

THE ALAMANCE CLEANER.

VOL. XLIII

GRAHAM, N. C., THURSDAY, JUNE 21, 1917

NO. 19

Get Rid of Tan, Sunburn and Freckles

By using HAGANS

Magnolia Balm.

Acts instantly. Stops the burning. Cleans your complexion of Tan and Freckles. You cannot know how good it is until you try it. Thousands of women say it is best of all beautifiers and heals Sunburn quickest. Don't be without it a day longer. Get a bottle now. At your Druggist or by mail direct. 75 cents for either color, White, Pink, Rose-Red.

SAMPLE FREE.

WON MED. CO., 40 So. 5th St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

EUREKA

Spring Water FROM EUREKA SPRING, Graham, N. C.

A valuable mineral spring has been discovered by W. H. Ausley on his place in Graham. It was noticed that it brought health to the users of the water, and upon being analyzed it was found to be a water strong in mineral properties and good for stomach and blood troubles. Physicians who have seen the analysis and what it does, recommend its use.

Analysis and testimonials will be furnished upon request. Why buy expensive mineral waters from a distance, when there is a good water recommended by physicians right at home? For further information and of the water, if you desire if apply to the undersigned.

W. H. AUSLEY.

BLANK BOOKS

Journals, Ledgers, Day Books, Time Books, Counter Books, Tally Books, Order Books, Large Books, Small Books, Pocket Memo., Vest Pocket Memo., &c., &c.

For Sale At The Gleaner Printing Office Graham, N. C.

Mortgagee's Sale of Land.

Under and by virtue of a power of sale contained in a certain Mortgage Deed executed by Heenan Jeffreys and his wife, Mary Jeffreys, on the 6th day of May, 1916, to B. F. Andrews, said Mortgage Deed being duly recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Alamance county, North Carolina, in Book of Mortgage Deeds No. 69 at page 65; and default having been made in the payments due on the bond for which said Mortgage Deed was given, the undersigned mortgagee will offer at public sale to the highest bidder for cash, at the court house door, in Graham, Alamance county, North Carolina, on

SATURDAY, JULY 14, 1917, at 12 o'clock noon, the following described real property as described in the aforesaid Mortgage Deed, to-wit: A certain tract or parcel of land lying and being in Graham town ship, Alamance county, North Carolina, known as Lot No. 31, and bounded and described as follows: This deed conveys No. 31 which fronts on the east side of Washington Street 96 ft, and runs back eastward 163 feet on its South side and 163 1/4 feet on its North side and contains thirty-five one-hundredth of one acre. The plat containing this lot is recorded in the office of the Register of Deeds for Alamance county, North Carolina, in Book of Deeds at pages 94 and 95. This the 15th day of June, 1917. B. F. ANDREWS, Mortgagee. J. J. Henderson, Att'y.

CASTORIA For Infants and Children In Use For Over 30 Years

Always bears the Signature of J. C. Watson

KAZAN

JAMES OLIVER CURWOOD

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I—Kazan, the wild sledge dog, one-quarter wolf and three-quarters husky, distrustful of all men because of their brutal treatment of him, learns to him in his new surroundings.

CHAPTER II—He shows startling enmity to McCready, who is to accompany his master and his wife to the Red River camp.

CHAPTER III—Kazan knows that McCready is a murderer. McCready stealthily crosses Sobel's trail and Kazan attacks him. Thorpe whips Kazan. McCready tries to murder Thorpe and is slain. Sobel, the sheriff, then, fearing the club in punishment, runs away into the forest.

CHAPTER IV—Born between love of his mistress, the fear of his master's club and the desire of the wolf nature in him, he at length finds the wolf.

CHAPTER V—Kazan runs with the wolves, fights his leader, becomes master of the pack, and mates with Gray Wolf.

CHAPTER VI—Kazan and the pack attack Pierre Radisson, his daughter Joan and the sledges. Gray Wolf follows at a distance. Pierre dies, 40 miles away from their home on the Little Beaver.

CHAPTER VII—Kazan's wounds are dressed and he is led to the sledge.

CHAPTER VIII—Pierre and Kazan drag the sledges. Gray Wolf follows at a distance. Pierre dies, 40 miles away from their home on the Little Beaver.

CHAPTER IX—Out of a billiard Kazan drags the sledge with Joan and the baby on it to safety and then goes back to Gray Wolf, who has been hovering between the lure of Joan and the baby and Gray Wolf.

CHAPTER X—In their den on the top of Sun Rock puppies come to Gray Wolf and Kazan in the spring.

CHAPTER XI—A lynx kills the puppies. Kazan kills the lynx. Kazan and his mate go away to the South. Kazan stays with Gray Wolf.

CHAPTER XII—Kazan and Gray Wolf travel. He is eyes to her and she is ears and nose to him.

CHAPTER XIII.

Alone in Darkness.

Never had the terror and loneliness of blindness fallen upon Gray Wolf as in the days that followed the shoot-



She Had Faith That He Would Come.

ing of Kazan and his capture by Sandy McTrigler. For hours after the shot she crouched in the bush back from the river, waiting for him to come to her. She had faith that he would come, as he had come a thousand times before, and she lay close on her belly, sniffing the air, and whining when it brought no scent of her mate. Day and night were alike an endless chaos of darkness to her now, but she knew when the sun went down. She sensed the first deepening shadows of evening, and she knew that the stars were out, and that the river lay in moonlight. It was a night to roam, and after a time she moved restlessly by about in a small circle on the plain, and sent out her first inquiring call for Kazan. Up from the river came the pungent odor of smoke, and instinctively she knew that it was this smoke, and the nearness of man, that was keeping Kazan from her. But she went no nearer than that first city made by her padded feet. Blindness had taught her to wait. Since the day of the battle on the Sun Rock, when the lynx had destroyed her eyes, Kazan had never failed her. Three times she called for him in the early night. Then she made herself a nest under a banksian shrub, and waited until dawn.

Just how she knew when night blotted out the last glow of the sun, so without seeing she knew when day came. Not until she felt the warmth of the sun on her back did her anxiety overcome her caution. Slowly she moved toward the river, sniffing the air and whining. There was no longer the smell of smoke in the air, and she could not catch the scent of man. She followed her own trail back to the sand-bar, and in the fringe of and thick bush overhanging the white shore of the stream she stopped and listened. After a little she scrambled down and went straight to the spot where she and Kazan were drinking when the shot came. And there her nose struck the sand still wet and thick with Kazan's blood.

She knew it was the blood of her mate, for the scent of him was all about her in the sand, mingled with the man-smell of Sandy McTrigler. She sniffed the trail of his body to the edge of the stream, where Sandy had dragged him to the canoe. She found the fallen tree to which he had been tied. And then she came upon one of the two clubs that Sandy had used to beat wounded Kazan into submission. It was covered with blood and hair, and all at once Gray Wolf lay back on her haunches and turned

her blind face to the sky, and there rose from her throat a cry for Kazan that drifted for miles on the wings of the south wind. Never had Gray Wolf given quite that cry before. It was not the "call" that comes with the moonlit nights, and neither was it the hunt-cry, nor the she-wolf's yearning for matehood. It carried with it the lament of death. And after that one cry Gray Wolf slunk back to the fringe of bush over the river, and lay with her face turned to the stream. A strange terror fell upon her. She had grown accustomed to darkness, but never before had she been alone in that darkness. Always there had been the guardianship of Kazan's presence. She heard the clucking sound of a spruce hen in the bush a few yards away, and now that sound came to her as if from out of another world. A ground-mouse rustled through the grass close to her forepaws, and she snapped at it, and closed her teeth on a rock. The muscles of her shoulder twitched frantically, and she shivered as if stricken by intense cold. She was terrified by the darkness that shut out the world from her, and she pawed at her closed eyes, as if she might open them to light.

Early in the afternoon she wandered back on the plain. It was different. It frightened her, and soon she returned to the beach, and snuggled down under the tree where Kazan had lain. She was not so frightened here. The smell of Kazan was strong about her. For an hour she lay motionless, her head resting on the club clothed with his hair and blood. Night found her still there. And when the moon and the stars came out she crawled back into the pit in the white sand that Kazan's body had made under the tree.

With dawn she went down to the edge of the stream to drink. She had almost reached the water when she was cut through the bush by a spot as dark as night, and that the gray-black sky was a chaos of slumbering storm. But she could smell the presence of it in the thick air, and could feel the forked flashes of lightning that rolled up with the dense pall of rumbling thunder grow louder, and she huddled herself again under the tree. For hours the storm crashed over her, and the rain fell in a deluge. When it had finished she slunk out from her shelter like a thing beaten. Vainly she sought for one last scent of Kazan. The club was washed clean, and she wandered back into the plain. A dozen times she scented game, and each time it evaded her. Even a ground-mouse that she cornered under a root, and dug out with her paws, escaped her fangs.

Thirty-six hours before this Kazan and Gray Wolf had left a half of their last kill a mile or two farther back. The kill was one of the big barren rabbits, and Gray Wolf turned in its direction. She did not require sight to find it. In her was developed to its finest point that sixth sense of the animal kingdom, the sense of orientation, and as straight as a line she went. For three days she had been alone in the pit of darkness that enveloped her had oppressed Gray Wolf. With afternoon came hunger. It was a hunger that drew her from the sand-bar, and she wandered back into the plain. A dozen times she scented game, and each time it evaded her. Even a ground-mouse that she cornered under a root, and dug out with her paws, escaped her fangs.

Today he placed the tallow and brain before Kazan, and the smile in his face gave way to a look of perplexity. Kazan's lips had drawn suddenly back. A fierce snarl rolled deep in his throat. The hair along his spine stood up. His muscles twitched. Instinctively the professor turned. Sandy McTrigler had come up quietly behind him. His brutal face wore a grin as he looked at Kazan.

"It's a fool job 'tryin' to make friends with him," he said. "Then he added, with a sudden interested gleam in his eyes, 'When you starlin'?"

"With first frost," replied McGill. "It ought to come soon. I'm going to join Sergeant Conroy and his party at Fond du Lac by the 1st of October."

"And you're going up to Fond du Lac—alone?" queried Sandy. "Why don't you take a man?"

The little professor laughed softly. "Why?" he asked. "I've been through the Athabasca waterways a dozen times, and know the trail as well as I know Broadway. Besides, I like to be alone. And work isn't too hard, with the currents all flowing to the north and east."

Sandy was looking at the Dane, with his back to McGill. An exultant gleam shot for an instant into his eyes. "You're taking the dogs?"

"Yes." Sandy lit his pipe, and spoke like one strangely curious. "Must cost a heap to take these trips of yours, don't it?"

"My last cost about seven thousand dollars. This will cost five," said McGill.

"Scot!" breathed Sandy. "An' you carry all that alone with you?"

was there that blindness had come to her. It was there that day had ended, and eternal night had begun. And it was there that she had mothered her first-born. Nature had restored these things so that they could never be wiped out of her memory, and when the call came it was from the sunlit world where she had last known light and life and had last seen the moon and the stars in the blue night of the sky.

And to that call she responded, leaving the river and its food behind her—straight out into the face of darkness and starvation, no longer fearing death or the emptiness of the world she could not see; for ahead of her, two hundred miles away, she could see the Sun Rock, the winding trail, the nest of her first-born between the two big rocks—and Kazan!

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Last of McTrigler.

Sixty miles farther north Kazan lay at the end of his fine steel chain, watching the little Professor McGill mix a pall of tallow and brain. A dozen yards from him lay the big Dane, his huge jaws drooping in anticipation of the unusual feast which McGill was preparing. He showed signs of pleasure when McGill approached him with a quart of the mixture, and he gulped it between his huge jaws. The little man with the cold blue eyes and the gray-blond hair stroked his head with a hand that was different from that which touched Kazan. His movements were filled with caution, and yet his eyes and his lips were smiling, and he gave the wolf-dog no evidence of his fear, if it could be called fear.

The little professor, who was up in the north country for the Smithsonian Institution, had spent a third of his life among dogs. He loved them, and understood them. He had written a number of magazine articles on dog intellect that had attracted wide attention among naturalists. It was largely because he loved dogs, and understood them more than most men, that he had bought Kazan and the big Dane on the night when Sandy McTrigler and his partner had tried to get them to fight to the death in the Red Gold City saloon. The refusal of the two splendid beasts to kill each other for the pleasure of the three hundred men who had assembled to witness the fight delighted him. He had already planned a paper on the incident. Sandy had told him the story of Kazan's capture, and of his wild mate, Gray Wolf, and the professor had asked him a thousand questions.

But each day Kazan puzzled him more. No amount of kindness on his part could bring a responsive gleam in Kazan's eyes. Not that Kazan signify a willingness to become friends. And yet he did not snarl at McGill, or snap at his hands when they came within reach. Quite frequently Sandy McTrigler came over to the little cabin where McGill was staying, and three times Kazan leaped at the end of his chain to get at him, and his white fangs gleamed as he snarled in his sight. Alone with McGill he became quiet. Something told him that McGill had come as a friend that night when he and the big Dane stood shoulder to shoulder in the cage that had been built for his slaughter pen. Away down in his beating heart he had felt the touch of that hand, and in the professor's voice, kept Kazan from a desire to snap at him. He tolerated the friendship with expressionless eyes and a motionless body.

"I was beginning to fear I wouldn't have much sleep, old boy," chuckled McGill ambiguously, "but I guess I take a nap now and then with you along!"

Five Times He Fired at Twenty Paces.

He made camp that night fifteen miles up the lake shore. The big Dane he fastened to a sapling 20 yards from his small silk tent, but Kazan's chain he made fast to the butt of a stunted birch that held down the tent-flap. Before he went into the tent for the night McGill pulled out his automatic and examined it with care.

For three days the journey continued without a mishap along the shore of Lake Athabasca. On the fourth night McGill pitched his tent in a clump of banksian pine a hundred yards back from the water. All that day McGill had come steadily from behind them, and for at least a half of the day the professor had been watching Kazan closely. From the west there had now and then come a scent that stirred him uneasily. Since noon he had sniffed that wind. Twice McGill had heard him growling deep in his throat, and once, when the scent had become stronger, that usual he had bared his fangs, and the bristles stood up along his spine.

For an hour after striking camp the little professor did not build a fire, but sat looking up the shore of the lake through his hunting glass. It was dusk when he returned to where he had put up his tent and chained the dogs. For a few moments he stood unobserved, looking at the wolf-dog. Kazan was still uneasy. He lay facing the west. McGill made note of this, for the big Dane lay behind Kazan—to the east. Under ordinary conditions Kazan would have faced him. He was sure now that there was something in the west wind. A little shiver ran up his back as he thought of what it might be.

Behind a rock he built a very small fire, and prepared supper. After this he went into the tent, and when he came out he carried a blanket under his arm. He was sure now that there was something in the west wind. A little shiver ran up his back as he thought of what it might be.

"We're not going to sleep in there tonight, old boy," he said. "I don't like what you've found in the west wind. It may be a—thunderstorm!" He laughed at his joke, and buried himself in a clump of stunted banksian 30 paces from the tent. Here he rolled himself in his blanket, and went to sleep.

eyes, and a curious smile on his lips. Then he turned to Kazan. "Guess you've got him figured out about right, old man," he laughed softly. "Don't blame you very much for wanting to get him by the throat. Perhaps—"

He shoved his hands deep in his pockets, and went into the cabin. Kazan dropped his head between his forepaws, and lay still, with wide-open eyes. It was late afternoon, early in September, and the night brought now the first chill breaths of autumn. Kazan watched the last glow of the sun as it faded out of the southern skies. Darkness always followed swiftly after that, and with darkness came more fiercely his wild longing for freedom. Night after night he had gnawed at his steel chain. Night after night he had watched the stars, and the moon, and had listened for Gray Wolf's call, while the big Dane lay sleeping.

Tonight it was colder than usual, and the keen tang of the wind that came fresh from the west stirred him strangely. It set his blood a-tingling with the Indians call the Frost Hunger. Lethargic summer was gone and the days and nights of hunting were at hand. He wanted to leap out into freedom and run until he was exhausted, with Gray Wolf at his side. He knew that Gray Wolf was off there—where the stars hung low in the clear sky, and that she was waiting. He strained at the end of his chain, and whined. All that night he was restless—more restless than he had been at any time before. Once, in the far distance, he heard a cry that he thought was the cry of Gray Wolf, and his answer was a snarl. Sandy turned, and in a second leap Kazan's fangs sank into the flesh of his arm.

With a startled cry the man fell, and as they rolled over on the ground the big Dane's deep voice rolled out in thunderous alarm as he tugged at his leash. In the fall Kazan's hold was broken. In an instant he was on his feet, ready for another attack. And then the change came. He was free. The collar was gone from his neck. The forest, the stars, the whispering wind were all about him. Here were men, and off there was—Gray Wolf! His ears drooped, and he turned swiftly, and slipped like a shadow back into the glorious freedom of his world.

A hundred yards away something stopped him for an instant. It was not the big Dane's voice, but the sharp crack—crack—crack, of the little professor's automatic. And above that sound there rose the voice of Sandy McTrigler in a weird and terrible cry.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSES IN DEMAND.

Fifty in North Carolina—Demand for Twice as Many.

The big gains made in membership by the public health nurses, a rather new profession, indicate to what extent this body of workers has become an indispensable force not only in public health work but in all forms of social betterment work as well. According to a bulletin recently issued by the State Board of Health, there were only 445 public health nurses in this country in 1905, whereas in 1916 there were 5,155. There are this year 6,036 nurses, an increase of 881 over the number of last year.

In North Carolina the number of public health nurses has doubled within the last year. Whereas only 25 nurses were engaged in public health work a year ago, the number this year is 50. Durham is controlled by the highest number of nurses, having 8, Winston-Salem with 6, Greensboro with 5 and Raleigh and Wilmington with 4 each. North Carolina is one of the first States in the Union to work out and put into operation a public health nursing service. This work that is now a State-wide organization has headquarters at the State Sanatorium with Dr. L. B. McBrayer as director.

According to Dr. McBrayer, the demand for public health nurses in the State is now greater than the service is able to meet. There is not a sufficient number of qualified nurses for the towns and communities that are now ready to employ such nurses. School nurses are much in demand, as are registered nurses who are able not only to do visiting nursing but to supervise and correlate the nursing service of a city or town.

WILL HAVE BROAD DIPLOMATIC POWERS.

Washington—Japan will send a mission to the United States. The mission will have broad powers especially in diplomatic consultation, and is expected to leave Japan during the first part of July.

BRISTOL INUNDATED BY CREEK'S OVERFLOW.

Bristol, Tenn.—Damage to the extent of over \$150,000 was done to Bristol and immediate vicinity, by Indian creek, following a cloudburst about seven miles north of here, overflowed its banks, inundating the principal business district, but had receded considerably late in the evening. Many poor people living along the banks of Indian creek, ordinarily a small stream, had to flee for safety, losing all their household effects.

THE NORTH CAROLINA DENTAL ASSOCIATION MEETS IN ASHEVILLE JUNE 27-29.

A branch of the Red Cross society was organized at Belmont last week.

B. N. Duke, the tobacco manufacturer of Durham is seriously ill in Philadelphia.

Dr. Thos. Newlin, president of Guilford college at Greensboro for two years has resigned.

It was a quiet start, night, and hours afterward Kazan dropped his nose between his forepaws and dozed. It was the snap of a twig that roused him. The sound did not awaken the sluggish Dane but instantly Kazan's head was alert, his keen nostrils sniffing the air. What he had smelled all day was heavy about him now. He lay still and quivering. Slowly, from out of the banksian behind the tent, there came a figure. It was not the little professor. It approached cautiously, with lowered head and hunched shoulders, and the starlight revealed the murderous face of Sandy McTrigler. Kazan crouched low. He laid his head flat between his forepaws. His long fangs gleamed. But he made no sound that betrayed his concealment under a thick banksian shrub. Step by step Sandy approached, and at last he reached the flap of the tent. He did not carry a club or a whip in his hand now. In the place of either of these was the glitter of steel. At the door to the tent he paused, and peered in, his back to Kazan.

Silently, swiftly—the wolf now in every movement, Kazan came to his feet. He forgot the chain that held him. Ten feet away stood the enemy he hated above all others he had ever known. Every ounce of strength in his splendid body gathered itself for the spring. And then he leaped. This time the chain did not pull him back, almost neckbroken. Age and the elements had weakened the leather collar he had worn since the days of his slavery in the traces, and it gave way with a snap. Sandy turned, and in a second leap Kazan's fangs sank into the flesh of his arm.

With a startled cry the man fell, and as they rolled over on the ground the big Dane's deep voice rolled out in thunderous alarm as he tugged at his leash. In the fall Kazan's hold was broken. In an instant he was on his feet, ready for another attack. And then the change came. He was free. The collar was gone from his neck. The forest, the stars, the whispering wind were all about him. Here were men, and off there was—Gray Wolf! His ears drooped, and he turned swiftly, and slipped like a shadow back into the glorious freedom of his world.

A hundred yards away something stopped him for an instant. It was not the big Dane's voice, but the sharp crack—crack—crack, of the little professor's automatic. And above that sound there rose the voice of Sandy McTrigler in a weird and terrible cry.

TO BE CONTINUED.

PUBLIC HEALTH NURSES IN DEMAND.

Fifty in North Carolina—Demand for Twice as Many.

The big gains made in membership by the public health nurses, a rather new profession, indicate to what extent this body of workers has become an indispensable force not only in public health work but in all forms of social betterment work as well. According to a bulletin recently issued by the State Board of Health, there were only 445 public health nurses in this country in 1905, whereas in 1916 there were 5,155. There are this year 6,036 nurses, an increase of 881 over the number of last year.

In North Carolina the number of public health nurses has doubled within the last year. Whereas only 25 nurses were engaged in public health work a year ago, the number this year is 50. Durham is controlled by the highest number of nurses, having 8, Winston-Salem with 6, Greensboro with 5 and Raleigh and Wilmington with 4 each. North Carolina is one of the first States in the Union to work out and put into operation a public health nursing service. This work that is now a State-wide organization has headquarters at the State Sanatorium with Dr. L. B. McBrayer as director.

According to Dr. McBrayer, the demand for public health nurses in the State is now greater than the service is able to meet. There is not a sufficient number of qualified nurses for the towns and communities that are now ready to employ such nurses. School nurses are much in demand, as are registered nurses who are able not only to do visiting nursing but to supervise and correlate the nursing service of a city or town.

WILL HAVE BROAD DIPLOMATIC POWERS.

Washington—Japan will send a mission to the United States. The mission will have broad powers especially in diplomatic consultation, and is expected to leave Japan during the first part of July.

BRISTOL INUNDATED BY CREEK'S OVERFLOW.

Bristol, Tenn.—Damage to the extent of over \$150,000 was done to Bristol and immediate vicinity, by Indian creek, following a cloudburst about seven miles north of here, overflowed its banks, inundating the principal business district, but had receded considerably late in the evening. Many poor people living along the banks of Indian creek, ordinarily a small stream, had to flee for safety, losing all their household effects.

THE NORTH CAROLINA DENTAL ASSOCIATION MEETS IN ASHEVILLE JUNE 27-29.

A branch of the Red Cross society was organized at Belmont last week.

B. N. Duke, the tobacco manufacturer of Durham is seriously ill in Philadelphia.

Dr. Thos. Newlin, president of Guilford college at Greensboro for two years has resigned.

Hickory has been assured of a Carnegie library. The building will cost \$10,000.

The North Carolina Press Association will hold their annual meeting at Morehead City June 26-28.

COL. C. B. BAKER



Col. Chauncey B. Baker is in charge of the transportation division of the quartermaster corps of the United States army.

REVEALS GERMAN SECRETS

PRESIDENT WARNS AGAINST NEW GERMAN INTRIGUE FOR PEACE.

In Flag Day Address at Capitol Wilson Tells Why Our Flag is Being Sent Cross the Waters to Face the Fire.

Washington—America's reasons for sending her flag against the fire of the enemy across the sea and the purpose she seeks, were stated anew by President Wilson in a flag day address beneath the Washington monument. Germany's military masters denied the United States the right to be neutral. The President said, and by extraordinary insults and aggressions left us no self-respecting choice but to take up arms in defense of our rights as a free people and of our honor as a sovereign government.

Now that America has been forged to war, declared the President, she bids her young men go forth to fight on fields of blood far away for the same old familiar, heroic purpose for which it has seen its men die on every battlefield upon which Americans have borne arms since the revolution—democracy. A sinister power, he said, which has the German people themselves in its grip, now at last has stretched forth its ugly talons and drawn blood from us.

"The whole world is at war," he added, "because the whole world is in the grip of that power and is trying out the great battle which shall determine whether it is to be brought under its mastery or fling itself free."

New intrigues for peace. In giving warning that the Germans actually have carried into execution their plan to throw a broad belt of military power across the center of Europe and into the heart of Asia, rejecting the idea of solidarity of races and the choices of peoples, Mr. Wilson spoke of the "new intrigue for peace" now appearing in guises at the best of the Berlin government.

"It cannot go farther," he declared, "it cannot go back." "It wishes to close its bargain before it is too late, and it has little left to offer for the pound of flesh it will demand."

"Peace, peace, peace, has been the talk of her foreign office for now a year or more," said the President. A hint of the talk has been public, but most of it has been private. Through all sorts of channels it has come to me and in all sorts of guises. The military masters under whom Germany is bleeding see very clearly to what point fate has brought them. If they can secure peace now with the immense advantages still in their hands which they have up to this point apparently gained, they will have justified themselves before the German people; they will have gained by force what they promised to gain by it."

The President reiterated again the German aggressions which drove the United States to war. He declared the purposes for which American soldiers now carry the stars and stripes to Europe for the first time in history are not new to American traditions because realization of German war aims must eventually mean the undoing of the whole world.

JAPAN TO SEND MISSION TO THE UNITED STATES.

Washington—Japan will send a mission to the United States. The mission will have broad powers especially in diplomatic consultation, and is expected to leave Japan during the first part of July.

BRISTOL INUNDATED BY CREEK'S OVERFLOW.

Bristol, Tenn.—Damage to the extent of over \$150,000 was done to Bristol and immediate vicinity, by Indian creek, following a cloudburst about seven miles north of here, overflowed its banks, inundating the principal business district, but had receded considerably late in the evening. Many poor people living along the banks of Indian creek, ordinarily a small stream, had to flee for safety, losing all their household effects.

THE NORTH CAROLINA DENTAL ASSOCIATION MEETS IN ASHEVILLE JUNE 27-29.

A branch of the Red Cross society was organized at Belmont last week.

B. N. Duke, the tobacco manufacturer of Durham is seriously ill in Philadelphia.

Dr. Thos. Newlin, president of Guilford college at Greensboro for two years has resigned.

Hickory has been assured of a Carnegie library. The building will cost \$10,000.

The North Carolina Press Association will hold their annual meeting at Morehead City June 26-28.

GRAHAM CHURCH DIRECTORY

Graham Baptist Church—Rev. W. R. Davis, Pastor. Preaching every first and third Sundays at 11:00 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 8:45 a. m. A. P. Williams, Superintendent. Prayer meeting every Tuesday at 7:30 p. m.

Graham Christian Church—N. Main Street—Rev. J. P. Truitt, Pastor. Preaching services every Second and Fourth Sundays, at 11:00 a. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 10:00 a. m.—E. L. Henderson, Superintendent.

New Providence Christian Church—North Main Street, near Depot—Rev. J. G. Truitt, Pastor. Preaching every Second and Fourth Sunday nights at 8:00 o'clock. Sunday School every Sunday at 1:45 a. m.—J. A. Bayliff, Superintendent.

Christian Endeavor Prayer Meeting every Thursday night at 7:45 o'clock.

Friends—North of Graham Public School—Rev. Fleming Martin, Pastor. Preaching 1st, 2nd and 3rd Sundays. Sunday School every Sunday at 10:00 a. m.—James Crisco, Superintendent.

Methodist Episcopal, South—Main and Maple Sts., H. E. Myers, Pastor. Preaching every Sunday at 11:00 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 1:45 a. m.—W. B. Green, Supt.

M. P. Church—N. Main Street, Rev. R. S. Troxler, Pastor. Preaching first and third Sundays at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Sunday School every Sunday at 1:45 a. m.—J