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The Gift of Fate

By ALVAH JORDAN GARTH

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"It's too bad!" said Lena Dawes to her husband. "Everything looks so nice except the bare floors."

"Won't they be just the thing for the dancing features of our house-warming?" questioned Norman Dawes. "You see, I've got a good deal of pride," added Lena, "and I want to appear as cozy and comfy as possible, with so many of my old school chums coming."

"Now, don't you get worrying," consoled Norman. "If any remarks are made, just bluntly inform the critics that the high cost of living wouldn't permit new furniture and rugs at the same time."

"Well, we two are happy and contented, anyway, so what does it matter if some ill-natured critic like Mrs. Farmlins inspects our belongings with a magnifying glass, and says mean things about our being threadbare and shoddy, and all that? She called me that once, Norman—but I'm not shoddy, am I, dear?"

"You? Why, you're solid pure gold, my pet," cried Norman fervently, and Lena tried philosophically to subdue her own longings. Their little new home was her idol, and she wanted to have it as perfect as possible during the coming house-warming function.

Fate seemed to enforce a reminder of that coveted parlor rug. It was about noon when footsteps sounded in the hall, and there stood a thin, black-eyed man, dark-skinned and wearing a fez and a gaudy sash. He carried a thick, folded fabric over his arm, and suggested the foreigner and traveling peddler.

"Omar Klava it is, lady," he said in melodiously appealing accents. "They tell you at the Persian consulate that what Omar says is always true. Rugs immaculate, lady—only the best. Perhaps high in price, but they last for generations, and for good, honest people like you, payments as you please. Your parlor? Wonderful lady, but my sample exactly fits."

"No, no," demurred Lena, lifting a detaining hand as her visitor made a movement as if to unroll and display the rug he carried, but with a deft, magicianlike movement, he gave his burden a twirling fling, and it settled down over the parlor floor without a wrinkle.

"Oh, the beauty!" irrepressibly enthused Lena, and her sparkling eyes rested with delight upon the marvel of beauty. The exquisite colors, the unique pattern bindings, the perfect harmony of the costly rug with draperies and wall decoration seemed suddenly to transform the room into a kingly apartment. Omar Klava was about to dilate upon its excellencies when, chancing to glance out into the garden, through the open window, he gave a vivid start and his eyes dilated. Lena suspected some play-acting—but with an earnestness that was positively agitated, Omar Klava gasped out:

"Lady, the flower! The sacred sun rose of Lathay! Here, so far from home, in an alien soil! Oh, lady, can I see nearer? Can I purchase one of the blooms at any price? It is not for myself, though I am overjoyed, but for my sick brother who, wearied and ill in an unfriendly land, is pining for something of his native country."

The quivering finger indicated a high-flowering stalk, a rarity, indeed, which had grown from some seeds given to Norman by a foreign traveling salesman, who had told him that it was an Asiatic novelty. The blossoms were large as a sunflower and, growing in towerlike profusion, resembled a cluster of rich red roses.

The impetuous visitor hurried from the room into the garden. Somewhat puzzled, Lena followed him. He reached the plant and regarded it with eyes of ecstasy.

"Oh, lady!" he said, tremulously fondling one of the blooms, "it will bring home to poor Aziz, and its seeds will cure his distemper."

"I will get scissors, and you shall have all the flowers you like," said free-hearted Lena. But when she returned, Omar Klava and one of the blooms had vanished. Norman came home to hear the strange story. He was lost in admiration of the rug. Then on a card attached to its underside he traced the words, "Omar Klava and Brother, 22 River Street."

"We must hunt up this strange visitor of ours, Lena," he said, and after supper they sought the living place of Omar Klava. He occupied two rooms in a large tenement building, and he saluted to the ground as Lena appeared.

"See," he said, pointing to a couch on which a man, his prototype, lay

holding in his hand the sun rose bloom. "He sleeps peacefully and with a smile on his face. A sight of the flower alone made him better."

"You forgot to take away your rug—" began Lena, when Omar Klava made a gesture of extravagant dissent.

"Ah, lady! Like in a fairy story, fate sent you the gift. It is yours, with the love and gratitude of Omar Klava and his brother."

Witchcraft in History.

The idea of witchcraft is world-old and appeared among primitive peoples. In Europe woman was considered the almost exclusive possessor of magical powers, but in India and Africa witchcraft had been known for years.

THIRD RED CROSS ROLL CALL

November 2 to 11, 1919

Time to Re-Join

HIS WORD OF REAL WORTH

World Would Be Better if There Were More Like This Omaha Business Man.

An Omaha newspaper man has a motor car, remarks the World Herald of that city. Last spring he had it painted. Not long ago the surface began to develop an amazing series of cracks like the "crow's feet" about an old man's eyes. The man greeted the cracks with amazement rapidly becoming disgust. Every time he looked at the car he lost his appetite and his good temper.

The other day the car was taken to the paint shop. Its owner was fully prepared to hear that he had used the wrong kind of polish, that he had let the car stand out in the sun, that anything and everything had spoiled the paint except that the paint itself was at fault.

The painter looked the car over. "If you'll bring it in, I'll do it over," he said. "The varnish must have been bad."

It was all over in two minutes. The man's faith in human nature jumped several hundred per cent. The sky was clear; the whole world was set in rosy hue.

Here was a man who didn't dodge responsibility, who tried no excuse, who backed his work with his word and made good his word.

Isn't it a pretty good policy?

ENDED WITH HONORS EVEN

Rattlesnake and Pet Cat Staged Battle Which Caused Death of Both Combatants.

William Lessig, gateman at the Erie railroad crossing east of Ramapo, N. J., tells a story of a battle he saw between a rattlesnake and a pet cat. It ended fatally for both.

Mr. Lessig saw a rattler about four feet long going toward the river. He picked up a club and was about to start for it when, he declares, a cat leaped out ahead of him and set upon the snake.

The cat got a fine hold on the back of the rattler's head. But the snake fought desperately and got in a sting which caused the cat to release its hold and crawl away.

In twenty minutes the cat's body was swollen almost twice its size and the poison finally caused death.

The snake had been so severely wounded it was unable to find cover and when a crow discovered it lying in the open field it was too weak to offer resistance and was soon swinging in the air as the bird made off with it.

Loves His Melon.

Watermelons have been high in price this season, but "Uncle Joe" Cannon has gone right ahead eating them. It is a habit acquired by him when he was a small boy in North Carolina.

Consequently the eighty-three-year-old statesman waits each year for the arrival of the watermelon season, and just as soon as the ripe ones begin to arrive Uncle Joe may be seen sticking a big chunk of something red into his mouth. Sometimes he goes at it "coon

fashion" and plays a solo with his lips on a long, red slice, throwing away such implements as knives and forks.

Uncle Joe can tell when a watermelon thumps right and knows by the color and general appearance whether the melon is sweet and juicy or was pulled too green.

Wise Child.

A miserly landlord was going round collecting his rents the other day. At one house he was greatly interested in a little girl who watched open-mouthed and open-eyed the business of paying over the money and accepting the receipts.

He patted her on the head and started to search his pockets, saying: "I must see what I have got for you." After searching his pockets for some time he at last brought out from a remote corner a peppermint.

As he handed it to the girl he said: "And now what will you do with that?"

The little girl looked at it, then at him, and replied: "Wash it."

English Women Buying Farms.

Women in England are buying their own farms or their own truck and garden spaces in rather conspicuous numbers. And this is all an outcome of the tremendous work done by women on the land during the war. The general feeling is that there will not be much room for the common female farm laborer as time advances, but for the woman who has a little money and who looks upon farming as her profession and her life work there is excellent opportunity in this direction. In the first place, on account of the compact location of the garden spaces and the cities in England transportation of foodstuffs is easy. Then garden truck and flowers do grow abundantly and profusely there, and always find ready markets.

The Forgetful Parson.

Field Marshal Sir Henry Wilson tells an amusing story of an old West country parson who had to hold two services, one in his own church and one in the church-over the moor.

On arriving at the latter church he got into the pulpit and said he was awfully sorry, but he had forgotten to bring a most admirable sermon which he had written.

"Luckily," he continued, "as I came across the moor, I remembered a beautiful story, which I will tell you in place of the sermon. Ever-well, dash it, I've forgotten that, too?"

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. At Saloniki.



The veritable mountains of relief supplies turned out by the millions of chapter workers during the war made the American Red Cross one of the biggest "manufacturing concerns" in the world, with great warehouse space at scores of strategic points all around the globe.

One of the biggest distribution centers was at Saloniki, Greece, and in this picture Bulgarian prisoners of war are seen there unloading a Red Cross cargo of 2,300 boxes from a French transport. At the right is seen one of the American Red Cross camions, fleets of which were used in rushing relief to points where the suffering was greatest.

Medical Education in China.

The China medical board of the Rockefeller foundation will soon have in operation in Peking a splendid institution for medical research and teaching—the Peking Union Medical college. A group of 15 buildings is in course of construction. On account of their green-tiled roofs the new buildings have already acquired the name of "the Green City." The college will open in the autumn of 1919. A preparatory school was opened two years ago. It is expected that the whole establishment, including a new hospital, will be running by the end of 1920. The board plans to open another medical institution in Shanghai.—Scientific American.

Easy.

Fastidious Country Boarder—Great Scott! Can't you do something to keep the flies out of this dining room?

Farmer—Wal, yes, I could set the table in the kitchen.—Boston Evening Transcript.

WILSON'S WORDS CLEAR UP DOUBT

CALIFORNIA THROWS OVER ITS LEADER, JOHNSON, AND RALLIES TO LEAGUE.

WEST GIVES HIM OVATION

All Doubtful Features of Pact Are Explained Away By President, and Former Doubters Hasten to Give Him Their Support.

(By Independent News Bureau, formerly Mt. Clemens News Bureau.)

Aboard President Wilson's Special Train—A continuous ovation along the Pacific coast and then on his eastward way back toward the capital was given to President Wilson as he came toward the end of his month daylong speaking tour in behalf of the League of Nations. California, particularly the delightful city of Los Angeles, went wild in its enthusiasm for him and his advocacy of the League, and it was in that state, perhaps, that he did his most successful missionary work. Hiram Johnson, California's former governor, now her United States senator, and considered by her as the most likely Republican candidate for the presidency in 1920, had before the arrival of President Wilson, convinced a great number of citizens that the League as at present formulated was not a good thing. He had told them that the United States, because of it, would be drawn into every petty European quarrel; he argued that we would lose our sovereignty by joining with the European nations. He had blamed the president for assenting to the possession by Japan of the Peninsula of Shan Tung in China.

BUREAU CHANGES NAME

The Mount Clemens News Bureau, which has been furnishing reports on President Wilson's tour in behalf of the League of Nations to 5,500 papers, has adopted a new name and will hereafter be known as The Independent News Bureau.

But Mr. Wilson, with clear logic and with compelling eloquence, answered to the entire satisfaction of California's people every objection which Senator Johnson had made to the League. And thousands of the state's citizens deserted the Johnson standard immediately and rallied to the support of the president. More than that they came forward and said: "We were against you, Mr. President, but you have cleared everything up and now we are with you heart and soul!"

Still more than that, they let Senator Johnson know that they were no longer with him and that they disapproved of the speaking tour which he himself was making in opposition to the League and so powerful was the volume of public opinion which reached him, that the senator almost immediately abandoned his tour. The Shan Tung question, because of the anti-Japanese feeling which undoubtedly exists along the Pacific coast was the most serious which the president had to answer. He explained to the people that he had been powerless to prevent the rich peninsula from being given to Japan. England and France through a secret treaty, had promised it to Japan for entering the war and remaining in it. That treaty had to be carried out. Anyway it was not China that was losing Shan Tung, but Germany, which had seized the territory from China in 1898 and held it ever since. Japan had promised, the president explained, to return Shan Tung as soon as the peace treaty was ratified and it was only through the ratification of the treaty with the League of Nations inclusion, that China could ever expect to get her former property back. And she surely would get it back, he declared, through the ratification of the League. Therefore, through the same internationality no other nation could again prey upon the "Great patient, diligent, but helpless kingdom." As to our being drawn into any European conflict, the president pointed out that no direct action such as the sending of troops to any part of the world to maintain or restore order could be taken by the Council of the League without a unanimous vote of the council members, therefore our vote could at once negative any such proposition as sending our soldiers where we did not want them sent. Besides, Mr. Wilson argued, "If you have to quench a fire in California you don't send for the fire department of Utah." But, he argued, there probably never will be another war, if the League is established, for the members promise either to arbitrate their difference and accept the decision of the arbitrator, lay the differences for discussion and publication before the Council of the League for a period of six months, and then, if possible, accept the council's advice. That failing, they agree to refrain from war for a further period of three months and nine months of "cooling off," the president contended, would prevent any armed conflict. These clear explanations satisfied every reasonable hearer and destroyed the "Bugaboos" which Senator Johnson and others had raised against the League. Through rugged Nevada into Utah, the land of Mormons, the president swept to find that those fine people were heartily with him for the League and a permanency of peace.

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Will You Be One Of A Million Workers To Secure Members for The American Red Cross. Volunteer Now At Your Chapter Headquarters Third Red Cross Roll Call November 2-11

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. In Serbia.



As far back as the first winter of the war, the Red Cross sent to Serbia a sanitary commission that effectively checked the scourge of typhus, but after the United States entered the conflict, the Red Cross was able, in August, 1917, to send a full commission that carried on extensive relief operations among the suffering refugees of the tortured nation. Hospitals were established, the refugees fed, clothed and given medical attention, the army supplied with much needed dental treatment, farm machinery, and seeds provided to help the Serbs redeem their land to productivity, and, not least, measures undertaken for the succor of the children. The terrible condition into which these helpless victims of the war had fallen is well portrayed by this photograph of a little Serbian girl wearing the rags and expression of hopeless dismay that were all she possessed when the Red Cross came.

Tubs May Strike Next.

Add to the strikes for higher wages that of negro washerwomen of Louisville.

Aunt Katie (last name not known even to patrons) was asked the other day if she could do a washing the next day.

"Deed no, chille," was the reply. "An' any more washings I do is goin' to cost yah ten cents moah," she added.

Pressed for an explanation, Aunt Katie said that she and "several other washer ladies are goin' on a picnic to-day and won't do no washin' for no-buddy."

"Furdemore, dis ten cents moah goes all the time now. De street car wen is gonna git moah dan dat fer strikin', and so is us," was her explanation.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE AMERICAN RED CROSS. On German Soil.



In the City Square of Treves, Germany, headquarters of the allied military forces, an ancient cross surmounted monument marks the city's center of traffic. For this reason American Red Cross officials converted it, as shown by this picture, into a directory of all Red Cross activities in the city.

CLINIC HAS PROVED WORTH

Organization Established by Boston Firm Well Worthy of Imitation by Other Employers.

A pioneer medical clinic, established 15 years ago to protect the health of 600 employees, and gradually enlarged and expanded until it now cares for a total of 2,700—that is the record proudly held today by a well-known Boston firm. At the time of its organization the medical director was in charge of the clinic in the capacity of director and visiting nurse. Now the clinic is in charge of a practicing physician and surgeon, assisted by three full-time graduate nurses.

During the influenza epidemic of last winter, over 350 employees were treated per day, with only six deaths during the entire course of the dreaded disease. All cases were given careful individual attention and, in instances where no family doctor was in attendance, immediate arrangements were made for medical care.

It is the policy of the nurses in the clinic to advise all employees with whom they come in contact to be insured an activity which the firm itself handles through an employees' organization. The purpose of such advice

employees in order that they may receive its benefits after one week's illness.

This arrangement does not place a premium upon the employees' being ill, and at the same time the clinic cooperates in the matter of insurance. A dental clinic is in a formative state and, no doubt, will be established in a short time. The plan and method of administration and organization is simply in the making, but it is safe to say that the dental clinic will be as efficient as the medical clinic.

The Modern Hospital, in describing the clinic, says that it has fully proved its value in protecting the health of the employees of this particular company and merits the commendation and imitation of other mercantile and industrial establishments.

SEEMINGLY NO AGE LIMIT

Applicants for Divorce Are by No Means Always in the Days of Their Callow Youth.

There is no age limit to divorce. In Oregon a woman at the age of eighty-two years is suing for a decree from her husband, who is a callow stripling of seventy-one summers. This seems to be another case of too much mother-in-law, as the wife asserts that her husband's love has been alienated and undermined through the work of his mother, who is now ninety-four years old and who never did like her, anyhow. They have been married some ten years now, and the wife said that when the husband took her money to buy an auto for his mother and wouldn't let his wife ride in it, she knew that his love was dead. When she remonstrated the husband coldly informed her that she could leave the house. When the wife said that the home was her own and bought with her own money the husband replied that might be so, but he had thoughtfully had the deed recorded in his own name. Now she has to appeal to the courts. It is rather rough when a bride of eighty-two has to compete with a ninety-four-year-old mother-in-law for the affections of her husband.