very many women neglect their natural hair to become full brittle, and lusterless that it is no better than the artificial. If this is as unfortunate as it is necessary. Hair that is unsightly or may usually be attributed to the violent activity of the dandruff germ. This vicious germ burrows into the hair follicle, shortly

destroying its life. The hair becomes dead, loose and finally drops out. There is a remedy sold by all druggists, the intelligent use of which will remove all traces of dandruff. It also cleanses the scalp of all accumulations and makes the hair shine with the luster of life and beauty. That remedy is Newbro's Herpicide, "The Original Dandruff Germ Destroyer." Newbro's Herpicide in 50c and \$1.00 sizes is sold by all dealers who guarantee it to do all that is claimed. If you are not satisfied your money will be refunded. Applications may be obtained at the best barber shops and hair dressing parlors. The Herpicide Co., Dept. R., Detroit, Mich., will send a nice sample and booklet to any address upon receipt of 10c in postage or silver.

## Socialist Columns.

These columns are published every Saturday, and controlled by the Socialist Local of Asheville, which alone is responsible for the opinions expressed. Asheville Socialist Local meets every Sunday at 10 a. m., in its reading room, Central Labor Union Hall. All interested are invited.

### Boytown Railroad.

(By Fred D. Warren.)  
"Bill, Tommy, come and ride on my car," cried young Bill Short, his boon companion passed the den gate. Tom came over and in the "steam car." It consisted of a platform about three by five feet, mounted on a running gear of abandoned hand car. A track was laid of old scantlings, boards, etc., carefully laid out for a distance of 100 feet or so. "Ain't it a daisy?" said Bill, as he eyed his work with admiration. "It on, and I'll give you a free ride." Tom mounted the car, and Bill started the thing going by pushing along. "Golly, but that's nice," exclaimed Tom, as the end of the journey was reached. "Lemme ride back." "All right," said Bill, "if you buy ticket."

and he began to cast about in his own mind for a means to circumvent the youthful railroad magnate. He first concluded to build a road of his own, but he abandoned this idea, for he realized that the boys would have nothing with which to buy a ride. At last he conceived an idea. He called a meeting in Jerry Simpson's barn, just across the alley from Bill's railroad project. Bill viewed the meeting with some misgivings. He did not altogether like it. He sent his bosom friend and lieutenant, Skinny Jones, over to report the progress of the meeting. Tom called the meeting to order and commenced: "Now feller citizens, it won't be any use for me to explain the situation. Youse know it already. We fellers want to ride, but we ain't got nuthin' to ride with, notwithstanding the fact that we've worked hard. Of course, there air times when we've plenty of marbles, pins, chalk and sich, but a Bill's got it all, we can only get it over again when he has something for us to do, an' then we uns go an' spend it with him over again an' he soon has the money an' the product of our labor." At this point he was interrupted by thunderous applause.

"That will buy four tickets." After considerable haggling the deal was made. By this time rumors of the new road project had spread throughout the village, and boys of all sizes and descriptions appeared on the scene. Bill was soon doing a land of business. His exchequer disclosed the fact that he was getting wealthy. He became weary of pushing the car and decided to hire a couple of boys to do the propelling act. This he did, and soon the improvised train was going at a merry clip. Bill found it much more to his liking, and he made as much "money" as before. In a few days Bill had every marble, pin, every ball and ball bat in town, besides a miscellaneous assortment of kettens, dogs, cats, etc. But, notwithstanding he distributed his goods in the way of labor to the different boys, there was a falling off in business. He couldn't understand it. The boys were there and wanted to ride, the train was ready to start, and there were plenty of willing hands to do the pushing. Finally he hit upon a plan of offering reduced rates. This stimulated business a little, but after short spurt the business fell off again.

"Now, feller citizens, I have a plan that I think will work whereby we can have all the rides we want." "What is it?" shouted a dozen eager voices. "It's this way: We'll build a road of our own." "Can't be did," shouted a voice in the rear. "Oh, yes, we can," replied the speaker. "We'll issue a notice to all the boys of this 'ere town an' tell them that if they wants to help they can have all the rides they want." Contributions of material, etc., were called for, and by evening an assortment of wheels, boards and timbers were gathered together. In a few days the Boytown Co-Operative Railway was well under way. Little slips of paper were prepared, on which was scrawled the number of hours each boy labored. When the road was completed, lots were cast to see who would be the first passengers. After that the boys pushed and rode in turn.

"I've heard dad talk about panics; why we're havin' one. Still, I've got my money." Bill, who was a shrewd financier, about to relieve the distress. Bill noticed that the "legal tender" which he paid to the boys to push the car flew back into his hands rapidly and easily. "Now, I'll just have these boys do a lot of things for me, and get some more money in circulation, then my business will be good again." So, accordingly, Bill made it known that he wanted laborers to build a road. The applications for places were numerous. He selected his gang, and then made it known that he could buy boxes, boards, nails, etc., on the back yard of Bill's parents as the scene of active industry. Boxes, boards and fence-palings were frantically hooked and brought to the scene and exchanged by the boys for the very articles they had given for tickets on Bill's railroad.

"I'll go over and see the blamed thing," he said to himself, as he closed the door of the little depot and went out. He was greeted cordially by his former passengers, who took pleasure and delight in explaining to him just how the thing operated. "I see that," replied Bill, "but where does the profit come—who's makin' any money outen it?" "There aint any profit, an' no one's makin' any money. We're all ridin' an' pushin' an' every feller gets about six rides to one push. When we're workin' on your road, we had to push twice to get enough to ride once. Oh, I tell yer it's a great scheme!" "Believe 'll ride," said Bill, as he stepped upon the car. He tendered the conductor some of the collateral that was good on his road, but the functionary refused it disdainfully. "Dat don't go on this line. If dat's all you've got, you'll have to get off an' walk, see?" "Well, that's all I've got. How'm I to get what you fellers have got?" he anxiously inquired.

"Get off an' push de car, an' den you can ride on this line. Labor talks here." **Boy Scout—Read This.** Boy, kill one human being and you will be called a murdered—despised and hanged. But kill a thousand human beings in war—and you become "great!" Deluded women smile upon you, little children gaze at you, preachers praise you, politicians pet you, orators glorify you, capitalists grin at you, and the government medals and pensions you—but lonely, war orphaned children and war robbed widows, these despise you exactly in proportion as they understand you. Remember, boy, the soldier's sword reaches through the slaughtered father to others—reaches the hearts of helpless women and helpless children. Which would you rather be, boy, a dead and useless slaughterer of men, or a live and useful man of peace?—a dead butcher or a live brother? "Fellers, loom! riflemen, form. Riflemen! be ready to meet the storm! Riflemen! riflemen! riflemen, form."

Bill, the capitalist, was nonplussed. As he looked across the way and noticed the business the other road was doing, he became envious. He viewed with alarm his now rusty car. "I'll go over and see the blamed thing," he said to himself, as he closed the door of the little depot and went out. He was greeted cordially by his former passengers, who took pleasure and delight in explaining to him just how the thing operated. "I see that," replied Bill, "but where does the profit come—who's makin' any money outen it?" "There aint any profit, an' no one's makin' any money. We're all ridin' an' pushin' an' every feller gets about six rides to one push. When we're workin' on your road, we had to push twice to get enough to ride once. Oh, I tell yer it's a great scheme!" "Believe 'll ride," said Bill, as he stepped upon the car. He tendered the conductor some of the collateral that was good on his road, but the functionary refused it disdainfully. "Dat don't go on this line. If dat's all you've got, you'll have to get off an' walk, see?" "Well, that's all I've got. How'm I to get what you fellers have got?" he anxiously inquired.

children usually "side step" when the storm breaks—no rifle business for them—they let others "meet the storm" which their poetry and teaching helped stir up. The war song poet and the war song school teacher, if you please, are too "cultivated and respectable" to be patriotically butchered.

Under no circumstances should a working class father and mother keep silent while a public school teacher or a Sunday school teacher thrills the children's blood and blasts the glorious sentiments of human brotherhood with recitals of war tales and fulsome praise of men whose "glory" is red with the blood of tens of thousands of working class men. Such stories and such praise scar and brutalize the social natures of the children as distinctly as a hot branding iron would disgrace their tender faces. The mother who will think about this matter somewhat will promptly realize that there is something disastrously wrong with the education which stings her little lovers with a murderer's aspiration. There is something wrong when the gracious neighborliness and charming sociability of children give way to swaggering insolence and savage blood lust.

**P. O. DEPARTMENT AIDS IN PREVENTING FIRES**  
**Rural Carriers Instructed to Report Forest Fires to Proper Authorities.**

Washington, May 16.—The post-office department has just reprinted, in the current postal guide supplement, the instructions through which rural carriers are to report forest fires to the proper authorities during the coming season. These instructions were first issued in May 1912, and during the past two years the co-operation has resulted in the detection and suppression of many fires. State and federal forest officers will make a special effort this year to get even more value out of the service than has been obtained heretofore. The usual procedure has been for the state fire wardens or federal forest officers to send the postmasters lists of local wardens and patrolmen, with their addresses and telephone numbers. These lists are given to the carriers with instructions to report forest fires to men whose names appear thereon, or to other responsible person. This year a special effort will be made to follow up the sending out of the lists by having the patrolmen and wardens to meet the carriers personally to take the initiative in arranging such meetings and also to map out a plan of action to be followed.

Let the mother think of it: Even their playthings, their toys, are craftily used to sting, to debauch the imagination of children, to write the hopes of brutes in the hearts of gentle children. Lately there has been enormous increase in the business of manufacturing toy soldiers, toy cavalry horses, toy cannon and toy Gatling guns, also khaki soldier clothing for the children. "One hundred and twenty thousand boxes of scrap tin from the Puget sound canneries were sent recently to Hamburg, Germany, to be made into toy soldiers." There can be no doubt about the results of using such grub and such playthings. That the child is thus scarred is revealed when the tiny boy assumes the attitudes and the strut and swagger of the professional man slaughterer. His very conversation with his military toys shows he is marked—ready.

**MOTHER TONGUES OF U. S. FOREIGN WHITE STOCK**  
**English and Celtic Largest Group Among 32,243,382 Foreigners.**

Washington, May 16.—The English and Celtic (including Irish, Scotch, or Welsh) group was the largest number among the 32,243,382 persons of foreign white stock in the United States in 1910, who represented 39.5 per cent of the total white population of this country, according to the mother tongue bulletin which has been issued recently by Director William J. Harris of the bureau of the census, department of commerce. By mother tongue is meant the native language, or that spoken before immigration, and the report covers all white persons of foreign stock, including the foreign born and also the natives, on or both of whose parents were foreign born. As thus reported, the total foreign white stock whose mother tongue was English and Celtic (including Irish, Scotch, or Welsh) numbered 10,627,429. This number represented 12.3 per cent of the total white population of the United States in 1910, which was 81,731,957. The German group numbered 8,817,271; or 10.8 per cent; Italian, 2,151,422, or 2.6 per cent; Polish, 1,707,649, or 2.1 per cent; Yiddish and Hebrew, 1,675,762, or 2.1 per cent; Swedish, 1,445,569, or 1.8 per cent; French, 1,357,169, or 1.7 per cent; and Norwegian, 1,009,854, or 1.2 per cent. The number of persons in the United States of foreign white stock reporting other principal mother tongues were: Bohemian and Moravian, 539,392; Spanish, 448,198; Danish, 446,473; Dutch and Frisian, 324,930; Magyar, 320,893; Slovak, 234,444; Lithuanian and Lettish, 212,335; Finnish, 200,688; Slovenian, 183,431; Portuguese, 141,258; Greek, 130,379; Serbo-Croatian, 129,254; (including Croatian, 93,956; Serbian, 29,752; Dalmatian, 5,502; and Montenegrin, 3,981); Russian 95,137; Roumanian 51,124; Syrian and Arabic, 46,727; Flemish 45,806; Ruthenian 35,359; Slavic (not specified) 35,193; Armenian 30,021; Bulgarian 19,380; Turkish 5,441; Albanian 2,566; all other, and those whose mother tongue was unknown, 313,834.

**Eternal Fitness of Things.**  
Warden to new prisoner—"What work can you do? What was your occupation? Prisoner—"I was a cellist in an orchestra. Warden—"Well, then, we'll get you to sawing wood."—Boston Transcript.

**Hupmobile \$1050**  
Completely Equipped  
With Electric Starter and Lights, Oversize Tires, Demountable Rims, \$1200

The Car of The American Family

**A Real Incident**  
Hupmobile pulls up at curb; driver accosted by stranger on sidewalk. After preliminaries, stranger says, "I'm on the fence between the Hup and the Blank car." Hup owner, as usual, tells him he won't make mistake on the Hup; says this one—1914 model—is his second; tells of low running cost; rare repairs, etc.

**Rivals Boost, Too**  
Stranger then tells of asking a friend—a salesman for the Dash car—about the Hup. "For heaven's sake," the salesman-friend said, "don't buy the Blank. Take the Hup—it's the best car of its class on the market." This really happened. Not only Hup owners, but salesman for other cars, boosting—and boosting hard—for the Hup. Your local dealer can tell you a score of reasons why things like this take place.

**Hupp Motor Car Company, Detroit**  
**Western Carolina Auto Co.**  
Phone 890 Lexington Ave. and Walnut St.

## Practice Trials Demonstrate Cup Defender's Possibilities



Herewith are two views of the new Hertschhoff defense, Resolute. The Resolute's rig is narrow and lofty rather than large, but at that, owing to her fine underbody plans, she moves easily through the water and promises to be a witch in light or moderate breezes. It is also noticeable that in a fresh breeze she makes very little fuss in the water, leaves a wake as clean as a hound's tooth, and kicks up little disturbance forward. The accompanying photograph shows the Resolute in her third practice trial. The picture at the left depicts the craft close hauled on the port tack. The photograph at the right shows the Resolute with her boom off to starboard running up Narragansett Bay.

**Worth More Dead.**  
They had been married seventeen years. "If there ever was an utterly worthless trayesty of a man, you're it," she told him. Six months later she was suing the railway company whose train had run over this worthless husband for \$25,000.—Exchange.

**IMPORTANT TO MOTHERS**  
A record of sixty-five years continuous use of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" by mothers in all parts of the world, is the highest praise that any remedy for "children teething" has ever received. Every year the young mother follows in the footsteps of her mother and finds Mrs. Winslow's soothing Syrup to be the favorite, and so it has gone on for a period of sixty-five years. Millions of mothers have used it for their children while teething with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. Sold by Druggists and medicine dealers in all parts of the known world. Twenty-five cents a bottle. Be sure and ask for Mrs. Winslow's soothing Syrup and take no other.