

THE FRANKLIN TIMES

A. F. JOHNSON, Editor and Manager

TAR DROPS

LOOK AT YOUR LABEL.

We call your attention to the importance of keeping a watch on the date of your label if you don't want to miss a copy of the Franklin Times. Under the Government rulings we can't send a paper after the time it has been paid for expires, and there are many expiring each week. It is next to impossible for us to notify you by letter. Therefore, we ask you to look after this little matter before your time is out.

—Today is St. Valentine's day. Take the joke good natured.

—Monday is Court week. Possibly two murder cases will be tried.

—Cotton sold in Lousburg yesterday for 22 1/2 cents per pound.

—Judge O. H. Allen, of Kinston, will preside over Franklin Superior Court next week.

—Chief of Police D. C. High has moved his family to the Dr. E. S. Foster residence on the corner of Nash and Elm Streets.

—Mr. D. F. McKinne has moved his family to the Allsbrook residence on Middle Street formerly occupied by Chief High, which he purchased some weeks ago.

—Mr. E. S. Fulghum, of Cedar Rock township, was in Lousburg Wednesday looking for a bale of cotton that had been stolen from him a few days before.

—Quite a nice snow storm visited this section Sunday afternoon. A right good portion stuck, but only remained about two days before the moderating weather caused it to disappear.

—Mr. W. R. Boone, of Cedar Rock township, was in our office Wednesday and reported killing a hog recently that was a year and a half old that weighed 455 pounds. Mr. Boone is one of the substantial planters of his section and is making his home supplies.

Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days
Druggists refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure itching, Blind, Bleeding or Protruding Piles. Instantly relieves itching Piles, and you can get restful sleep after the first application. Price 50c.

Valentine Day Suggestions.
Do you want to send a unique Valentine, one that is in keeping with the spirit of the times?

Here's your chance. Slip out one of these verses and with a Thrift or War Savings Stamp folder, containing as many stamps as you desire to express your sentiment, send it to him or her:

Here's one to send to the baby.

I'm sending greetings, Baby Mine,
A Thrift Stamp for a Valentine,
I know you'd say, if you could speak,
You'd like another every week.

Here's one that shows one can't live or love alone:

Sweets to the sweet, when I was young
Interpreted a bashful tongue;
And roses for my love, when older,
Were Valentines, as I grew bolder.
But love must live and love must eat,
And so this Valentine, my Sweet,
Is symbol, though an humble gift,
That love, to last, must live by thrift.

And this one contains a subtle proposal:

I've loved you since the age of nine,
And so I send this Valentine—
A Thrift Stamp—it will tell you how,
'Twill grow if you start saving now.
And when you have sixteen, you see,
A big War Saver it will be.
And when we have enough of those,
We'll buy a house—and then dear knows—
You'll simply have to marry me!

If you're ultra-modern and have a craving for the products of Greenwich Village, here's something very fine and fresh, just picked from the very libre garden of Valentine sweetness:

This is to be a confession,
Unskilled at vers libre, I feel,
Nevertheless,
That I need the wide scope of its freedom.

To tell my love just why
This little green square of paper
Should be my Valentine,
Last year there was Maud, who liked roses,

Tea dances for Mable, wearing my violets;
Susanna preferred
To go to a show; and late suppers
Expressed my homage to Jane.

Then came you. All I had left to convince you
My devotion was real
Was the price of
This War Savings Stamp!

But doesn't it symbolize
Thousands of future roses,
Dozens of suppers, dances and theatres.

For us two together?
This is my Valentine message.

There you are lovers, young and old,
Uncle Sam can play Cupid as well as he can fight battles.—All the world loves a Thriftlover.

ADVENTURE'S WAY
By MAISIE BROPHY.

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Susanah looked down the long village street where stone pavements basked in hot sunshine, and up the long street where a green hill sloped invitingly; then she paused in the gap of the hedge, wondering in which direction adventure lay. For Susanah was a child of adventure. Long ago, when she had visited at Aunt Jerusha's, in summer time, she had believed that fairies lurked in that hedge, that enchanting surprises were to be found all the way up hill.

Now, when Susanah's dress reached the tops of her trim high shoes, when her soft hair was massed in wavy coils upon her head, she still believed in fairies; in a slightly different way, while light of promising adventure shone alluringly in her dark lashed eyes.

"If," thought Sue, "you start out on the shortest journey, sure that lovely things are going to happen, why lovely things will happen."

And always Sue was right. She found the lovely things herself; an unusual flower, perhaps, in some hidden corner.

Susanah had discarded both the town road and the hill road for one leading down mysteriously into a vast shady ravine; in the very heart of this solitude, as she went expectantly along she discovered a winding crystal stream. The stream was narrow, and some invader had bridged it across with stones placed wide apart. Immediately Susanah was possessed of a desire to reach the other side by way of the same tempting stones. They were so broad and smooth; she tried the first one cautiously and it bore her weight, then at her daring leap to the second stone the adventurous light in her eyes deepened, this really was better than sitting listlessly in aunt's sleepy garden. Here was an element of chance which sent a flush to her cheeks—to be perched on a stone in

midstream, with no one to come to her aid if the stone should slip, or if she should find herself unable to reach the third stone or return to the first. Susanah laughed a merry laugh, which went echoing down stream to where a man sat fishing, just around the bend.

The man drew up his line abruptly and peered around the corner; then, "Great Scott!" he muttered, for the stream was not shallow, as Sue had believed.

"Of all the foolishness," the man grumbled; he was exceedingly annoyed that his afternoon's sport would be interrupted.

By way of attracting her attention, he began to whistle softly, and Susanah looked about. "Please remain where you are for a moment," the man called, and made his way to her along the slaty beach.

She stood quite still; this man, of course, was but part of her coming adventure.

"It will be dangerous for you to try to go farther," the man admonished, "and to move now might cause you a wetting. I will wade out in a moment and carry you back."

"Carry her back!" Susanah was about to indignantly protest, when the stone swayed beneath her feet; instead, she gave a startled cry. The man's strong arms caught her up just as she discovered that the soles of her shoes were growing uncomfortably wet. She wondered, as her deliverer's high boots splashed back through the water, at her own sense of perfect confidence.

"That," he remarked severely, "was a needlessly reckless thing to do. One has no right to allow their whims to carry them into—" Just then he paused, staring, for Susanah had, for the first time turned her wide eyes full upon him. Their glinting depths seemed to recall to him inexpressibly certain joyous, care-free days of his boyhood. He smiled. Again he looked, and it was as though he, too, had glimpsed the fairies.

"I will not try to scold you," the man told Susanah. She dimpled.

"I am very grateful to you," she answered.

"Billy," he called, "Billy." Then, suddenly he raised his voice

in a halloo!

Down through the opening a boy came racing toward them. He wore a khaki suit, this boy, and doffed his hat to Susanah.

"Look after the boat and tackle, son," the man commanded. "I am going to walk up to the level."

Susanah, moving quietly at his side, realized that in some strange manner her adventure had become

ably disappointing.

"I am going to ask a return for saving your life," the man was saying, laughingly; "we are camping out down here, but Bill makes abominable coffee. It would be too much to ask today, of course, but if you could manage to slip down here some time around mealtime, and instruct him in the art of coffee-making; that is, if you do not live too far away—" His voice was eager.

"Couldn't your wife teach your son?" Sue stammered.

Carbon Knock?

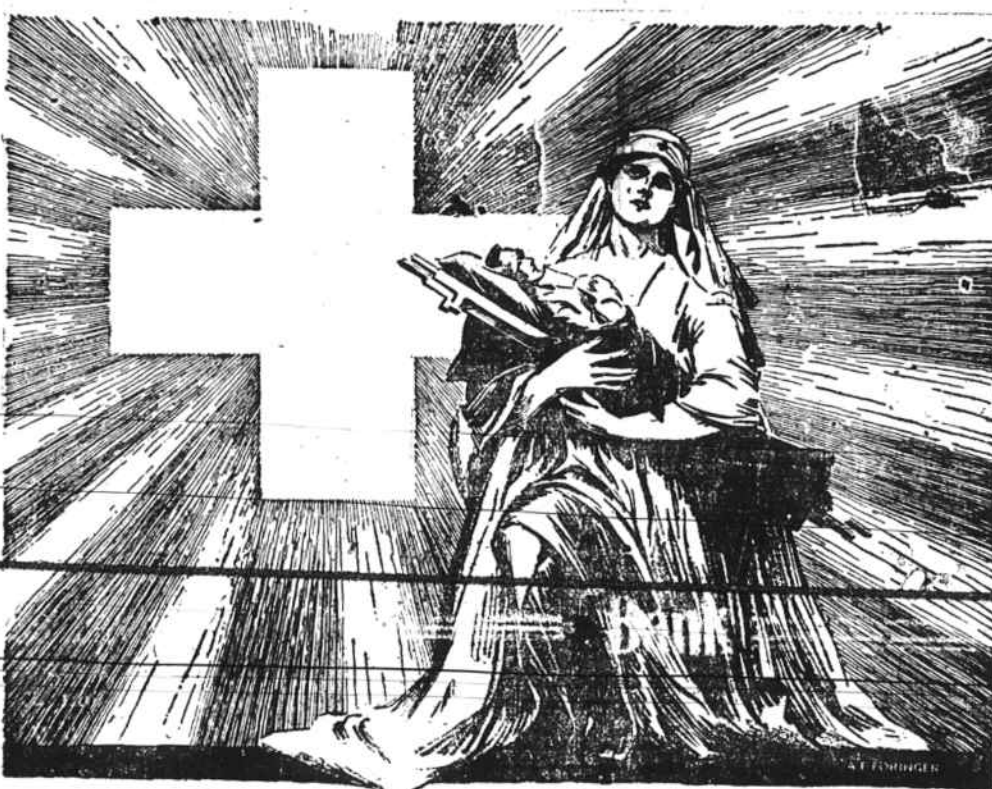
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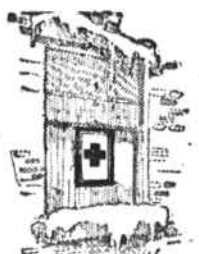


The Work of the Red Cross must go on

Distress calls!
The misery and sickness and destitution throughout the world make relief work necessary, on a scale never before dreamed of.

Now, the Red Cross calls!
The annual Christmas Roll Call of members echoes throughout the land this week.

When your name is called, you are going to answer "HERE!"—because you know your duty, and you'll do it.



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How To Use Leaves as a Fertilizer.

Permit me to offer a suggestion to your correspondent, who asks in a recent issue about composting leaves and pine straw.

Composting in a heap is time wasted. He will get more from his leaves put right into big double furrows, opened with a turn plow, the same distance apart as his planted rows will be. When filled with leaves, strew phosphate on them. To get best results, this should be done in December.

Before planting time, turn the middles and cut it all down smooth with a disk harrow. Then plant about a foot to one side of the leaf rows—never on them. This is important. Then, rapid shallow cultivation, and his crop will fruit well, and drouth won't hurt it.

Leaves used this way are but little inferior to stable manure, if all results are considered.—J. P. Cooper, in The Progressive Farmer.

J. N. O. W. KING

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